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THE

# ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

*Literature, Science, Art, and Politics*

VOLUME XLIV.—NUMBER 261

JULY, 1879

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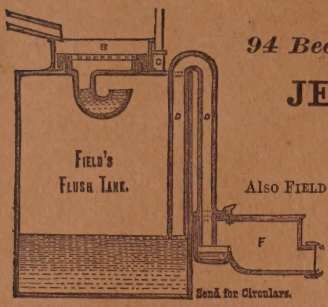


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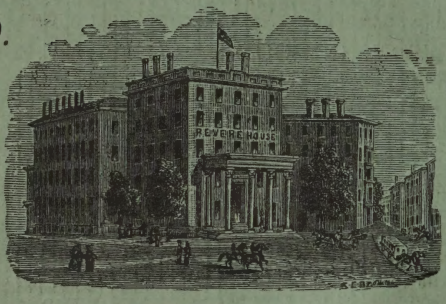


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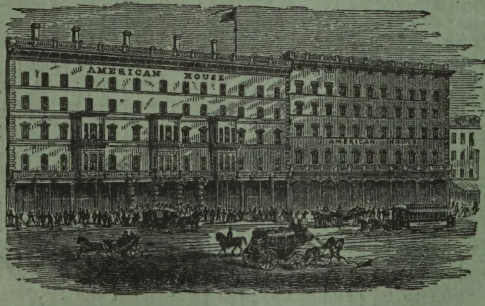


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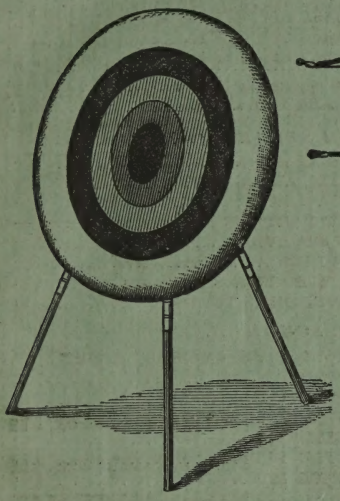

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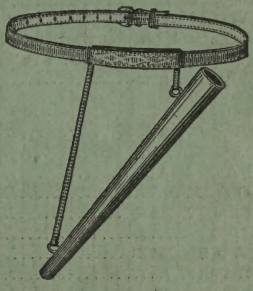

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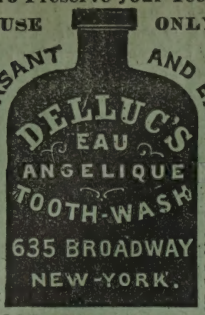


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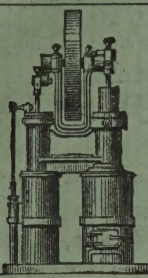

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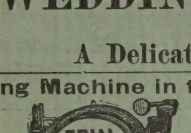


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THE

# ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

*A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND POLITICS.*

VOL. XLIV.—JULY, 1879.—No. CCLXI.

## MASSY SPRAGUE'S DAUGHTER.

### I.

AT the south end of Block Island is a line of grand cliffs from one to two hundred feet high. Some of them are grass-grown to the very beach; but most of them have a rough surface of clay and sand worn into enormous furrows by the rain. They are of irregular shape, some spreading out into wide plateaus on the top, others being merely a sharp point of land running out between two broad ravines.

At sunset, in summer, the mists from the ocean often gather slowly in these ravines, and curl upward like colossal smoke-wreaths from subterranean homes. Gradually they spread over the island, until all road-ways, gates, and fences are obliterated, and men grope their way about by the sense of feeling. A person unacquainted with the labyrinthine paths of the island is as helpless in one of these thick mists as in a blinding snow-storm.

It was on such a night as this that Massy Sprague's daughter, Toinette, was cautiously groping her way home from the cliffs. Toinette had been lying on the cliffs all the afternoon. There is a great fascination in lying flat, face down, on these cliffs, and looking over the edge, where the earth seems to be only an inch thick under your shoulders. Somebody said once that these cliffs looked as if they had been broken off from some other side, as a loaf of cake is broken into jagged and unequal parts, with the crust left projecting here and there. Perhaps a giant did it some day, and threw his half of the loaf into the sea. But no such speculations as these had occupied the mind of Toinette this June afternoon, as she had lain with her elbows propped firmly in the knotted grass, and her chin resting on the palms of her hands, looking down on the beach below. White-sailed ships had come and gone in the blue offing, sailing south and sailing north, but Toinette had taken no note of them. Her eyes were riveted on the brown sand one hundred feet below her. Across this beach Ramby Karns drove his father's cows home every night, and Toinette and Ramby had a system of signals carefully arranged and thoroughly understood, by which they communicated with each other at this point upon the shore. It would seem as if two people living on an island only eight miles long and three wide need never be driven to establishing signal stations in mid-air, to reach each other. But Ramby's father was a fisherman, and lived in a cabin close to the one wharf on the island, on the western side; and Toinette's mother lived in a little house on the highest hill

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to the east, close by an old deserted meeting-house, in which no man's voice had been lifted to pray or preach for more than a hundred years.

Moreover, Toinette's mother had forbidden Toinette to speak to Ramby, and this was a more formidable barrier to intercourse than any number of miles would have been. You would not have supposed, to look at old Massy Sprague, that she was an aristocrat. If you had seen the poor old woman hobbling about, with her fierce bull-dog, Janger, at her side, you would have exclaimed, "What an old negro witch!" But if you had called Massy a negro to her face, you would have felt Janger's fangs in your throat in a very few seconds. Massy was an East Indian; and when you looked closely at her skin you saw in it, spite of the weather-beaten wrinkles, a tinge of yellow which indicated no negro blood. Massy was the last of a band of East Indians who had been in the service of the captain of the ill-fated Palatine. When the crew of the Palatine mutinied and killed the captain and all the passengers, they spared these East Indians, eight in number, on the ground of their usefulness as workers. Massy's mother was said to have been the best cook in all Holland; and her father was equally capable as cook and as barber. The rest were all skilled laborers in one way or another, and were pressed into the service of the riotous mutineers when they landed on Block Island. It is an odd thing on how slender food the instinct of aristocratic exclusiveness can thrive and grow strong, and how long it can survive the loss of the last shred of respectability of position. The wicked mutineers of the good ship Palatine drank and caroused themselves to death in a few years. Block Island became slowly a thriving little community of farmers and fishermen, and there were several families of industrious and well-to-do negroes in the island, but not one of the East Indians would have anything to do with the blacks. They held themselves as distinct from them, and as much higher as if the blood of Saxon kings had flowed in their veins Hence the little handful had rapidly dwindled, until at the time of my story there were left of them only two, — this old woman and her daughter Toinette.

Toinette was a beautiful creature: her skin was of a pure olive tint; she would have been taken in New Orleans for a quadroon, in Madrid for a Spaniard. In New Orleans she would have had admiration and love; in Madrid she might have had even more, for she was rarely beautiful, and had a fine and sensitive nature, which would very easily have received polish and culture. But in Block Island she was ranked by all the whites as a negro, never called anything but "Massy Sprague's daughter," and left as unconscious of her beauty as if she had been in the wilds of Africa. Toinette was a loving, affectionate child, and the isolation in which she and her mother lived was torture to her, — all the greater because of the grim delight which her fierce old mother seemed to take in it. Massy lived in the past; she was too young at the time of the mutiny to remember the details of that horror. She had been the favorite plaything of the riotous mutineers in the short-lived days of their feasting and pleasures; and after that was all past, her childhood had been filled with tales of the riches and splendor of the life of those whom her father and mother had served in Holland. Her contempt for the poor hard-working farmers and fishermen of Block Island knew no bounds. "Sons of white beggars!" she sneered. "I 'd not put hand to shoe for one of 'em, — not if I died;" and though she and Toinette were often half starved, and went clothed in rags, she kept her word. By hook or by crook, she managed to raise potatoes and turnips on her bleak hillside; she had one cow and a few hens; and no rich man on a lordly manor could have had more strongly the feeling of an independent proprietor than did this tattered, shriveled, poverty-stricken old woman.

In a cupboard on her wall were ranged china cups and saucers and mugs that a king might not have disdained to possess: dainty tea-cups not more than two

inches high, and so transparent that one could see through them; and mugs of fine china, half a foot deep, covered with gay flags of all nations. These had come over in the Palatine, the property of some of the rich Amsterdam burghers who were seeking a new home in the New World. Massy was as proud of them as if they had descended to her by lawful inheritance instead of having been part of the plunder won by a fearful crime. Very much did some of the Block Island women covet these tea-cups and mugs. Not unfrequently Massy received the offer, for a single cup and saucer, of a sum of money which would have put decent gowns both on her back and Toinette's for years; but she refused all such offers with a fine, reticent scorn which would not condescend to any volubility, and replied concisely that the cups were "not for sale." By such exhibitions of pride, and by her still more scornful repelling of all advances from the colored inhabitants of the island, old Massy had slowly but surely removed herself and her daughter outside the pale of even ordinary good fellowship. If she had been an outcast for crime or for some loathsome disease, she could hardly have been more shunned; and the poor little Toinette shared in the neglect she had done nothing to deserve. At the time when our story opens Toinette had but one friend on the island. This was the Ramby Karns for whom she had been watching from the cliffs. Ramby Karns was as black as the ace of spades, and his features were those of a Guinea negro; but to Toinette his face was beautiful. He had loved Toinette ever since they had been seated at the same desk in the little unpainted school-house in which the Block Island children all gathered to receive such scanty crumbs of education as Block Island resources could afford. It so happened that for the first term when Ramby and Toinette attended school they were the only colored pupils, and the teacher gave them, therefore, a seat together, although Toinette was only six, and Ramby was twelve years old. He adopted her at once as his especial property, and woe to any boy who dared tease or molest the little thing. For two years this comradeship lasted, and then, to Ramby's great distress, Toinette was suddenly taken out of school. By a mere accident, old Massy, who never went near the school-house, and had never thought to inquire about Toinette's companionships there, went down to the village, one day, at noon, to buy a cod-fish. As she was walking home, the thought struck her that it was nooning time for the children, and she would look in on Toinette at her luncheon. Toinette and Ramby were sitting in blissful content at their desk, dining out of Ramby's pail, poor Toinette's own dinner being of too meagre a sort to require any such formality of putting up. Suddenly on their quiet broke old Massy's fierce voice: —

"What are you doing in the seat with that nigger!" and Toinette felt herself dragged from her seat and shaken violently.

Beginning to sob, she cried, "Why the teacher put us here. He 's real good to me, Ramby is." And Ramby stood up wrathfully, exclaiming, —

"I ain't any more a nigger than you are yourself, you old blackamoor! But Toinette ain't a nigger, if she is your little girl," he added, chivalrously.

Brandishing her cod-fish as if it were a banner, old Massy stalked out of the school-house, leading the sobbing Toinette with her, while the other children looked on half-terrified. On the threshold they met the teacher, who was astonished enough at the sight. Old Massy was as tall as most men, and of a lank and unfeminine figure; her scanty petticoats always clung to her legs, and revealed rather than concealed her angular outline. Still flaunting her cod-fish, with her grizzled locks flying in the wind, the haughty and enraged old woman strode past the wondering teacher, saying, —

"I 'll not send my child to any school where she is put in the seat with niggers."

The teacher attempted to reply, but old Massy's strides fast carried her out

of reach of his voice, and she did not even look back, or deign to answer him. Poor Toinette cried, —

"Oh, my slate! Let me go back for my slate." But her mother's grasp never relaxed; it was almost more than the child's legs could do to keep up, and her sobs and cries were piteous to hear.

Ramby stood on the steps doubling up his fists and making vain threatenings in the air. "I 'll pay the old woman off yet," he said, as he reluctantly followed the teacher into the house.

That night he carried Toinette's slate and all her little belongings home with him: this was on a Thursday. On Saturday afternoon, he climbed the hill to Massy Sprague's house, and hid himself behind a stone in the old graveyard. It seemed an age to him before he caught a sight of Toinette. He dared not go to the house and ask for her. At last the door opened, and Toinette came out. As soon as he saw her he gave a peculiar shrill whistle. Toinette knew it in an instant, and stood still, looking eagerly in all directions. Ramby whistled again: and in a second more, Toinette came running and scrambling over the grave-mounds and fallen stones.

"Oh, Ramby, Ramby! is that you?" she cried.

"Yes; and I 've got all your things," he replied, producing her precious slate and pencils and the little writing-book, in which several pages of blurred pothooks bore doubtful testimony to Toinette's skill in the use of a pen.

"She won't let me keep 'em, if she knows you brought 'em to me," said Toinette.

Ramby's black eyes flashed in his black face. "Why not?" he said. "She would n't be so mean as that!"

"She hates black folks," replied Toinette, "worst kind. She says we ain't black; but I don't see why. I think we 're black as anybody."

"You ain't, Toinette," exclaimed Ramby, admiringly, — "you ain't a bit black. You 're the prettiest color of all the folks on this island. There is n't anybody got the color you are: it 's the beautifullest yellow; it 's prettier than the middle of the pond lilies. But she," with a contemptuous gesture of his head over toward the house, — "she 's as black 's any of the rest of us. She need n't talk!"

"Mam 's real good to me," said Toinette, apologetically. "She 's real sorry I cry so about not going to school. But she 'll never let me go again, she says, not even if the teacher should come and beg her. She does hate black folks, awful. It 's queer, ain't it, Ramby? I think they 're just as good as white folks."

"Better," said Ramby, "a great deal better."

After some discussion the children decided to hide the slate and pencils and writing-book in the old meeting-house. "And I can come up every Saturday and teach you myself," said Ramby, with most commendable care for Toinette's education.

Hand in hand the two roamed about the old ruin, in search of some safe corner. They clambered up into the pulpit, which was a sort of unroofed cupboard, reached by a rickety staircase ten steps high. Ramby stumbled over something as soon as he entered. It was a mahogany ballot-box.

"Good gracious!" said he, "they keep their ballot-boxes up here. This won't do."

"What are they for?" asked Toinette.

"Oh, to put the votes in on town-meeting days. They have their town-meeting here every month; did n't you know it? We 'd better keep our things up gallery. They never go up there, I guess. There ain't half men enough here to fill the pews down-stairs."

There were but twenty-seven pews in the body of the meeting-house: they were square, high-walled, of Southern pine, all hewn by hand. In and out of them all the children ran, merrily trying seat after seat. At last they went up-stairs to the gallery, and in the remotest corner from the door, under the last seat, they hid their possessions.

"This 'll be your school-house now," said Ramby.

"And you 'll be my teacher," replied innocent Toinette. Far truer words than Toinette knew! She was now eight, and Ramby was fourteen: from that day he began to teach her to love him. He taught her a good deal else, — that is, during the first two years; for Ramby was an uncommonly bright boy, and his father, who had sailed for many years in a man-of-war before he settled down as a Block Island fisherman, had a great ambition to give his boy what he called "advantages;" so he kept him steadily at school long past the time at which most Block Island boys had to begin hard work at home. But just as Ramby had entered on his fifteenth year, his father slipped on the deck of his little fishing-sloop, one icy night, and broke his leg. He nearly lost his life from the clumsiness with which the leg was treated by the non-professional Block Island doctor, but pulled through finally, and lived on, a nearly helpless cripple. No more school for Ramby now: he must run the fishing-sloop, he must work the little farm. Nothing of it all came hard to him, except giving up the Saturday afternoons with Toinette in the old meeting-house. It was not every week, now, that he could treat himself to that pleasure. The fish must be ready to load on the Block Island sloop which ran up every Monday to Newport; and if it were not the fish, it was sure to be something else which needed to be done on the farm. Saturday after Saturday slipped by without Ramby's finding time to climb up that alluring hill to the eastward. Saturday after Saturday poor Toinette wandered about the old graveyard, and sat idly on the sunken grave-mounds, vainly watching for the faithful, shining black face of her boy lover. Nobody knew what the children were about; in fact, nobody was in the least concerned about either Toinette or Ramby, except Toinette's mother and Ramby's father; old Massy gave herself no uneasiness about the child so long as she was "playing in the old grave-yard," and Ramby's father had never once called Ramby to account for any comings or goings since the day that had reversed their relations, making Ramby the protector and provider.

Toinette was fifteen and Ramby was twenty-one, and they had been for two years betrothed lovers, before an ill wind blew to them the misfortune of old Massy's discovery of their relations. This concealment on the part of Toinette was not the result of any artfulness in the girl's nature; it was the simple instinct of her uneducated filial love. She knew her mother's fierce hatred of black people too well to hope that anything could soften it. Again and again she said to Ramby, —

"We can't ever get married so long as mam 's alive; she 'd kill me first. But I 'll love ye always, Ramby, whether we ever get to be married or not; and there ain't any use in making her mad at me by tellin' her. Besides, I donno but what it would make her go out of her head, she 'd be so mad." And Ramby, who in his secret heart felt for old Massy a terror which almost amounted to a superstition, acquiesced in all Toinette's decisions, and plotted as cautiously as she to keep their love a secret. But as I said, an ill-wind blew to them the misfortune of discovery. It was literally a wind which did it, so perverse and trivial an accident that it seemed like the mockery of a malicious fate; one summer Sunday it happened. Toinette and Ramby were sitting in their wonted corner in the old meeting-house gallery, between two open windows. A sudden breeze blew off Ramby's hat, and wafted it gently out of the south window. Toinette ran down to get it, saying, "I 'll go, Ramby. I 'm always afraid mam will see you up here some day. She 's got eyes like a hawk."

Down the stairs, out of the door, flew the light-footed Toinette, to be confronted by her mother, stern, dark-visaged, on the very threshold, holding the luckless hat in her hand.

"What man's hat is this? How came you in here? Who have you got hid away, you shameful hussy?" cried Massy.

Toinette's usually gentle spirit was roused, and, standing at bay on the old

meeting-house steps, she boldly told her mother the truth. Ramby, hearing voices, came running down-stairs, and old Massy, seeing him, fell into a rage frightful to behold. Tearing her gray hair with one hand, she lifted the other high as she could reach, and cursed him in some East Indian dialect. Then, seizing Toinette, she literally dragged her by main force down the hill, into their house, shut the door with a loud noise, and bolted it.

Ramby was greatly alarmed. The speech, which he did not understand, made his knees shake by its fearful sound. "Will she kill her?" he gasped; and his first impulse was to fly to the house and beat down the door. But he reflected on Toinette's uniform assurances of her mother's goodness to her, and wisely thinking that his presence would only make bad matters worse he went slowly home.

For weeks after this Toinette was not permitted to stir from the house alone. If she put on her hat, her mother put on her own, and saying, grimly, "If you 're going out, I 'll go along too," walked silent by her side. At last Toinette gave up going out at all. Sad and silent she sat in the house, doing nothing, growing pale and ill each day. Old Massy's inexorable heart was nearly broken. She tried to make Toinette promise never to marry Ramby. "I 'll never promise that, mam, — not if you kill me," was Toinette's answer. She tried to make her promise not to see him again. "I won't promise ye that neither," said Toinette. "I love him, and I don't care who knows it; and there 's nobody else in all the world that cares for me, or ever did, mam, and you know that."

"Oh, child, child!" moaned old Massy, "hain't I cared for ye?"

"Yes," said Toinette, sullenly. "I suppose ye could n't help it, being my mother; but you 're going to work to kill me now."

After this talk, Massy relented so far that she permitted Toinette to go and come alone and untrammeled as before; but whenever the poor child left the house, her mother's last words to her always were, —

"If you see Ramby Karns anywhere, you just remember that every word you speak to him is a-disobeyin' of me. That 's all." And on Toinette's return the first question was, "Did you see him?" the second, "Did you speak to him?"

It was partly in evasion of these inquiries that Ramby and Toinette had invented their system of signaling to each other over the cliffs; partly, also, because, as Ramby was sure to be on that part of the beach every night, and the cliffs were not far distant from old Massy's house, Toinette could see him there on many an evening when there was no chance of their meeting elsewhere. Their system of signaling was pathetic in its simplicity: a green bough waved in circles meant "All well;" lifted up three times in a straight line it meant "Will you come to-night?" waved horizontally it meant "No;" dropped over the cliff, or thrown in the water, it meant "Yes;" and spreading the arms at full length, then bringing the palms of the hands close together, meant "Good-by." The slender figure of Toinette, poised on the edge of the precipice, and relieved against the glowing western sky, as she made these graceful and mysterious movements, might have been taken for that of some ancient priestess performing solemn out-door rites; but there was never a human creature to admire or to wonder at the picture; nobody but Toinette ever walked on the cliffs, and nobody but Ramby ever looked up at them from the beach below.

On the evening when we have described Toinette as groping her way through the mist, she had signaled to Ramby that she would be down that night. Her mother, who had been nearly helpless from rheumatism for several days, had very reluctantly given her money to buy some groceries of which they were in real need. Usually old Massy made all such purchases herself, never sending Toinette to the stores, where she would be in danger of meeting Ramby. But rheumatism and hun-

ger had combined to break down her precautions for once, and she had inwardly groaned to see the light-heartedness with which Toinette set off on the errand.

There is but one public and open road on Block Island. All the rest lead through everybody's yards, shut up by countless strait and narrow gates; and nobody can get anywhere without passing through these gates, and going up and down innumerable low but steep hills. It is difficult to account for the "lay of the land" on Block Island; "lay" is hardly the right word to apply to it, however. There is not a level half acre on the island; it must have cooled off very suddenly in midst of a tremendous boil. It is a confusion of bubble-like hills: none of them high; most of them so low that it is a marvel how they contrive to be so steep.

With the roads down from the cliffs to the little settlement around the wharf, where the stores were, Toinette was not at all familiar; and as she groped along, literally feeling her way by the fences, she found herself bewildered and lost. At last, opening a particularly heavy and difficult gate, she found herself in old Hans Ericson's cow-yard. Hans and his two sons were milking, and they each had a lantern. As the red beams of the lantern fell upon Toinette's face and figure, in the shifting mists, she looked unreal enough to terrify any man. Old Hans dropped his milk-pail, and exclaimed, "Mein Gott, vat ish dat!"

"Only me, Mr. Ericson," said Toinette, in a gentle voice. "I have lost my way. Mother sent me down after some meal; but I don't believe I can find my way in the fog. I did n't think I was anywhere near your house."

"How did you kommen dis vay?" said Hans in great perplexity, knowing that Toinette's home was a long way to the north of his.

"Oh," replied Toinette, "I have been up on the cliffs; I did n't come straight from home."

"So, so," said Hans, "dat ish vay. Now you takes mine lantern; you cannot go mitout lantern. It vill pe vorse, an' not petter. You brings back to-morrow."

Toinette thanked the old man, and very gratefully took the lantern; indeed, without it, she might have groped all night long in the fog. She was now so far from the public road that it was better to keep on from yard to yard, in the line of the cottages nearest the shore, than to try to return to the highway. The surf thundered on the beach; the wind drove great sheets of the mist, like wet avalanches, over Toinette, as, with head bent down, and her lantern held firm in front of her breast, she toiled along. It was a frightful night; no one but a Block Islander could have believed such a night possible in midsummer. Presently she saw flashing lights of lanterns darting here and there, just before her; heard cries of men and the creaking of ropes and masts. She was close upon the quay; in a moment more she was in the centre of a group of men who were watching the coming in of a small boat. One light at its prow rose and sank, and rose and sank, with irregular motions, as the boat was tossed on the rough waves. Toinette pressed eagerly forward.

"Why, if there ain't Massy Sprague's gal!" said one of the men. "What 's she doin' down here at this time o' night!"

Toinette shrank back into the gloom, and put her lantern down on the ground. The hubbub increased. The men in the boat called to those on shore; and those on shore answered back, and waved their lanterns high.

"Can we make it?"

"Ay, ay!" "All right!" "Bear to the left!" "Starboard, man, starboard!" The hoarse cries seemed half stifled in the heavy fog. At last the boat grated against the little stony quay, and, to the unutterable surprise of the Block Islanders, there stepped out two ladies. The skipper of the boat, standing with one foot on the gunwale, shouted, "Take care of 'em, will ye! I promised to see 'em ashore, but I darsen't come off. I must get back on the boat. We 've had the devil's own time beating down from

Newport; been fourteen hours doin' it. Must get back somehow before to-morrow morning;" and he pushed his boat off again, and disappeared in the fog.

"Will some one be so good as to show us the way to the hotel?" said one of the women, in a voice which thrilled on Toinette's ears. "I believe it is only a short distance from the landing."

"I'll show you! I have a lantern!" exclaimed Toinette, springing forward. "Let me show you." The men, who had stood silent in the first instant of their astonishment, now crowded up, sheepishly, with their late offers of assistance; but the lady waved them all back, saying, —

"Thanks; this girl will show us the way. We need no other help; we can carry our bags; they are not heavy;" and she and her companion both turned to Toinette with so resolute an air of dismissal to the others that they all fell back, discomfited and vexed.

"What in thunder brought that gal down here!" exclaimed one.

"She 's as much a witch as her old mother," replied another. "That old Massy Sprague 'd ha' been hung twice over, I expect, if she 'd ha' had her rights."

Incidents were so rare in the monotonous Block Island life that these men actually grudged Toinette the opportunity she had snatched of walking up to the hotel with the strangers. And if it were a thing to be coveted by even these coarse fishermen, what was it to poor, lonely, uneducated, groping Toinette! In the twinkling of an eye, the girl felt herself lifted into a new world by the chance companionship of these two women, who had come from a sphere so different from all which she had hitherto known. With eyes which were hungry in their eagerness, she scanned every point in their attire, which she could see by the shifting light of the lantern beams; with ears strained and alert, as if listening to music, she hearkened to every word they spoke. Much which had hitherto lain dormant in her nature sprang into sudden life, even in these first few instants of the novel relation in which she found herself.

"Kitty," said the elder woman, "this is more than we bargained for, is n't it? Are you very wet?"

"Yes, as wet and slippery as a seal," replied the girl, laughing; "but it 's perfectly splendid. I would n't have missed it for anything. But I 'm glad this girl came with us, instead of any of those rough men."

"They would n't have hurt ye, any on 'em," interposed Toinette, eagerly. "There ain't a man on all the island 'd harm a woman."

Toinette's voice was singularly low and deep; as she spoke, both the women turned surprised glances towards her; but she was holding the lantern very low, so as to light the path, and nothing could be seen of her face underneath her limp and dripping sunbonnet. At this moment rapid steps were heard following them and cries of "Toinette! Toinette!"

Toinette stopped. "That 's Ramby," she said, simply.

"What are you stopping for?" said the elder woman sharply. "Don't keep us standing here in this rain."

Before she had finished her sentence, Ramby came plunging headlong up the path; one of the men on the quay had told him that Toinette had gone up to the hotel with two strangers, and the faithful Ramby had followed.

"This is Ramby," reiterated Toinette, still not offering to move, while Ramby stood awkwardly looking at all three. The red lantern beams flickered fantastically over his black face, which, being wet with the fog, glistened more than usual.

The woman laughed. "And who is Ramby?" she said, quietly giving him the traveling-bag which he had stretched out his hand to take, saying curtly, "Take your bags, ma'am."

"Ramby is my" — Toinette stopped short. She did not know any substantive which could properly complete her definition, so she added, stammeringly, "Ramby."

The two women pressed each other's arms, in token of the deliciousness of this revelation of the simplicity of the Block Island natives, and the elder said

kindly, "Very well; your Ramby can carry our bags to the hotel, and the sooner we get there the better. Do you often have weather like this in July?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," said Toinette and Ramby, simultaneously. "It is like this half the time."

"Then I should not like to live here," rejoined Kitty.

"No, ma'am," said Ramby gravely, "I don't reckon you would;" and they walked on in silence, both Ramby and Toinette full of wonder as to what could have brought these strangers to their island.

As they stepped into the dimly lighted hall of the little inn, Toinette threw back her wet sun-bonnet; at sight of her face, the elder of the two women uttered an exclamation of surprise at her beauty. "Why, Kitty," she said in a low tone, "the girl is an Andalusian! I had a maid in Seville who was just like her, only not half so handsome."

"Hush, Bell!" replied Kitty, "the man is listening."

No word or look which concerned Toinette ever escaped Ramby. He had heard the first sentence distinctly, all but the word "Andalusian." He stood quietly at one side while the ladies made their arrangements with the landlord; then, thanking Toinette, they pressed upon her a small sum of money, which Toinette refused, Ramby thought, with unnecessary vehemence. Toinette was in haste to be gone; she dreaded the storm, but she still more dreaded her mother.

"Come, Ramby, come!" she said, her eyes all the while lingering hungrily on the two strangers' faces. "Come; mother 'll scold awful, I 'm so late." On the threshold Ramby turned back.

"I 've forgot something," he said. "Wait a bit." Returning to the room, he said, hurriedly, "Please, ma'am, what did you say Toinette was?"

The women looked amazed. "Oh," said Bell, recollecting, "I said she was an Andalusian."

"What 's that, ma'am?" asked Ramby respectfully.

Bell laughed.

"Nothing bad, Ramby," she said; "only the name of some people who live in Spain. They are the handsomest people in all Spain. It was a compliment to Toinette, Ramby, that 's all."

"Are they all the color Toinette is?" asked Ramby, earnestly.

"No, — some lighter, some darker," answered Mrs. Ainsworth, scrutinizing closely the countenance of the negro who asked these significant questions. Ramby turned to go.

"Thank ye, ma'am," he said; then, hesitating and taking a step backward, he added, in a tone husky with feeling, "Any 's dark 's me, is there?"

"Yes, I think so," said Mrs. Ainsworth, kindly; and Ramby, with a nod meant to be a bow, disappeared.

"Bell Ainsworth, how could you tell such a lie!" exclaimed her friend; "you never saw in all Spain a Spaniard as black as that man. He 's a genuine negro."

"But, Kitty," returned Mrs. Ainsworth, "don't you see the whole story? The poor fellow is in love with this beautiful creature, who has n't a drop of black blood in her veins. He worships the ground she walks on. How could I say anything but Yes? If I never do anything worse than tell that lie, I shall be lucky. Besides, Othello the Moor was as black as Ramby; he 's always painted so, and half the Andalusians are Moors. I mean to see if I can't take that girl away with me," she added. "It 's a shame for her to be buried here."

"What to do with her, Bell?" asked the practical Kitty, who had before now seen Mrs. Ainsworth's schemes melt away in thin air.

"Do with her! Why, she would make an entrancing lady's maid," said Mrs. Ainsworth. "Just to see the reflection of her face in the looking-glass, while she was dressing my hair, would be as good as having one of Murillo's portraits on the wall."

"I think she has a faithful nature," replied Kitty, thoughtfully. "She has what they call the look of the dog-soul in her eyes. I don't believe she 'd leave her Ramby."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Mrs. Ainsworth. "You 're a sentimentalist, Kitty, and always will be. Wager me something I won't carry her back to Newport with us day after to-morrow."

"No, I won't wager you anything," replied Kitty, "for if I do you 'll be sure to take the girl, if you have to kidnap her; and I'm by no means sure you 'd do her any kindness to carry her to Newport."

Mrs. Ainsworth made no reply, but, compressing her rosy lips into a mischievous pout, took her friend by the shoulders, gave her a hearty shake, and then ran out of the room to talk with the landlord.

It was an odd freak which had taken Mrs. Bell Ainsworth and her friend, Kitty Strong, from Newport to Block Island. As they were landing at one of the Newport wharves, one day, after a pleasure sail in the harbor, the Block Island schooner was unloading her cargo of fish and vegetables at the same wharf. Two of the Block Island women were sitting on the deck. The old-fashioned and unworldly look of the women caught Mrs. Ainsworth's eye.

"Oh, where did those Rip Van Winkles come from?" she exclaimed.

"They 're Block Islanders," replied one of the sailors. "Cur'us critters, them Block Islanders are. They 're all web-footed. You can't drown one on 'em no more than you can a Newfoundland dog, — not a mite!"

All Mrs. Ainsworth's gay friends lifted up their voices and warned her not to go to Block Island; said that she might be kept there, nobody knew how long; that one year the election returns from Rhode Island were delayed three weeks, because there had been no communication between Block Island and the main-land during that time, and then when the returns came it was found that the Block Islanders had voted on the last year's ticket. Moreover, the island was haunted. The phantom of the ship Palatine sailed round and round the island, blazing with phantom fire; only certain persons could see it, and it was a sure presage of ill luck to them. With each remonstrance Mrs. Ainsworth's desire to visit the island increased, until she declared at last that she would go alone, if nobody would go with her. Finally, she succeeded in organizing a party of six; but at the last moment two of the party refused to go, and two more refused to land when they saw the rough waters, after actually reaching the island. Only Kitty Strong had had courage to persevere; and she had done so more from love for her capricious and willful friend than from any interest in the adventure itself.

The next morning, early, they set out for an exploration of the island. The wooden seats of the wagon were but thinly covered by a worn buffalo robe, and at the first few jolts over the stony and uneven roads Kitty cried out, in dismay, "Bell, you may shatter your bones in this crazy vehicle if you like; I am going to get out and walk!"

"Very well, I 'll walk, then," replied Bell. "It can't be a very difficult matter to walk all over the island;" and they dismissed the much-discomfited driver, who had had visions of a golden harvest to be reaped from these eccentric fashionable ladies who were bent on seeing the whole of Block Island.

Walking in the sand was harder than they had supposed, and before long they struck off from the road, and began to climb fences and walk in the fields.

"No woods anywhere!" exclaimed Bell. "How horrid!" At that moment she caught sight of a gleaming blue lake at the foot of the low hill they had just climbed.

It was a beautiful picture: the grass was green to the water's edge; in fact, it was green beyond it, for the lake was higher than the usual margin, so that it was surrounded by a low fringe of waving grasses growing in water. Thickly sprinkled among these were great pond-lilies. Nowhere in the world are there such pond-lilies as grow in the strange, hill-locked fresh-water lakes of this little ocean-swept island. They often measure from eight to ten inches in diameter when fully open, and the petals are three or four inches long.

"Gracious, Bell!" cried Kitty, "what are those white flowers? They can't be pond-lilies!"

"But they are!" said Mrs. Ainsworth. "I 'm going to wade in and get some."

Daintily, tantalizingly, the regal flowers floated and swayed in their safe harbors. Even Bell Ainsworth dared not try to wade out to them.

"I 'll hire a boy to come and pick some for us," she said at last, discontentedly turning away, and beginning to climb another hill to the right. When they reached the top they looked over into just such another cup-like hollow, with a blue lake at the bottom, set in a rim of bright green grass, starred with white lilies. A slender figure was slowly coming up the side of the hill towards them. Mrs. Ainsworth put up her eye-glasses to look at her, and exclaimed, "What luck! That 's Toinette, I do believe."

"And she has a basket of lilies!" cried Kitty. "We 'll buy them of her. How charming! Bell, you always do trail adventures after you wherever you go."

When Toinette first saw the ladies standing still and gazing at her, she stopped, flushed all over, and then walked rapidly towards them.

"Good morning, Toinette," said Mrs. Ainsworth. "We were just saying we must hire a boy to come and get some of these beautiful lilies for us. But we would much rather buy them of you. Will you sell them to us?" Toinette colored again, a deeper red. Her large dark eyes filled with tears.

"I got 'em on purpose for you, ladies," she said, looking bashfully down at her muddy bare feet and legs. "I was going to carry 'em to the hotel to-morrow. I thought you 'd like 'em. I shan't sell 'em, though."

"No, indeed, child," said Mrs. Ainsworth, lightly; "you shall give them to us, and welcome. Come home with us, and show us a new way to go."

Toinette shook her head. "Mam won't let me go to-day. I was down yesterday," she said.

"Do you live near here, Toinette?" asked Mrs. Ainsworth, with a sudden resolution in her tone.

Toinette pointed to a thin curl of smoke creeping over a hill a few rods off. "That 's our chimney," she said.

"We 'll walk home with you, and ask your mother," said Mrs. Ainsworth.

Toinette's face glowed, but she said nothing as she led the way.

Old Massy Sprague was not an inviting sight, as she stood in her door-way that noon. She grew darker and darker, and more and more grim every month. Her hopeless sorrow and helpless anger over Toinette's love for Ramby were really killing her by inches. Janger, the bull-dog, snarled and sprang viciously out to the full length of his chain, as he saw strangers approaching. Even Toinette's presence did not reconcile him to their appearance. Old Massy took her pipe out of her mouth, and, staring at the strangers, said, "Still, Janger!"

"Mam! mam!" exclaimed Toinette, "here are the ladies I telled ye about, that come last night."

"How d' ye do," said Massy, with a faint dawn of a smile on her face. "Will ye come in and be seated?"

"Thank you," said Mrs. Ainsworth, "that is just what we should like," and she followed the old woman in. No sooner had her eye fallen upon the china in the cupboard on the wall than she bounded across the room, exclaiming, "Why, where in the world did you get that lovely china?" and her eyes sparkled with the delight of a connoisseur.

Massy smiled, grimly. "Ye knows chany when ye sees it, ma'am," she said. It gave the old woman pleasure to see her treasures appreciated. "There 's nobody here knows the difference between them cups and them mugs, only the mugs is the brightest color."

"The mugs are very pretty," said Mrs. Ainsworth, "but the cups! Why, I 've never but once or twice in my life seen such cups."

"I dessay not," replied Massy. "The king of Holland has drunk out of them cups."

"Do tell me how you got them!" asked Mrs. Ainsworth.

"They was brought over in the same ship my mother came over in," replied Massy, evasively.

"Oh, the Palatine!" cried Kitty. "Did your mother really come over in that ship? And have you ever seen the phantom of it which they say sails around the island?"

"Lor', yes, lots o' times," said Massy; "but I hain't seen it now for goin' on twenty year. They say it 's a cruisin' now off the south shore."

"Ramby 's seen it," interposed Toinette, eagerly.

Old Massy's face darkened, and she cast a stern look at Toinette, who colored and looked distressed.

Unconscious Mrs. Ainsworth followed with the unlucky remark, "We saw Ramby last night" —

She was going on to say more, when Toinette gasped, "Oh, don't, ma'am!" and ran out of the room.

"What is the matter with the child?" asked Mrs. Ainsworth, in bewilderment.

Old Massy drew herself up to her full height, and, in spite of her squalor and rags, there was almost a tragic dignity in her figure, as she replied, "The matter is, ma'am, that she 's an ungrateful, disobedient gal. She 's a-goin' with that nigger now these three years, an' she knows it 's draggin' me down into my grave to see it. But I hain't got no power to prevent it, an' 's soon 's I 'm under-ground she 'll marry him. I 'd rather bury her any day, an' she 's all I 've got in the world."

"Why, is he a bad man?" asked Kitty, innocently.

"He 's a nigger!" thundered old Massy, in a voice one would not have supposed could have come from a woman's lips. "He 's a nigger, an' that 's enough." Mrs. Ainsworth and her friend looked puzzled. Massy continued in a sneering tone: "Perhaps you take me an' my daughter for niggers. Folks generally does, an' I let 'em if they want to. But we 're East Indians, an' my mother and father, an' their mother an' father before 'em, tended on them who went to courts all their lives. My mother 's cooked dinners for the king, and held the king's children on her knees; and if Toinette had any pride she 'd live an' die to herself, as I 've done. But she hain't any; she 'll marry that nigger 's soon 's I 'm under-ground;" and tears, too hot to fall, stood in the old woman's eyes.

"Why don't you send her away?" asked Mrs. Ainsworth; "she would soon forget him." Kitty looked reproachfully at her friend.

"Send her away!" said Massy. "I look like it, don't I! How 'd I send her away, I wonder. I hain't got ships and folks to go to; we 're all that 's left of my people, — we two."

"I 'll take her with me, if you 'll let me," said Mrs. Ainsworth, eagerly.

Old Massy rose again, walked rapidly across the floor, and, standing so near that her rags brushed against Mrs. Ainsworth's dainty garments, scrutinized her in silence for a moment. Then, "Be ye rich?" she said, fiercely.

"Yes," said Mrs. Ainsworth, half cowering under the old woman's gaze, "I am very rich, and I will make Toinette comfortable, and take good care of her."

"To be your child?" asked Massy.

Mrs. Ainsworth flushed. "Oh, no," she said, "I had no idea of that. I thought" — She hesitated, half afraid to suggest the idea of service to this East Indian princess in rags. "I thought you might like to have her earn some money."

"Oh, to wait on ye, ye mean," said Massy, in an altered voice.

"Yes," said Mrs. Ainsworth, more resolutely, now that Massy herself had phrased her meaning. "I said to my friend here last night that I would like to take Toinette home with me as my own maid. She would soon learn all that is needed. I would give her good wages."

"I don't care nothin' about the money," interrupted Massy. "I' ve got all I need here. We kin live off the place. But I 'd like to have the child got off this island, ma'am. I donno but you was sent here for that; I 've been a-prayin' an' a-prayin' that some way 'd

open. I 'll give ye my answer to-morrow, ma'am, if that 'll suit ye. Ye look real kind and good. Ye 'd be good to the child, would n't ye, now ? " she added, bending her head on one side, and studying Mrs. Ainsworth's face with an earnestness of gaze which was pathetic.

" Indeed, I will be good to her; you need not fear," replied Mrs. Ainsworth.

" Perhaps Toinette will not want to go," interposed Kitty. " She won't like to leave you here all alone."

" She 'll go, fast enough," said Massy, doggedly. " She 's been out of her head, about, tellin' me all ye wore an' said, an' how ye looked. Ye see the child 's never saw a lady in her life till she see you; and she knowed the difference as soon 's she set eyes on ye. An' that 's what I've always been a-tellin' her, but she would n't believe me; she could n't, I suppose; nobody can't without seein' for themselves. I 've always told her that she did n't know anything, cooped up here on this island; she 'd see that that nigger was n't no mate for her, if she ever got a chance to see anybody else."

" He seems to love her very much," said Kitty, sadly, " and he looks good and honest."

Old Massy flamed. " I think it 's likely he does love her; she 's a gal might hold up her head anywhere in God's world for looks; and ye know it, ladies, 's well 's I do. That 's what 's killin' me, to see her goin' with a nigger. He 's honest enough, so far 's I know. But he 's got no right to set so much 's his eyes on a gal o' mine," and Massy clinched both her fists in impotent rage.

When old Massy told Toinette of Mrs. Ainsworth's proposition, the girl's face turned white. Her eyes gleamed, and she opened her lips twice without uttering a sound. Then she gasped, " Did she mean it, mam? Did she really mean it, do you think ? "

" Then ye 'd like to go ? " said Massy, slowly, eying her daughter's face keenly.

" Oh, mam, yes! " cried Toinette. " Could ye spare me? Ye could n't get on alone, could ye, mam? I reckon I had n't ought to go."

This was a moment of something nearer happiness than old Massy had known for many months. The thought of Ramby had evidently not crossed Toinette's mind. Massy had supposed it would be the first thing she would think of. But even Massy did not know how powerfully Toinette had been wrought upon by the presence of these women, —these beings from another world.

" Yes, child, I 'd get on without ye; at any rate, for a spell. I 'd like ye to see something o' the world; an' I 've always told ye, ye had n't no chance here. I 'd like ye to go; but I 'll go an' ask about these folks. 'T ain't right to send ye off with strangers nobody don't know nothin' about. I think they 're nice folks, though. She 's a real lady, anyhow."

" Yes, mam, that she is," said Toinette, enthusiastically. " They 're both beautiful, but the young lady has n't got such a nice voice. The other one's voice is jest like the singin' at meetin'."

Mrs. Ainsworth would have considered this comparison but a dubious compliment, had she been familiar with the sounds produced by the Block Island choir. They meant music to Toinette, however, and when she first heard Mrs. Ainsworth speak, the resemblance had occurred to her.

Toinette felt like one walking in a dream. She went over into the old grave-yard, and sat down on one of the fallen grave-stones to think. It was a sunny day: the sky was clear and blue, and little breezy clouds were hurrying about in different directions on cross-currents. Toinette looked up at them; for the first time in her life, she wondered where they were going. All things took on new significance to her, since her own life seemed to have a future; all nature seemed to be made up of vistas, now that one had opened before her. Ramby was in her thoughts, also, and she felt a genuine and tender regret at leaving him; but the idea of staying behind on his account did not occur to her. She pictured herself as

coming back to see him, and bringing him reports of all that had happened to her in the new and wonderful world upon which she would enter when she sailed away from the island. She pictured herself as buying little gifts for him and sending them down by the captain of the schooner. She thought possibly Ramby might come up to Newport, some day, to see her, and what a pleasure it would be to show him everything. Poor Toinette! she was sixteen years old by the calendar of the days of her life, but her heart was the heart of a little child.

Early in the afternoon old Massy put on her antique bonnet and the remains of a scarlet cashmere shawl which had belonged to the wife of an Amsterdam merchant more than a hundred years before. Looking at herself cynically in the bit of broken looking-glass set up on the top of the cupboard, she said to Toinette, "Spect I scare folks, don't I, child? I do look bad, there 's no denyin' it."

"No, indeed, mam," said the affectionate girl; "you always look good if your clothes be ragged," and she kissed her.

"I shan't be home before night," said Massy. "I can't walk 's I used to. What 'll ye do, child?"

"I 'll go down on the cliffs, I reckon," said Toinette, guiltily.

Ramby had told her the night before that he would go for the cows very early, so as to have time to climb up into a ravine where they often met for a few moments' talk; Toinette lowering herself carefully from shrub to shrub, and Ramby climbing up in the same way on the slope of one of the lowest of the cliffs.

"I don't see what ye 're so fond o' the cliffs for," said Massy, as she left the house. "Ye 'll be seein' the blazin' ship one o' these days, if ye ain't careful; always lookin' off to sea, as you be."

"I 'd like to see it, mam," said Toinette. "Everybody 's seen it but me."

"Better not. It don't bring no good to nobody," said Massy, gravely.

Toinette had been lying on the cliffs for an hour before Ramby appeared below. The time had seemed short to her, so absorbed had she been in the anticipations of her new life. As soon as she saw Ramby she sprang to her feet, and made such haste down the ravine that she met him only a little way from the bottom.

"Why, Toinette," he exclaimed, "ye come down like a wild cat! What 's a-hurryin' ye so?"

"Oh, Ramby, such news!" cried the girl, and she poured out her tale.

Ramby's first words, strangely enough, were the same old Massy had used: "Then ye 'd like to go, would ye?" and he eyed Toinette's face as keenly as her mother had done. The face and the words told but one tale. Ramby made no opposition to the plan. The love in the heart of this untaught black man was as unselfish as could have been found under the fairest of Saxon skins. "I expect it 's a great chance for you," he said, slowly. "I suppose there 's no knowin' when you 'll come back."

"Oh, I shan't stay long," said Toinette, vaguely, but confidently. "I shall come back to see you and mam. I 'm to have wages; so I shall have money enough to come as often 's I want to."

"I don't expect ye 'll want to come very often," said Ramby, quietly.

Something in his tone dampened Toinette's gladness. "Why, Ramby," she said, "ye ain't sorry, are ye? Ye would n't have me miss it, now, would ye, Ramby? I wish she wanted us both to go."

"I could n't leave father, anyhow," said Ramby. "If it wa'n't for that, I 'd go right up along with ye, and get work to do there, too. I expect there 's plenty to do to earn a good livin' in Newport. But I 'll make out to run up an' see ye, Toinette, that 's certain."

Ramby missed something in Toinette's kiss when they parted that night; he could not have told what. Many a lover has vainly puzzled himself over the same sort of undefinable hurt. The difference between being a human heart's sole interest and being even its chief interest is the difference between love's

absolute happiness and love's contented resignation. One does not complain of the latter; it would be unreasonable; but when one has once known the fullness of the first, all else and less must seem poor in comparison.

Old Massy's inquiries in regard to Mrs. Ainsworth were more than satisfactory. The captain of the schooner which ran regularly to Newport was an inquisitive fellow, who amused himself, in the intervals of time which he had on his hands there, by roaming over the town and picking up information about everybody. He knew Mrs. Ainsworth by sight, and gave old Massy an amount of detailed information about her house, horses, way of living, and so forth which it would have astonished that lady to hear circulating on Block Island. After leaving Skipper Ericson, Massy went to the hotel, and had a long interview with Mrs. Ainsworth. All was satisfactorily arranged. Mrs. Ainsworth was to set off for Newport at noon the next day, if the wind were favorable, and Massy promised to be on the wharf with Toinette at that time.

A strong south wind blew fair and free all night, and did not die away at dawn; and at eleven o'clock Skipper Ericson was ready to set sail for Newport. Mrs. Ainsworth and her friend were on board about as soon as he, and he was impatient to get off.

"But you said at noon," urged Mrs. Ainsworth; "and I told the girl who is going up with us to be here at twelve. We must wait for her; we must go ashore if you will not wait for her. I shall not leave her."

"Massy Sprague's gal?" said the skipper.

"Yes," said Mrs. Ainsworth. "Do you know her?"

"No," said the skipper; "there don't nobody know her. Her mother 's an old witch. She come off the Palatine; leastways, her folks did. There was a kind o' colony on 'em that always kept to themselves, and would n't have nothin' to do with the colored folks here. These two is all that 's left. The gal 's putty for a yellow gal. That fellow there, he 's goin' to marry her, they say," and the skipper pointed to Ramby, who was cutting up and cleaning fish in front of his cabin, a few rods off from the wharf. Ramby's feet and legs were bare; his trousers rolled up high above his knees, his shirt-sleeves rolled up to his shoulders: every muscle of his well-knitted body stood out in relief in the sun; his head was large and well set on his neck, and as he moved swiftly about his work Mrs. Ainsworth whispered to Kitty, —

"If he were white, would n't he be a splendid fellow?"

"I think he is as it is," said Kitty, stoutly. "He 's a noble fellow, and I think you 're doing a cruel thing, taking this child away from him."

"Why, he can't marry her," said Mrs. Ainsworth.

"No, but she 's safe here, and close to him, and they are comparatively happy; that old woman can't live long, and then they could be married. And you don't know what 'll happen to the girl in Newport."

"Pshaw, Kitty!" said Mrs. Ainsworth. "There you are at your sentimentalizing again. The girl will have a chance to earn money and improve herself, and no harm can come to her in my house, that 's certain."

"Not so certain," thought Kitty Strong to herself, but she said nothing.

At this moment, Toinette was seen running breathlessly down the beach, carrying a small bundle in her hand.

"Why what 's the matter with the child? She 's crying hard!" exclaimed Mrs. Ainsworth. "And where 's the mother? She was to come to see her off."

"May be she 's changed her mind," said the skipper. "She 's the devil's own dame, old Massy is; and the gal 's as afraid of her as death, I 've heard say."

Ramby looked up at the sound of Toinette's steps, threw down his knife, and bounded towards her.

"Oh, Toinette, be ye goin'?" he said.

"Yes; mam made me!" sobbed Toinette. "I did n't want to. Mam 's real sick in bed; she can't hardly stir, but

she just drove me out. I darsen't stay; but I 'm afraid she 'll die, an' there ain't nobody to go near her, if I 'm gone."

The two were walking slowly towards the boat, Toinette crying audibly. Mrs. Ainsworth sprang on shore, and met them.

"My poor child, what is the matter?" she said.

"Mam made me come," said Toinette, crying still harder. "She 's sick. I 'd go back if I darst, but I darsen't."

Mrs. Ainsworth looked at Ramby. His face was full of sorrow and perplexity.

"Is there no one who will go to the old woman?" said Mrs. Ainsworth.

Ramby shook his head. "There 's plenty 'ud go," he said, "but they 're all afraid of her."

Skipper Ericson was growing very impatient; the south wind is a treacherous promiser, as all sailors know.

"If this wind dies down," he said to Kitty Strong, "we 'll not make Newport to-night, that 's all."

"Oh, Bell, do hurry!" called Kitty. "Let the girl stay; she can come up next week."

"Oh, I darsen't stay; I 'll have to go with ye!" cried poor Toinette. "Mam said she would n't let me into the house if I came back! I expect she 'll die."

Mrs. Ainsworth took out her purse, and gave Ramby a sum of money larger than he had ever before held in his hand at once.

"There!" she said, "take that, Ramby. You can surely hire somebody to go up to the house and stay. Wait," she added, hastily writing a few lines upon the back of an envelope. "There is my address. You write — You can write, can't you?" Ramby nodded. "You write and tell us how Mrs. Sprague is. Come, Toinette," and Mrs. Ainsworth took the girl by the hand. Toinette broke from her hold, threw her little bundle of clothes on the ground, and flinging her arms round Ramby's neck kissed him over and over, crying, —

"Oh, Ramby, I don't want to leave ye, — 'deed I don't."

Ramby's face was convulsed, but he did not shed a tear, and only said, as he kissed her, "Don't take on so, Toinette. You 'll be glad when ye get there. It 's lots better for ye to go. Don't take on, now," and he gently but firmly led her to the boat.

"Thank ye, ma'am, thank ye," he said to Mrs. Ainsworth. "I 'll send ye an account of the money. I know a woman who 'll go for money."

"Who is it, Ramby? Who is it?" called Toinette from the deck. But Ramby's answer was lost in the noise of the creaking sails and rattling chains. Skipper Ericson was making all possible haste to get under way. The boat rocked. Toinette sank helplessly down on a stack of fish, buried her face in her hands, and cried bitterly; and Mrs. Ainsworth looked at Kitty in dismay, and said in a whisper, —

"How disagreeable! What in the world shall I do with the girl if she 's going to act like this!"

"Don't be afeard, ma'am," said the skipper who had overheard the whisper, "don't be afeard; she 'll come to directly. 'T ain't no great misfortin to be took away from Block Island, an' that gal knows it 's well 's anybody. She 'll come to."

## II.

Great was the astonishment in Mrs. Ainsworth's household when that lady appeared, at eleven o'clock that night, accompanied by what her elegant Irish coachman politely characterized as a "half-naked, half-drowned nigger." This was rather too severe a description of Toinette's appearance, yet it must be owned it was not wholly undeserved. The girl's thin calico gown was drenched with salt-water and clung like a bathing-dress to her figure. Her little old calico sun-bonnet was also wet, and flapped about her face limp and shapeless. Her eyes were swollen with crying, and her lips pouted like an unhappy child's. She was thoroughly frightened, too, at the newness of all her surroundings, and also at an indefinable change in Mrs. Ainsworth's manner towards her. All the

beauty, all the grace, of the child's face and bearing seemed suddenly to have disappeared, and Mrs. Ainsworth's disappointment and perplexity gave to her tone in speaking to her a certain coldness which the kindness of her words could not quite do away with. Toinette would have given her right hand to be back again on her lonely island. She glanced about her furtively, like a hunted wild animal. The brilliant lights of the splendidly appointed house dazzled her eyes. The soft carpets made her afraid to step. The superciliousness in the looks of the finely clothed servants seemed to her like hatred; and when, in reply to a scarcely respectful inquiry from one of them to her mistress as to "where this person was to sleep," pointing to Toinette, Mrs. Ainsworth had replied petulantly, "Goodness! don't bother me about that! There are rooms enough in this house. Give her something to eat, and put her to bed somewhere;" and then, turning to Toinette, had said indifferently, "Now, eat your supper, child, and go to bed; and for Heaven's sake don't get up in the morning with such a face as that!" poor Toinette's cup of misery was full. She could not swallow a morsel of the food set before her, and when she lay down on her bed, though it was softer than she had ever dreamed a bed could be, she tossed and turned and cried for hours.

But in the morning all was changed. Mrs. Ainsworth was a kind-hearted woman underneath all the sensuousness and love of pleasure which her luxurious life had fostered, and her first thought on waking was, "Dear me! I'm afraid I was cross to that poor little thing last night; I was so cold and tired and seasick. Marie, Marie!" she called to her maid. "Is that poor little Block Islander up yet?"

"The colored girl, ma'am?" asked Marie, with no very pleasant tone.

"She is n't a colored girl, any more than you are yourself," answered Mrs. Ainsworth emphatically. "She 's an East Indian; and I 'm going to keep her, and have her taught to take care of herself; she 's lived like a heathen. Now you be good to her, Marie. I 'll give you my black grenadine if you 'll give her that little blue gingham of yours. It will just about fit her. I 'm sure I can't have her going about in that rag she wore yesterday. I 'll get her some clothes to-day, and have her made decent."

Marie was all smiles and complaisance immediately, and when she entered Toinette's room she had voluntarily added a neat white petticoat and apron to the gift of the blue gingham; also a bit of ruffle for Toinette's neck, and a little knot of black ribbon.

"Here," she said not unkindly, "Mrs. Ainsworth wants you to put on these clothes. They 're all mine, but we 're about of a size; they 'll do for you till she gets you some others."

Toinette was sitting on the floor, her arms crossed on the window-sill, gazing out to sea. She had been sitting there ever since daybreak, revolving in her mind wild impulses of escape and return to Block Island. At the sight of the pretty blue gown and the dainty white apron her eyes lighted up.

"Be them for me?" she said, "for my own?"

The reverential admiration in the child's face pleased Marie's vanity.

"Lor', yes," she said; "you may have 'em and welcome. I 've got more clothes than I know what to do with. Mrs. Ainsworth gives me all her gowns."

"Ain't she beautiful!" said Toinette, in an enthusiastic tone.

All the darkness had rolled away from her skies; with the instantaneous transition of an infant, she had passed from sorrow and apprehension to joy and delight. Again the alluring vista of the new life stood open before her, and bounding to her feet she began slowly to undress herself.

"I 'm real 'shamed to undress afore ye," she said, with a shy respectfulness of tone which won on Marie still farther. "I hain't never had nothing; mam and me was awful poor. I reckon ye hain't ever been on Block Island have ye?"

"No, thank the Lord!" said Marie, undevoutly. "Mrs. Ainsworth never

takes me when she goes to these outlandish places. My! but you 've got pretty hair, child!"

Toinette's hair, which had been loosely coiled and held by an old broken comb, had tumbled down as she put her head through the narrow opening of the blue gingham gown.

"Let me do it up for you," said Marie. "Mrs. Ainsworth likes to see everybody look pretty about her."

"I expect that 's the reason she likes you," said little Toinette, honestly; and these words completed the winning over of Marie. With as much care as she would have dressed her mistress's hair, she arranged Toinette's, brushing it all back securely above her ears, and knotting it low behind, leaving a few careless short curls on the forehead. Then she fastened the little knot of black ribbon in the right place at her throat, and, tying on the white apron, led her to Mrs. Ainsworth's bedside; and smiled as beamingly as Toinette herself when Mrs. Ainsworth, looking up from her newspaper, exclaimed, —

"Why, Marie, you 've made her look like another creature! Now, Toinette," she continued, "you are to do just what Marie tells you. She 'll teach you to sew, and let you help her on my clothes; and nobody else in this house is to have anything to do with you;" and Mrs. Ainsworth returned to her reading, entirely satisfied that she had done the best possible thing for Toinette.

Once installed as Marie's *protégée* and pupil, Toinette's comfort was assured; for Marie was almost as great a power in the Ainsworth establishment as even Mrs. Ainsworth herself. And Toinette soon came to divide her allegiance almost equally between the mistress and the maid. The Frenchwoman was thoroughly kind and good-humored, and her vivacious stories of life in France, and of her experiences, which had been by no means unvaried, in America, were endlessly fascinating to Toinette. Marie was an excellent dress-maker and milliner, and had the true French talent in such work; but Toinette had something better than talent or French training, — she had the artist's eye and hand. One day, when Marie was trimming a hat for her mistress, and the placing of the feather gave her trouble, Toinette, who was sitting on a low cricket at her feet, said timidly, —

"Marie, would n't it look pretty up there?" indicating the spot with her finger. "I think Mrs. Ainsworth always looks prettiest when the things are noddin' on her head as if they growed there." It was the unconscious touch of the artist. Marie pinned the feather where the little Block Islander had suggested, and all Newport said how ravishing was Mrs. Ainsworth's French hat.

It was early in June when Mrs. Ainsworth took Toinette from her home. In three months, Toinette's own mother would hardly have known her. Under the combined influence of good food and ease of life the child had grown tall; her figure had developed, and was now even more beautiful than her face. A certain daintiness, which came very near being elegance, always characterized her personal atmosphere, though she wore only the plainest of ginghams and chintzes, and was never seen without a white apron. Marie found her an invaluable assistant. Mrs. Ainsworth often laughed, and said, —

"Marie, how did you get on before we had Toinette? You 'll never let her go;" and Mrs. Ainsworth was well content that it should be so. Gradually many of Marie's duties slipped into Toinette's hands. Some things which Marie had always disliked to do were to Toinette simply a delight: the accompanying her mistress to the beach, for instance. Many a lounger on the beach, at the bathing hour, wondered admiringly at the beautiful girl in the dress of a servant who sat motionless in the door of one of the bathing-houses, her eyes fixed on the ocean with a look of yearning love. When Mrs. Ainsworth stepped out of the water, Toinette bounded to meet her, and, throwing a white wrap over her shoulders, walked by her side as absorbed as a lover. If Mrs. Ainsworth had been a woman of deep feeling, she would have seen in Toinette the signs of a devotion

and passion which were dangerous elements in her nature; but Mrs. Ainsworth had never in her life analyzed a character, or thought deeply about life. She was kindly and sensuous, at ease with the world and with herself; and always thought of Toinette, as she spoke of her, as "a dear, affectionate little thing, and such a beauty it 's a pleasure to have her in the house."

While days were gliding thus swiftly, smoothly, and transformingly for Toinette in Newport, on Block Island, only a few hours away, they were dragging sadly and monotonously for Toinette's mother and lover. Old Massy had recovered from the illness which she had at the time of Toinette's departure; and Ramby had inclosed to Mrs. Ainsworth, in a pathetically labored and ill-spelled letter the unspent balance of the money she had given him to pay the nurse who took care of her. Massy's one interest in life now was her weekly walk to the post-office, to get her letter from Toinette. When the mails were delayed, she went daily until the letter came. That Ramby went as regularly and patiently as herself, and heard as often from Toinette, old Massy suspected, but asked no questions and gave no sign. Like a true Indian, she buried out of sight the rankling hurt from which she could not free herself. Toinette's letters, at first childish and short, grew each month longer and more mature. Under Marie's affectionate training she was being rapidly taught in more ways than one, and it was increasingly a pleasure to her to write full accounts to her mother of all that happened. Her letters to Ramby were less full; but Ramby did not know this, and found them as satisfying as anything short of the sight of Toinette could be. At last his hunger to look on her face once more grew uncontrollable, and having arranged with some one to take care of his father in his absence he went on board the schooner, one morning, and set out for Newport. Poor Ramby was but a sorry figure to walk the Newport streets. What was barely respectable on Block Island was grotesque shabbiness in Newport. As he slowly found his way, from street to street, towards the fashionable part of the town, by asking directions at every corner, people turned and gazed in astonishment at him. He looked like a field-hand escaped from some Southern plantation. When at last he reached Mrs. Ainsworth's place, he stood still, in mute wonder. He had never dreamed of anything like this. To his inexperience it looked like a palace.

"I kin never go in there 'n ask after her," thought Ramby. "I expect they 'd drive me away from the door;" and the poor fellow walked up and down, growing more and more unhappy every moment. The house stood on one of the most beautiful of Newport's beautiful cliffs; its towers and balconies glistened in the sun. The greensward of the lawn looked to Ramby like velvet; he peered closely through the slender iron palings at it, wondering if it could really be grass. The great clumps of trees, the white statues, the marble vases filled with gay flowers, all looked to Ramby even more unreal and bewildering than they had to Toinette, when she first saw them. He leaned against a tree on the opposite side of the road, and watched the house.

"I might ketch her, perhaps," he thought, "if she was to come out for anything."

In a few moments, he saw the door open; a party of ladies and gentlemen came out, and stood under the *porte-cochère*, looking off at the water; some of the ladies wore riding-habits. Presently there came dashing up to the door showy carriages and several saddle-horses; Mrs. Ainsworth and her friends were setting out for their afternoon pleasure. Ramby recognized her, and also Miss Strong; but who, oh who, was that slender figure following behind? Her arms were loaded with wraps, which she gave to the grooms and to the gentlemen; then, turning, she ran back into the house, and brought out more. She wore a tiny white cap with a fluted ruffle, a dark blue gown, and a white apron. She was taller than Toinette had been, and how much prettier! but it was, yes, it was

Toinette herself. With eyes made far-seeing by sudden jealous pain, Ramby saw every glance, every smile, every gesture. He saw the gay people in the carriages lean forward and throw some small, bright-colored things at Toinette's head; saw her laugh, and hold up her apron, into which there fell a rain of the pretty colored balls. They were bonbons which the gay people had brought out from lunch, agreeing with one another to pelt the pretty waiting-maid with them. Toinette was a plaything for them all; a pretty picture she made, as, courtesying again and again, she laughed and showed her white teeth, then turned and ran into the house, — a very pretty picture, but it stabbed the faithful Ramby to the heart.

"Toinette!" he cried, as she disappeared; but the sound of his voice hardly crossed the road. It was not so much a call as a sob. The carriages and the riders dashed by him, and covered him from head to foot with choking dust. He turned his back to the road, and stood motionless till they had passed; then, without one more look at the house which hid Toinette from his gaze, he turned and walked back to the wharf. He went on board the schooner, and sat down in the same corner where three months before Toinette had sat sobbing when she left him. Suddenly he remembered that the skipper might come back, and would wonder to see him there. He did not wish to answer any questions; so he rose slowly, and, walking with uncertain steps, like a man feeble from illness or age, went a long way out on the narrow strip of land leading to Fort Adams. It was a Reception Day at the fort; the flag floated high on the staff, and the band was playing gay music. All these things Ramby noted with that strange sense, at once dulled and keen, of which men are aware when they find themselves benumbed by pain.

When he returned to the schooner all was ready for her departure, and the skipper stood on the deck, looking out for Ramby.

"So, there you are," he said. "Did ye see Toinette?" There had been no secret as to the purpose of Ramby's voyage to Newport. Ramby nodded. "Is she all right?" asked the skipper.

"Yes," said Ramby.

"Reckon she 's got a first-rate berth up there."

Ramby nodded again, and, curling himself up on a coil of rope at the cabin-door, lighted his pipe and began to smoke.

Skipper Ericson eyed him without appearing to do so. "Reckon the gal 's gone back on him," he thought. "Donno 's it 's strange, either;" and the kind-hearted fellow asked no more questions.

When, a few weeks later, Ramby received a letter from Toinette saying that she was to go with Mrs. Ainsworth for the winter; that Mrs. Ainsworth had promised to let her come down to Block Island and bid her mother good-by, but at the last moment was too hurried to spare her, Ramby was not newly grieved nor surprised. He had made up his mind now that he should never see Toinette again; and she was not really any farther from him in New York than in Newport. Old Massy took the news more sorely to heart; and the sum of money which Toinette sent her (it was every cent of her wages for the four months) was no consolation to her. She threw the letter down fiercely.

"Fine words are easy come by to fine ladies!" she exclaimed. Mrs. Ainsworth herself had written a note to say how sorry she was not to have been able to let Toinette come home for a few days, but she had been obliged to return to New York sooner than she expected; and so forth and so on, — the polite phrases politeness can so easily spin, and keen insight so easily unravel. "I don't want their money; I want a sight o' my gal's face. What if any harm should come to her off there!" But presently Massy grew calmer, and wrought herself into a species of content by dwelling on the thoughts of Toinette's good fortune and the speedy return of "next summer." She smiled grimly to herself as she read Toinette's entreaties that she would buy for herself warm clothing with the money sent. "I ain't a-goin' to spend the gal's money," she said. "I'll keep it

for her agin the time she wants it more. It 's jest as well she should send it to me to lay up for her." And the old woman stinted herself as much as ever, in every way, and kept Toinette's money hid away in an old bead bag in the wall cupboard with the china, always taking it out and putting it in her bosom when she left the house or went to bed.

Massy was not destined to see the next summer, for which the polite Mrs. Ainsworth had made so many kind promises. It was a bitterly cold winter; for two weeks at a time there was no communication between Block Island and the main-land, and gales of wind and sleet swept over the island perpetually. Now and then somebody said, "I wonder how old Massy gets on!" but nobody went to see; nobody but Ramby cared much whether she were alive or dead. At last, Ramby, having learned that she had not been seen at the stores for nearly a month, and that two letters were lying at the post-office for her, nerved himself up to go to her house.

"I suppose she 'll set Janger on me," he said; "but I can hold up the letters to her, and then she 'll call him off."

This Ramby said to himself, seeking to divert his mind from the strange presentiment he felt that old Massy was dead. He was benumbed with cold, and his face was cut with the driving sleet, before he reached the top of the hill on which the house stood. No smoke came from the chimney. No Janger was in sight. Ramby stood still. A superstitious terror withheld him from going farther. At last, the thought of Toinette gave him heart to proceed. He knocked timidly at the door, — no answer! He knocked again; still no answer. He lifted the latch; it was fastened. He went to the bedroom window and peered in; through a narrow crevice between the curtain and the wall, he saw dimly that the bed was in confusion and empty. He went to the back door, and shook it violently. The old hinges suddenly gave way; the door fell into the room, and Ramby fell with it. Scrambling to his feet, half blinded by the fall and by his fear, he saw lying on the hearth, almost in the ashes, the dead body of old Massy. With trembling hands he lifted one of the arms. It was frozen stiff. As it dropped with a heavy sound to the floor, the bead bag fell out of the opened folds of her night-gown. Ramby picked it up, opened it, saw the money.

"I expect I 'd better keep this for Toinette," he said; and he put it in his pocket with Toinette's two letters. "Poor little gal," he thought, "how 'll I ever write and tell her! I don't suppose it 'll make any difference now about the old woman's being dead; she would n't have me now;" and Ramby looked down at the dead body of the only enemy he had ever had in the world, and wondered vaguely why it had all happened.

Nobody wondered very much or cared when Ramby brought the news that he had found old Massy dead in her night-clothes on her kitchen hearth; and it was with some difficulty that any one could be hired to go up to the house and prepare the body for burial. The minister and Ramby, the old sexton and the women who had attended to the last offices for Massy, were the only ones who were present at her funeral; and Ramby and the sexton alone carried her over into the old grave-yard, and buried her in the very corner where Ramby and Toinette had oftenest played when they were children. It was tacitly recognized that Ramby had more right than any one else to take possession of the house and the few things Massy had left. It was supposed by the few who took any interest in the matter that Ramby and Toinette would some day be married; and Ramby did not confide to any one that his hope of this had gone. So the little Block Island community dismissed all thought of old Massy and her affairs from its mind. Ramby mended the kitchen door, made the rooms as clean as he could, packed the dainty china cups and mugs in a box with the few rags which old Massy had called clothes, nailed boards across the windows, locked the doors, and then went home to sit down and send the news to Toinette.

With a delicacy of instinct which he could not have had except for his great love, he wrote to Mrs. Ainsworth instead of to Toinette herself. The letter chanced to be handed, with others, to Mrs. Ainsworth when she was surrounded by a party of her gayest friends, and on reading it she exclaimed, "Oh, the poor little thing!" and then read the letter aloud.

Kitty Strong was in the party; as she listened to Ramby's few words, intense from their very simplicity and affection, she cried, "Oh, Bell, Bell! What did you ever take that child away from that island for? Nothing will ever happen to her so good as the love of that faithful black man."

"Black man!" exclaimed several of the group. "You don't mean to say that it 's a black man! What a shame for Toinette to have anything to do with a negro!"

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Ainsworth, triumphantly, "that 's what I told Kitty! Anybody would say so. I think it 's a lucky escape for the girl; and now that the old mother 's dead there 's no reason why she should ever go back to the island at all. I don't believe she cares much about him, now."

"Toinette 's not a white woman, herself," replied Kitty Strong. "No white man would be likely to marry her; and if she had remained on Block Island, and married Ramby, she would never have had any idea of disgrace connected with her black husband. They had loved each other ever since they were babies. It is a thousand pities, and you may live to see it yet, yourself, Bell."

"Oh, now, Miss Strong, really, you know, you ought to consider," drawled Lawrence Mason, the shallowest and most affected of all the young idlers in Mrs. Ainsworth's set. "A nigger, you know, is a nigger, say what you will; and really this Toinette, you know, she 's something quite out of the common. By Jove, no man need object to making love to her. She 's an exquisite creature."

"Fie, fie, Lawrence! I 'm ashamed of you," laughed Mrs. Ainsworth.

Kitty Strong colored, said nothing, but bent a glance of burning indignation first on the heartless fop, and then on her friend, and left the room. It was an inexplicable thing, the attachment between Kitty Strong and Bell Ainsworth: the one so upright, so clear-sighted; the other so unthinking and facile.

Mrs. Ainsworth deputed Marie to break the news to Toinette. She dreaded the sight of the child's grief. Mrs. Ainsworth avoided all unpleasant things, on principle as well as from instinct. It was hard to make poor Toinette believe that her mother was dead. She read Ramby's little letter over and over and over, till it was ragged in the folds from much handling and wetting with tears.

"Mam, oh, mam!" was her only cry. "Why did n't I go home and see her! Oh, mam, mam!" She begged piteously to be allowed to go, even now. "I 'd like to see where they 've buried her," she said.

"Bell, let the girl go," pleaded Kitty Strong. "Let her go. It is n't too late now. Let her go."

But Mrs. Ainsworth was far too self-willed and obtuse to do any such thing. She comforted Toinette by promises that she should go early in June, as soon as they returned to Newport; it was now February. She showed her accounts in the newspapers of the terrible weather, the fierce gales, the shutting in of Block Island. "You could n't even get there at this season, if you were to try, child," she said. "You 'd be drowned." And timid, clinging Toinette shuddered with fear, even while she sobbed out her desire to go.

In Ramby's letter to Toinette herself, he had made no allusion to her mother's death, except to say, "I suppose what 's happened won't make any difference now about our being married. I 'm stayin' on here, just the same as I always was, and ye know where to find me; but I want ye to do jest what 'll make ye happiest, Toinette. I ain't good enough fur ye, an' I was n't never; but I 'll love ye 's long 's I live, and I won't love nobody else."

Toinette cried a good many tears over

this letter, too, and showed it to Marie, who, wise Frenchwoman that she was, knew better than to make any direct attack on Ramby.

"He seems to think everything of you," she said. "It 's a pity he 's black. Is he really very black? Is he as black as Miss Griffin's coachman?"

"Most," said Toinette, shamedly; and then, a little conscience-stricken, added, "Yes, quite." And this one sly question of Marie's went more against poor Ramby than whole days of argument could have done.

Long before June, Toinette had ceased to talk about going to Block Island, — had ceased to weep at the thought of her mother, and was fast learning to think with great coolness of Ramby. The slow poison of the atmosphere in which she lived had changed the whole currents of her being. She was a good girl still, but she was like her mistress, ease-loving, pleasure-loving, sensuous, and vain. Her letters to Ramby grew gradually shorter, colder, and farther apart; each gradation was noted and felt by the faithful fellow, and at last he wrote to her, one day, —

"Ye know ye need n't write any more, if ye don't want to, Toinette. It seems to trouble ye some to do it. Ye 'll always know I 'm here. I 'm takin' care o' the old house for ye, if ye should ever come to want it. It could be made real comfortable, if ye should ever change your mind an' come home again."

After this letter Toinette wrote oftener and less coldly for a few weeks. The letter smote on her heart, and reawakened all the old memories of her childhood. But the spell of the new life was stronger, and soon she ceased altogether to write to Ramby.

"It 's kinder not to," the artful Marie had said one day, just at the right moment and in just the right tone. "It 's kinder not to, because you might be only just keeping him all the time from thinking about somebody else; and you won't ever leave such a home 's you 've got here to go and live on that heathen island again."

"I don't think there is anybody else he 'd care about," said Toinette, slowly; "but I expect it 's better not to write."

It was about three months after this conversation with Marie, and only a few days after the Ainsworth villa had been opened in Newport, that Toinette electrified Mrs. Ainsworth by informing her that she wished to leave her employ. Mrs. Ainsworth's astonishment knew no bounds when Toinette went on to say that she proposed to set up for herself as milliner in Newport.

"Set up for yourself, child? You 're crazy? You can't take care of yourself!" she cried. "Has that Marie been putting this nonsense into your head?"

But Marie was as much astonished as Mrs. Ainsworth; more indignant, too, for she had learned to love Toinette as if she were her child. She rated her soundly. "More fool you," she said; "you 'd better have gone back to Block Island and married your nigger. You 're no more fit to take care of yourself than a baby. Not but what you 're a born milliner, — there 's no doubt about that; but you 'd be sure to be cheated every time you bought a bit of ribbon."

However, when they found Toinette was immovable in her resolutions, both Mrs. Ainsworth and Marie good-naturedly did all in their power to help her. They were astonished to find how distinct and matured all her plans were. She had already selected the little house in which she would live: it was an old-fashioned cottage on one of the oldest streets in Newport, — a street where the pavements are of unevenly worn round stones, the sidewalks are so narrow two cannot well walk abreast, and queer jutting gables and overhanging upper stories make vistas almost like those one sees in Nuremberg. There was a bit of sloping greensward in front of the cottage, and a little sunken pebbly path leading through it. A great bower of lilac bushes crowded up to the two south windows, and an old gnarled apple-tree with a robin's nest in it stood at the farther end of the little inclosure. The old house had never been painted, and was now of a delicious leaden-gray color. When Toinette moved in, the apple-trees were in

blossom and the lilacs were leafing out, and the little spot had a beauty of its own which even Mrs. Ainsworth, coming from her luxurious and beautiful villa, did not fail to perceive.

"Child, what a nest you have found for yourself!" she said. "How did you come to know of it?"

"I saw it one day when I was walking, and I said then I should like to live in it," she replied.

"What is the rent?" asked Mrs. Ainsworth.

Toinette colored. "It has always rented for three hundred dollars."

"But goodness, Toinette," cried Mrs. Ainsworth, "you can't pay such a rent as that off your work!"

"I have enough to pay it for one year," answered Toinette evasively. "I think I can earn more than that. All the ladies say they will give me their work."

It became the fashion to drive to Toinette's little shop, smell the lilacs, look at her geraniums and apple-tree, and buy her daintily made articles. For the first few weeks money poured in on Toinette. When Newport idlers have caprices they are sure to be violent ones, and this was no exception; Toinette was the fashion. These were charmed days in her life. How well many of her customers remembered afterward the beautiful glow on the child's cheek, the merry light in her eye. She was certainly a most exquisite creature. If there was in her manner just one touch of vain consciousness of her beauty, you forgave it as you would in a little child young enough to be fondled and spoiled by having been always called pretty. Marie was very happy in Toinette's success. Marie was growing old now, and she liked nothing better than to sit in Toinette's shop of an afternoon and gossip with the customers, as they lingered at the counter lost in perplexity between pinks and blues. Very seriously Marie revolved in her mind a scheme for offering herself to Toinette as a partner. With her skill at dress-making added to Toinette's in millinery, there could be no doubt that the firm would have good success, and might come in time to have that thing so dear to every true French heart, an establishment with employees and a regular line of trade. But Marie was much given to ease; she clung to the comforts of her home in Mrs. Ainsworth's house.

"Bah!" she said to herself, "why should I begin to slave at my age? It is all very well for the child, who is young, and will marry and bring up her children in the house; but for me it is folly. I stay with madame."

And so the summer sped on: the lilacs faded, fell; thick-packed clusters of glistening brown seeds shone on their stems; rosy apples dotted the old apple-tree boughs; the geraniums were wilted by frost; only a few wine-colored and white chrysanthemums remained in the borders of the little pebbly path leading to Toinette's door. In Toinette's window were clusters of scarlet poppies and dark frosted fruits and leaves and deep-tinted satins and ribbons for the fashionable fall hats. The autumn was at hand; the gay people were beginning to shiver in their afternoon drives on the beach, and to talk of going home. Mrs. Ainsworth was going earlier than usual this year, to superintend alterations in her city house, and already the packing up had begun, and all was in confusion in the villa. Coming home from her drive earlier than usual, one evening, Mrs. Ainsworth found Marie standing under the porte-cochère waiting for her with a face white and rigid. As soon as Mrs. Ainsworth alighted from her carriage Marie sprang toward her, and said in a husky voice, —

"Madame, madame! Come to your room, I implore you; let me speak to you!"

Thoroughly alarmed, Mrs. Ainsworth followed Marie rapidly, and closing her chamber door exclaimed, —

"Why, Marie, what is the matter? What has happened?"

Marie had burst into tears the moment the door had closed.

"Oh, madame," she exclaimed, wringing her hands, "Toinette! Toinette!"

"Is she ill? What has happened? Why don't you tell me?" cried Mrs. Ainsworth impatiently.

Marie's sobs grew louder. "Mon Dieu, such trouble, madame, — such trouble!"

"Marie, tell me this moment, I command you, what is the matter with Toinette. Don't be so silly!" said Mrs. Ainsworth sternly. "I am displeased with you."

"Alas, madame, how can I!" cried Marie. "How can I! Oh, madame, the child" — Marie buried her face in her hands, and cried aloud. Mrs. Ainsworth sank into a chair, and looked at Marie with a quick terror.

"Never, Marie!" she cried. "It is impossible; you are mistaken."

"Ah, but she confesses; she has told me. She is an infant; she has no deceit," sobbed Marie. "It is true."

Mrs. Ainsworth sprang to her feet.

"Who is it?" she cried. "He shall marry her. I will go to her this minute."

"But she will never tell," said Marie, in a despairing tone; "she has said to me that she will die before she will tell. It is no use."

Mrs. Ainsworth was gone. Calling back her carriage in so hasty and imperative a manner that she greatly surprised and offended her coachman, she drove at once to Toinette's shop. Without pausing at the door she hurried in. Toinette was not in the shop; sounds of crying came from the little bedroom behind it. Mrs. Ainsworth opened the door. There was Toinette on her knees by the bed, her face buried in the pillows, crying hard. Marie had but just left her. At the sound of steps she looked up, and seeing Mrs. Ainsworth's face cried out, "Oh!" and buried her face again. The exclamation was a groan.

"My poor child," said Mrs. Ainsworth, "look up. Marie has told me; I know all about it. Now don't cry; but tell me his name. You must be married at once. I will make him marry you."

Toinette shook her head. "I cannot tell," she replied.

"But you must!" retorted Mrs. Ainsworth. "You shall! I will compel you. You shall have justice."

Toinette lifted her piteous face, with the tears streaming down it, and said in a low voice, speaking very slowly, "Mrs. Ainsworth, you cannot make me. There is nothing to be done. I cannot tell."

To all Mrs. Ainsworth's entreaties, commands, arguments, she made but one reply: "I cannot tell." At last, angered by the girl's obstinacy, Mrs. Ainsworth rose, saying, "Very well, Toinette; if you wish to be left to yourself, it is your own fault. I thought better of you. I could forgive this wrong that you have done, because you are such a child, and have been deceived; but there is no excuse for your obstinacy in not confiding in your friends now. The man could be made to marry you."

"I do not want him made to marry me," said Toinette, with a calmer tone than she had hitherto used. "He said he would, but now he does not want to; I should die if he were made to," and she fixed her eyes on Mrs. Ainsworth's face with a look of unspeakable devotion. "Don't think any more about me," she continued. "I was not good enough for you to be so kind to. I should like to have you forget me."

Mrs. Ainsworth was thoroughly melted. She wept as she bade Toinette good-by. "Oh, child, child," she said, "why did I ever let you leave my house!"

"It would n't have made any" — Toinette began; then stopped short, with a look of terror on her face.

Mrs. Ainsworth was not acute enough to see the cause of the girl's terror. "Yes, it would!" she exclaimed; "nobody could have done you any harm there."

Toinette looked down and was silent. Not even by the remotest implication would she give any clue to the discovery of the man who had done her this wrong.

The sad news about Toinette spread fast, as such news always does. The different ways in which it was received by different women were simply so many tests and revelations of the women's own characters.

"I always thought she was no better than she ought to be," said one of the fastest women of Newport's fastest sum-

mer set. "She was as vain as a peacock."

"Poor child, what will become of her now! I always felt a great fear for her, with that beautiful face, and alone in the world," said a good old Quakeress, for whom Toinette had made the daintiest of Quaker caps, and of whom she had sometimes stood in fear, the serene face looked so rigid and unbending.

To all Mrs. Ainsworth's offers of assistance, Toinette replied that she had plenty of money, — a great deal more than she needed. It was evident that her cruel enemy had been a man of wealth, and that he would not let his victim suffer.

"That is one comfort," said Mrs. Aimsworth, in talking the affair over with Kitty Strong. "She will never suffer. It is plain the man intends to provide for her."

"Will never suffer!" echoed Kitty. "How can you use such an expression, Bell! Food and clothing and a roof over one's head don't go far towards keeping one from suffering. The child will never know a happy moment."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Ainsworth, petulantly, "you need n't take me up so; and there 's no use in despising food and clothes and shelter, I can tell you. To be horribly poor would increase Toinette's suffering very much. I know that; and, for my part, I am glad she is so well off. She has plenty of money."

"I am not sure that it would not be better for her in the end if she did not touch a penny of his money," said Kitty.

"Pshaw, Kitty Strong!" exclaimed Mrs. Ainsworth. "Don't you go putting any such notions into Toinette's head. I shall get her to come back to me, if she will. I can easily get the child taken care of."

"I hope she will never allow it to be taken from her," said Kitty, earnestly. "It will be her only salvation to keep it with her."

"You have the queerest ideas, for a girl of your age, I ever heard of," replied Mrs. Ainsworth. "You don't seem to think of the disgrace to the girl."

"I do; but I see an additional disgrace in her abandoning her child. If she has the courage to keep it and work for its support, she takes the first step, and a very long step, towards winning back the confidence and respect of her friends. I think Toinette will do it."

"Well, well, you and I never agree about anything," said Mrs. Ainsworth, with a sigh. "You are the most impracticable girl! When do you mean to marry Lawrence Mason?"

"Never!" cried Kitty, vehemently; "nor to permit him to ask me, if I can help it."

"You can't," replied Mrs. Ainsworth, tersely. "The more you rebuff him, the more in love he is. He told me himself that he did n't believe there was another girl like you in the world."

"It is very strange," said Kitty, "that he should fancy himself in love with me. I utterly despise him, and all men of his sort. They are worthless, unprincipled idlers. I have no patience with them."

"That is just your charm for him," answered Mrs. Ainsworth, half sadly. "He does n't want any of the girls of his set for a wife. He knows you 're a thousand times better than any of us."

The winter was long and hard for Toinette. Nobody came near her except Kitty Strong; she went every week, and without ever speaking about Toinette's misfortune or approaching trial she bent all her energies to the educating the poor child's moral sense and self-reliance. It was an easier task than Kitty had anticipated. Underlying Toinette's gentle and pleasure-loving temperament there was a fund of good common sense and simple honesty of nature. It was not difficult for Kitty to make her perceive that true faith to her child and true loyalty to herself admitted of but one course.

Early in the bleak spring the baby came. It was a girl.

"Oh, I did hope it would be a boy," were Toinette's first words. "I think it might have been a boy! I 'm afraid a girl won't be any better than I have been," and tears rolled down her cheeks.

The baby thrived and grew. It could not have been stronger and more beautiful had it been the welcomed daughter of a noble house. When Kitty Strong first looked into the little creature's blue eyes, she started. Where had she seen such eyes as those? The resemblance eluded her, but was always recurring and giving her food for conjecture. No word ever passed Toinette's lips which could give a clue to the name of her child's father; and whatever her life might have been in the past, it was now free from mystery. The young mother had no longer anything to conceal.

Day by day Toinette's character grew stronger and better; her face gained a new expression which lifted her prettiness at once to the place of true beauty. Her manner had lost all its old archness and playfulness; in their place was a quiet and partly appealing reticence which had in it the elements of real dignity. The change was so great that when, on Mrs. Ainsworth's return to Newport, she first saw Toinette that fashionable and light-hearted lady found herself actually embarrassed in the presence of her former maid.

"Why, Kitty Strong," she said, in giving her friend an account of the interview, "I declare I did n't know which way to look. There was the girl with her baby on her arm, and she showed it to me with as much pride as if it were lawfully her own."

Kitty Strong had a keen sense of humor; she could not restrain a smile.

"Well, whose is it, if it is n't her own?" she said; but continued more soberly, "You mistook affection for pride, Bell; Toinette cries bitterly over the baby often. Much as she loves it, I think she would rejoice, for its sake, if it were to die."

"I should think so!" exclaimed Mrs. Ainsworth. "It 's a thousand pities it did n't."

Kitty Strong's countenance grew stern. "Bell," she said, "will you never learn to look below surfaces? Will life always be a play to you?"

"Oh hush, Kitty," replied Mrs. Ainsworth; "don't preach. I know the world a great deal better than you do. There is n't the least use in taking everything so seriously. Things would soon come to an end if everybody were like you."

They were as far apart as ever, these two women; and it was a blessed thing for Toinette that she had been thrown, at the time of these greatest trials of her character, under Kitty Strong's influence, and not under Mrs. Ainsworth's.

One day early in July, Kitty Strong, going into Toinette's shop, found it in confusion: boxes on the floor, the goods taken from the shelves, and Toinette busily packing.

"Why, Toinette!" she exclaimed, "what does this mean?"

"I am going away, Miss Kitty," said Toinette, looking up from the floor. "I should have come to tell you, but Baby has been sick, and I could not leave her. I only decided last week."

"Why do you go? You have been succeeding well in the shop," said Kitty, sternly.

"Oh, yes, Miss Kitty," replied Toinette humbly, and her eyes filled with tears; "all the ladies have been very kind to me. I could n't do so well anywhere in the world. It is n't that; but I can't stay, Miss Kitty; I must go. You would n't want me to if you knew."

Toinette's lip quivered; but she did not cry.

"Where are you going, Toinette?" asked Miss Strong, in a kinder voice. She began to surmise Toinette's motive.

"I did n't know of but one place where I could go, where I 'd be safe," said Toinette, meekly. "I 'm going home. There 's the house there, and my mother's things, what she had; it was n't much, but I can take all this furniture. It 's all mine."

"But how can you earn a living there?" asked Miss Strong, her own eyes full of tears. She knew now why Toinette was going.

"I 've written to Ramby," said Toinette; "he 's a friend of mine there. He says he 's kept mother's cow; and he says that there is n't any milliner on the island. I can get something to do, and mother and I used to get plenty of veg-

etables out of the garden. I can learn how to take care of it; she always used to; Ramby 'll show me. Don't you remember Ramby, Miss Kitty?"

"Yes, I remember him very well," replied Miss Strong. "He will be a good friend to you. But, Toinette, you and he were engaged, you know."

"Yes," said Toinette simply, with no trace of self-consciousness in her manner; "that was when we were children. But he knows what has happened to me; I wrote him all about it; so of course he would n't ever think about marrying me now. But he 'll be kind to me; he 's real good; he always was. He says that the people there all know what 's happened, so they won't be surprised when they see Baby. That 's what I dreaded most about going home."

Mrs. Ainsworth, constrained and almost overawed by Kitty Strong's entreaties, offered no opposition to Toinette's plan of going back to Block Island. In the bottom of her heart, she thought it quixotic and foolish, and she would have been ready, in her light way, to wager anything that the girl would soon be back again. But for once Mrs. Ainsworth was thoroughly sobered, when Kitty Strong said, in a trembling voice, "Bell, for God's sake don't do Toinette any further harm! You have ruined her life; don't ruin her soul also. Let her go; she 'll never be safe anywhere else."

"I think you 're really cruel, Kitty," replied Mrs. Ainsworth, half crying. "I don't know what I could have done for Toinette more than I did. I can't keep my servants under my own eye every minute; and it all happened after she left me. I can't see why you blame me. I 'm sure there is n't anything in the world I would n't have done to have kept the child from disgracing herself."

On the morning that Toinette was to set out for Block Island, Miss Strong walked down to say good-by to her. Toinette was all ready, sitting with her baby in her arms; the little rooms were bare and desolate. Miss Strong walked through them, thinking sadly what misery had happened in the little sunny, sheltered-looking room. The floor behind the counter was littered with waste bits of ribbon, lace, cord, all the numberless things of a milliner's shelves and drawers. Mechanically Miss Strong tossed them back and forth with the point of her parasol, as she stood still, absorbed in her reverie. Suddenly, as she moved a bit of ribbon, she saw a photograph which had lain beneath it. She stooped to pick it up, thinking it might be something Toinette had overlooked. She recoiled as if she were stung. Then she stooped again, took the photograph, and put it in her pocket. She knew now who was the father of Toinette's child.

When Toinette went on board the Block Island schooner, Skipper Ericson bustled forward to receive her with a cordiality whose very effort to seem unembarrassed was embarrassing. "Let me take the little 'un," he said, stretching out his hands to the baby; "let me take it while you get settled." The child lifted her great blue eyes up to his, and laughed. "By jingoes!" cried the skipper, "what eyes it 's got! Is 't a boy?"

"No, sir, a girl," replied Toinette, gratefully. "But I think I 'd better not give her to you; she might cry. She is not heavy; I can look after the things just as well with her in my arms," and Toinette walked over to that part of the deck where freight was stored. The skipper followed.

"Here 's all your things," he said, pointing to a high pile of boxes. "I had 'em all piled up together. I guess they 're all right." His eyes lingered admiringly on Toinette, as she moved slowly about, carrying her baby on her left arm. The little fair face, with its yellow curls and blue eyes, nestled against the rich dark glow of Toinette's cheek, made a picture of rarer beauty than Skipper Ericson knew; but he felt it, and thrilled under it, as any man would. He followed Toinette for a few minutes, like one in a dream, saying to himself all the while, "Who 'd ever think this was old Massy Sprague's gal!" "What 's the gal goin' to do on the island?" "I wonder if the women folks 'll go near her." Skipper Ericson was a man well on in

years; he had daughters near Toinette's age, and he mentally resolved, before Toinette had been half an hour on his schooner, that his girls should be the first to lend the poor girl a hand, now she was in such trouble. "It 's very easy to see," he thought, "that she 's no common light-i'-the-head girl. It 's no badness in her that 's brought her to this pass. I 'd like to serve the villain out for her, that did it. I like the gal's grit, a-bringin' her baby right home, where she 's known. That shows she 's all right."

While these kindly thoughts were revolving in Skipper Ericson's mind, his hands were very busy hauling, tightening, and slackening ropes; his orders to his crew, that is, to one boy, came fast and loud and somewhat profane, and he did not appear to be taking any notice of Toinette. She had seated herself very nearly in the same spot where she had sat two years before, crying so bitterly at leaving her mother. She did not remember this, but the skipper did.

"Poor little gal!" he said. "That 's jest where she sat afore, crying fit to break her heart; an' I reckon her heart 's a good deal nearer broke now than 't was then, an' she ain't goin' to shed a tear. Women is curis critters; but this is a good un, if I am any jedge, and I reckon I ought to be."

The wind was fair and strong, and the little schooner scud before it like a bird. Her prow dipped into the water at each wave, and sent the salt spray flying over the deck; it sprinkled the baby's face and Toinette's; the child crowed and stretched out her hands in pleasure.

"I vow!" said the skipper, "that 's a Block Island baby, sure enough; most babies 'd have hollered." Then he added, "I 'm real glad you 're coming back to the island to live, Toinette. I reckon ye 'll get on fust-rate. I 've hearn tell on the street, up to Newport, what a smart milliner you was; an' our folks do want fixin' up, that 's sartin."

Toinette smiled a grave sort of smile, which seemed to mean little more than "Thank you." "You are very good, Mr. Ericson," she said. "I think I can make a living, if the people will give me what there is to be done in my trade."

"You can count on that, sure," replied the skipper. "I 've heard two or three o' the women folks speakin' about it, a'ready; saying 't would be a comfort to have a milliner on the island, 'n' not send up to Newport for everything."

This gave Toinette real pleasure. This was tangible. She had feared that Ramby's testimony might have been warped by his desire to have her come.

"Oh, thank you," she said. "That encourages me; I have been anxious. But I wanted to come so much that I decided to try it."

Ramby was on the wharf long before, even with the briskest wind, the schooner could have arrived. When he first saw, far to the north, the little swift-moving white point which he believed to be the vessel bearing Toinette towards him, he clasped both his hands together, and said, aloud, "Now the Lord be praised! there she is a-coming;" and he walked the shore at a rapid pace, till the schooner rounded in, and he could see the figure of a woman standing on the deck and looking toward the island. Then tears rolled down Ramby's cheeks in spite of him. "O Lord, Lord!" he said, wrestling sternly with himself. "I must n't be goin' on this way; it 'll jest upset her, sure. I 've got to look 's if nothin' was the matter! O Lord, Lord! what 'll I do?" and Ramby caught up a handful of salt water, and dashed it furiously in his own face. "You dum fool!" he said; "what do I want to go an' whimper for, like a gal!"

But when he saw Toinette stepping from the deck to the wharf, holding her baby tight in one arm and stretching the other to him, her eyes full of tears and her lips vainly endeavoring to utter a word of greeting, he cried more than ever, and perhaps did thereby the very best thing for Toinette, for it gave her something to say: —

"Now, please don't cry, Ramby," she said; "you don't know how glad I am to get here. Could n't you hold Baby for me while I see to the things?"

Skipper Ericson turned his back, and

began to swear hard at his boy, and pull ropes about in a wild fashion, when he saw this scene. If his thoughts had been translated, they would have reduced themselves, I fear, to one comprehensive oath. At that moment the skipper wished ill to several people.

Ramby had brought, at Toinette's request, a strong wagon; her desire was to go immediately to her home. It did not take long to unload her goods and put them on the wagon; there was but just room for Toinette left.

"Where will you go?" asked Toinette of Ramby.

"Oh, I shall walk," he said. "The horses can't draw it any faster than I can walk." And so they set out, Toinette and the baby sitting on a roll of mattresses and bedding in the front of the wagon, and Ramby walking in advance by the side of the horses.

"I expect the house 'll look pretty mean to ye, Toinette," said Ramby, "after what ye 've been used to; but it 's tight an' whole. I 've mended it up some, an' I put a new stove in for ye; the old one was n't good for nothing."

"Thank you, Ramby," said Toinette. Words came hard to her now.

"Won't ye be afraid nights, Toinette?" he continued. "I thought may be ye would, an' I 've carried up a bull pup; he 's as fierce as old Janger, an' if ye can jest coax him a little he won't let nobody come nigh ye."

"Thank you, Ramby," replied Toinette. She longed to say more, but she seemed to herself to be paralyzed. She felt no pain, no keen emotion of any kind, as they drew near the house; only a certain sense of being under a spell, which forced her to move on, to go through with the steps necessary for taking possession of her house.

The baby began to cry. This was what Toinette needed. In soothing her she regained a more natural feeling; and as she entered the old house she burst into tears.

"There, there!" said Ramby, in his turn the consoler. "Don't take on now; cry jest a little, it 's good for ye; but don't take on, — don't take on."

Toinette's first night in her old home was a terrible one. The wind raged; the bull pup, lonely in the new place, howled all night long; the baby, made ill by the rough sea it had sailed over, wailed and moaned; and to Toinette's excited imagination there seemed myriads of unexplained sounds about the house. But with the first rays of daylight she regained her courage, and set herself resolutely to work to put her house in order. It was not so desolate as she had feared. The faithful Ramby had repainted all the wood-work of the interior, and mended every broken window; and when Toinette's belongings were all arranged, the place looked almost pretty. The front room, which had been their old living-room, she converted into her shop and sitting-room; the cupboard built into the wall, which used to hold the old Dutch china, made a very effective niche for the little stock of hats and caps Toinette had brought with her. The china she placed upon hanging shelves on the opposite side of the room, as she had seen dainty china arranged in open cabinets in Mrs. Ainsworth's house. She had some pictures and books, and gay chintz curtains; it had been the fashion in Mrs. Ainsworth's set to give pretty things to Toinette for her little house, and the ornaments were all of new value now.

While there was work to do in putting the house in order, Toinette was calm and comparatively cheerful. But when all was done, and she sat down to fold her hands and endure the monotonous quiet of her new life, she was terrified at the sense of dull misery which settled upon her. She actually dreaded the hours when the baby was asleep; often she waked the little creature up, simply because she could not endure the soundless solitude any longer. She had forgotten how still, how lonely, how far from any human habitation, her mother's home was. She sat always at the window which looked out on the lane by which any one coming to the house would approach. She strained her eyes for the sight of a human figure, as she might have done if she had been alone

on a wreck at sea. The old grave-yard and the deserted meeting-house, which had been to her childhood such sources of delight, now seemed only to increase the desolation and loneliness.

One day Ramby said to her, "Hev ye been into the old meetin'-us yet, Toinette?"

She shuddered, and exclaimed, "No, indeed! I would n't go near it for worlds."

Ramby looked grieved. "We used to have good times there when we was little," he said.

"Oh, don't, Ramby! Don't say a word about that time," replied Toinette. "I don't believe that was me at all. It must have been somebody else; I don't feel as if I ever lived here before. I don't know what possessed me to come back; I think it 'll kill me to stay in this place."

Poor Toinette! Her two years of luxurious living — for it had really been luxurious even while she was a servant — had sadly unfitted her for the hand-to-hand fight with solitude and poverty on which she had entered now. But the baby was her good angel of rescue. Day by day the little thing grew more winning, more absorbing; and one by one the farmers' wives, who came at first either out of curiosity or merely to make some small purchase, began to find out that Toinette was sweet and lovable, and could talk in an interesting way; so they would linger and chat with her; and at last they got into the way of occasionally taking an early cup of tea with her, when they came up of an afternoon on some errand. Toinette offered this in the first instance very shyly; but finding it well received, she began to make a practice of the hospitality, and enjoyed serving the fragrant drink in her antique Dutch cups as much as any fashionable lady at a kettle-drum in Newport. Her tea was her only luxury; she had a chest of such tea as is not sold in shops. It was one of the relics of a past Toinette was trying hard to forget; but the Block Island women knew nothing of that, and in fact were not familiar enough with tea to do more than wonder why Toinette's tasted so unlike that they were in the habit of having at home. It must be something in the cups, they thought.

The weeks and months sped on, and Toinette's first sense of unendurable wretchedness slowly diminished, and settled into a quiet melancholy, which was so calm and so quickly changed into a gentle cheerfulness by the presence of any kindly human being to whom she could talk, that nobody realized how sad she really was.

Nobody but Ramby. Ramby saw her oftener than any one. Ramby would have gone every day if he had dared, but he feared to displease her. There was a shade of something which could not be defined in Toinette's manner to him, which kept him ill at ease. It was unconscious in Toinette; it was her instinct that his love was still unchanged. Her reason told her better all the time; reason said that no man would continue to love a woman who had disgraced herself by such a sin as hers. It was on this certainty that Toinette had permitted herself to rest in all her plans for returning to Block Island, and availing herself of Ramby's kind help in so many ways. But Ramby's eyes were the eyes of unqualified devotion; Ramby's voice was the voice of a lover; and his tender sympathy in Toinette's sorrow and solitude was touching in its unselfishness. His affection was clearer-sighted than any mere kindliness could be. Everybody felt that for Toinette. Her meekness and courtesy, and effort to please, had won the whole island to her. Everybody took an interest in her making a living by the little shop; everybody helped her in some fashion or other; everybody liked her; and everybody said, "She seems happy here. She 's a good girl, and 's bringing up her baby 's a woman ought to."

But Ramby knew better. He knew that Toinette was unhappy; he saw that each month she was a little thinner; and if she did not seem each month a little sadder, it was only because she grew each day more sweetly resigned to her fate. It was harder for Ramby than for Toinette. Night after night the faithful

fellow walked up and down the shore, trying to think what he could do for this woman he so loved.

"If she 'd only be my wife, and let me take care of her, that 'd be something," he said to himself over and over. "Then she need n't work so hard."

Ramby was now a well-to-do fellow, measured by the simple standards of Block Island. His father had been dead for some time, and Ramby alone owned the farm and the fishing-schooner, and could have made a fair living off either. He had put his little cabin in excellent repair, owned cows and horses, and had money in a bank in Newport. "'T would n't be nothin'," he said, "after the way she 's lived up there; but she could be as comfortable 's anybody here. An' if she 'd only let me take care of her, seems 's if I could stand it better," he reiterated to himself night after night, as he trod his lonely path. At last, without hope, but in the courage of despair, he broached the idea to Toinette.

"Toinette," he began, "could n't ye — could n't ye, now, noways, make up your mind to let me take care of ye? Ye 're workin' a great deal too hard; ye can't stand it. An' ye 're a-pinin' away here all the time; ye 're so lonesome; 't ain't good for nobody. Now, down to my place it 's real lively; there 's people a-comin' an' goin', and the schooners comin' in. Ye 'd like it better; an' it would be a heap better for Baby;" and Ramby, after one quick, yearning look into Toinette's face, cast his eyes down to the floor, and waited her answer. Toinette did not speak for some seconds. His fear changed into mortal apprehension. "Oh, Toinette, ye ain't angry with me, be ye?" he cried. "Don't ye be; I won't never say such a word again. I know I ain't good enough for ye, and wa'n't never; but ye 're so lonely, Toinette, I thought may be it would n't be quite so hard for you if ye had anybody, even if 't was me."

"Ramby," replied Toinette, slowly, "you 're the best man I ever have known in my life, but" — And she began to cry.

"Oh, don't now, don't!" exclaimed Ramby. "I can't bear to see ye cry. I won't never say another word about it."

Toinette smiled very sadly, and continued, "I don't think it would be right for me to let you marry a woman who had done what I 've done, Ramby. You don't know how folks would talk about it."

Ramby's eyes flashed. "I 'd like to hear anybody talk about you, Toinette! Oh, my little sweet gal, don't ye ever go to feel so; nobody 's ever blamed ye a mite; there ain't anybody on this island but what speaks well on ye, Toinette. Ye need n't go a-undervallyin yerself that way, now, I tell you."

"They are all very good," said Toinette; "a great deal better than I deserve. But, Ramby, dear, supposing I could n't love you 's you love me; you would n't want me for your wife, would you? And I could n't, Ramby, — I could n't love anybody any more except Baby."

"Ye need n't say anything about that, Toinette," exclaimed Ramby, his face glowing with hope. "If ye 'll only come and live with me, and let me take care of ye, I ain't afeard but what ye 'll love me some! Why, Toinette, ye used to love me once, and there ain't any reason why ye should n't again. Oh, say ye 'll come!"

"I know you 'll always be good to Baby," said Toinette, timidly.

"Don't I love her now 's well 's if she was mine?" asked Ramby, triumphantly. "Ain't she yours? Ain't that enough for me, don't ye think?"

It would be useless to deny that when Block Island heard that Toinette and Ramby had been married at Parson Plummer's house one morning, very early, and that Toinette's shop was now in the north room of Ramby's cabin, some ill-natured speeches were made. But Toinette's face disarmed all malice. The new look of solemn purpose on her countenance brought out more clearly the increased spirituality of her features; and people who had gone with but dubious good-will to see her in her new home went away sobered, saying among themselves, —

"She don't look as if she was long

for this world. And she 's done it for the child's sake. There ain't anybody would have stood by the young one as Ramby will."

The people were right. Toinette's nature was formed for sunshine; there was nothing rugged about her. She could not thrive, she could not even live, in an adverse air and under the weight of sorrow. She had no disease; she simply drooped, very gradually, — so gradually that even the watchful and affectionate Ramby was lulled at last into a sense of security, so wonted had he become to her extreme feebleness. He tended her as if she had been his child instead of his wife, without seeming to know that he had labors to perform. He did all that was to be done for her and for the child; and was content so long as he saw her sitting in her chair, her slender fingers gracefully employed with the bright ribbons, or on the embroideries which she did so beautifully. When at last the day came on which Toinette said in the morning, "Ramby, I can't get up to-day. You might as well go for the doctor, dear," he was as appalled as if she had been stricken down by some sudden attack of illness. And when the doctor, on feeling her pulse, exclaimed in astonishment, "Why, how long has she been in this condition?" Ramby replied eagerly, "Only just this morning, sir; she was took just before I came for you. She 's been real well all summer."

Toinette looked up at the doctor and smiled; and when Ramby left the room for a moment she said, still smiling, "I did n't tell him anything, doctor. You tell him, will you? I 've known all summer I was a-going pretty fast. It 's no use your doing anything for me, doctor, and it 's a great deal better I should die. He 'll take good care of Baby."

Toinette sank now very rapidly. Having given up the effort at concealment of her weakness, she had no longer a motive for struggling with it; and only one week from the day the doctor had been called to her she was buried in the old grave-yard, by the side of her mother. The next grave to hers was an old and sunken mound, whose head-stone of slate had fallen, and was half buried in grass. After the funeral, as Ramby sat alone on the ground, the baby on his knees, he idly pulled away the tangled grass, and slowly studied out the inscription on the stone. It told that one "Acres Tois" had been buried there in the year 1684, "aged one hundred and one years."

"O Lord!" groaned Ramby, aloud, "hev I got to live so long as that, I wonder! O Lord! O Lord!"

The baby, wondering at the tone, put up one little hand and touched the black face which had never before looked into hers without a smile. The touch recalled Ramby to himself. It seemed like a voice from Toinette. Kissing the baby over and over, he hugged her tight to his bosom, rose, and walked down the hill. He was not wholly separated from Toinette so long as Toinette's child lay in his arms. From that hour he never left the child for a moment. When the weather was not fair enough for him to take her out to sea in the schooner, he did not fish. When it was too cold or stormy for her to sit in her wagon and watch him, as he worked on the farm, he stayed idle in the house. The child grew strong and beautiful, and by the time she was six years old was as fearless a little sailor as any boy that went out of Block Island harbor.

Many a time, strangers, visiting the island, happening to see this golden-haired, blue-eyed little girl standing like a fairy on the bow of a fishing-boat, and waving laughing signals to its black skipper, asked the meaning of the strange sight; and many a one, hearing the touching tale of Toinette and her baby and the faithful devotion of Ramby, made excuse to walk down to his cabin and see the child. But she was timid with strangers, and could never be coaxed away from Ramby's knee. She answered still to the name of Baby, and was called so all along the shore. Ramby thought when she grew up he should be able to call her by her mother's name, but as yet he could not say the word Toinette save in his thoughts.

He wrote to Mrs. Ainsworth, a few weeks after Toinette's death, and told her all that his simple letter-writing could tell about her last days. Mrs. Ainsworth shed a tear or two over the letter, and talked for a few days about going down to Block Island and taking the baby to bring up. But she soon forgot the impulse, or thought better of it, and before long the memory of Toinette had died out of her mind; or, if it were recalled in any way, drew from her nothing more than a nonchalant ejaculation of "Poor little thing, what a pity she came to such an end! She was a good little soul, and I 've never seen anybody from that day to this that could trim a cap as she could."

Kitty Strong had a better memory and a better heart. The face of Toinette rose up between her and her friend Mrs. Ainsworth many times and in many places; and there was one man, whom she was by peculiar circumstances forced to meet continually, to whom it was well-nigh impossible for her to extend even the most ordinary courtesy. Her coldness and distance were all thrown away upon him, however. So far as it was in the capacity of his poor and shallow nature to love, he had been in love with Kitty Strong for years. At last the day came when, in spite of her avoidance, in spite of her evident dislike, he asked her to be his wife. Rendered obtuse by vanity, and probably having an element of cruelty at bottom, he had obstinately resolved that, come what would, cost what it might, sooner or later he would win for his wife this upright, indomitable girl, who had so scorned him and his money.

Looking him steadily in the eye, Kitty Strong said: "You know very well, Mr. Mason, that I have done all in my power to prevent your ever saying such words as these to me." Then, going to her writing-desk, she took from a secret drawer a small photograph, and holding it out to him continued in a sterner tone, "This photograph of yours I found among poor Toinette's things. The child never betrayed you. Had you had delicacy enough to respect my evident avoidance of your every attention, I would have spared you the shame of knowing why and how much and how long I have despised you."

It was three years since Toinette had fled from Lawrence Mason; even her name and her face had become dim in his hardened mind; but he took the photograph mechanically from Kitty Strong's hand, and, bowing his head, went out silent from her presence.

Many years afterward, when he was a cynical, selfish, broken-down old profligate, leading a desolate and suffering life in his lonely and luxurious home, people said, —

"What a pity he never married! They say he never could get over his love for Kitty Strong. It might have saved him if he had married her."

Into poor Toinette's guileless and loving heart no thought of resentment towards Lawrence Mason had ever entered; but she was avenged.

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## GLAMOUR.

May buds and blossoms blushing into June,
O summer's fullness, come not on so soon;
This perfect morning makes regret for noon.

Is not hope sweeter than fruition is?
Can promise ripen into richer bliss?
Good Time, be merciful, — we ask but this.

*Wm. O. Bates.*

# PUBLIC BALLS IN NEW YORK.

I HAVE often wondered how an absolutely unbiased, unprejudiced account of some of our social observances and customs — such as I could give myself — would, if printed, strike the public. The attempt has been made in other countries, notably by H. A. Taine in England; but the description, however successful in exciting interest or affording entertainment, is always apt to raise a doubt in the mind of the reader whether there is not some sinister moral motive behind, whether the observer is after all fair and unbiased, or whether he has not taken a critical or satirical attitude which has interfered with the absolute impartiality of his impressions. Such a bias would certainly not be strange, as the attitude of the literary man to the world at large, as engaged in practical work (or play), has from time immemorial been that of a moralist and critic. *Ex vi termini* the observer is not an actor, and therefore he unconsciously sees in the actor, for the time being, a natural enemy, and wonders how he can be guilty of taking a part in the general folly of life. Commonly, too, he is impressed with the conviction that the life of other times and countries must have been more amusing and interesting than that which he sees going on about him: if he is an old observer, the days of his youth shine out in recollection as better than the present; if he is at home, the life of foreign countries strikes him as the best; if he is abroad, he sighs for home. These depraved tendencies of the observer and critic always impair his usefulness more or less, and make it necessary to take his reflections with a grain of salt. Even in the case of M. Taine, they have had their effect, as a glance at the works of that hardened *spectator ab extra* will show.

When M. Taine was in London, and engaged in making collections for his entertaining and instructive Notes on England, he made, in his character as observer of English life and manners, among other excursions a visit to Epsom, and afterwards wound up the day with a night's pleasure at the Cremorne Gardens. Of these festivities he has given a minute and conscientious description.

At the entrance he finds, naturally enough, some crowding and jostling; within "the crowd is terrible," though "one can find breathing space in sombre recesses." The women's faces are "rather faded," and sometimes in the crowd "they raise terrible cries, — the cries of a screech-owl." They have, he adds, a comical notion which "proves their state of excitement," — that of "pinching people, particularly foreigners." One of the party, who is forty years of age, "being sharply pinched and otherwise scandalized," leaves the place. Another woman "beats a gentleman on the back with her fists for having trodden on her foot." At length our critic goes away, and, having seen, reflects; his reflections are not favorable. In the first place, it is so different from France. "The spectacle of debauchery here leaves no other impression than one of misery and degradation. There is no brilliancy, dash, and liveliness about it, as in France: when a gentleman wishes to dance, a master of the ceremonies, with a badge and a white cravat, goes to find a partner for him; the two often dance together without exchanging a word." There is, again, much inebriety. "A tragical thing is that men and women both drink, and begin by intoxication; it is the brutality and destitution which first meet together in traversing unreason, imbecility, and stupor." After all, it is better to stay at home. "One returns deeply grieved, with a bitter and profound feeling of human grossness and helplessness; society is a fine edifice, but in the lowest story what a sink of impurity! Civilization polishes man, but how tenacious is the bestial in-

stinct!" It is consoling, after this, to reflect that the light-hearted Gaul manages his revels with more delicacy and sobriety. Let us, then, shaking off the mud of England from our feet and wringing its fog out of our clothes, cross the Channel, and see how the gay children of France manage these things. There is no more entertaining or instructive account of French life than the Notes on Paris contained in the posthumously published volume of the life and opinions of M. Frederic Thomas Graindorge, doctor of philosophy at the University of Jena, and special partner in the house of Graindorge & Co., Oils and Salt Pork, Cincinnati, U. S. A. M. Taine was the executor of M. Graindorge, a gentleman of unusual powers of observation and facility of statement, and after his death gave his papers to the world. In them are to be found shrewd observations and reflections upon almost every phase of Parisian life, — among others the Public Ball of Paris. We have seen how English pleasures strike M. Taine. Let us see how the like sort of thing strikes M. Graindorge in France. Let us follow this philosophic observer, at the age of sixty, through his round of nocturnal adventures.

It is eleven o'clock at night, and he determines to pass a pleasant evening. "There is no amusement," he reflects, "outside of Paris, — no gayety but at Paris balls;" at least he was "told so in America." About six hundred persons are collected at the Casino, Rue Cadet. Let us enter and see what we find. There is a "bad smell of gas and tobacco, the heat and steam of a crowded room. There are little nooks for drinking, a sort of saloon where people elbow each other about, a large dance hall with a chalked and sprinkled floor, here and there shabby velvet sofas, the cast-off furniture of some lodging-house." The women are all "used up" and daubed with paint. They "eat suppers and sit up all night; in the morning plenty of pomatum and cold cream; to this they owe their unique complexion." Their voices "are shrill, thin, and sharp, the result of *petits verres*." Of these ladies Mariette, the Toulousaine, attracts most attention. Her attractions are of two kinds, gymnastic and intellectual: she throws her leg to a level with her head, and touches her foot with her hand; and she converses not without spirit, but "what she says cannot be put on paper." Only three or four men who have the appearance of gentlemen are to be seen. "The rest of the audience is made up of students and clerks, many of them apparently clerks in stores, omnibus conductors, barbers' boys, and wine merchants. The clothes and hats look as though they came from some peddler's van. The men dance and kick up their heels like the women." Afterwards M. Graindorge visits the Mabille. How often had he heard it spoken of! "Young men dream of it. Foreigners take their wives to see it. Historians will some day speak of it." It is a grand ball night; two francs entrance for men, one franc for women. This is the way that the general appearance of the place strikes M. Graindorge: "A grand alley-way variegated with colored glass; diminutive groves, round plots of illuminated green. Small blue jets of gas stretch along the ground through the flowers. Light and transparent vases are mixed in rings over the grass. There is a faint odor of grease and oil. The trees, wan and dim in the oblique light, look strange and unearthly. The imitation Corinthian vases, the scenes painted in deception, to give an appearance of length to the alleys, are simply contemptible. Above this rural arrangement jut out the sharp corners and heavy masonry of an enormous building. The rough ground hurts the feet. Decidedly I am not enthusiastic."

And this is the way that the people strike M. Graindorge: "The men are said to be hired; the women exhibit themselves gratis, though they feel that they are despised. How odd that people can take any pleasure in staring at these poor girls, most of them faded, all looking degraded or half-scared, as they dance in their hats and cloaks and black *bottines!* One is tempted to give them twenty francs, and send them all to the

kitchen to eat a beefsteak and drink a glass of beer."

Towards midnight the Mabille becomes "a thorough rout," and M. Graindorge, wishing to see everything, goes on to the Bal Perron at the Barrière du Trous. This is a "guinguette," that pretty sounding word so common in the world of the opera comique or of Beranger's songs. "The very word," observes M. Graindorge, "calls up pretty, sly faces, nicely fitting little caps, graceful and flexible figures; all the gayety, all the vivacity, so peculiar to France and Paris are there, — is it not so?" Well, then, let us enter a guinguette and see for ourselves. "The chief characteristic here is that, with one or two exceptions, all these people are thin and small. Several of them look like children. There are some women only four feet high; all are stunted, dwarfed, pitiful, badly made. From generation to generation they have drunk bad wine, eaten dog chops, breathed the foul air of Bobino, and worked too hard in order to amuse themselves too much." Here we find the true type of the Parisian workingman, with his "transparent vanity" and his "low sensuality." "The musicians blow away indefatigably. The floor manager hurries about, pushing and coupling the dancers with a speed and activity really wonderful. . . . There are two or three soldiers in the orchestra; one at the drum, another at the cymbals, the latter with spectacles, serious and attentive as though he were about to touch off a mine. The cornet-a-piston has taken off his coat, and is blowing away, leaning back in his chair with dripping forehead and red cheeks. The octave flute is a hunchback, a poor dried-up fellow, with a peaked, charcoal face and eyes which shine like flames. A good, patient old gray-beard is scraping the bass-viol. They make all the noise they can. The company sip their coffee, smoke, gulp down great bumpers of beer, take in the noisy scene with eager eyes and ears. It is their relief from the treadle or the plane. But it is sad to see among them six or eight little working girls, who seem to be respectable, and several families, father, mother, and children, who have come to look on. It is here that they learn that pleasure consists of brawling and drunkenness."

It is clear that M. Graindorge does not agree with those who think that the public balls of Paris are the only places for true gayety in the world. On the contrary, as he leaves this guinguette of the nineteenth century, he sadly exclaims, "What a difference between the wild fury of this ant swarm and the calm contentment, the quiet enjoyment, of the pleasure gardens in Germany!" And so we reach the end of the round. In England the home of true pleasure is France. In France it is Germany. In Germany it may be France again. In every age it is at another period. In every country it is in some other latitude. After all, then, it seems that public balls at Paris and London have a wonderful number of features in common, and that most of them are calculated to inspire the lover of his kind with alarm. They are also calculated to inspire the observer with trepidation; for the descriptions do not to our mind give a very clear or distinct idea of the peculiarities of the things described. We get at the end of the chapter a much better idea of the temperament and turn of mind of the observer at the ball than we do of the exact nature of the ball itself. And yet M. Taine and M. Graindorge are professional observers. It is hard, obviously, to play the spectator *pur sang*, — a fact which has sometimes interfered with the accuracy even of the pictures of life in this country presented by the correspondents of English newspapers. But surely it is not inherently necessary that observers, surveying mankind, or a particular part of mankind, with "extensive view," should fall into this error. With all the progress that we have made in the past eighteen centuries, and especially in the present century, we certainly must have reached a point at which the spectator can detach himself from his traditions and prejudices, moral and sentimental, and simply describe what he sees, without false coloring or distortion.

In the desperate attempt which we are

about to make to give an absolutely impartial account of public balls in New York, it must not be imagined for an instant that we confound the institution of public balls in the commercial capital of our great and free country with such places of pleasure as Cremorne Gardens or Mabille. We have cited M. Taine's description of the plans which he selected for his evening's amusement, merely as an illustration of the difficulty of attaining perfection in this sort of work, and in anticipatory apology for any short-comings of our own that the lynx-eyed reader may detect. We shall conduct him only through the most unexceptionable scenes, — places where respectability is guaranteed by a price of admission so high that the reader (whatever view he takes of our description) may well congratulate himself that he has not been obliged to make the tour of inspection in person.

M. Graindorge, it must be observed, died some years since, and when he knew this country public balls had not with us attained a standing which entitled them to rank as an "institution." Within the past ten or a dozen years, however, there has been, at least in New York, a great development of this class of amusements. Just as, since the war, the theatres have improved and developed, and athletic sports have been elevated to the rank of a profession, and college endowments have been so munificently increased, so, too, has there gradually grown up in New York a sort of American carnival season, marked chiefly by its great number of public and masked balls. It was not to be expected, of course, that the carnival in establishing itself in New York would assume the same form or characteristics that it did in older countries or warmer climates. There can hardly be out-of-door festivities in forty degrees north latitude toward the end of February, and masquerading in broad daylight is under our system of law a penal offense. It was to be expected, too, that there would be something distinctively American about a New York carnival. In our hundred years of existence, though we have perhaps shown no faculty for originating national amusements, we have generally given a peculiar national development to those which we have adopted from other lands. The modest game of "rounders" has in our hands become the remarkable national sport known as "base-ball;" in cards we have developed "euchre" and the world-renowned "poker" out of two European games originally of small importance; in rowing we at one time introduced the extraordinary fashion of steering by means of the bow-oar's feet; in other branches of athletic sports, while we cannot be said to have invented walking, American men have invented what is called long-distance walking, while American women have made themselves famous the world over as the champions of "consecutive-period" pedestrianism. In what is now called the art of natation, it is an American who was lately employed in swimming, in the middle of winter, from Pittsburgh to the Gulf of Mexico. In the adoption and development on a gigantic scale of almost any national pastime, we are excelled by no people in the world; and hence it was to be expected that if we seriously gave our minds to the development of an American carnival we would easily distance the slow-going nations who invented it or inherited it from their ancestors. It must be understood, also, that what we are speaking of here is not the carnival as it is alleged to exist in the South. In New Orleans there are French creoles and negroes and a legalized monthly lottery-drawing, and in many respects life is half foreign; besides this, there is a possibility in the early spring of something like out-of-door enjoyment. For these reasons Mardi Gras and the annual New Orleans masquerade procession may possibly be what they are said by Southern editors to be. A year or two since an attempt was made to introduce this Louisiana carnival into New York, and a procession was got up which promenaded through the streets by torch-light, headed by King Carnival, who excited about the same sort of curious but wary attention that might have been attracted by King Cetewayo, had he ap-

peared in New York. This attempt to imitate the Southern carnival was a ghastly failure, as might have been expected. Any one accustomed to the scientific analysis of the growth of institutions could see that no such carnival as this would ever make a permanent home in such a city as New York. In New York, as has just been said, the weather about the time of carnival is apt to be cold. Therefore it is clear that our carnival must be an indoor carnival. Again, the Anglo-Saxon race has never had any such festival; therefore it is almost certain that so far as any is developed it will be at first in the hands of foreigners. Besides this, there are no such things in a modern American city as public amusements, in the old-fashioned sense, — that is, amusements in which all the world takes part as a matter of course. Among the liberty-loving people of England and America the prevailing practice of taking such liberties as are not prevented by fear of the law has made it necessary in all really popular pastimes to exclude the mass of the people by the exaction of an entrance fee; it being shown by experience that pleasure at so much a head is much more decorous and quite as amusing as pleasure to which all the world comes. Consequently we should expect that our carnival would be a carnival at so much a head, — a carnival for the benefit of such as choose to pay for it; in fact, a carnival by contract.

There is, in the nature of things, every reason why the carnival in its modern Anglo-Saxon development should take this form. Sir Henry Maine, in his valuable work on Ancient Law, has pointed out that the great difference between ancient and modern society lies in the change from *status* to contract in all the relations of life. Status, as every law-student knows, denotes those fixed relations, founded partly on custom and partly on law, of which primitive man is known to have been so absurdly fond. Marriage was, for instance, originally an instance of status, and so would have doubtless continued, if it had not been discovered by the legislature of Illinois, Connecticut, and other States that it might just as well be a pure matter of bargain, to begin and terminate at the pleasure of the parties. So it is with many other institutions. The celebration of the carnival was originally a public festivity, the relations of everybody to it having been fixed for generations. The carnival as it now exists in New York is indeed festive in character, but it is provided for those who choose to become ticket-holders in it by enterprising companies; the provision of carnival by them being wholly determined by the amount of money paid in, while the amount of money paid in is wholly determined by the success of the companies in providing the ticket-holders with the kind of carnival they desire.

These balls must, by the way, be carefully distinguished from a number of others, which have nothing of a masquerade or carnival character. Though the nights on which these take place are important epochs in the ball season, they are related to the Arion and Liederkranz only remotely. Of these, a word or two may be said in advance.

The connection between charity and fashion is an old and established one; why charity should be always fashionable, and fashion should be in the hands of those who also chiefly support charity, is a question not very difficult to solve. Why does fashion support horse-races, church choirs, walking matches, the music of the future, African missions, and so many other excellent but heterogeneous things? Clearly, because fashion has a great deal of money and time with which it does not know what to do. There is something in the connection between fashion and charity which always affords a capital mark for the shaft of the satirist; but there is really no reason for satirizing it, as the connection is the result of an economical law, as general and universal in its operation as Ricardo's law of rent is believed to be by all but Pennsylvanians.

It must be remembered, however, in order to understand the precise nature of the connection of the annual Charity Ball in New York with fashion, that New

York society is governed by peculiar laws of its own, which are unknown elsewhere. There are two theories with regard to fashionable life in New York, put forward from time to time by essayists, satirists, and observers, which are usually regarded as mutually contradictory. One is the plutocratic, the other the exclusive theory. In accordance with one, society in New York is composed of a number of rich people, whose wealth constitutes their only title to social position, and of whose breeding and cultivation the less said the better. The other is a theory that, notwithstanding the inroads made by the plutocracy, the "new" people, there are a certain number of "old families," of assured social position and high breeding, who really form the best society, give it its tone, and set the fashion. The truth is, we take it, that both theories are in a measure based upon facts: there are a certain number of old families, people who have the social traditions of several generations behind them; and there are a certain number of new people, who gradually establish their position in society by means of their wealth, but only gradually, and generally in not much more and not much less than thirty years. In fact, the necessity of excluding doubtful characters from the pale has to be recognized in New York as everywhere else, or society would soon become a bear-garden. The traditions of social existence must be kept alive, and they are kept alive in New York only by a careful attention on the part of that conservative class, the persons who have grandfathers, to their duties. That they do this for the benefit of the new people, who sooner or later make their way within the barriers, is true enough; but their conservatism keeps up a barrier meantime. Now, society being in this state, it is obvious that if a convenient neutral ground can be found, on which may meet, under a sort of fashionable sanction, those who are passing through the anxious stage which intervenes between complete exclusion from and admission to society, — a ground where no one is compromised either by receiving or being received; where one's presence guarantees a sort of fashionable publicity, and at the same time entails no subsequent social embarrassments of any sort, — such a place will attract a great crowd; and if the support of charity is also held in view a crowd which will nobly contribute towards that worthy object. Such a place has undoubtedly been discovered for New York in the Charity Ball. As a public ball it is in no way different from other balls. The floor is covered with dancers; the boxes and amphitheatre of seats are filled with fair women and brave men; there are two bands, and a bad and expensive supper in an adjoining "hall." But there is a list of managers and patronesses with names fit to make a whole directory of fashion; the ball is opened by the mayor (this is a serious matter, and there are people, particularly people who come to such a ball from the country, to whom the opening of the ball by the mayor is a guarantee of social correctness); and last, but not least, there is a full account of the dresses, with the names of the persons who appeared in them, in all next morning's papers. If we were writing a guide to New York, we should advise the curious stranger to go by all means to the Charity Ball. If he has been taught to believe the plutocratic theory of New York life, he will be confirmed in it by what he sees, and may go home and read the Potiphar Papers with the satisfaction of knowing that he has got to the bottom of New York society; if he holds to the "old-family" theory, he will be confirmed in it by what he does not see, and may go home and read a chapter from the Book of Snobs, or Vanity Fair, and reflect, as he falls asleep, how very much alike is the folly of mankind all over the world. In either case he will only half understand the Charity Ball.

The French Cooks' Ball is a simpler matter. It is a ball given exclusively for the purpose of exhibiting the culinary art of the *chefs* of New York. There is no pretense of fashion about it at all. There is little or no pretense of dressing. You will recognize the faces of the managers and the guests; they are the

same thoughtful and attentive faces to which you have so many times given directions regarding the manner in which you prefer terrapin cooked, or the precise length of time you like an egg boiled. Give no directions to them here, however, for we are all on an equality, — cooks, *garçons*, *Kellners*, "boys," waiters, even head waiters, and all. The principal attraction is the supper-room, where, arranged on parallel tables, are multitudinous works of rare designs, each presided over by its author and creator. It would be a waste of time to attempt to describe them; it is enough to say that they are always very wonderful, and look very uneatable; their external appearance suggests the question whether what may be called culinary architecture has really reached the point which the French cooks evidently think it has.

As we near the end of Lent, the balls get more numerous, and masquerading sets in. The two great masked balls of the New York winter are the Liederkranz and the Arion. The Liederkranz is given at the Academy of Music; in its general arrangements it does not differ much from the Charity Ball, but in character it differs essentially. As there are masked balls and masked balls, this may be put down as the fashionable masked ball of the winter, though the difference between the fashionable type and the unfashionable type, as represented by the Arion, is, according to our experience, rather in size than in moral qualities. Most of what we shall have to say about the Arion applies to the Liederkranz, it being understood that one takes place in an opera-house, the other in a "garden," and that the price of admission to one is twice that to the other. The character of the crowd at the two places differs perhaps as much as the character of the crowd at a performance of Carmen from the crowd which assembles on the Coney Island piazzas in the midsummer evenings to hear the world-renowned Levy play Home, Sweet Home upon his cornet.

Let us, then, having paid our visit of duty to the Charity and the French Cooks' Ball, revert to the serious business of the carnival season. Let us see for ourselves, as unbiased spectators, precisely what are the masked balls of New York in a carnival *à prix fixe*. Casting aside all national prejudices, we will go simply as strangers, observers, students of human nature and the customs of the newest of all cities, at once new and great.

It is ten o'clock, and we are in the principal restaurant of the New World. It is a French café, with innumerable little marble-topped tables, and innumerable attendant or expectant waiters scattered about among them. It is the boast of New York that it possesses the best French restaurant in the world. On the table in front of us lie the evening papers with the latest news from Washington, side by side with Figaro, the Journal pour Rire, and the Journal Amusant. How deceptive are appearances! Are we to infer from this that the people at the tables are half French, or shall we make no inference from it whatever? The latter is much the safer of the two courses to pursue, and without hazarding any speculation on the subject let us send for a ticket, and go to the ball. The ticket is easily procured, and its bright and somewhat inharmonious colors tell us, if we do not know it already, that the festivities are in the hands of the great German race. We leave the café, and find ourselves in a stream of people going in the direction of the garden in which the ball is going on. The garden, so called, is a building of uncertain architectural character, extending round four sides of a New York "block," covering perhaps two acres of ground. It was formerly a railroad depot; it is now dedicated to all public entertainments which have to be given on a large scale, from a Moody and Sankey revival or an Arion Ball to a dog show. Presenting its tickets at the main entrance, the crowd surges into a narrow passage-way on one side, where are at intervals square holes in partitions, through which are visible the faces of the receivers of coats and hats. Everything is very orderly. There is no use in attempting to hurry people. You must take your place in a

long queue, and wait till you reach in your turn the square hole. You may then put your coat and hat through it, and you will receive in return a ticket with a number. As the ball will last until six o'clock, and ten or twenty thousand people are coming to it, all these details are of importance.

While we are waiting our turn, we have plenty of time to examine the gentlemen who are in front of us; and we discover them to be, some acquaintances, many evidently foreigners, but many, half probably, Americans, — well-to-do-looking men, clearly with means enough to afford an occasional extravagance of this kind. That we have not left America by any means is proved by what is to be seen if we turn round, — an American bar, of length so great that the fact of its having any further end has to be taken on faith. It is really, like everything else in this place, of enormous dimensions, two or three hundred feet possibly; it may even be "the longest bar in the world." It should be stated here that the purchaser of a ticket to the Arion is furnished with a printed map of the grounds. This of itself gives some idea of the scale of the entertainment.

Having got rid of our coat and hat, we enter the garden through one of the approaches, all of which, on this side of the building, appear to lead through the bar. We leave the clatter of glasses behind; we emerge into the full glare of a masquerade ball. The centre of the garden has been floored over for the dancers, while all round the floor is a gigantic promenade, about a quarter of a mile in circumference; outside this, again, are tiers of seats and boxes, rising one above the other to the top of the building. The light is furnished by arches of gas jets inclosed in many-colored diminutive glass globes. On either side is a band of music, — not perhaps the best in the world, but still a band which may be relied upon to play all night, and to mark the time for waltzing with emphasis.

Theoretically, no one is allowed upon the floor without a mask, but this rule is not very strictly enforced. We may venture upon it without much danger of being severely dealt with, and we are now in a position to observe the crowd. Most of the people are in costumes: the women generally merely in dominoes and masks; the men generally in character costumes, some with genuine masks. All our old friends, harlequin, clown, pantaloon, Mephistopheles, monk, and so on, are here. Altogether, with the colored dominoes and costumes, and the music and the lights, it is a gay scene. It is necessary, however, to make one observation: that the masks do not, in any proper sense of the word, masquerade. To masquerade, as we have always understood, is not simply to dress in an assumed character, but to act the character. This no one seems to do: perhaps because they do not know how; perhaps because our Northern busy, practical life has extinguished in us those primitive instincts of mimicry which Southern nations still possess. Perhaps — but here we are again launched on the sea of speculation.

The instinct of dancing, at any rate, has not died out. The masks evidently mean to make a night of it in this way, if in no other. First a round dance, and then a square dance, through the night long — that is what you may count upon if you stay till six. If you are interested in the art of dancing, and will watch the dancers, you will see many curious things, and be able to make many instructive inferences from what you see. In the first place, as you are of course yourself, amiable reader, accustomed to mix only in the best society, you will want to know whether there are any ladies here. Among all these women, brought together from every class and rank of life for a single night's pleasure, how will you tell a lady if you see her? There are certain tests which may be applied even at a masked ball, though they are far from infallible. To tell what a woman will and will not do when unmasked is hard enough. To guess what she will do if masked is impossible. Still, there are tests. In the first place, ladies do not, as a general thing, go to masked balls in the United States, and it is fair

to assume that they will not go in a costume likely to attract notice. Every woman imagines (what innocent creatures they are!) that a masked ball is the most interesting and romantic place in the world; but ladies, as a rule, do not like to have it known that they have been there. Hence you may almost certainly exclude, as not belonging to your *monde*, all these pretty masks with gay sashes and striped stockings. Such a mask may be a milliner, or a washerwoman, or your wife's maid, but not a lady. Neither are any of your acquaintances probably among these mysterious dominoes with voluminous lace curiously twisted about their heads, through which their eyes are seen, but which completely hides the whole outline of their faces. No; if you wish to find the women of the society which you know, you must avoid all these, and look among those perfectly black and unattractive dominoes who manage to conceal even the outline of their figures. These, if they do not dance, may be set down as ladies. It may be as well to know this at the outset, for if you have come for pleasure it is better to avoid them. They are not as entertaining as the women with the dominoes of the other sort. Again, if you will watch the dancing, you will see that the dominoes who dance "square" dances are "turned" by their partners in a very original manner; the turn taking the form of a waltz interlude in the middle of a lancers or a quadrille. Did you ever see Ikey Bullstock dance in that way with Miss McGillicuddy, that was? No, not once; and you might wait years, and you would never see it done in New York, except at a public ball. The woman thus turned may be the most estimable woman in the world, but she has no standing in society.

It is now one o'clock, and the time for the procession has arrived. This procession is a grand affair, with lovely women throwing *bonbons* out of chariots to the crowd, tritons riding on a dolphin, performing acrobats in a cage, and an immense variety of memorable shows, all of which pass round the room in single file two or three times, and finally disappear. The procession is preëminently German, the thoughtful managers not having neglected to provide food for the humorous as well as the serious taste of the crowd; one of the "flats" represents a dentist pulling teeth with a pair of Brobdignagian tweezers out of the jaw of a living victim, whose face makes the agony of his situation only too real. The crowd appear to enjoy this hugely, which proves, gentle reader, that the managers understand wit and humor better than philosophers do.

Two o'clock. The floor is not quite so crowded, for a couple of thousand of people or so have gone home. This is the hour at which, if you are a dancer, you enjoy yourself, provided you are capable of enjoyment. If you are a philosopher, you begin to grow melancholy. It is evidently time for supper. Would it be prudent to invite one or two of these pretty dominoes to take some supper? That they will accept the invitation with pleasure need not be doubted. If you speak to them, the chances are that they will suggest it themselves. The supper tables are in one of the galleries, a hot and stuffy place, where several hundred people are eating salads and ices, and drinking champagne. Now is certainly the time to moralize. What would balls be without champagne? Would there be any balls if there were not any champagne? And is not the result to which we are forced that pleasure, as the world at large knows it, is founded upon intoxication? Our companion whom we have invited to supper interrupts this train of reflection by intimating that no suggestion has been made to her as to what she would prefer to drink. The suggestion being made, she declares that she much prefers champagne. She is a young girl, apparently, with a pleasant voice, and, as well as can be seen, a pretty figure. Her ideas are practical. Has she ever been at a masked ball before? Once before, it seems, last year; she had such a good time that she means to come every year after this. Masked balls are such fun! No, there is not much room for dancing, but it is such fun to wear a domino and

a mask. Have I ever been before? Why does she want to know? Is she sufficiently interested in my movements to want to know whether I am coming again? (I have a faint idea that this is the way that people at masked balls talk to one another.) Of course she is. (This is said in a tone of voice which implies distinctly that any one who provides her with a supper and champagne is an object of deep interest to her.)

Four o'clock. I have abandoned her. Her conversation was insufferably stupid. There is only one thing more stupid than a woman who is difficult to talk to, and that is a woman who talks easily. Women have no reflective powers, and their conversation is merely the expression of their tastes or feelings; and to a person like myself, of a reflective turn, other people's tastes and feelings are of little consequence. What is that noise in the remote corner beneath the gallery? It appears that there has been a quarrel, and some one has knocked down a drunken man who insulted a mask. Both parties are arrested by the police, who always pursue this impartial plan in New York, and the disturbance is over almost before it has begun. People who have never been to an Arion ball are given to understand that there is about this time a good deal of riot; but there has certainly been no riot tonight.

Six o'clock, and a great crowd is pouring out of the garden, to get its breakfast. Our carnival is over, and Lent has begun. After all, was it worth the while? Did the masqueraders enjoy masquerading? Did the waltzers enjoy waltzing? Did the crowd, as it gaped at the procession, really enjoy the tritons, and the beautiful distributers of bonbons, and the man having his teeth extracted, and the rest of the show? Or is the whole thing, masquerade, lights, music, dancing, and all, merely a confession of the difficulty that our race finds in getting enjoyment from anything? What sort of a people are we, indeed, with our three centuries of puritanism behind us, our national history devoid of art, of music; we Americans, savages, restless hunters of the almighty dollar, — what sort of a people are we to have a carnival? Is it any wonder that it has to be a carnival by contract, got up at so much a head by the industrious foreigners? How cold the air is in New York in February at six o'clock in the morning! Shade of M. Graindorge! is it an impossibility to go to a ball without playing the moralist on the way home?

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## THE PEOPLE FOR WHOM SHAKESPEARE WROTE.

### II.

We now approach perhaps the most important matter in this world, namely, dress. In nothing was the increasing wealth and extravagance of the period more shown than in apparel. And in it we are able to study the origin of the present English taste for the juxtaposition of striking and uncomplementary colors. In Coryat's Crudities, 1611, we have an Englishman's contrast of the dress of the Venetians and the English. The Venetians adhered, without change, to their decent fashion, a thousand years old, wearing usually black: the slender doublet made close to the body, without much quilting; the long hose plain, the jerkin also black, — but all of the most costly stuffs Christendom can furnish, satins and taffeties, garnished with the best lace. Gravity and good taste characterized their apparel. "In both these things," says Coryat, "they differ much from us Englishmen. For whereas they have but one color, we use many more

than are in the rainbow, all the most light, garish, and unseemly colors that are in the world. Also for fashion we are much inferior to them. For we wear more fantastical fashions than any nation under the sun doth, the French only excepted." On festival days, in processions, the senators wore crimson damask gowns, with flaps of crimson velvet cast over their left shoulders; and the Venetian knights differed from the other gentlemen, for under their black damask gowns, with long sleeves, they wore red apparel, red silk stockings, and red pantofles.

Andrew Boord, in 1547, attempting to describe the fashions of his countrymen, gave up the effort in sheer despair over the variety and fickleness of costume, and drew a naked man with a pair of shears in one hand and a piece of cloth in the other, to the end that he should shape his apparel as he himself liked; and this he called an Englishman. Even the gentle Harrison, who gives Boord the too harsh character of a lewd popish hypocrite and ungracious priest, admits that he was not void of judgment in this; and he finds it easier to inveigh against the enormity, the fickleness, and the fantasticality of the English attire than to describe it. So unstable is the fashion, he says, that to-day the Spanish guise is in favor; to-morrow the French toys are most fine and delectable; then the high German apparel is the go; next the Turkish manner is best liked, the Morisco gowns, the Barbary sleeves, and the short French breeches; in a word, "except it were a dog in a doublet, you shall not see any so disguised as are my countrymen in England."

This fantastical folly was in all degrees, from the courtier down to the carter. "It is a world to see the costliness and the curiosity, the excess and the vanity, the pomp and the bravery, the change and the variety, and finally the fickleness and the folly that is in all degrees; insomuch that nothing is more constant in England than inconstancy of attire. So much cost upon the body, so little upon souls; how many suits of apparel hath the one, or how little furniture hath the other!" And how men and women worry the poor tailors, with endless fittings and sending back of garments, and trying on! "Then must the long seams of our hose be set with a plumb line, then we puff, then we blow, and finally sweat till we drop, that our clothes may stand well upon us."

The barbers were as cunning in variety as the tailors. Sometimes the head was polled; sometimes the hair was curled, and then suffered to grow long like a woman's locks, and many times cut off, above or under the ears, round as by a wooden dish. And so with the beards: some shaved from the chin, like the Turks; some cut short, like the beard of the Marquis Otto; some made round, like a rubbing brush; some peaked, others grown long. If a man have a lean face, the Marquis Otto's cut makes it broad; if it be platter-like, the long, slender beard makes it seem narrow; "if he be weasel-beaked, then much hair left on the cheeks will make the owner look big like a bowdled hen, and so grim as a goose." Some courageous gentlemen wore in their ears rings of gold and stones, to improve God's work, which was otherwise set off by monstrous quilted and stuffed doublets, that puffed out the figure like a barrel.

There is some consolation, though I don't know why, in the knowledge that writers have always found fault with women's fashions, as they do to-day. Harrison says that the women do far exceed the lightness of the men; "such staring attire as in time past was supposed meet for light housewives only is now become an habit for chaste and sober matrons." And he knows not what to say of their doublets, with pendant pieces on the breast full of jags and cuts; their "galligascons," to make their dresses stand out plumb round; their farthingales and divers colored stockings. "I have met," he says, "with some of these trulls in London so disguised that it hath passed my skill to determine whether they were men or women." Of all classes the merchants were most to be commended for rich but sober attire; "but the younger sort of their wives,

both in attire and costly housekeeping, cannot tell when and how to make an end, as being women indeed in whom all kind of curiosity is to be found and seen." Elizabeth's time, like our own, was distinguished by new fashionable colors, among which are mentioned a queer greenish-yellow, a peas-porridge-tawny, a popinjay of blue, a lusty gallant, and the "devil in the hedge." These may be favorites still, for aught I know.

Mr. Furnivall quotes a description of a costume of the period, from the manuscript of Orazio Busino's Anglipotrida. Busino was the chaplain of Piero Contarina, the Venetian ambassador to James I., in 1617. The chaplain was one day stunned with grief over the death of the butler of the embassy; and as the Italians sleep away grief, the French sing, the Germans drink, and the English go to plays, to be rid of it, the Venetians, by advice, sought consolation at the Fortune theatre; and there a trick was played upon old Busino, by placing him amongst a bevy of young women, while the concealed ambassador and the secretary enjoyed the joke. "These theatres," says Busino, "are frequented by a number of respectable and handsome ladies, who come freely and seat themselves among the men without the slightest hesitation. . . . Scarcely was I seated ere a very elegant dame, but in a mask, came and placed herself beside me. . . . She asked me for my address both in French and English; and, on my turning a deaf ear, she determined to honor me by showing me some fine diamonds on her fingers, repeatedly taking off no fewer than three gloves, which were worn one over the other. . . . This lady's bodice was of yellow satin richly embroidered, her petticoat[1] of gold tissue with stripes, her robe of red velvet with a raised pile, lined with yellow muslin with broad stripes of pure gold. She wore an apron of point lace of various patterns; her head-tire was highly perfumed, and the collar of white satin beneath the delicately-wrought ruff struck me as exceedingly pretty." It was quite in keeping with the manners of the day for a lady of rank to have lent herself to this hoax of the chaplain.

Van Meteren, a Netherlander, 1575, speaks also of the astonishing change or changeableness in English fashions, but says the women are well dressed and modest, and they go about the streets without any covering of mantle, hood, or veil: only the married women wear a hat in the street and in the house; the unmarried go without a hat; but ladies of distinction have lately learned to cover their faces with silken masks or vizards, and to wear feathers. The English, he notes, change their fashions every year, and when they go abroad riding or traveling they don their best clothes, contrary to the practice of other nations. Another foreigner, Jacob Rathgeb, 1592, says the English go dressed in exceeding fine clothes, and some will even wear velvet in the street, when they have not at home perhaps a piece of dry bread. "The lords and pages of the royal court have a stately, noble air, but dress more after the French fashion, only they wear short cloaks and sometimes Spanish caps."

Harrison's arraignment of the English fashions of his day may be considered as almost commendative beside the diatribes of the old Puritan Philip Stubbes, in The Anatomie of Abuses, 1583. The English language is strained for words hot and rude enough to express his indignation, contempt, and fearful expectation of speedy judgments. The men escape his hands with scarcely less damage than the women. First he wreaks his indignation upon the divers kinds of hats, stuck full of feathers, of various colors, "ensigns of vanity," "fluttering sails and feathered flags of defiance to virtue;" then upon the monstrous ruffs that stand out a quarter of a yard from the neck. As the devil, in the fullness of his malice, first invented these ruffs, so has he found out two stays to bear up

[1] It is a trifle in human progress, perhaps scarcely worth noting, that the "round gown," that is an entire skirt, not open in front and parting to show the under petticoat, did not come into fashion till near the close of the eighteenth century.

this his great kingdom of ruffs: one is a kind of liquid matter they call starch; the other is a device made of wires, for an under-propper. Then there are shirts of cambric, holland, and lawn, wrought with fine needle-work of silk and curiously stitched, costing sometimes as much as five pounds. Worse still are the monstrous doublets, reaching down to the middle of the thighs, so hard quilted, stuffed, bombasted, and sewed that the wearer can hardly stoop down in them. Below these are the gally-hose, of silk, velvet, satin, and damask, reaching below the knees. So costly are these that "now it is a small matter to bestow twenty nobles, ten pound, twenty pound, fortie pound, yea a hundred pound of one pair of Breeches. (God be merciful unto us!)" To these gay hose they add nether-socks, curiously knit with open seams down the leg, with quirks and clocks about the ankles, and sometimes interlaced with gold and silver thread as is wonderful to behold. Time has been when a man could clothe his whole body for the price of these nether-socks. Satan was further let loose in the land by reason of cork shoes and fine slippers, of all colors, carved, cut, and stitched with silk, and laced on with gold and silver, which went flipping and flapping up and down in the dirt. The jerkins and cloaks are of all colors and fashions; some short, reaching to the knee; others dragging on the ground; red, white, black, violet, yellow, guarded, laced, and faced; hanged with points and tassels of gold, silver, and silk. The hilts of daggers, rapiers, and swords are gilt thrice over, and have scabbards of velvet. And all this while the poor lie in London streets upon pallets of straw, or else in the mire and dirt, and die like dogs!

Stubbes was a stout old Puritan, bent upon hewing his way to heaven through all the allurements of this world, and suspecting a devil in every fair show. I fear that he looked upon woman as only a vain and trifling image, a delusive toy, away from whom a man must set his face. Shakespeare, who was country-bred, when he came up to London, and lived probably on the roystering South Side, near the theatres and bear-gardens, seems to have been impressed with the painted faces of the women. It is probable that only town-bred women painted. Stubbes declares that the women of England color their faces with oils, liquors, unguents, and waters made to that end, thinking to make themselves fairer than God made them, — a presumptuous audacity to make God untrue in his word; and he heaps vehement curses upon the immodest practice. To this follows the trimming and tricking of their heads, the laying out their hair to show, which is curled, crisped, and laid out on wreaths and borders from ear to ear. Lest it should fall down it is under-propped with forks, wires, and what not. On the edges of their bolstered hair (for it standeth crested round about their frontiers, and hanging over their faces like pendices with glass windows on every side) is laid great wreaths of gold and silver curiously wrought. But this is not the worst nor the tenth part, for no pen is able to describe the wickedness. "The women use great ruffs and neckerchers of holland, lawn, camerick, and such cloth, as the greatest thread shall not be so big as the least hair that is: then, lest they should fall down, they are smeared and starched in the Devil's liquor, I mean Starch; after that dried with great diligence, streaked, patted and rubbed very nicely, and so applied to their goodly necks, and, withall, under-propped with supportasses, the stately arches of pride; beyond all this they have a further fetch, nothing inferior to the rest; as, namely, three or four degrees of *minor* ruffs, placed *gradatim*, step by step, one beneath another, and all under *the* Master devil ruff. The skirts, then, of these great ruffs are long and side every way, pleted and crested full curiously, God wot."

Time will not serve us to follow old Stubbes into his particular inquisition of every article of woman's attire, and his hearty damnation of them all and several. He cannot even abide their carrying of nosegays and posies of flowers to smell at, since the palpable odors and fumes of these do enter the brain to degenerate the spirit and allure to vice. They must

needs carry looking-glasses with them; "and good reason," says Stubbes savagely, "for else how could they see the devil in them? for no doubt they are the devil's spectacles [these women] to allure us to pride and consequently to destruction forever." And, as if it were not enough to be women and the devil's aids, they do also have doublets and jerkins, buttoned up the breast, and made with wings, welts, and pinions on the shoulder points, as man's apparel is, for all the world. We take reluctant leave of this entertaining woman-hater, and only stay to quote from him a "fearful Judgment of God, shewed upon a gentlewoman of Antwerp of late, even the 27th of May, 1582," which may be as profitable to read now as it was then: "This gentlewoman being a very rich Merchant man's daughter: upon a time was invited to a bridal, or wedding, which was solemnized in that Toune, against which day she made great preparation, for the pluming herself in gorgeous array, that as her body was most beautiful, fair, and proper, so her attire in every respect might be correspondent to the same. For the accomplishment whereof she curled her hair, she dyed her locks, and laid them out after the best manner, she colored her face with waters and Ointments: But in no case could she get any (so curious and dainty she was) that could starch, and set her Ruffs, and Neckerchers to her mind: wherefore she sent for a couple of Laundresses, who did the best they could to please her humors, but in any wise they could not. Then fell she to swear and tear, to curse and damn, casting the Ruffs under feet, and wishing that the Devil might take her, when she wear any of those Neckerchers again. In the mean time (through the sufference of God) the Devil transforming himself into the form of a young man, as brave, and proper as she in every point of outward appearance, came in, feigning himself to be a wooer or suitor unto her. And seeing her thus agonized, and in such a pelting chase, he demanded of her the cause thereof, who straightway told him (as women can conceal nothing that lieth upon their stomachs) how she was abused in the setting of her Ruffs, which thing being heard of him, he promised to please her mind, and thereto took in hand the setting of her Ruffs, which he performed to her great contentation, and liking, in so much as she looking herself in a glass (as the Devil bade her) became greatly enamoured of him. This done, the young man kissed her, in the doing whereof she writhe her neck in sunder, so she died miserably, her body being metamorphosed into black and blue colors, most ugglesome to behold, and her face (which before was so amorous) became most deformed, and fearful to look upon. This being known, preparaunce was made for her burial, a rich coffin was provided, and her fearful body was laid therein, and it covered very sumptuously. Four men immediately assayed to lift up the corpse, but could not move it, then six attempted the like, but could not once stir it from the place where it stood. Whereat the standers-by marveling, caused the coffin to be opened to see the cause thereof. Where they found the body to be taken away, and a black Cat very lean and deformed sitting in the coffin, setting of great Ruffs, and frizzling of hair, to the great fear, and wonder of all beholders."

Better than this pride which forerunneth destruction, in the opinion of Stubbes, is the habit of the Brazilian women, who "esteem so little of apparel" that they rather choose to go naked than be thought to be proud.

As I read the times of Elizabeth, there was then greater prosperity and enjoyment of life among the common people than fifty or a hundred years later. Into the question of the prices of labor and of food, which Mr. Froude considers so fully in the first chapter of his history, I shall not enter any further than to remark that the hardness of the laborer's lot, who got, mayhap, only twopence a day, is mitigated by the fact that for a penny he could buy a pound of meat which now costs a shilling. In two respects England has greatly changed for the traveler, from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century, — in its inns and its roads.

In the beginning of Elizabeth's reign travelers had no choice but to ride on horseback or to walk. Goods were transported on strings of pack-horses. When Elizabeth rode into the city from her residence at Greenwich, she placed herself behind her lord chancellor, on a pillion. The first improvement made was in the construction of a rude wagon, a cart without springs, the body resting solidly on the axles. In such a vehicle Elizabeth rode to the opening of her fifth Parliament. In 1583, on a certain day, Sir Harry Sydney entered Shrewsbury in his wagon, "with his trompeter blowynge, verey joyfull to behold and see." Even such conveyances fared hard on the execrable roads of the period. Down to the end of the seventeenth century, most of the country roads were merely broad ditches, water-worn and strewn with loose stones. In 1640 Queen Henrietta was four weary days dragging over the road from Dover to London, the best in England. Not till the close of the sixteenth century was the wagon used, and then rarely. Fifty years later stage-wagons ran, with some regularity, between London and Liverpool; and before the close of the seventeenth century the stage-coach, a wonderful invention, which had been used in and about London since 1650, was placed on three principal roads of the kingdom. It averaged two to three miles an hour. In the reign of Charles II. a Frenchman who landed at Dover was drawn up to London in a wagon with six horses in a line, one after the other. Our Venetian, Busino, who went to Oxford in the coach with the ambassador in 1617, was six days in going one hundred and fifty miles, as the coach often stuck in the mud, and once broke down. So bad were the main thoroughfares, even, that markets were sometimes inaccessible for months together, and the fruits of the earth rotted in one place, while there was scarcity not many miles distant.

But this difficulty of travel and liability to be detained long on the road were cheered by good inns, such as did not exist in the world elsewhere. All the literature of the period reflects lovingly the home-like delights of these comfortable houses of entertainment. Every little village boasted an excellent inn, and in the towns on the great thoroughfares were sumptuous houses that would accommodate from two to three hundred guests, with their horses. The landlords were not tyrants, as on the Continent, but servants of their guests; and it was, says Harrison, a world to see how they did contend for the entertainment of their guests: as about fineness and change of linen, furniture of bedding, beauty of rooms, service at the table, costliness of plate, strength of drink, variety of wines, or well-using of horses. The gorgeous signs at their doors sometimes cost forty pounds. The inns were cheap too, and the landlord let no one depart dissatisfied with his bill. The worst inns were in London, and the tradition has been handed down. But the ostlers, Harrison confesses, did sometimes cheat in the feed, and they with the tapsters and chamberlains were in league (and the landlord was not always above suspicion) with highwaymen outside, to ascertain if the traveler carried any valuables; so that when he left the hospitable inn he was quite likely to be stopped on the highway and relieved of his money. The highwayman was a conspicuous character. One of the most romantic of these gentry at one time was a woman, named Mary Frith, born in 1585, and known as Mall Cut-Purse. She dressed in male attire, was an adroit fencer, a bold rider, and a staunch royalist; she once took two hundred gold jacobuses from the parliamentary general Fairfax on Hounslow Heath. She is the chief character in Middleton's play of the Roaring Girl; and after a varied life as a thief, cut-purse, pickpocket, highwayman, trainer of animals, and keeper of a thieves' "fence," she died in peace at the age of seventy. To return to the inns, Fyner Morrison, a traveler in 1617, sustains all that Harrison says of the inns as the best and cheapest in the world, where the guest shall have his own pleasure. No sooner does he arrive than the servants run to him: one takes his horse; another shows

him his chamber and lights his fire; a third pulls off his boots. Then come the host and hostess to inquire what meat he will choose, and he may have their company if he like. He shall be offered music while he eats, and if he be solitary the musicians will give him good day with music in the morning. In short, "a man cannot more freely command at home, in his own house, than he may do in his inn."

The amusements of the age were often rough, but certainly more moral than they were later; and although the theatres were denounced by such reformers as Stubbes as seminaries of vice, and disapproved by Harrison, they were better than after the Restoration, when the plays of Shakespeare were out of fashion. The Londoners went for amusement to the Bankside, or South Side of the Thames, where were the famous Paris Gardens, much used as a rendezvous by gallants; and there were the places for bear and bull baiting; and there were the theatres: the Paris Gardens, the Swan, the Rose, the Hope, and the Globe. The pleasure-seekers went over usually in boats, of which there were said to be four thousand plying between banks; for there was only one bridge, and that was crowded with houses. All distinguished visitors were taken over to see the gardens and the bears baited by dogs; the queen herself went, and perhaps on Sunday, for Sunday was the great day, and Elizabeth is said to have encouraged Sunday sports, she had been (we read) so much hunted on account of religion! These sports are too brutal to think of; but there are amusing accounts of lion baiting both by bears and dogs, in which the beast who figures so nobly on the escutcheon nearly always proved himself an arrant coward, and escaped away as soon as he could into his den, with his tail between his legs. The spectators were once much disgusted when a lion and lioness, with the dog that pursued them, all ran into the den, and, like good friends, stood very peaceably together looking out at the people.

The famous Globe theatre, which was built in 1599, was burned in 1613, and in the fire it is supposed were consumed Shakespeare's manuscripts of his plays. It was of wood (for use in summer only), octagon shaped, with a thatched roof, open in the centre. The daily performance here, as in all theatres, was at three o'clock in the afternoon, and boys outside held the horses of the gentlemen who went in to the play. When theatres were restrained, in 1600, only two were allowed, the Globe and the Fortune, which was on the north side on Golden Lane. The Fortune was fifty feet square within, and three stories high, with galleries, built of wood on a brick foundation and with a roof of tiles. The stage was forty-three feet wide, and projected into the middle of the yard (as the pit was called), where the groundlings stood. To one of the galleries admission was only twopence. The young gallants used to go into the yards and spy about the galleries and boxes for their acquaintances. In these theatres there was a drop curtain, but little or no scenery. Spectators had boxes looking on the stage behind the curtain, and they often sat upon the stage with the actors; sometimes the actors all remained upon the stage during the whole play. There seems to have been great familiarity between the audience and the actors. Fruits in season, apples, pears, and nuts, with wine and beer, were carried about to be sold, and pipes were smoked. There was neither any prudery in the plays or the players, and the audiences in behavior were no better than the plays.

The actors were all men. The female parts were taken usually by boys, but frequently by grown men, and when Juliet or Desdemona was announced, a giant would stride upon the stage. There is a story that Kynaston, a handsome fellow, famous in female characters, and petted by ladies of rank, once kept Charles I. waiting while he was being shaved before appearing as Evadne in The Maid's Tragedy. The innovation of women on the stage was first introduced by a French company in 1629, but the audiences would not tolerate it,

and hissed and pelted the actresses off the stage. But thirty years later women took the place they have ever since held; when the populace had once experienced the charm of a female Juliet and Ophelia, they would have no other, and the rage for actresses ran to such excess at one time that it was a fashion for women to take the male parts as well. But that was in the abandoned days of Charles II. Pepys could not control his delight at the appearance of Nell Gwynne, especially "when she comes like a young gallant, and hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her." The acting of Shakespeare himself is only a faint tradition. He played the ghost in Hamlet, and Adam in As you Like It. William Oldys says (Oldys was an antiquarian who was pottering about in the first part of the eighteenth century, picking up gossip in coffee-houses, and making memoranda on scraps of paper in bookshops) Shakespeare's brother Charles, who lived past the middle of the seventeenth century, was much inquired of by actors about the circumstances of Shakespeare's playing. But Charles was so old and weak in mind that he could recall nothing except the faint impression that he had once seen "Will" act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein, being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping and unable to walk that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company who were eating, and one of them sung a song. And that was Shakespeare!

The whole Bankside, with its taverns, play-houses, and worse, its bear pits and gardens, was the scene of roystering and coarse amusement. And it is surprising that plays of such sustained moral greatness as Shakespeare's should have been welcome.

The more private amusements of the great may well be illustrated by an account given by Busino of a masque (it was Ben Jonson's Pleasure reconciled to Virtue) performed at Whitehall on Twelfth Night, 1617. During the play, twelve cavaliers in masks, the central figure of whom was Prince Charles, chose partners, and danced every kind of dance, until they got tired and began to flag; whereupon King James, "who is naturally choleric, got impatient, and shouted aloud, 'Why don't they dance? What did you make me come here for? Devil take you all, dance!' On hearing this, the Marquis of Buckingham, his majesty's most favored minion, immediately sprang forward, cutting a score of lofty and very minute capers, with so much grace and agility that he not only appeased the ire of his angry sovereign, but moreover rendered himself the admiration and delight of everybody. The other masquers, being thus encouraged, continued successively exhibiting their powers with various ladies; finishing in like manner with capers, and by lifting their goddesses from the ground. . . . The prince, however, excelled them all in bowing, being very exact in making his obeisance both to the king and his partner; nor did we ever see him make one single step out of time, — a compliment which can scarcely be paid to his companions. Owing to his youth, he has not much wind as yet, but he nevertheless cut a few capers very gracefully." The prince then went and kissed the hand of his serene parent, who embraced and kissed him tenderly. When such capers were cut at Whitehall, we may imagine what the revelry was in the Bankside taverns.

The punishments of the age were not more tender than the amusements were refined. Busino saw a lad of fifteen led to execution for stealing a bag of currants. At the end of every month, besides special executions, as many as twenty-five people at a time rode through London streets in Tyburn carts, singing ribald songs, and carrying sprigs of rosemary in their hands. Everywhere in the streets the machines of justice were visible: pillories for the neck and hands, stocks for the feet, and chains to stretch across, in case of need, and stop a mob. In the suburbs were oak cages for nocturnal offenders. At the church doors

might now and then be seen women enveloped in sheets, doing penance for their evil deeds. A bridle, something like a bit for a restive horse, was in use for the curbing of scolds; but this was a later invention than the cucking-stool, or ducking-stool. There is an old print of one of these machines standing on the Thames's bank: on a wheeled platform is an upright post with a swinging beam across the top, on one end of which the chair is suspended over the river, while the other is worked up and down by a rope; in it is seated a light sister of the Bankside, being dipped into the unsavory flood. But this was not so hated by the women as a similar discipline, — being dragged in the river by a rope after a boat.

Hanging was the common punishment for felony, but traitors and many other offenders were drawn, hanged, boweled, and quartered; nobles who were traitors usually escaped with having their heads chopped off only. Torture was not practiced; for, says Harrison, our people despise death, yet abhor to be tormented, being of frank and open minds. And "this is one cause why our condemned persons do go so cheerfully to their deaths, for our nation is free, stout, hearty, and prodigal of life and blood, and cannot in any wise digest to be used as villains and slaves." Felony covered a wide range of petty crimes: breach of prison, hunting by night with painted or masked faces, stealing above forty shillings, stealing hawks' eggs, conjuring, prophesying upon arms and badges, stealing deer by night, cutting purses, counterfeiting coin, etc. Death was the penalty for all these offenses. For poisoning her husband a woman was burned alive; a man poisoning another was boiled to death in water or oil; heretics were burned alive; some murderers were hanged in chains; perjurers were branded on the forehead with the letter P; rogues were burned through the ears; suicides were buried in a field with a stake driven through their bodies; witches were burned or hanged; in Halifax thieves were beheaded by a machine almost exactly like the modern guillotine; scolds were ducked; pirates were hanged on the sea-shore at low-water mark, and left till three tides overwashed them; those who let the sea-walls decay were staked out in the breach of the banks, and left there as parcel of the foundation of the new wall. Of rogues, that is tramps and petty thieves, the gallows devoured three to four hundred annually, in one place or another; and Henry VIII. in his time did hang up as many as seventy-two thousand rogues. Any parish which let a thief escape was fined. Still the supply held out.

The legislation against vagabonds, tramps, and sturdy beggars, and their punishment by whipping, branding, etc., are too well known to need comment. But considerable provision was made for the unfortunate and deserving poor: poor-houses were built for them, and collections taken up. Only sixty years before Harrison wrote there were few beggars, but in his day he numbers them at ten thousand; and most of them were rogues, who counterfeited sores and wounds, and were mere thieves and caterpillars on the commonwealth. He names twenty-three different sorts of vagabonds known by cant names, such as "ruffers," "uprightmen," "priggers," "fraters," "palliards," "Abrams," "dummerers;" and of women, "demanders for glimmer or fire," "mortes," "walking mortes," "doxes," "kinching coves."

London was esteemed by its inhabitants and by many foreigners as the richest and most magnificent city in Christendom. The cities of London and Westminster lay along the north bank in what seemed an endless stretch; on the south side of the Thames the houses were more scattered. But the town was mostly of wood, and its rapid growth was a matter of anxiety. Both Elizabeth and James again and again attempted to restrict it by forbidding the erection of any new buildings within the town, or for a mile outside; and to this attempt was doubtless due the crowded rookeries in the city. They especially forbade the use of wood in house fronts and windows, both on account of the danger from fire, and because all the timber in the king-

dom, which was needed for shipping and other purposes, was being used up in building. They even ordered the pulling down of new houses in London, Westminster, and for three miles around. But all efforts to stop the growth of the city were vain.

London, according to the Venetian Busino, was extremely dirty. He did not admire the wooden architecture; the houses were damp and cold, the staircases spiral and inconvenient, the apartments "sorry and ill connected." The wretched windows, without shutters, he could neither open by day nor close by night. The streets were little better than gutters, and were never put in order except for some great parade. Hentzner, however, thought the streets handsome and clean. When it rained it must have been otherwise. There was no provision for conducting away the water; it poured off the roofs upon the people below, who had not as yet heard of the Oriental umbrella; and the countryman, staring at the sights of the town, knocked about by the carts, and run over by the horsemen, was often surprised by a douche from a conduit down his back. And, besides, people had a habit of throwing water and slops out of the windows, regardless of passers-by.

The shops were small, open in front, when the shutters were down, much like those in a Cairo bazaar, and all the goods were in sight. The shop-keepers stood in front and cried their wares, and besought customers. Until 1568 there were but few silk shops in London, and all those were kept by women. It was not till about that time that citizens' wives ceased to wear white knit woolen caps, and three-square Minever caps with peaks. In the beginning of Elizabeth's reign the apprentices (a conspicuous class) wore blue cloaks in winter and blue gowns in summer; unless men were threescore years old, it was not lawful to wear gowns lower than the calves of the legs, but the length of cloaks was not limited. The journeymen and apprentices wore long daggers in the daytime at their backs or sides. When the apprentices attended their masters and mistresses in the night they carried lanterns and candles, and a great long club on the neck. These apprentices were apt to lounge with their clubs about the fronts of the shops, ready to take a hand in any excitement, — to run down a witch, or raid an objectionable house, or tear down a tavern of evil repute, or spoil a play-house. The high streets, especially in winter time, were annoyed by hourly frays of sword and buckler men; but these were suddenly suppressed when the more deadly fight with rapier and dagger came in. The streets were entirely unlighted and dangerous at night, and for this reason the plays at the theatres were given at three in the afternoon.

About Shakespeare's time many new inventions and luxuries came in: masks, muffs, fans, periwigs, shoe-roses, love-handkerchiefs (tokens given by maids and gentlewomen to their favorites), heath-brooms for hair-brushes, scarfs, garters, waistcoats, flat-caps; also hops, turkeys, apricots, Venice glass, tobacco. In 1524, and for years after, was used this rhyme: —

> "Turkeys, Carpes, Hops: Piccarel, and beere,
> Came into England: all in one year."

There were no coffee-houses as yet, for neither tea nor coffee was introduced till about 1661. Tobacco was first made known in England by Sir John Hawkins in 1565, though not commonly used by men and women till some years after. It was urged as a great medicine for many ills. Harrison says, 1573, "In these days the taking in of the smoke of the Indian herb called 'Tabaco,' by an instrument formed like a little ladle, whereby it passeth from the mouth into the head and stomach, is greatly taken up and used in England, against Rewmes and some other diseases engendered in the lungs and inward parts, and not without effect." Its use spread rapidly, to the disgust of James I. and others, who doubted that it was good for cold, aches, humors, and rheums. In 1614 it was said that seven thousand houses lived by this trade, and that £399,375 a year were spent in smoke. Tobacco was even taken on the stage. Every base groom

must have his pipe; it was sold in all inns and ale-houses, and the shops of apothecaries, grocers, and chandlers were almost never, from morning till night, without company still taking of tobacco.

There was a saying on the Continent that "England is a paradise for women, a prison for servants, and a hell or purgatory for horses." The society was very simple compared with the complex conditions of ours, and yet it had more striking contrasts, and was a singular mixture of downrightness and artificiality; plainness and rudeness of speech went with the utmost artificiality of dress and manner. It is curious to note the insular, not to say provincial, character of the people even three centuries ago. When the Londoners saw a foreigner very well made or particularly handsome, they were accustomed to say, "*It is a pity he is not an* ENGLISHMAN." It is pleasant, I say, to trace this "certain condescension" in the good old times. Jacob Rathgeb (1592) says the English are magnificently dressed, and extremely proud and overbearing; the merchants, who seldom go unto other countries, scoff at foreigners, who are liable to be ill used by street boys and apprentices, who collect in immense crowds and stop the way. Of course Cassandra Stubbes, whose mind was set upon a better country, has little good to say of his countrymen: "As concerning the nature, propertie, and disposition of the people they be desirous of new fangles, praising things past, contemning things present, and coveting after things to come. Ambitious, proud, light and unstable, ready to be carried away with every blast of wind." The French paid back with scorn the traditional hatred of the English for the French. Perlin (1558) finds the people proud and seditious, with bad consciences and unfaithful to their word, — "in war unfortunate, in peace unfaithful;" and there was a Spanish or Italian proverb: "England, good land, bad people." But even Perlin likes the appearance of the people: "The men are handsome, rosy, large, and dexterous, usually fair skinned; the women are esteemed the most beautiful in the world, white as alabaster, and give place neither to Italian, Flemish, nor German; they are joyous, courteous, and hospitable (*de bon recueil*)." He thinks their manners, however, little civilized: for one thing, they have an unpleasant habit of eructation at the table (*car iceux routent à la table sans honte & ignominie*); which recalls Chaucer's description of the Trumpington miller's wife and daughter: —

> "Men might her rowtyng hearen a forlong,
> The wenchè routeth eek *par companye*."

Another inference as to the table manners of the period is found in Coryat's Crudities (1611). He saw in Italy generally a curious custom of using a little fork for meat, and whoever should take the meat out of the dish with his fingers would give offense. And he accounts for this peculiarity quite naturally: "The reason of this their curiosity is, because the Italian cannot by any meanes indure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all mens fingers are not alike cleane." Coryat found the use of the fork nowhere else in Christendom, and when he returned, and, oftentimes in England, imitated the Italian fashion, his exploit was regarded in a humorous light. Busino says that fruits were seldom served at dessert, but that the whole population were munching them in the streets all day long, and in the places of amusement; and it was an amusement to go out into the orchards and eat fruit on the spot, in a sort of competition of gormandize between the city belles and their admirers. And he avers that one young woman devoured twenty pounds of cherries, beating her opponent by two pounds and a half.

All foreigners were struck with the English love of music and drink, of banqueting and good cheer. Perlin notes a pleasant custom at table: during the feast you hear more than a hundred times, "*Drink iou*" (he loves to air his English), that is to say, "Je m'en vois boyre a toy." You respond, in their language, "*Iplaigiu;*" that is to say, "Je vous plege." If you thank them, they say in their language, "*God tanque artelay;*" that is, "Je vous remercie de bon cœur."

And then, says the artless Frenchman, still improving on his English, you should respond thus: "*Bigod, sol drink iou agoud oin.*" At the great and princely banquets, when the pledge went round and the heart's desire of lasting health, says the chronicler, "the same was straight wayes knowne, by sound of Drumme and Trumpet, and the cannon's loudest voyce." It was so in Hamlet's day: —

"And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge."

According to Hentzner (1598), the English are serious, like the Germans, and love show and to be followed by troops of servants wearing the arms of their masters; they excel in music and dancing, for they are lively and active, though thicker of make than the French; they cut their hair close in the middle of the head, letting it grow on either side; "they are good sailors, and better pyrates, cunning, treacherous, and thievish;" and, he adds, with a touch of satisfaction, "above three hundred are said to be hanged annually in London." They put a good deal of sugar in their drink; they are vastly fond of great noises, firing of cannon, beating of drums, and ringing of bells, and when they have a glass in their heads they go up into some belfry, and ring the bells for hours together, for the sake of exercise. Perlin's comment is that men are hung for a trifle in England, and that you will not find many lords whose parents have not had their heads chopped off.

It is a pleasure to turn to the simple and hearty admiration excited in the breasts of all susceptible foreigners by the English women of the time. Van Meteren, as we said, calls the women beautiful, fair, well dressed, and modest. To be sure, the wives are, their lives only excepted, entirely in the power of their husbands, yet they have great liberty; go where they please; are shown the greatest honor at banquets, where they sit at the upper end of the table and are first served; are fond of dress and gossip and of taking it easy; and like to sit before their doors, decked out in fine clothes, in order to see and be seen by the passers-by. Rathgeb also agrees that the women have much more liberty than in any other place. When old Busino went to the Masque at Whitehall, his colleagues kept exclaiming, "Oh, do look at this one — oh, do see that! — whose wife is this? — and that pretty one near her, whose daughter is she?" There was some chaff mixed in, he allows, some shriveled skins and *devotees of S. Carlo Borromeo*, but the beauties greatly predominated.

In the great street pageants, it was the beauty and winsomeness of the London ladies, looking on, that nearly drove the foreigners wild. In 1606, upon the entry of the king of Denmark, the chronicler celebrates "the unimaginable number of gallant ladies, beauteous virgins and other delicate dames, filling the windows of every house with kind aspect." And in 1638, when Cheapside was all alive with the pageant of the entry of the queen mother, "this miserable old queen," as Lilly calls Marie de Medicis (Mr. Furnivall reproduces an old cut of the scene), M. de la Serre does not try to restrain his admiration for the pretty women on view: only the most fecund imagination can represent the content one has in admiring the infinite number of beautiful women, each different from the other, and each distinguished by some sweetness or grace to ravish the heart and take captive one's liberty. No sooner has he determined to yield to one than a new object of admiration makes him repent the precipitation of his judgment.

And all the other foreigners were in the like case of "goneness." Kiechel, writing in 1585, says, "Item, the women there are charming, and by nature so mighty pretty as I have scarcely ever beheld, for they do not falsify, paint, or bedaub themselves as in Italy or other places;" yet he confesses (and here is another tradition preserved) "they are somewhat awkward in their style of dress." His second "item" of gratitude is a Netherland custom that pleased him: whenever a foreigner or an inhabitant went to a citizen's house on business

or as a guest, he was received by the master, the lady, or the daughter, and "welcomed" (as it is termed in their language): "he has a right to take them by the arm and to kiss them, which is the custom of the country; and if any one does not do so, it is regarded and imputed as ignorance and ill-breeding on his part." Even the grave Erasmus, when he visited England, fell easily into this pretty practice, and wrote with untheological fervor of the "girls with angel faces," who were "so kind and obliging." "Wherever you come," he says, "you are received with a kiss by all; when you take your leave you are dismissed with kisses; you return, kisses are repeated. They come to visit you, kisses again; they leave you, you kiss them all round. Should they meet you anywhere, kisses in abundance: in fine, wherever you move there is nothing but kisses," — a custom, says this reformer, who has not the fear of Stubbes before his eyes, "never to be sufficiently commended."

We shall find no more convenient opportunity to end this imperfect social study of the age of Shakespeare than with this naïve picture of the sex which most adorned it. Some of the details appear trivial; but grave history which concerns itself only with the actions of conspicuous persons, with the manœuvres of armies, the schemes of politics, the battles of theologies, fails signally to give us the real life of the people by which we judge the character of an age.

*Charles Dudley Warner.*

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## RECENT MODIFICATIONS IN SANITARY DRAINAGE.

It is only about four years since I published in these pages a series of papers on The Sanitary Drainage of Houses and Towns. So far as possible, I therein stated fairly the condition of the art at that time. Viewed in the light of present knowledge on the subject, those papers are already, in many respects, quite out of date. Knowledge has increased, experience has multiplied, and invention has been most fertile. The illustrations then given of the arrangement of house drainage represented a soil-pipe and drain running in an unbroken course from the sewer in the street, under the basement floor, and up through the roof of the house. Connected with it were several water-closets, a sink, and the overflow-pipes of the tank in the attic and of the service cisterns of the closets. In all cases the different vessels were separated from the soil-pipe only by water-sealed traps, and only the same protection was afforded in the case of the main tank. The system thus represented is defective in several particulars.

(*a.*) The water of the tank is liable to dangerous contamination through the overflow-pipe which leads into the soil-pipe, with only the insufficient protection of a water-seal, — especially insufficient as it has no certain means of renewal, and may by evaporation give direct access to the air of the soil-pipe.

(*b.*) The overflow-pipes of the service cisterns may readily become channels for the introduction of drain air to the apartments.

(*c.*) The unprotected traps of the sink and the water-closets are inadequate for the work they are intended to perform, and all of them are susceptible, under certain conditions, of becoming empty by evaporation or by siphoning.

(*d.*) Although the soil-pipe is continued through the roof, full-bore, and is open at the top, it has no provision for the admission of fresh air at its foot, which is now regarded as a matter of imperative necessity. These defects are sufficient, in the opinion of those instructed in such matters, to condemn this whole arrangement, which only four

years ago was regarded as the best yet devised.[1]

All this indicates that the art under consideration is undergoing rapid development, and that it is by no means to be assumed that we have yet arrived at ultimate perfection in the matter.

Were I called upon to-day to specify the essential features of perfect house drainage, I should include the following items: —

The establishment of a complete circulation in the main line of soil-pipe and drain, allowing a free movement of atmospheric air through the whole system from end to end, together with as complete a circulation through minor pipes as could conveniently be secured.

The complete separation of the overflow of every tank or cistern delivering water for the general supply of the house from any soil-pipe or drain containing a foul atmosphere.

The supplementing of every water-trap with a suitable mechanical valve, to prevent the water of the trap from coming in contact with the air of the drain.

The reduction of the size of all waste-pipes, and especially of all traps, to the smallest diameter adequate to their work.

The abolition of all brick or earthenware drains within the walls of the house, using in their stead the best quality of iron pipe, with securely caulked lead joints.

The substitution, so far as practicable, of wrought-iron pipes for lead pipes, in the case of all minor wastes.

The coating of all iron pipes, both cast and wrought, inside and out, with "American" enamel, a glossy black coating which withstands in the most complete manner the chemical action and changes of temperature to which it is subjected in such use.

The iron pipes should be extended so far beyond the foundation of the house as to obviate the opening of joints by settlement, so common where earthenware drains are subjected to a slight movement of the foundation, or of the new filling about it.

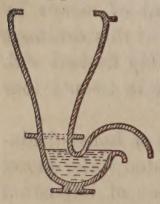
The object to be sought is the provision of a permanent drainage channel for the removal of all wastes, offering little asperity for the adhesion of foul matter, swept from end to end by fresh air, absolutely separated by mechanical obstructions from the interior atmosphere of the house, and literally a section of out-of-doors brought for convenience within the walls of the house, open to receive the contents of the various waste-pipes leading to it, but securely closed against the return of its air. I believe that the next step in advance will be the establishment of means by which the whole length of this drainage channel may be thoroughly flushed with clean water at least once in twenty-four hours.

As a prominent detail of house-drainage work, the long-accepted water-closet is being made the object of important modifications. The stereotyped article, the "pan" closet, has little to recommend it beyond the fact of its general adoption. It is faulty in principle, in arrangement, and in construction. While it is cleanly to look at, and lends itself readily to ornamental joinery, it has defects which should drive it out of existence. Deep down in its dark and hidden recesses, where only the ken of the plumber ever reaches, a large and sluggish trap — they call it a "cess-pool" in Scotland — is generally holding the filthiest filth in a state of offensive putrefaction. The iron chamber above this is lined with the foulest smear and slime, constantly producing fœtid and dangerous gases. The earthenware bowl which surmounts this is set in putty, which yields to corrosion and to the jar of frequent use, until it leaks foul air, often in perceptible quantity. The panful of sealing water soon becomes saturated with foul gases, which exhale thence into the house. The whole apparatus is incoffined in tight-fitting carpentry, which shuts in the leakings and the spatterings and their vapors from the free access of air, boxing up in the interior of the house, and generally in

[1] This illustration was taken from the latest accepted English authority on such subjects.

free communication with the spaces between the walls and under the floors, an atmosphere heavy with the products of organic decomposition, and faintly suggestive to the unwonted nostril of the *mus decumanus defunctus*.

Some of these defects were recognized and pointed out in my earlier papers. I then believed that the difficulties of the case had been solved in great measure by the Jennings closet. It now seems that this closet and the whole class to which it belongs are seriously defective; and, in the absence of anything better, I am disposed to go back to the simple "hopper" closet, such as is used in the cheapest work, and to depend on frequent and copious flushing to keep it clean. This closet has the great advantage that its only trap is in sight at the bottom of its pot. There is no inner "chamber of horrors" concealed by a cleanly exterior. I have recently used a number of these closets supplied with various sorts of apparatus for periodical flushing, and I find that wherever a half-gallon flush can be given every ten or fifteen minutes they are kept perfectly clean. I have no doubt that flushing every twenty minutes, or perhaps at longer intervals, would keep them free from all sanitary objection. This would require a supply of about fifty gallons *per diem*.



The Hopper Closet.

Recent invention has been turned in the direction of the provision of mechanical appliances for separating the trapping water from the air of the soil-pipe or drain. There are several devices which accomplish this purpose, — one of them my own, and more than one of them constituting a very great improvement upon, and indeed an absolute step in advance of, anything in use five years ago.

Another most important matter of recent development is the thorough and through ventilation of soil-pipes. Formerly the soil-pipe invariably stopped at the highest closet of the house. When the danger of *pressure* came to be understood, it was considered imperative in all work of the best class to carry a vent-pipe out through the top of the house. As this pipe, from the smallness of its size and from the irregularities of its course, had but limited capacity of discharge, the necessity was quite generally recognized for carrying up the soil-pipe itself, full-bore, through and above the roof. This was the point reached at the time of my earlier writing. It soon became evident that even this large extension of the pipe afforded no real ventilation. A deep mine shaft cannot be ventilated by simply uncovering its top. No complete frequent change of air can be effected in a soil-pipe by merely opening its upper end. Air must be introduced at the bottom to take the place of that which is discharged at the top. It is now considered imperative in all good work to open the soil-pipe at both ends, or at least to furnish the lower part of the pipe with a sufficient fresh-air inlet to effect a thorough ventilation of the whole channel.

We have heard so much of "sewer gas" that we were in danger of ascribing the production of this foul air only to the sewer and cess-pool. Indeed, the majority of sanitarians to this day seem to believe that if they can effect a thorough disconnection between the sewer or drain and the waste-pipes of the house they have gained a sufficient protection against sewer gas. The fact is that that combination of the gaseous products of organic decomposition which is known by the generic name of sewer gas is very largely produced by the contents of the house-pipes themselves. Not only in the traps, where the coarser matters accumulate, but all along the walls of the smeared pipes, where filth has attached itself in its passage, there is a constant decomposition going on which is producing its constant results. The character of this decomposition and the character of the produced gases are greatly influenced by the degree to which access is given to atmospheric air. The more complete the ventilation, the greater the dilution of the gases

formed and the more complete their removal, and also the more innocuous their character. Under the most favorable circumstances, the contained air of a soil-pipe must be offensive, and is likely to become dangerous; so that, however thorough the ventilation, we must still adopt every safeguard against its admission into the house. The facility with which foul gases penetrate water and escape from it makes the water-seal trap, which is now our almost universal reliance, an extremely inefficient protection. There can be no real safety short of the adoption of some appliance which shall keep every outlet securely closed against the possible return of drain air.

Mr. Elliot C. Clarke, the principal assistant engineer in charge of the improved sewerage work of Boston, in a paper entitled Common Defects in House Drains, contributed to the Tenth Annual Report of the Massachusetts State Board of Health, says on the subject of sewer gas: "The writer has no wish to be an alarmist. The risk from sewer gas is probably not so great as many suppose; it is a slight risk, but a slight risk of a terrible danger. If a man thinks there is no need of insuring his house because his father lived in it for fifty years without a conflagration, he has a right to his opinion." Professor Fleeming Jenkin, in his Healthy Houses, says, "Simple sewer gas is little worse than a bad smell. Tainted sewer gas may be so poisonous that a very little introduced into a bedroom — so little as to be quite imperceptible to the nose — shall certainly give typhoid fever to a person sleeping there. The germ is a spark, the effects of which may be unlimited. We do not content ourselves with excluding the great majority of sparks from a powder magazine; we do our best that not one may enter."

While the water seal is very defective in itself, it is a very important adjunct to any mechanical means of separation that may be adopted, and all necessary precautions should be taken to prevent its removal by "siphoning," — the sucking out of the water by the partial vacuum caused by the flow of water in the main pipe, to which its outlet leads. To prevent this siphoning action often taxes the ingenuity of the engineer more than any other part of house-draining work; and until special devices are made to meet the exigency this must remain the most difficult and intricate part of the house drainer's task.

Any one whose attention is given to sanitary work must be more and more struck with that peculiarity of human nature which assures us of the exceptional excellence of our own belongings. I have rarely been called to examine the drainage of a house without being told that I was sent for merely as a matter of *extra* precaution. I have never completed any examination without discovering serious sanitary defects, — not merely such errors of arrangement as were universal until a short time ago, but actual, palpable bad condition, which the owner and his plumber at once acknowledged as of a grave character. Leaks in drains under the cellar floor, or in or near the foundation; lead waste-pipes eaten through by rats, and spilling their flow under the house; lead soil-pipes perforated by corrosion; imperfect joints leaking drain air within the partitions; the accumulation of dirty sloppings under the bench of the water-closet; and even untrapped connection between some room and the soil-pipe, or the direct pollution of the air over the tank through its overflow-pipe, — these are most common faults, and some one of them I have found to exist wherever I have looked for them in a "first-class" house, where it was naturally supposed that the most perfect conditions prevailed.

In no department of sanitary work has the progress been more marked than in the improvement foreshadowed in my former paper on House Drainage concerning the disposal of the liquid wastes of country houses by the process of subsurface irrigation. Like all radical improvements, it has had its share of prejudice to overcome, and it by no means found the professional public ready to accept it as the demonstrated success

which English experience had shown it to be. It is now quite safe to say that, among all engineers and architects who have given attention to the matter, it is acknowledged to afford the best solution yet attained of this most difficult problem. I know very many cases of its adoption, often without professional guidance and carried out in a rule-of-thumb sort of way, and I have heard of none that is not satisfactory. It does away with that king of nuisances, the cesspool, and disposes of all manner of liquid waste insensibly, completely, and safely. The credit for this improvement is due primarily to the Rev. Henry Moule, the inventor of the earth-closet, and hardly less to Mr. Rogers Field, C. E., who relieved it of its chief embarrassment by adapting to it his automatic flush tank. This system has recently received the unqualified indorsement of that highest American sanitary authority, the Massachusetts State Board of Health, which in a circular issued in April, 1879, says, "Chamber slops, and slop water generally, should never be thrown on the ground near houses. They may be . . . used by distribution under the surface of the soil in the manner described on page 334 of the Seventh Annual Report of the State Board of Health, and now introduced in the town of Lenox, Massachusetts. . . . If water-closets are used, and there are no sewers, the best disposal of the sewage is by the flush tank and irrigation under the surface of the soil, as described on page 135 of the Eighth Annual Report of the State Board of Health."

This system has been in full operation for the entire sewage of the village of Lenox, where it has proved itself an absolute and unquestionable success. The question which seems to arise in every Northern mind when this method is suggested relates to the possible effect of severe frosts. It seems now to be clearly demonstrated that this consideration may be left entirely out of the account, no instance having been cited of the least obstruction from this source. This point will be more fully treated further.

The progress made in the matter of town drainage has not been less than that in the twin department of house drainage; but the advance has been thus far — at least so far as this country is concerned — more a matter of theory than of practical application, and it relates more to villages and to what may be called village-cities than to larger places, like New York, Boston, and Philadelphia.

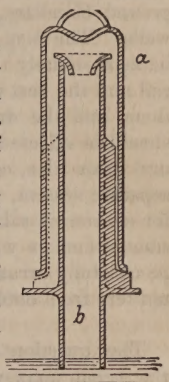
Sewerage was long confined to large towns, and it reached its development under the direction of engineers trained to foresee all possible contingencies, and to pitch their work on a scale adequate to cope with them. With usually ample means at their command, and with the inclination to work after great models, their works have generally been costly and vastly comprehensive. So far as the drainage of great cities is concerned, there is much to be said in favor of their practice. There is much to be said, too, on the other side, and it has been ably said. My present purpose relates chiefly to the sewerage of villages and country towns having a considerable proportion of uncovered and unpaved area. There are hundreds of towns in this country which cannot afford the gigantic and costly work of introducing such a system of sewers as it is usual to find in a great city. Quite generally, when the question of their drainage arises, a city sewerage engineer is consulted, and a plan is prepared which remains unexecuted because of its excessive cost. By far the larger part of this cost is due to the fact that the proposed system contemplates the drainage of such sub-cellars as are rarely found in country towns, involving a depth that would probably never be needed, and the removal of the storm water, which, after the area shall have become covered and paved, might flow off by the public sewers. It would be better, in the case of all rural towns, to disregard the question of storm water entirely. This may be more safely and much more cheaply removed over the surface. The only reason for admitting it to the sewers would be to prevent injury to property, and, under the circum-

stances we are considering, the danger of this is not sufficient to justify the expense, nor is it sufficient, were there no question of expense, to justify the sanitary and economical disadvantages of providing for it by a system of large sewers. It is better to keep above ground, and to discharge by the natural means of outflow, all water which may be so disposed of without offense or danger to health, — that is, all or nearly all rain-fall. The extent to which the first flow over a paved road-way may properly be admitted to the sewers is a question to be decided according to the circumstances of each case. It is generally wiser to keep such road-ways clean by sweeping than to use the rain-fall as a scavenger.

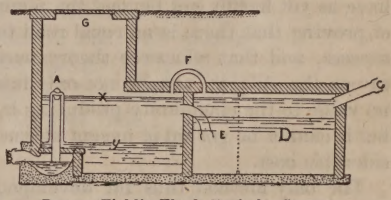
What towns of the class under consideration need — and they need it very imperatively — is a perfect means for the removal of the foul wastes of households, factories, etc., and the draining of the sub-soil, if this is springy or wet. They should only be called upon to spend the money necessary to secure these ends; and if they can learn to limit their demands to this absolute requirement, their sanitary improvement need no longer be the bugbear that it now is.

The advantages of small-pipe sewers have been sufficiently stated, except, perhaps, with reference to the single matter of ventilation. It is much easier and more simple to secure the needed change of the atmosphere of a small chamber than of a large one, and the usual means, which are but partially effective in the case of a large brick sewer, are ample for the complete ventilation of a small pipe. Hitherto the objection has held, in the case of pipe sewers of less than ten inches in diameter, that when they become obstructed it is a difficult and costly matter to clear them. But for this objection, there was no reason why six-inch sewers might not be used for all villages or parts of towns having a population of not more than one thousand; for a six-inch pipe laid even with a very slight inclination has ample capacity for the discharge of all the household waste of such a population.

We have now reached the point where there is no reason whatever to apprehend the obstruction of such a sewer by anything that can get into it through proper and properly arranged branch drains. Rogers Field's flush tank, as arranged for the periodic flushing of such sewers, may be confidently relied on to keep them swept clean of everything that may enter them. The accompanying diagram shows the construction of the annular siphon which is the essential feature of this tank. A siphon of this form, four inches in diameter, comes into action with certainty under a stream of one tenth of a gallon per minute; so that a tank having a capacity of one hundred and fifty gallons, placed at the head of each branch sewer and fed by a stream which will fill it once in twenty-four hours, will give it a thorough and daily flushing, and keep it clear of all obstructions. No matter how limited the public water supply may be, this small amount can always be spared for the work. Where there is no public supply and no available extrinsic source of flushing water, the sewage itself from a few of the upper houses along each lateral sewer may be collected in the tank and used for the flush.



Rogers Field's Annular Siphon.



Rogers Field's Flush Tank for Sewers.

This simple device has proved itself, both here and in England, to be entirely reliable and effective. It may safely be assumed that it has secured a reduction of the cost of the drainage of small towns to one half of what was formerly necessary.

It has been held hitherto to be one of the advantages of sewerage that the imperfect joints or imperfect material of the sewers afford an outlet for superabundant soil water, and secure a valuable sub-soil drainage. It is coming to be understood that the same channels which admit soil water to the drain will admit drain water to the soil, robbing the sewers of the vehicle needed for the transportation of their more solid contents, and causing a dangerous pollution of the ground, of cellars, and of drinking-water wells. The foul-water sewers should be as absolutely tight as the best material and the best workmanship can make them, and the drainage of the ground should be effected by the use of agricultural drain tiles, constituting an entirely separate system, which, while they may for economy's sake generally occupy the same trenches with the sewers, should be carefully arranged to prevent sewage matters from entering them.

The question of sewage disposal is the great unanswered question of the day. We are familiar with the objections to the methods usual here. European countries, which have been forced by the density of their population to give especial attention to this subject, have as yet hardly got beyond the point of proving that there is no royal road to success, and that whatever theory may say on the subject, sewage not only has no value to the community producing it, but it cannot be got rid of except at considerable cost.

The only method thus far developed which is entitled to consideration here, aside from discharge into the sea or into a running stream, is purification by application to the soil, with or without the agricultural consideration. Whether by surface irrigation, by the use of sub-surface absorption drains, or by intermittent downward filtration, this method of its disposition, properly applied, is absolutely complete and satisfactory. The opinion has quite naturally prevailed that the severity of our winter climate debarred us from availing ourselves of it. The experience of the past severe winter has fully justified the opinion of those who have maintained that this objection is not a real one. In England the sewage-irrigation farms have taken charge of the effluent without interruption throughout a season of almost unexampled severity. At Berlin a like immunity has continued throughout the winter; and even at Dantzic, near the mouth of the Vistula, in a climate nearly as severe as that of St. Petersburg, and where provision was made for a direct discharge into the river during the winter season, the disposal by irrigation is said, to the surprise of all, to continue uninterrupted in the coldest weather.

At the Nursery and Child's Hospital on Staten Island, winter overtook us before our absorption drains could be laid. The flush tank, which holds one day's sewage, was made to discharge over a low spot near the absorption ground. Even in the coldest weather the entire outflow settled away into the earth before the next flood was delivered. Evidently the warmth of the sewage is in all cases sufficient for it to thaw its way into the ground. This is, without doubt, the explanation of the continued working of the shallow drains under my own lawn during nine consecutive winters, although at least once the ground was frozen to a depth of two and a half feet below them.

*George E. Waring, Jr.*

## JUNO LUDOVISI.

I.

White, silent goddess, whose divine repose
Shames the shrill ecstasies of later creeds,
What might is in thy presence, that it breeds
This calm and deep delight that neither knows
Regret for past nor fear of coming woes!
I feel thee like a stately monotone,
Whose soundless waves against my spirit thrown
Make strong and pure. I feel the joy that flows
Like mild, unceasing rain upon my sense
From Nature's myriad fountains. In my soul
The lusty pagan wakes, and roams the dense
Arcadian shades; and hears the distant roll
Of mingling echoes, — hears as in a dream
The cymbal's clash, the wild bacchante's scream.

II.

Sublime the thought that dwells within this stone
Imprisoned, yet immortal in its tomb.
Where since the world emerged from chaos' womb
Was peace so sacred and so perfect known?
A spirit from some high, ethereal zone,
A spirit pure and passionless and free,
Has flushed thy snowy immobility
With an intenser life-blood than his own.
In thy majestic womanhood more fair
Thou art than all the weeping horde of saints
Whom men invoke with incense and with prayer.
I in thine ear benign would breathe my plaints;
Before thy tranquil eyes and in the shade
Of thine eternal brow my sorrows fade.

III.

Come, gentle mother, and resume thy sway!
Lift up the mellow splendor of thine eyes.
Awake the dumb and callous earth, that lies
Steeped in reluctant sleep. Send forth the gay
Olympian throng, that, vanquished, fled away
When the pale king of sorrow, conquering, came
From out the East. Within thy mighty frame
New life is kindling for a holier day.
For, hark! Methinks within this gurgling stream
The naiad's silvery voice I faintly hear;
Among the leaves I catch the fleeting gleam
Of white limbs vanishing; yea, far and near
Strange whispers haunt my sense, and tenderly
The hamadryad's pulse beats in this tree.

*Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.*

# IRENE THE MISSIONARY.

## XIV.

"I MUST get out of this," was the conclusion which DeVries came to after some fretful meditation over his slight but awkward tiff with Dr. Macklin.

"I must n't marry this nice little Puritan," he brooded on in a vague way. "I think I don't want to marry her, — don't want to marry anybody, — at least, not yet. And as to flirting with her, taking advantage of Mr. Payson's hospitality, desecrating mission ground with college coquetry, it would n't be the handsome thing, — won't do at all. I must be off. There will be no war in the mountains. I must go and dig up the five cities, and settle the genealogies of the lords of the Philistines."

It was such a hypocritical life, too, this Beirut existence of his, he went on. He would defy anybody to guess his real character from his present walk and conversation. He could indulge in none of the amusements which he best liked, and had not a companion to whom he could say his whole honest say. Here he was talking to himself, like an idiot or a misanthrope, for lack of a listener of his own kidney. In a month of this self-repression he would not have a personality, nor so much as a solitary idiosyncrasy. He must put an end to his lounging and masquerading, no matter what became of that sweet little missionary. The doctor must have her, — and be hanged to him, the snarling boor!

Such at least was the substance of his intelligent and manly meditations as he cantered at random through the pine forest which successive pashas have planted around Beirut as a barrier against the encroaching sands of the Mediterranean. Well on past noon he rode home and took lunch alone, waited upon willingly by Saada of the brilliant black eyes. He was still reluctant to depart, and it occurred to him that perhaps he could forget Irene, or at least keep himself aloof from her, by flirting a little with a Syrian maiden.

"Will you go home with me, Saada, when I go?" he asked.

"Ya howaja!" exclaimed the girl, her dark, pale cheek flushing crimson. "Oh, do you surely mean it?"

"I think I should like to have you in America. We must think it over."

Saada was evidently thinking, and perhaps wishing also, with all her maidenly might. Her magnificent eyes dwelt upon the tall, blonde young Frank with such an expression of admiration that he thought them more beautiful than ever.

"You will have to wear your veil there, young lady," he said. "You 'll have to wear it from morning till night."

"I thought ladies in America walked the streets without the veil," stared Saada.

"Yes, but not with those eyes. There would be too many astronomers after you. They would think they saw stars, and all run with their telescopes."

"Ya howaja!" laughed Saada, perfectly comprehending a compliment so Eastern in its style, and blushing joyously over it. "But you are making merry with me."

"They are dangerously bright," said DeVries, looking steadily between the long ebony lashes. "They are enough to turn a man's head. Ah, dear, I shall have to carry the whole of you to America, just to get the eyes."

"But what will you do with the rest of me, which you don't want, howaja?"

"Well, somebody will marry it, I suppose, — all but the eyes. I shall keep those."

Saada blushed again profusely, and looked very bewitching. Then, hearing Mrs. Payson in the next room, she looked a little guilty, and presently slipped away.

"See here!" said DeVries to himself. "This may turn out a worse affair than

the other. This girl — why, of course — she thinks I 'm a prince — and I must n't talk this nonsense to her. The solemn, old-bachelor fact is that I must be off, and let this missionary dove-cote alone."

At dinner, that evening, he announced his purpose to depart on the morrow. Irene kept her eyes steadfastly on her plate, and made no comment. Mrs. Payson murmured a little surprise and regret, meanwhile remembering that it was all for the best, meaning for her friend the doctor.

"Is not this very sudden?" asked her husband. "I have scarcely seen you. I had many more things to say to you than I have said."

"It is high time that I started for Philistia, if I mean to accomplish anything there."

"Yes, the winter is your season for digging. It is best, I verily suppose, that you should hasten. May the Merciful One follow and preserve you."

Then DeVries inquired what he could do for the mission, and by dint of close questioning learned that two hundred dollars might be made useful in a certain manner, which sum he handed over in Turkish gold to his doubting and shrinking host.

"I don't know — I don't know about it," said Payson, shaking his head at the little pile of yellow scales, delicately stamped with wreaths and Arabic letterings, — one of the prettiest of coinages. "It seems like extortion to permit it. Will the angels themselves dare to be our guests hereafter?"

"Put it straight into the mission chest and get it off your mind," recommended DeVries. "If there should really be a war in Lebanon, you will want a hospital fund badly enough."

Next Macklin came in, and learned what this abominable dandy had done, coupled with the fact that the wretch was about to vanish sweetly away. He colored to his hair with surprise, joy, and admiration; his shamefaced gratitude and penitence were quite pathetic.

"Ah, you are a happy man!" he sighed. "A man who has money, and a will to give it to the needy, is a man to be envied. I know almost nothing of that luxury. I never had a dollar that I did n't get hardly and need badly. I have been my own pauper."

"When a man gives his life's work to others he gives far more than I do," returned DeVries, with that fluent courtesy of fine society which so often does the work and wins the reward of goodness of heart, and which in reality is no more than the dialect of such goodness carefully committed to memory.

The doctor did not hear the compliment; he was thinking of his sickest patients.

"I am immensely obliged to you," he declared, meanwhile squeezing the hand of beneficence until the owner of it thought of a surgical operation. "Our sick and poor will thank you. I wish I could do something for you."

It seemed just then to Irene that there never were two nobler and sweeter men than these two, who had that morning nearly fought with each other across her grammar and dictionary. I believe, by the way, that few agreeable things are more touching to a right-hearted spectator than a scene of cordial reconciliation.

Was it solely the moral elevation and dazzle of this interview which caused our young lady to turn away from it so quickly? Or did she suddenly realize that Hubertsen DeVries was truly about to depart, perhaps never to return? No doubt she remembered that he had been for two weeks a cheering feature in her life, and foresaw that she was going to feel painfully lonesome and lost without him. Somewhat of her opinions and emotions on this subject came out that evening, as they two chatted by themselves in the moonlight of the comandaloon.

"I should have left Beirut sooner but for a Delilah," he said, though he knew that it was dangerous jesting.

"You can't mean me when you say Delilah," she replied. "I thought you stayed to look for Punic inscriptions."

"You are my Punic inscription. I've found you, but I can't decipher you."

"What is it that you want to know? I have always meant to be frank."

"I want to know whether you are sorry to have me go away."

"Indeed I am; of course I am," confessed Irene, able to be frank because she was merely friendly, or at least so believed. "I feel as if I were losing an old acquaintance. An old acquaintance of ten days! Is n't it strange? But I have lived so much in that time! How many wonderful things we have seen together! What a magic voyage that was from Smyrna here! I shall never forget its smallest circumstances; and you were one of the larger circumstances."

"I am sorry it is all over," said the young man, gratified by the confession of good-will which he had extorted, and wishing for more. "I don't know that it *is* all over. I shall come back here."

"But not to live, — only to pass through."

"I don't know. Sometimes I think that I want to live here."

"Oh, if you could!" wished Irene, a pleasant future opening before her imagination, — so pleasant that it made her heart beat.

"Ah, well!" sighed DeVries, discovering also a vision of Syrian delights, with a Puritan houri in the centre of it.

They were in that perilous stage of a *tête-à-tête* when words are few and seem to be loaded with meaning.

"At any rate, I shall see you again," he went on.

"I hope so."

"And before I go I want to ask one question: What about your going home? Do you ever think of it?"

"I try not to."

"You don't want to return to America?" he asked distinctly and gravely.

"Please don't urge me. I hope you don't want to make me cry again."

He rather thought that he did, it was so flattering to have her treat him with the confidence of tears, and so delightful to comfort her. But, after a struggle with his longings, he decided that he ought to be magnanimous, and that he must be prudent.

"Well, I will put that off for a while. When we meet in the spring I shall recommence."

"Ah, dear!" sighed Irene. Then they rose together, for there was a noise of closing shutters, and they knew that it was late. Hubertsen looked at the girl very earnestly as he took her hand and bade her good-night. He had a manly desire to lay a kiss on those rather tremulous fingers; but he remembered that he was a gentleman, and merely gave them a decorous pressure. The pressure was not returned, and that fact he pondered over a good deal in his own room, deciding on the whole that he was glad of it.

"I think she likes me, — a little," was his private opinion. "I think I could make her — if I really wanted to — accept me."

Well, he was certainly half right, and he was probably half wrong. Irene did like him very exceedingly much, — better than she liked any other young man, better than she thought she ought to. But it is not at all positive that she would have accepted his opulent hand at the price of abandoning her mission labors and of yoking her soul to a soul which could not share her inmost and highest life.

DeVries spent the next morning in collecting and organizing his little caravan of men, mules, and donkeys. His plan was to start in the afternoon, encamp for the night a little south of Beirut, traverse by easy marches the lovely Phœnician plain, climb into the green highland paradise of Galilee, study Jerusalem and Judea for a week or so, and then descend, spade in hand, upon Philistia. Sites of Philistine battles, including of course Mount Gilboa, were to be looked up and examined. He must try to settle on which side, whether from the north or the south, those fascinating filibusters attacked Sidon, three thousand and odd years ago. The whole pilgrimage would be dotted with opportunities for strategic and tactical study of topography. In short, he proposed to collect materials for an exhaustive History of the Rise and Decline of the Philistines.

No wonder that nearly the whole mission gathered to wish a pleasant journey to a charming young man who took such an interest in scriptural subjects, and promised to throw so much light upon the enemies of God's people. There was hope, Brother Kirkwood smilingly remarked, that he would yet write a Biography of Satan.

"I don't propose to excavate in his capital," replied DeVries. "It is understood to be too populous."

"Alas!" sighed Mr. Payson, "it is too true to laugh about."

Then DeVries remembered that he did not wear the privileged cloth of a clergyman, and ceased his joking concerning matters diabolical. Meantime, the lacing of burdens upon cringing mules and staggering donkeys proceeded in the leisurely fashion of the Orient.

"You had better camp to-night at Nebby Yunas," loudly counseled healthy and hearty Brother Kirkwood. "Don't be humbugged by your muleteers into stopping short of it; they want to make all the days-works they can out of the trip, of course. Put up at the sign of the Prophet Jonas. There is a khan there for the comfort of travelers, and you will be very well off,—if you keep out of it. Would n't you advise him to reach Nebby Yunas, Brother Payson?"

"The Lord be with him!" returned Payson, in his rapt, apostolic way. "The Lord be with our dear young friend!"

"Yes, exactly; but all the same he had better stop at Nebby Yunas."

Then there was a quiet mission laugh, for Mr. Kirkwood was looked upon as an original who could not help joking, and who might without sin be humored in it. In fact, the farewell was a light-hearted scene, rather than a solemnity. There is something in brisk movement, even when it separates loving comrades, which tends to rouse the blood and give cheer to the heart. DeVries himself, though conscious of a slight pang whenever he glanced at Irene, was mainly in high spirits, and uttered only gay speeches.

"Mirta, what did you get married for before I reached Syria?" he saucily demanded, as he shook hands with the lovely brunette.

"I did n't know you were coming," smiled Mirta, who merely understood that he had wanted to be present at the ceremony.

"Well, don't do it again," he laughed.

"No, sir," promised Mirta, looking the while like a Cleopatra, but failing to comprehend this coquettish joking as the Cleopatra of old would have done.

"Stop that," grinned Brother Kirkwood, "and God bless you."

Mr. Payson was in such a rapt mood of prayer for the youngster's prosperity that he forgot to shake hands until he was reminded of it.

"I have a comfortable confidence that we are to look upon your face once more," he said, holding DeVries by both arms, and gazing at him as if he were a son. "If it is ordered otherwise, may it still be for your good."

"I am going with you for an hour," declared the now loving doctor. "I want to make sure that your loads are well slung. We 'll say good-by at least a little later."

DeVries wrung Irene's hand with no uncertain pressure, and hers clung to his for a moment all unintentionally, as if it had a longing and a purpose of its own, quite apart from her will. Their eyes met in a grave gaze of mutual inquiry, as though each asked the other, "What do you wish of me?" But to that earnest, timorous questioning no response was possible there; and they parted in a silence which each thought of and marveled at for long afterward.

## XV.

After the departure of the historian of the Philistines, our young lady found mission-life much more tranquil and sober in color.

Hitherto there had been a hurly-burly of novel sights, of events which at least seemed to her important, and of emotions which verged on the uncontrollable. Now, merely because a pleasing young man had ridden out of sight, the magic

of freshness and interest faded away from many things recently strange and fascinating. Irene hardly looked upon white turbans as foreign, or upon a kilted Albanian kawass as picturesque. Syria suddenly became, like New England, a place to do steady labor in; and to work she went with a zeal which simulated content and also tended to produce it.

She soon found that mere linguistic study palled upon her, as it does upon all who are not born Mezzofantis. She asked for employment in the English department of the mission seminary, and kindly Mr. Kirkwood accorded it with an intelligent smile, merely saying to himself that she was finding her womanly sphere. He was mistaken in supposing that she would soon drop Arabic; there was more staying power and brain force in her than in some pretty girls. But she went into the business of teaching English to little maidens from Beirut, Mount Lebanon, Tripoli, and Sidon with an interest which was good for her own spirits and health.

"Who would not," she wrote to her mother, "be delighted with such scholars? Their faculty for languages astonishes me, and gives me a feeling of humiliation. Here is Miss Irene Grant, a graduate of a Female College, wearing the costume of one of the *superior races*, who finds it hard work to learn Arabic in Arabistan. And here are small misses in tarbooshes and *shintyan* (trousers) who never left their native villages before, and never had a lesson in their own tongue, picking up English in Syria as easily as birds learn to sing."

This same subject she mentioned to Messrs. Kirkwood and Payson when they visited the school one morning. "Are we not mistaken," she asked, "in supposing that we are the people, and wisdom will die with us?"

"Wisdom was certainly not born with us," replied Payson. "Our ancestors thousands of years ago had reason to thank God that the Hebrews existed before them."

"A person who has learned Arabic can learn any language," said Kirkwood. "It is a curse to have such a vast speech. They are all instinctively glad to throw it off, as David put off Saul's armor. Our students who go to London or Paris come back with the accent of Englishmen or Frenchmen, and can hardly talk their own tongue."

"You must remember that this land gave letters and the germs of civilization to Europe," added Payson. "No doubt the mariners and merchants of Tyre and Sidon knew more or less of all the dialects of the Mediterranean. Perhaps there has been a descent of the linguistic faculty."

"Yes, they gave letters to our ancestors," said Irene, her imagination pleasurably inflamed by the antiquarian fact. "And here we are giving letters to them. How the world turns round!"

"It reminds me," observed Payson, "of a charmingly simple, broad remark of that wise old infant, Herodotus, — 'Everything may happen in the course of ages.' It is a reflection which some of our historical infidels of the present day would do well to bear in mind."

"The time will come when your bringing letters to Syria will be forgotten or denied," said Kirkwood, smiling at Irene.

"It will only remain on record in the eternal books," answered Payson. "The deeds of men pass away, and are as though they were not. Yet are they written in brass. Moreover, they have their fruits, harvest after harvest," he added, his pale face lighting up. "Many a little acorn, of which no man ever heard, lives on in an oak, or in generations of oaks. The thought cheers me to hope on and work on. Let us not weary in planting worthy deeds because they come to naught in our little lives. But this is not instructing our scholars. We preach too much to ourselves. St. Paul preached to the Gentiles."

Then, turning to the benches of tarbooshed damsels, he delivered a little speech in Arabic, containing very nearly the thoughts of the above dialogue, and dwelling especially on the vitality of good deeds. A benediction closed the exercises of the morning, and sent

the young Orientals forth to chatter and play.

"Do you think that I have done one atom of good?" he murmured sadly to Irene. "I never yet spoke to my fellow-creatures without feeling like an archer who shoots an arrow in the dark. If I hit any target I could not perceive it, and it was none of my marksmanship. It is very depressing to work a whole life-time, and not see the kingdom of glory arrive. If I did not believe that the Master would in his own time show his mastery, it seems to me, by hours, that I should lie down like a coward and die of despair. I am not by nature a combative or an eager man, but in this battle for the faith I do take a strong interest, and I long painfully to discern victory."

I have sketched the above scene mainly to remind the reader once more of the kind of society which surrounded Irene. Very seldom did she hear any conversation which was not suffused, or at least tinged, with sober philanthropy and devoutness. There was, the worldly reader will probably observe, a degree of moral despotism in this environment. Only when alone, and scarcely when alone, could she indulge in the thoughts and desires of ordinary girlhood. As for its speech, its rattling talk about trifles and its sentimental talk about love and its serious talk about raiment, she heard it about as frequently as she heard the song of the mermaid.

But this solemn spiritual pressure was no hardship, because it was no novelty, and because it coincided with her conscience. From her infancy, all through her life thus far, she had been familiar with just such a grave existence, and unfamiliar with any other. It was in exact accordance with her ideas of what ought to be in all human society. In short, to find a handsome girl better fitted than Irene to become a missionary would have been no easy matter. Mr. Payson, a good judge of such material, believed in her with saintly affection, and trusted that she would grow into one of the pillars of the church in Syria. The only obstacle to her perfected pillardom lay in her own attractiveness. The minions of the world might yet strive to withdraw her from the sanctuary and use her for the adornment of their palaces.

Even devout admirers were liable to address her mostly concerning this existence and its emotions. There was the doctor, for instance, who rarely had anything to say about the battle of Armageddon, and rather produced a feeling that life was largely a matter between her and himself. Now that his rival was gone, and he had Irene measurably in his own hands, he was very considerate and tender with her. Had he been a betrothed lover, or a bewitched husband, he could hardly have been more confidential and attentive. He went straight to her arms, as it were, and could not be put aside any more than an affectionate child. He told her all his own history, and catechised out of her the whole of hers, what history there was.

There is a magic in intimate intercourse and unreserved communications. The doctor did not know it; he knew nothing about women. He was not intentionally artful in his approaches; he simply confided and questioned out of impulsive sympathy, — perhaps one had better say, plainly, out of love. All the same he succeeded in making a warm friend of Irene, and, as the phrase goes, in getting her head full of him, though not as full as it could hold.

Meantime he sought to be of benefit to her. A missionary, he distinctly perceived, must be a blessing to every one whom he might meet, not excepting the object of his worship. He worked hard to disentangle for her the puzzle of Semitic grammar, so alien and so seemingly irrational to the Indo-European intellect. It was owing to his suggestion, also, that she resumed the study of Italian, and gave three evenings a week to *conversazioni* with Signor Fiorentini, a meagre little martyr of freedom who had found refuge at Beirut.

"We don't know what we may be," said the doctor, who was a man of imagination, and often built strange futures

in the clouds. "The time may come when we shall be called to declare the truth in Italy. Besides, Italian is the most common European tongue in the Levant, and will be useful to a missionary or a traveler all along these Oriental coasts. Your readings at your college did n't amount to much, I suppose. College readings in languages seldom do. Learn to speak Italian. Then you and I will commence together on modern Greek."

"You frighten me, doctor," declared Irene, though at heart she was flattered at seeing how much was hoped of her.

"Oh, you can do it," he affirmed. "Each language makes the next easier. Besides, you have a faculty for tongues: you talk your mother speech fluently, which is a good sign; your accent is neat and true, which is another. There are people who never in all their lives could learn Arabic, and they show their incapacity the first time they open their blundering mouths in it. Our consul is a harrowing instance."

Then there was a little talk concerning the general nature of the consul, who, it seems, had been instrumental in finding the Italian *maestro* for Irene, and who had been led thereby into making her a call or two.

"He is a good-hearted, simple, honest fellow," opined the doctor, certainly not a shrewd man at reading character. Mr. Brassey himself would probably have denied that he was simple, and perhaps had doubts as to whether he was honest, at least in the game of politics.

"But he is a dull, commonplace, unrefined creature," added Macklin, after a moment's hesitation. "I do hope you won't see much of him."

It must not be unjustly supposed that he was jealous of the public functionary. But, inasmuch as he worshiped Irene, he was delicately choice of her, and wished her to be approached by no vulgar votaries.

"I suppose I must see him if he asks for me," she said. "He has been considerate and useful to the mission. We can't be uncivil."

"I don't admit that he has any right to ask for *you*," declared the doctor, looking indignant.

But Mr. Porter Brassey continued to call on the young lady, and inquired for her so pointedly that he could not be evaded. We must remember how dreadfully lonesome he was in Syria, and how few chances he had to look upon his own fair countrywomen, or indeed any fair women whatever. There was a small Levantine (European) society in Beirut, but its speech, aside from Arabic, was either French or Italian, and thus it was unintelligible to our representative. Moreover, its few young ladies were held in strict tutelage, and he could not have got at them in a social way even had he talked their "lingo." Consequently, when he at last discovered that there was a pretty American girl at his hand, he was pathetically overjoyed, and dropped in on her frequently.

"I quite hope that our worthy consul is beginning to apprehend the importance of spiritual things," said Mr. Payson, one evening. "He has appeared twice of late at the Mission Chapel."

Mrs. Payson, who venerated her husband, almost wanted to laugh at him, but of course did not. She could not, however, suppress an amused twinkle in her eye, nor keep from glancing understandingly at Irene. That young lady undertook to turn off the matter by remarking that Mr. Brassey looked at Mirta a good deal; and no wonder, for she was lovely.

"I sometimes think that Mirta ought to be cautioned gently," said Mr. Payson. "She certainly does attire herself wondrously well. But a daughter of Israel should not be a snare to the eye."

Then he escaped to his study, for there was a sound of a visitor at the gate, and his evenings were reserved, if possible, to Hebrew. It was the doctor who entered, looking more pensive than usual, and also a little pale.

"I have called to bid you good-by," he said. "They have selected me to visit the Hasbeya people. I shall start at daybreak."

"Shall I call Mr. Payson?" asked Irene.

"No, no," replied Macklin with a nervous eagerness. "I'll just leave a word for him. Don't break up his Hebrew."

Mrs. Payson meanwhile had a knowing and rather guilty look upon her face, and was obviously anxious to get out of the room. An acute observer might have guessed that the doctor had something important to say to the younger lady, and that the elder one had promised to afford him an opportunity for the communication.

"I think I'll go and walk in the garden," said Mrs. Payson, which was such an absurd subterfuge that Irene stared at her in amazement. The garden was an arid rectangle of some thirty feet square, jealously inclosed by a stone-wall as if it grew apples of gold, but containing only one cactus plant and one small mulberry-tree.

"Irene, you know all about me," said Macklin as soon as they were alone.

"I know a great deal about you," she laughed, in an embarrassed manner.

"And I have had great pleasure in learning so much of you, — so much to be admired," continued the doctor, his voice trembling.

Irene was confounded and frightened. This thing was coming upon her, or rather had come upon her, by surprise. Of course she had thought, as all young maidens must do, even when they are very, very good, that some time or other some charming body would fall in love with her and propose to her and win her. But she was far from having settled as to who that person would be.

Of the doctor she had not thought in this connection, at least not with any seriousness. He had taught her Arabic, and had often been very gentle with her, and in short had shown her much kindness. But he had not, as she understood it, paid her any loving court whatever. He had given her quite as many scoldings as compliments, and the compliments all concerned her progress in Oriental studies.

Yet here he was, all of a sudden, driving right toward a declaration, unless she entirely misunderstood him, which she fervently hoped was the case. Of course, a young lady in this surprised, perplexed, and unready state of mind, who, moreover, was not a coquette nor a veteran of society, would be hard up for a suitable remark. The result was that to the doctor's expression of joy in her character she made no reply, except by turning a little pale and glancing at him timidly.

"We have a common life to live," he continued, not a little daunted by her silence. "We have the same duties to perform. I am going to Hasbeya tomorrow."

"Yes," said Irene, glad to think of it, and wishing he had gone that morning.

"I don't know when I shall return," pursued Macklin, as if he were wandering in his mind. "It is a long and severe journey. I may not see you for some time."

Just then there was a murmur of voices in the desert of a garden, and almost immediately a scraping of footsteps on the stone stairway. Mrs. Payson, looking red and anxious, entered the little hall, ushering in the consul. There was humble apology, and there was also a glimmer of hope, in the glance which she gave the doctor. Even in that short minute, for aught she knew, he might have given and received a heart. It had taken Mr. Payson less time to make his proposal and get a favorable answer. But the doctor stared at the public functionary with an injured, surly expression; and then the good woman comprehended with a pang that the interview had miscarried.

"Fine evening, Miss Grant," said Mr. Brassey. "How are you, Hákim?" he added, shaking Macklin's hand with a warmth which was not reciprocated. "I'm learning Arabic, you see, Miss Grant. Took on my third teacher this morning. The two first did n't amount to much."

"It is pronounced Hakeém, — not Hákim," observed the doctor sulkily.

"Oh, exactly. These medical men are sensitive about their titles, Miss Grant," smiled the consul affably. "Do

you enjoy your Arabic in these days? And what 's the last sensation in Italian? "

The doctor got up and stalked directly between them with a demeanor which made the public functionary stare.

" As I was saying, I shall not see you again for some time," he stammered, addressing Irene. " So — good-by."

" Going, doctor? " asked Mr. Brassey, cheerfully. " Not *home?* Oh, to Hasbyer. Well, pleasant journey. Anything I can do for you? "

" No," said poor Macklin, suffering himself to be shaken once more by the official hand, and then getting as quickly as possible out of the house.

Mrs. Payson followed him to the door, and whispered, " I tried to keep him in the garden; he *would* come up."

But the perturbed, disappointed doctor was ungrateful, as the sharply unhappy often are, and gave her no word of thanks.

## XVI.

Macklin's absence put an end, for a time, to the direct pressure of his courtship.

Erelong, to be sure, Mrs. Payson read Irene a letter from him, in which he spoke with great interest of " our dear young lady," and sent her his " most cordial remembrances." Moreover, she frequently spoke to the girl of the departed one, and endeavored to make him a subject of confidential discourse, as is the way with ladies who have undertaken to bring two hearts together.

About this time Mr. Payson received a long epistle from DeVries, giving a very entertaining account of the opening of his excavations, expressing a noble gratitude and good-will toward the mission, and closing with special regards to Miss Grant. Mrs. Payson longed greatly to suppress this perilous missive, but did not dare to hint the desire to her best beloved. She knew well that he would not countenance artfulness, nor the slightest appearance of it, even for a good end.

As for herself, she did not mean to be sly, but she did earnestly long that her bright and attractive young friend should remain in the mission; and with almost equal eagerness she craved that her doctor (word dear to the feminine soul) should have his way and be happy. Of Irene's comfort in heart and success in life she somehow thought less. I believe that many women have a feeling that no particular woman should hesitate to sacrifice herself to manly excellence and devotion.

The letter reached Irene's hands, and remained in her charge for some time. She admired it much, and read it aloud to her now frequent visitor, the consul, though mainly to lighten the burden of entertaining him.

" What 's he digging at Askelon for? " asked Mr. Brassey.

" He says that he wants to find *something*, — crusader relics, if not Philistine."

" I 'd go to Gath," said the official. " If a man *should* turn up the skeleton of Goliath, — I don't s'pose it 's any ways likely, — but if he should rouse out that old chap, it would be striking ile. I 'd give a smart sum for the bones, myself, for a great moral show. Would n't the Sabbath-schools flock to see it! "

He had a humorous twinkle in his half-shut eyes; and yet at bottom he was not a little in earnest. He would really have been glad to get possession of the frame-work of Goliath, and put it on exhibition before a paying public of Bible readers. It might fill a fellow's pockets, and help him work into Congress. For as to the " smart sum " of which he spoke, that was either a mere conversational phrase, or the figment of an imagination trained in politics.

" There might be a good deal picked up at Gath," he continued, his mind already expanding to the idea of an Anakim Museum. " I 'll suggest it to the government."

" You must n't take away Mr. DeVries's chance," said Irene, eagerly.

" Oh, no," he laughed. " Which chance do you mean? "

He looked very roguish over his retort, but she clearly did not understand

him, and, seeing that, he pushed the harder.

"Ever think of going home, Miss Grant?"

"I never suffer myself to think of it."

"I *do*," returned Mr. Brassey, with real feeling. "I wish I was going home to-morrow. Only, Miss Grant," and here he sought to smile pleasingly, "I wish we were going in the same ship."

"It won't be," she answered, coloring.

"So you would n't like to be in the same boat with me?" he persisted, with an unabashed smile.

"I should neither like it, nor dislike it," which was a very severe speech for our young lady to make.

"Indifference is the worst kind of cruelty," commented the consul, with a loud laugh.

Irene blushed still deeper, and the experienced politician understood the sign as favorable to himself, and was annoyed that Mrs. Payson should happen into the room just when he was doing so well.

"That 's a smart young woman," he said to himself, as he rode away. "And of course she 's got the lead of me just now. But how long will she keep it?"

His comprehension of Irene was that she was an artful coquette who wanted to trifle with him for the purpose of subjugating him, which was about as wild a misjudgment as could be. But I believe that gentlemen frequently misconstrue ladies, especially when they study them with unusual interest and attention.

For a week, now, Mr. Brassey did not call again. He knew that DeVries and the doctor would be away, and that there was no other bachelor in that mission field. His calculation was that if Miss Grant were left without a beau for several days, and were made to realize that the only one at hand could hold himself aloof at pleasure, she would become less tricky and topping than he had hitherto found her. The result of this bit of untutored diplomacy was that the young lady nearly forgot his existence, and was quite surprised to see him stalk once more into the Payson leewan.

"Just dropped in as I was going by," said the consul, persisting in his artfulness, and believing the while that he was meeting cunning with cunning. "How 's father Payson?"

"He is quite well; did you wish to see him?" responded Irene, eagerly.

"No, no!" he promptly returned, rather put out by such obstinate dissimulation and slyness. "Oh, I like Payson amazingly; he 's a gentleman and a scholar, — yes, and a saint, too. But I occasionally like to see a young lady quite as well, Miss Grant. I suppose you wonder why, Miss Grant."

"To tell you the truth, I was n't wondering a bit. I had n't had time to wonder."

The consul laughed heartily, although not sure that a joke was intended, and also a little fearful that, in case there was a joke, it was at his expense. But he earnestly desired to conciliate her, and so he affected to appreciate her wit. Irene also smiled very slightly, and merely to keep him in countenance. Human intercourse, and especially intercourse between the sexes, is cumbered with many such absurd misunderstandings.

"Have you heard from DeVries lately?" he went on. "I 'm a little anxious about that young feller. It 's something of a fever hole, they say, that old Philistine country."

"It is healthy at this season," asserted Irene, with interest and positiveness. "We have n't heard from him since his first letter. I hope he is n't sick. Do you think he is?"

"Don't know; thought I 'd drop in and ask," said Mr. Brassey, forgetting that he had dropped in because he was going by. "Knew you took an interest in him, and corresponded."

"*I?* I never saw but one of his letters, and that was to Mr. Payson."

"I was joking," returned the artful gentleman; but he smiled with honest pleasure. He had conceived a suspicion that Miss Grant was indifferent to himself because of a kindly understanding with the rich young tourist and explorer. "Yes, I sometimes joke, lonesome and

sad as I am," he continued. "You have n't, probably, the smallest idea how abandoned I feel out here, and how low-spirited I git. If you had, I think you 'd give me a little womanly pity, Miss Grant."

"It seems so absurd to pity a man who has a position."

"But, you see, I have n't any companionship. I could be happy enough, I reckon, if I only had a — a companion. My dragoman is sorry for me. He wanted to know, yesterday, why I did n't take a native wife, and hinted at one of the girls in the mission."

Irene looked up with interest, — a woman's interest in a possible love affair, — and marveled which one it might be.

"It turned out to be Saada, your handsomest girl," pursued Mr. Brassey, watching the young lady narrowly, in hope, perhaps, of discovering symptoms of jealousy. Then, after a pause, he added firmly, "Says I to him, Ahmed, says I, I 've no objection to a wife, but I want one of my own lovely countrywomen, says I."

Irene's countenance fell into indifference once more; there was no lovely countrywoman for him, — none, at least, that she knew of. The consul studied her with an expression which started with being cunning, but which gradually changed into disappointment and humiliation, smartly flavored with annoyance. He was upon the point, as he at all events believed, of taking his hat to go, when Mrs. Payson entered the hall in joyous excitement, and announced the approach of Americans. Mr. Brassey was glad too, partly because the coming of countrymen was always to him as the coming of the saints, and partly because he was so angry with Irene's coolness that he wanted to retaliate by being gracious to other people.

"Reckon I know who they are," he said. "It must be Mr. Felix A. Brann and family, who came yesterday in a bark from Boston. If you 've no objection, Mrs. Payson, I 'll stay and shake hands with them, and offer the courtesies of the post."

The strangers entered in single file: portly and rosy Mrs. Brann leading, followed by two stout daughters of about thirty; then by two remarkably narrow-shouldered sons of somewhat fewer years; and lastly by a tall, shambling, white-headed gentleman, with an absent-minded smile, who was Mr. Felix A. Brann himself. The features and general style of the visitors indicated that they belonged to the simpler and more rustic class of New England squirearchy.

"How do you do, Mrs. Payson?" broke forth Mrs. Brann, who had the large, flexible mouth and animated manner which usually mark a talkative person. "You don't remember us a bit, I suppose, but we saw you at the meeting of the American Board of Foreign Missions, at Albany, sitting among the saints, and told you, don't you remember, that we hoped to meet you next in Syria a-doing God's own special work in his selected land; and here we are, Mr. Brann and myself and the four children, all bound for the Holy City, but as glad as we can be to meet you on the way and give you the right hand of fellowship. And how is good, scriptural Mr. Payson? And this is dear Miss Grant, I presume. And is this one of the good brethren?"

"This is the consul," replied Mrs. Payson, who was always a little flurried in society, and especially apt to stumble in the formality of an introduction.

Mrs. Brann, now for the first time in foreign parts, stared at the official with an air of perplexity, as not knowing but that a consul should be addressed in Latin.

"Mr. Porter Brassey, of West Wolverine, an American citizen, and glad to see you, Mrs. Brann," said our representative affably.

"From West Wolverine?" returned Mrs. Brann, her gift of speech suddenly restored in full measure. "Why, you don't say that your name is Brassey, and that you come from West Wolverine! And to think that I once lived a couple of years in East Wolverine, just across the river, though we were all

born in Vermont, and reside there now on the old family homestead; for we only went West while Mr. Brann could sell out his wild lands, and got back as soon as we could to our natal spot. But really, you do interest me now greatly, for I had for neighbor and fellow church member a Mrs. Harrison Stokes, whose maiden name, she told me, was Brassey; and perhaps she was a connection by blood of yours, for it seems to me you favor her a little about the eyes, and the cowlick on your forehead."

"My own aunt!" broke in the consul, beaming with joy at meeting somebody who had known his people, and so might be considered a semi-acquaintance. "Was n't she a queer old lady, though?"

"Oh, I recollect her well, and it was impossible to forget her, for there was something very peculiar about her," averred Mrs. Brann, smiling with the same pleasure. "Yes, there was something very peculiar about her; she was one of the most composed persons that ever I saw, and her face had no more expression than a sign-board. But she was a powerful good woman, I do verily believe, if there ever was one who never said anything; she loved the sanctuary, and she was good to the poor, and a restraint upon her husband, and her house was like wax-work."

"That 's her!" cried Mr. Brassey, fairly grinning his satisfaction over this portrait.

"But her husband was n't no ways her equal, I used to think," continued Mrs. Brann, smiling away with extraordinary amiability, as though she liked even the inferior Stokes. "He was a positive, contradicting, trumpeting sort of a man, who made me think of the stories I 've read about wild elephants; and was mortally opposed to common and Sabbath schools, — which, you know, we New Englanders believe in, — besides being considerably scrimped, as I used to tell Mr. Brann, in the way of culture."

The consul suddenly stopped smiling. It seemed to him that this last word savored of Boston conceit, and was a little disrespectful to the valley of the Mississippi and its tributaries. He had heard it before from Down East people, and had always felt it to be an obnoxious substantive.

"There 's lots of culture in our district, Mrs. Brann," he stated with firmness. "Uncle Harrison was n't exactly what I call the true Western type. He came of the North Carlina streak of pilgrims, and" —

"Pilgrims," broke in Mrs. Brann, with a genial titter. "That reminds me to say just here, before I forget it, that here we are, pilgrims and strangers on the way to the Holy City; and I don't believe you could guess in the least why we 're going there, for nobody ever does, and when we tell them they only laugh, as though they did n't believe it. But the real fact is that when we finally got shut of our wild lands we all wanted to set eyes on Jerusalem, and, what 's more, to dwell in it for a season, not out of vain curiosity, but to see if we could n't lead a more spiritual life there; for it did seem to us that the daily sight of Zion's hill and Siloam's rill, and so on, would help to uplift us, if anything earthly could. And so here we are, bound on a real pilgrimage to Salem's courts, with intent to abide there for a season."

Mr. Brassey's wooden countenance became unusually serious. He had already discovered that religious maniacs sometimes found their way to Palestine, and that the sending of them home was one of the most troublesome features of his duty, involving perhaps the payment of money out of his private pocket. Addressing himself to Mr. Brann, who seemed most likely to understand financial matters, he observed that traveling with such a family must be very expen sive. The old gentleman bowed graciously over his high cravat, and replied, in a tone of elaborate courtesy, "Yes, sir, it is somewhat expensive, sir; but we have lightened the burden by taking ship direct to this port, sir."

"And we might just as well have come through Europe," put in his wife, "only that we were daunted by the diversity of tongues and the confusion of

currencies; besides which, Mr. Brann has been so marvelously prospered of late in his affairs by Providence that it seemed as if some recognition was owing, and we could think of nothing better than coming to the Holy Land first of all, and spending there a goodly portion of the overflowing bounty vouchsafed us."

The consul was relieved of his fear that he might have these six people on his hands, and glanced at the two daughters to see if their charms equaled their financial expectations. But one look sufficed him, and gave him a low idea of Vermont beauty, and of course a very unjust one. So he let them prattle on to Mrs. Payson, while he patiently listened to the interminable outpourings of their mamma, and occasionally sought to exchange a knowing smile with Irene. Meantime, the two narrow-shouldered young men sat in perfect silence, as if their high cheek-bones were unmanageable, and would not let them open their mouths.

Eventually the Branns took their departure, and with them went Mr. Porter Brassey, drawn by the charms of American conversation. Only, at the bottom of the little court-yard he stopped with a start, and looked back at the house wistfully, much as if he had forgotten his umbrella.

"By George! I meant to have got something definite out of that girl," he said to himself. "But never mind, now; I'll try her to morrow."

So he went on with the Branns to their hotel and accepted their invitation to dinner.

## XVII.

Mr. Porter Brassey's purpose of calling the next day "to get something definite out of that girl" was not carried into effect.

He received personal letters from home which required immediate and judicious answer; and as he was not a ready man with his pen the business worried and occupied him for a day or two.

The result was that, before he saw the young lady again, Dr. Macklin returned unexpectedly from Hasbeya, and recommenced to absorb her time and mind. The consular attentions, by the way, had been of service to the doctor. By contrast with Mr. Brassey's shagbark rusticity and unpolishable gnarliness of internal fibre, the irritable but unselfish and profoundly tender Macklin seemed a gentleman of the old school, or at least one of nature's gentlemen. Moreover, it was delightful to a lonesome young person to find herself greeted with a frank, hearty kindliness which reminded her of the tenderness which had followed her through all her girlish years.

"Ah, my dear young lady!" the doctor had exclaimed, appropriating her at once, as though she had been a sister, or a patient of long standing. In the exuberance of arrival, and while he was not thinking of instant offers of marriage, he could forget that he had ever been fearful in her presence.

"I am delighted to look upon your face again," he went on. "It brings me straight back to civilization and to things of good report. I don't mean to say aught against our dear native brethren in Hasbeya. They are as good and decent as they can be, with their surroundings and their history. But circumstances, the blindness of ages, the oppression of ages, poverty, and too often filth, all those are terrible drawbacks. Their worthiness does n't shine on the surface. An American woman represents the intelligence and the decorum of seven centuries of Christian prosperity. Well, I'll stop this; you don't like compliments; you think I'm talking like a lunatic. Wait till you have visited the interior, and seen its wretchedness and rudeness. So Mr. Payson has helped you on in Arabic? I am very glad. And you stick to Italian? That 's good, also. As for me, I have ridden a good deal, and shaken a little. Quinine every day. I have had my adventures, too, as usual. The Moslem population is getting insolent. I tore off one blatant fellow's turban for him.

It was the only part of him that I could reach from my horse."

"Ah, brother!" sighed Payson; "do you think he took you for an evangelist of the gospel of peace?"

"I don't think he did," conceded the doctor. "But I took him for an impudent blackguard, and treated him accordingly. I won't be called a *giaour* and *kelb* to my face. You should have seen how astonished and cowed the scoundrel was. I left him twisting up his turban and spitting on the ground."

"You ought to have done your missionarying in the time of Richard the Lion-Hearted," laughed Irene, not so much displeased with his pugnacity as one might expect. "You are enough to bring on a mountain war."

"There 's no mountain war this time," affirmed Macklin. "The mountain won't bring forth a mouse. The Druzes are alarmists because the Maronites are twice as numerous, and might whip them if they should try. As for the story that Druzes are coming from the Hauran, I don't believe a word of it. I rode from Deir el Kamr to Abeih with Sheikh Ahmed of the Abdelmeleks, and he assured me positively that there was n't a Hauran Druze in Lebanon."

"We did n't use to believe all that Sheikh Ahmed chose to say," remarked Payson. "I desire not to be unjust to any man, but it does seem to me that he has the wickedest smile I ever looked upon, and that his eyes are inhabited by swarms of lies and perjuries. Besides, what was he doing among the Abunekeds? I dislike the look of it."

"Oh, well, nobody will believe me," grumbled the doctor. "I have been all over the ground, and questioned scores on scores of people."

"You know that I am naturally fearful," was Payson's apology. "Even if I had been with you, I might not have been as hopeful. Well, it is months now since the first alarm came, and the sword still remains in its scabbard. It may be that a more than human mercy will keep it there."

"Aboo Shedood wants a pension of five piastres a day," continued Macklin, with a look of contempt and indignation.

"What for?"

"For letting the light of his countenance shine on the Hasbeyan church. I told him we could better afford twice the money to have him stay away."

"May the divine pity enlighten and forgive him!" said Payson. "Poor Aboo Shedood! The root of the matter is not in him."

"The rest of the brethren there are admirable. I believe they have joined themselves to us in unselfishness and singleness of heart. Aboo Shedood is the only man who asked me for a pará."

"He needs their prayers, truly. I should have suggested to the church to make him a special case for supplication. But perhaps your treatment of him is best. Well, we will have a meeting of the mission to-night, doctor, and you shall tell us in full what you have seen and heard. It will be a most interesting story. You must come, Irene."

"And to-morrow I resume my work as teacher," added the doctor. "I suppose Mr. Payson will give you up."

"I shall hate to give *him* up," said Irene, laughingly. "He never scolds."

"It is easy to be patient when one is not troubled," said Payson. "You have studied hard, Irene."

"I suppose I am to remember all this and keep my temper," growled Macklin, good-naturedly. "By the way, where is DeVries? What is he finding?"

"We have had a second letter from him," Payson stated. "The lad is not finding any Anakims, nor any Philistine inscriptions. He has turned up half a dozen millstones and some potsherds which may belong to any one of the last thirty centuries. He begins to suspect that the Philistine cities were built, like the villages in that region now, of sun-dried bricks. It is a very ingenious hypothesis, and I fear it will be his only discovery."

"I hope not," said Irene, warmly. "He will be so disappointed, and so shall I. I did so want to have him find a giant with six fingers!"

Next morning the doctor recommenced his teachings, and showed an unusual and charming patience therein, so delighted was he to get his scholar again. While they were raveling away at some tangled mystification of Arabic syntax, Mr. Porter Brassey stalked in, and cheerfully took a chair at the study table.

"What! still at it, Miss Grant?" he said. "I did n't know it took so long to learn a language when a person had a gift for it."

"We have n't the pentecostal gift nowadays," returned Macklin, staring at the visitor with a lowering brow.

"No, we ain't Parthians and Medes and Elamites," observed the consul, pleased to show that he also knew somewhat of the Bible. "Well, I don't want to interrupt you folks," he added, perceiving that he was not entirely welcome. "I want to see father Payson."

Accordingly he was ushered into the bare, whitewashed little study, where the missionary was writing out Arabic memoranda for a sermon.

"Parson, I want a confidential talk," began Mr. Brassey, laying his kossuth hat on the stone floor. "I 've got an important little bit of news to communicate, — I mean important for *me*. An old bachelor uncle of mine has just gone — gone to a better world," he added, on reflection. "Quite an old gentleman; healthy and hearty, though, when I saw him last; was n't thinking that he would be called for."

"Death is always a surprise," sighed Payson. "I give you my sympathy with all my heart."

"Yes, I suppose it always is a surprise, and generally a disagreeable one," replied the consul. "Thank you for your sympathy. I knew I 'd come to the right place for that." And here he smiled inwardly over the humorous fact of getting condolence when he really had not thought of asking for it.

"And yet human sympathy avails little," said Payson. "What we really need is the compassion of Him who inflicts the chastisement."

"Exactly," admitted Mr. Brassey, growing a little uneasy, for his state of mind was evidently misunderstood. "But I don't suppose that I feel this blow as I ought."

"Alas, we are all alike. I find that I am very hard to touch."

"You see he was quite an elderly gentleman," urged the consul, who had by this time the air of trying to comfort the clergyman. "His time had come."

"We know not when our time shall be. It is often in the flower of our days."

"Certainly," conceded Mr. Brassey, twisting on his chair as if he were looking around for his hat. "Of course. Well, as I was saying, — or perhaps I did n't say it, — the old gentleman left something behind him, — left a nice little pot of money, — *and* left it to *me*."

Mr. Payson stared at him with amazement, wondering if his wits had forsaken him, so absurd did it seem that a mourner should care to spread such unimportant news.

"Yes, left it to *me*," repeated the consul, putting his hands in his pockets and thrusting his legs straight out before him, as if to claim more room in the world. "I 'm a better man by at least fifteen thousand dollars than I was when I came to the Holy Land."

By this time the missionary had perceived that Mr. Brassey was not grieving over the loss of his relation, and was rejoicing because he had inherited a little filthy lucre. Strange as it may seem, in view of his doctrines as to the depravity of the human heart, he had not expected such a display of toughness and egoism. His own unselfishness and his tender charity for other men led him to impute to them the best motives possible; and only when he saw them bring forth evil fruits did he distinctly realize that they were born in sin and shapen in iniquity.

It was a picture to see this elect spirit gaze on the hard-favored soul which sat there in his sweet presence. It was obvious that he did not regard the consul with anger, nor even with scorn. There was a semi-divine patience and pity on his pale, worn, tranquil, and pensive countenance. There was more : there

was an air of profound humility; there was a pathetic recognition of fallen fraternity. He was meekly and solemnly saying to himself that but for unmerited grace he would have been as callous and greedy as this hapless brother. What desert was there in him, he asked, that he should have been taken, and the other left?

"I have generally looked upon money with fear," he said at last. "I have felt that if much of it were placed in my hands I should find it a snare to myself, and perhaps harm others."

"I don't believe you would, parson," returned Mr. Brassey, staring at him with honest admiration, while he marveled at his simplicity. "Upon my honor, I do believe you would be less hurt by it, and do more good with it, than any other man I ever laid eyes on."

Mr. Payson shook his head. He sincerely and even severely doubted himself. He really and seriously thanked God that he had not been set afloat on the ocean of probation with the millstone of wealth fastened to his neck.

The consul, gazing at him with wide-open eyes, and perfectly convinced of his sincerity, was surprisingly affected. His heart had not been touched by the talk about the loss of his relative and the uncertainty of life. But in the spectacle of humility and of thorough unselfishness there is a noble pathos which elevates and softens the souls of all men who are not of the "real, hardened wicked." As Mr. Brassey looked into the meek, loving face of the missionary, he felt something like tears about the secret places of his eyes.

"Parson, I want to do a little good," he broke out. "I came here this morning with that notion, and it 's grown on me since I got into your sanctum. I can afford it, and I've got to do it. Suppose, now, I should allow the mission one hundred — no, *three* hundred dollars a year, while I hold on here. What could you do with it?"

"It is a very large sum — for one person," returned the clergyman, so startled that he colored. "Had you not better reflect well as to whether you can spare it?"

"I *can* spare it. I don't need to reflect. Why, look here! My salary is a good, square two thousand, including odds and ends; and this little property, invested up our way on bond and mortgage, will make fifteen hundred more. There 's thirty-five hundred, for a bachelor. Why, I 'm ashamed to offer so little as three hundred, and I 'd treble it but for some nieces of mine who may want an outfit some day. Now, to come down to business, what could the mission do with three hundred? What particular thing could you start?"

"We could establish a native preacher at Damascus. We could open a church in that most ancient city, which stood in the time of Abraham."

"That suits," replied the consul with enthusiasm. "That suits me to an iota. I 'll give you a draft to-morrow, parson; and let 's have the new meeting-house right away. Porter Brassey's Foundation Church in Damascus!" he exclaimed, with a hearty laugh. "I want West Wolverine to get a return from it as quick as possible. Won't the boys stare, though! And won't my pious old aunt Stokes be delighted! How she will take down her Bible and Josephus, and look up all the texts about Damascus!"

"I can understand, — I can imagine it," smiled Payson, remembering with pleasure worthy old souls of his own relationship who loved to read the Bible in connection with Josephus. "It will greatly interest the good people at home. Damascus is one of the regal and magical names of history."

The public functionary remained pensive for a few seconds. He was thinking that, if he should go home and run for Congress, the Brassey Church in Damascus would be a good "campaign card," and might secure him the entire "pious vote." Evidently, the project must not only be initiated, but must also be established on a solid foundation.

"You need n't be afraid about starting," he exhorted. "The thing shan't slump through, even if I quit here, or quit the world. I 'll make out a little

trust-deed to secure you three hundred a year for five years. That will give the church a good send-off. And now, sixty pounds sterling to-morrow; will the mission do *its* part at once?"

"It will," promised Payson. "We have just the man, — a good man, and a scholar in his own tongue, — and he can go immediately."

Then the consul shook hands with the missionary, and went away much astonished at his own munificence, but also rejoicing in it for more reasons than one.

"I suppose of course he 'll tell *her*," he said to himself. "I guess it will be a good card every way. By George! it was an inspiration."

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## THE MORNING HILLS.

I.

He sits among the morning hills,
  His face is bright and strong;
He scans far heights, but scarcely notes
  The herdsman's idle song.

He cannot brook this peaceful life,
  While battle's trumpet calls;
He sees a crown for him who wins,
  A tear for him who falls.

The flowery glens and shady slopes
  Are hateful to his eyes;
Beyond the heights, beyond the storms,
  The land of promise lies.

II.

He is so old and sits so still,
  With face so weak and mild,
We know that he remembers naught,
  Save when he was a child.

His fight is fought, his fame is won,
  Life's highest peak is past,
The laurel crown, the triumph's arch,
  Are worthless at the last.

The frosts of age destroy the bay, —
  The loud applause of men
Falls feebly on the palsied ears
  Of fourscore years and ten.

He does not hear the voice that bears
  His name around the world;

He has no thought of great deeds done
Where battle-tempests whirled.

But evermore he is looking back,
Whilst memory fills and thrills
With echoes of the herdman's song,
Among the morning hills.

*Maurice Thompson.*

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## OUR COMMERCE WITH CUBA, PORTO RICO, AND MEXICO.

THAT eminent liberal Spanish leader, Emilio Castelar, in a speech in the Chamber of Deputies, in 1872, in regard to Cuba and Porto Rico, said, "How these islands are moving away from the American continent, and drawing nearer to the European!"

Well, indeed, might he make such a significant exclamation; for the illiberal commercial policy of Spain, her monopolies and tariffs, has been continually removing those islands farther and farther away from the United States. Although the magnificent island of Cuba — the pearl of the Antilles — is almost visible from our own shores, yet for all purposes of export trade with her she is about as distant from our country as the Sandwich Islands. Indeed, for such purposes she is more distant; for our exports to the Sandwich Islands, proportionately to their population, are about eight times the amount of those to Cuba.

The Spanish West Indies, Cuba and Porto Rico together, have a population of a little over two millions. Cuba itself is seven hundred miles long, with an average breadth of eighty miles, and possesses resources which, if they were developed, would sustain a population of twelve millions. Its surface, though for the most part very slightly undulating and covered with dense forests, is finely diversified. A mountain range runs through its whole length near the centre, the highest elevations, naked and rocky, being eight thousand feet above the sea. It has numerous rivers well stocked with fish, and many beautiful and fertile valleys. One of its cascades is remarkable for beauty. Its hill-sides and defiles are clothed with a variety of hard-wood trees of the evergreen species, of which the more valuable are the mahogany, which grows there to a huge size, the lignum vitæ, and the ebony. The palm, "queen of the Cuban forests," with its deep green plumage; the giant-leaved and prolific banana and plantain, resembling tall Indian corn; the cocoa, with its weeping foliage; and the "prim orange," are abundant. Two hundred sorts of birds are native to the island. Marble of fine quality is found in the mountains, and there are valuable mines of copper. Coffee has been cultivated on the lower hill slopes with success, and its production could be largely extended. The Cuban tobacco has peculiar value, and is sought for the world over, the Americans alone being purchasers of over two million dollars' worth of cigars from there every year. Cuba's principal crop, however, is sugar, which amounts in value to over one hundred million dollars a year. Her advantage in its production over Louisiana, for example, is that in Cuba there is a space of four or five months, when all the mechanical work must be done, between the time when enough cane is ripe to justify starting the mills and the time when the cane begins to spoil; whereas in Louisiana this period is only about two months. Though some of Cuba's coast lands are subject to overflow, she

is uncommonly well supplied with fine harbors. Of her cities, Havana, the capital, has a population of two hundred and thirty-five thousand, Santiago de Cuba forty thousand, and Matanzas thirty-seven thousand. The sumptuous marble mansions of its capital, with their lofty porticoes and long colonnades, indicate something of its tropical wealth and luxury. Its cafés and restaurants are said to be but little inferior to those of Paris.

The United States annually import from Cuba fifty million dollars' worth of brown sugar; and as neither that island nor Porto Rico is able to raise wheat, yet requires large quantities of wheat flour for consumption, the United States ought, by good rights, on account of their nearness and facilities for supplying the article, to export annually to those islands ten million dollars' worth of flour. Assuming that the consumption of flour in those islands is the same as in other civilized communities, that is, three quarters of a pound of bread per day to each inhabitant, equivalent to one barrel of flour a year to each inhabitant, we find that they would require at least two million barrels of flour a year, which at six dollars a barrel would amount to twelve million dollars. Owing, however, to the high and virtually prohibitory Spanish duty on flour, the export of that article from this country to Cuba and Porto Rico amounted, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1878, to less than three hundred thousand dollars.

That high duty applies to flour of wheat imported into Cuba from foreign ports in foreign vessels; and though it does not expressly, yet it does substantially, discriminate against the United States. And it has long, though in vain, been complained of. As long ago as 1792, President Washington communicated to Congress a report by his secretary of state, Thomas Jefferson, in which the latter, referring to our trade with the Spanish West Indies, stated that the Spanish "duty on *flour* affects us very much, and other nations very little." So one reads, in Niles's Register of June 17, 1820, that two large French ships from Spain had arrived at Havana with cargoes of flour, which were admitted at such low rates of duty as would stop the export of flour from the United States to Cuba if the discrimination continued.

From time to time for about a century back, our presidents, secretaries of state, envoys, consuls, and political economists have directed attention to the heavy customs duty, or tariff, laid by Spain on American flour imported into her West Indian possessions. Nothing, however, seems ever to have been done towards lessening it, especially in late years; and the duty at the present time on flour of wheat imported into Cuba in any other vessels than Spanish is at the rate of $5.51 per one hundred kilograms, with twenty-five per cent. war subsidy additional. This is at the rate of *six dollars and twelve cents* duty per barrel, net weight of one hundred and ninety-six pounds, and is essentially prohibitory.

The pretended object of the duty is to give a monopoly to a few traders in Spain, and to "protect" agriculture in Spain; whereas the United States consul at Barcelona reports, "Farmers are tilling their lands in the same antiquated style as handed down to them by their ancestors, and cannot be persuaded to use modern American implements." The tax, which of course is highly oppressive to the Cubans themselves, seems all the more unreasonable, because in modern times the ports of those nations which are the most advanced in civilization — certainly those of Great Britain, Holland, Belgium, Hamburg, and of the Scandinavian countries — admit flour free of duty, since it is an article of food of prime necessity. It is injurious to the American wheat producers, who in themselves, as a general rule, unite the qualities of proprietor and laborer; who even under favorable circumstances seldom clear more than ordinary wages. And it seems peculiarly to affect those who are growing wheat in the Upper Mississippi Valley (on the very plains owned by Spain a century and a quarter ago), and who naturally think that some of their products should be shipped down

the Mississippi and to the West Indian ports so near its mouth. The tax is felt, too, by American flour manufacturers, whose enterprise and skill of late years have carried their art to great perfection, making it in some localities a predominant industry, and who have to seek markets for their goods in distant countries. Twenty-five thousand barrels of flour are now shipped every week from the mills of Minneapolis alone, — a greater quantity than was exported from the United States to Cuba during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1878. The average cost of shipping flour from Minneapolis or St. Paul to Boston or New York by rail is sixty cents a barrel. From the latter cities to Havana by steamer — a voyage of five days — the freight is fifty cents a barrel. The choicest quality of the Minnesota "patent" flour is now quoted in the New York and Boston markets at eight dollars per barrel at wholesale. It may be supposed that the average price of flour shipped to Havana is now six dollars a barrel, so that when it reaches that city it is met with a custom tax nearly or quite equal to its cost, with freight added. This forcibly illustrates the absurdly excessive rate of the duty.

There are other goods, such as provisions, which the United States, more readily than any other country, could furnish to Cuba, but upon which, considering that they are necessaries, the duties are quite high. The duty on lard imported from the United States into Cuba in American vessels is six cents per pound; on butter eight cents per pound; on cheese from five to fifteen cents per pound, according to class and quality. Even in Porto Rico, where the duties have usually been lower than in Cuba, the duty on American pork amounts to $2.50 per barrel. The duty on common cotton prints or calicoes imported into Cuba from the United States in American vessels is $34\frac{3}{20}$ cents per kilogram, and the twenty-five per cent. war subsidy in addition, which is at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents a yard of twenty-four inches in width. On calf-skin boots and shoes for men the duty is $1.20 a pair. The duty on the same goods would be about twenty-five per cent. less when imported from European or other ports in Spanish vessels. Naturally, the heavy discrimination which Spain makes against our flour and certain other goods tends to prejudice our export of cotton manufactures to Cuba. During the year ending June 30, 1878, the total value of the exports of manufactures of cotton from the United States to Cuba and Porto Rico together was only $95,246. During the year 1877, nearly a corresponding period, Great Britain exported to Cuba and Porto Rico cotton manufactures of the value of £1,184,991, or very nearly six million dollars' worth; in fact, *sixty times* as much as were exported to those islands from the United States.

Another class of Americans, besides agriculturists and manufacturers, who are injured by Spanish monopoly in Cuba is that of seamen. To foster our coasting trade has always been regarded as a matter of high national importance. Our trade with Cuba lies in the very path from our Atlantic to our Gulf ports. It belongs to the coasting trade. And what is more, a part of it belongs to our coasting sail-shipping, which should always be favored, but which has so declined of late that those who a few years ago were masters of good vessels are now glad to take the position of mate!

Not only is our trade with Cuba burdened by high duties, but it suffers still further obstruction from the irregular and oppressive manner in which the duties are estimated and collected. The American flag is in such poor favor at Havana that vessels carrying it have to pay considerably higher tonnage duties than are paid by vessels under other flags, and particularly those of Great Britain and Germany, although such duties purport to apply equally to all countries. This statement would seem incredible, were it not vouched for by the United States consul-general at Havana, an officer who has had ten years' experience at his post. In a communication to the department of state, dated November 2, 1877, he illustrates the "gross injustice" done our shipping

interests by the system of assessing tonnage duties at Havana. He gives examples of it as it was applied to eighteen fishing vessels—the humblest of our crafts, and such as, if any, would be likely to receive fair treatment—out of thirty of these vessels which habitually trade between Key West and Havana. He states, —

"The aggregate of the sums paid by these eighteen vessels to the Havana custom-house for tonnage dues during the year 1876 was $8934.93. The same number of Spanish vessels of the same tonnage, and making an equal or a greater number of voyages to the United States, would have paid there during the same period $190.80, or $1 to $46.83 paid by the American vessels in Cuba.

"The aggregate register tonnage of these vessels is 635.92 tons. In the absence of a reciprocal arrangement between the United States and Spain, the Spanish admeasurers of Havana, in readmeasuring these vessels, augmented their aggregate tonnage 216.42 tons, or about thirty-four per cent. over their American tonnage; *a gross injustice, against which all the remonstrances of this office and of the masters were at that time of no avail.* At the same time the vessels of Germany, Great Britain, and other countries whose systems of admeasurements are the same as those of the United States were admitted to entry upon their registers. Thus, had these vessels been under the British or German flag, they would have paid thirty-four per cent. less in tonnage dues than was paid by the American vessels."

The consul-general, Mr. Hall, adds: "There are many other difficulties under which our vessels labor in the ports of Cuba, which have been brought to the notice of the department frequently during the past ten years." In view of the facts just quoted, the secretary of state, Mr. Evarts, on the 13th of November, 1877, instructed the United States minister at Madrid that "the burden of these excessive and increasing exactions . . . is becoming *well-nigh unbearable* to our shippers and merchants."

It appears that the evil of the system of readmeasurement became partially remedied by a royal order, which was adopted "provisionally"! But, judging from the slight satisfaction which hitherto has been accorded to complaints against the system of "fines" at Havana, we fear the evil is not remedied. The practice by the revenue officers at Havana of imposing fines or penalties on vessels for slight and technical errors found in the manifests of cargoes is a burden which has long been complained of. These fines have been exacted often in a frivolous, arbitrary, and vexatious manner, and such as to prove in some cases almost ruinous to shippers. The most trifling mistake or omission, a mere verbal inaccuracy, has exposed them to heavy penalties. For example, a fine would be imposed because hoops were not described in the manifest as "wooden" hoops; because nails were not stated to be "iron" nails; for a failure to express numbers, weights and measures in letters and figures; for the slightest error in converting American weights and measures into Spanish denominations. Fines have been imposed in one Cuban port for stating in a manifest that which in another Cuban port fines were imposed for omitting. This unreasonable practice of revenue fines had become so burdensome that in January, 1873, seventy-nine commercial firms of New York and Boston presented a memorial to the government of the United States, asking for its intervention to secure relief from the system. The matter was deemed of so much importance by our government that it procured the coöperation of the British, German, and Swedish-Norwegian governments in seconding its efforts for a reform of the abuse. But in spite of all that has been done, the abuse exists to a considerable extent. Our consul-general at Havana, at the close of his before-cited communication of November 2, 1877, states that among "the many difficulties" which affect our vessels in Cuban ports "the principal one, that of *fines* imposed for trivial and sometimes for mere technical informalities, *is still* a source of complaint on the part of our ship-masters."

One, and perhaps a sufficient, explanation of the continuance of such an unwarrantable and injurious system is that the revenue officers of Cuba are not properly remunerated for their services by the Spanish government, and that they resort to this unjustifiable imposition of penalties as a source of compensation.

Our commerce with Cuba has been prejudiced by still another class of evils. Our shipping has been harassed and our flag insulted on repeated occasions by Spanish officials and Spanish cruisers. A more arrogant and wanton proceeding than the seizure of the Black Warrior — a merchant steamer regularly trading between New York and Mobile, calling also at Havana for the delivery of the mail and passengers — could hardly be imagined. It was a proceeding calculated to turn our shipping away from Cuban ports. The seizure of the Virginius on the high seas was in violation of public law; and the summary execution of *fifty-three* of the persons found on board of her, many of them citizens of the United States, and several of them mere boys, without lawful trial, and thus directly in violation of our treaty with Spain, was a flagrant insult to the authority and the dignity of the United States, as well as an outrage against humanity. Spain apologized; but instead of punishing the general who ordered the executions, she in due time promoted him! As full indemnity for the affair the United States received of Spain the sum of eighty thousand dollars, which was at the rate of not exceeding twenty-five hundred dollars to the family of each person executed. The pacific course which our government pursued in the matter sufficiently refutes the statement, frequently heard from Europeans, that the United States are in the habit of "bullying" and "worrying" Spain in her management of Cuba.

To come down to a still later period: the attention of our government was called to the following three cases of outrage on American vessels, committed near Cuba by Spanish guard-boats, in 1877. In May of that year the whaling schooner Ellen Rizpah, of Newburyport, Massachusetts, while in the peaceful pursuit of her voyage, was forcibly attacked by an armed Spanish guard-boat, twenty miles distant from Cuba; her captain was detained prisoner on board the guard-boat for four days, exposed much of the time to very inclement weather in wet clothing; and when at the end of that time a Spanish steamer arrived and his papers were examined, which from the first he frankly offered to exhibit, he was rudely ordered to go about his business. Attempting to do so, and while preparing to capture some whales then in sight, he was again chased a distance of twenty miles by another but similar armed cruiser. These acts deterred him from prosecuting his voyage.

On the 23d of the same month, the whaling schooner Rising Sun, of Provincetown, Massachusetts, being off the South Keys of Cuba, and three miles from the Keys (which are uninhabited and destitute of vegetation) and about twenty miles from the coast of Cuba, had her two boats out in pursuit of whales. One of the boats was commanded by her captain, the other by the mate. While thus visibly and properly engaged in their calling, and three or four miles distant from the schooner, they were fired at by a Spanish guard-boat with blank cartridge from a rifled cannon, followed immediately by two rounds with solid shot. The captain of the Rising Sun steered for his vessel, but was fired upon with three volleys from small arms. His steersman, a Portuguese, heard them declare on the guard-boat that they meant to take the schooner and sink her. The captain, as ordered, went on board the guard-boat, where he was told that he would be detained till a gun-boat should come from Cuba "to search his vessel and examine his papers." After some time he was permitted to return to his vessel on condition that his mate came aboard in his place. The mate was detained five days without change of clothing, although he came on board the Spanish vessel in his wet whaling suit. When, on the fifth day, the Spanish gun-boat arrived, an officer from that vessel went

on board the Rising Sun, examined her papers, and mustered her crew aft to answer to their names. Her captain inquired why his vessel was detained, and was answered in English: "There are a good many scamps in the world, and we don't know whom to trust." During all these proceedings the flag of the United States was flying from the Rising Sun. The detention put an end to her voyage.

The other case occurred during the same spring, and was of no less aggravated character. The whaling schooner Edward Lee, of Provincetown, Massachusetts, having scarcely arrived in the same waters, and while cruising for whales, was chased by a Spanish gunboat, fired into, at first with solid shot, then with grape, and finally with shell, and by such violence driven from those waters.

It may be urged that the existence of an insurrection in Cuba was some excuse for these Spanish armed cruisers taking the law into their own hands. Not at all. There could be no pretense but these American vessels were pursuing their proper and legitimate calling. And, besides, it was well known that the government of the United States had at pains and expense uniformly and successfully enforced the neutrality laws, and prevented the fitting out and departure from our ports of vessels intending to aid the insurgents in Cuba. This undeviating course of our government should have made Spanish officials all the more scrupulous and courteous in their treatment of American vessels.

And here it may be stated that the great leading principle or rule which the United States have long maintained, and which most other maritime powers now acknowledge, is that a vessel on the high seas, in time of peace, bearing its proper flag, is under the jurisdiction of the country to which it belongs; and therefore any visitation, molestation, or detention of such vessel by force, or by the exhibition of force, on the part of a foreign power, is in derogation of the sovereignty of that country.

Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the secretary of state of the United States, in his note of November 13, 1877, in regard to the outrages on the three whaling schooners just above mentioned, should use the following earnest language: —

"The frequent recurrence, of late, of these unfriendly, and, as they must be considered by this government, clearly unwarrantable, visitations from the armed vessels of the Spanish naval force to the unarmed merchant vessels of the United States has nevertheless caused the president much anxiety for the consequences which may at any moment, and must sooner or later, if continued, result to the peace of the two nations, unless the most energetic and effective measures are speedily adopted and put in force to prevent a possible recurrence of such incidents as I have, with every feeling but that of pleasure, felt obliged to bring thus plainly to the notice of the Spanish government." The aggregate amount of indemnity which was demanded of Spain by our government, on account of damage suffered by the owners and officers and crews of the three vessels, Ellen Rizpah, Rising Sun, and Edward Lee, for the breaking up of their voyages, etc., was $19,500. It was officially stated that the cases had been examined into with care, and that our government was "satisfied" that the respective claims for damages were "equitable and reasonable." The Spanish government, with reasonable promptitude, offered to pay ten thousand dollars as full satisfaction of the claims of the owners and officers of the Ellen Rizpah and Rising Sun, leaving the claim of six thousand dollars on account of the Edward Lee for further investigation. The fact that the government of the United States promptly acquiesced in such settlement, on terms so much more favorable than first demanded, ought to satisfy every Spaniard, if further proof were necessary, that the United States do not wish to pick a quarrel in regard to Cuba.

The foregoing facts have been stated for two objects: first, to show the hindrances and injuries our shipping suffers from the Spanish administration of Cuba; and, secondly, to show the pa-

tience, forbearance, and firm policy of peace which the government of the United States has steadily pursued with reference to that island.

There is Cuba, with an area six times greater than that of Massachusetts, so near to us that by taking a steamer at our own port of Key West after supper we can be landed at Havana the next morning before breakfast, — there she is, with splendid resources, and ought to be a most valuable customer for American products; yet, owing to Spanish monopoly, — an almost prohibitory tariff of over *six dollars* a barrel on flour, rendered additionally oppressive by venal administration, — American merchants are excluded from the benefits of a mutual and fair commerce with her. What, then, is the remedy, if any, for such a state of things?

Should our government endeavor to acquire possession of Cuba, and if so, how? Or should it seek to obviate the evils by a commercial treaty and the cultivation of more cordial relations with Spain and Cuba?

Manifest destiny, said President Buchanan, requires that the United States should acquire possession of Cuba. A good deal has been written and said during the past thirty years in regard to its acquisition. President Fillmore, in a private letter to Daniel Webster about the time of the Lopez expedition, expressed a decided opinion that it would be against the interest of the United States to acquire it. He naturally apprehended that its acquisition would intensify the slavery question. It was probably a knowledge of his individual views, together with the effect of the Lopez expedition (Lopez, a Cuban, had the year before, in spite of the United States authorities, got out of New Orleans and landed at Cuba a military force of several hundred men, among whom was the ill-fated Crittenden), that led Great Britain and France to propose to the United States, in 1852, to engage by treaty to discountenance all attempt to obtain possession of the island of Cuba on the part of any power or individual whatever. The British and French ministers at Washington severally urged that British and French subjects, as well as the French government, were on different accounts creditors of Spain for large sums of money; that the expense of keeping up an armed force in Cuba of twenty-five thousand men obstructed the government of Spain in its efforts to fulfill its pecuniary engagements; and that under the existing state of things it could not be expected that Spain would lower her tariff at Havana. Mr. Everett, who had lately succeeded Mr. Webster as secretary of state, in his reply of December 1, 1852, pointed out the reasons which led the government of the United States to decline entering into such negotiations. In the first place, he in a polite manner gave those powers to understand that it was a matter which very little concerned them. The president, he stated, considered the condition of Cuba as mainly an American question. That island lay at our doors, commanded the approach to the Gulf of Mexico, and kept watch at the door-way of our intercourse with California by the Isthmus route. Territorially and commercially, it would in our hands be an extremely valuable possession. Under certain contingencies, it might be almost essential to our safety. Still, for domestic reasons, the president thought that the incorporation of the island into the Union at that time, although effected with the consent of Spain, would be a hazardous measure; and he would consider its acquisition by force, except in a just war with Spain (should an event so greatly to be deprecated take place), as disgraceful. The president had thrown the whole force of his constitutional power against all illegal attacks upon the island; and the proposed compact, instead of helping to prevent illegal enterprises against it, would give a new and powerful impulse to them. Thus ended that intrusive proposal.

In about two years after this was held the Ostend Conference. In October, 1854, James Buchanan, John Y. Mason, and Pierre Soulé, ministers respectively of the United States at London, Paris, and Madrid, acting under instructions of

the Pierce administration, met at Ostend, in Belgium, to consult as to negotiations for the purchase of Cuba. They drew up and signed (October 18th) a joint communication to their government, in which they set forth, among other things, that they had arrived at the conclusion, and were thoroughly convinced, that an immediate and earnest effort ought to be made by the government of the United States to purchase Cuba from Spain at any price for which it could be obtained, not exceeding the sum of —— dollars. The maximum sum they thought should be paid was one hundred and twenty million dollars; and they made a strong point in their paper by referring to the benefits that would accrue to Spain by the use of the larger part of such a sum in building railroads and developing her resources. The susceptibilities of Spain, however, were such that the negotiations thus recommended were never ventured upon by our government. Yet at that very time Cuba was, and since has continued to be, a pecuniary burden on the Spanish government, and Spain's best bonds were being sold upon her own bourse at about one third of their par value. At that time the duty on American flour imported into Cuba in American vessels was $9.87 a barrel! and Spain had haughtily refused to treat for the alleviation of our commerce with that island. Mr. Soulé, in a dispatch of November 10, 1853, to our government, says the Spanish minister of state "is averse to let Spain enter into any commercial treaty with us, and makes no secret of his stern antipathies in that respect." Furthermore, the new captain-general who about that time was sent to Cuba was selected "mostly on account of the violent prejudices he was supposed, and with truth, to entertain against us;" and went out with "increased powers, in case of another Lopez expedition, to put under arrest all Americans residing there, without excepting even the consul."

A peaceful termination of our then critical relations with Spain and the improvement of our commerce might well have been the leading motives for the Ostend Conference, but the suspicion that the main object of the proposed purchase of Cuba was the extension of the slave power threw odium upon it.

No very important step towards the acquisition of the island has since been taken. The Thirty Million Bill, with a view to its purchase, was introduced in the senate by Mr. Slidell in 1859, but did not pass. While General Prim was regent of Spain, in 1869, a private company, with a view of obtaining Cuba for the Cubans and afterwards repaying itself at the expense of the island, offered seventy-five million dollars for it; and the proposal was for some time entertained by that able soldier and statesman. Probably Spain would now cede Cuba and Porto Rico both to the United States for two hundred million dollars and for no less. Yet assuming that the United States could borrow that sum at four per cent., the annual interest on the amount would be eight million dollars, which would exceed, perhaps, the yearly clear profit of commerce with the islands even with free trade. It would be too much to give, *unless* there should be danger (which every friend of humanity would deprecate) of our having a war with Spain in consequence of grievances in connection with Cuba, and of our being obliged to acquire it as security for future peace. There has been some little experience in the business in the past, to which it may be useful to advert. Not only has Cuba once been conquered, but it has been conquered with the help of Americans! Not only so, but Cuba has in its time acted the part of Carthage (which in some points it to-day resembles) to America. It fitted out in 1742 an armament of two thousand troops, which embarked at Havana under convoy of a powerful squadron, and which, after being reinforced by a thousand men at St. Augustine, invaded Georgia. This was in the war between England and Spain.

Cuba had been threatened the year before by a British fleet under Admiral Vernon. He had been reinforced by three thousand six hundred men, chiefly *from the New England colonies;* but he lingered, inactive, till his forces inglo-

riously melted away by disease. Of the New England recruits scarcely one man in fifty survived, and the calamity, we are told, "overspread America with mourning."

A successful campaign under Lord Albemarle was made nineteen years later. The expedition consisted of nineteen ships of the line, eighteen small war vessels, about one hundred and fifty transports, and a force of about ten thousand troops. Admiral Pococke, fresh from two naval victories in the East, commanded the naval forces. He passed through the straits of Bahama in eleven days, and early in June (1762) the siege of Fort Moro was commenced. That fortification, guarding Havana, even then was quite strong. Its ditch, cut out of solid rock, was eighty feet deep by forty feet wide. It was defended by fourteen Spanish ships of the line. The besiegers had the assistance of two thousand or more blacks from the neighboring British islands, in fatigue work. The labors and hardships of the whole command were of course severe. At one time five thousand men of the land forces and three thousand sailors were unfit for duty. Reinforcements of *Americans*, numbering three or four thousand men, principally from New York and New England, — and among whom was the afterwards famous Putnam, of Connecticut, — began to arrive about the 20th of July. The Spaniards made a gallant resistance, but had to yield on the 10th of August, when Fort Moro was taken, and as a consequence the island of Cuba. The splendid victory made a great impression at the time; yet in the negotiations, which shortly afterwards terminated in peace, Spain declared, and was supported by France, that without the restitution of Cuba peace could be of no service to her, and she would rather hazard the continuance of war. Cuba was therefore restored to Spain.

A century and a quarter has passed since that event; and it would now require more extensive operations and much larger land and naval forces to take Cuba. It should be borne in mind that in such a conflict the sympathy of foreign nations, in itself a great moral support, would not be on the side of the United States, unless the provocation given by Spain were unmistakably sufficient to justify our course. Spain has not only extended and strengthened her fortifications there, but she defends them with a respectable naval force. She regards the retention of Cuba as a matter of honor, — at least pretends to. She is a country of sixteen million inhabitants, with much pride, military experience, and ardor. It may be taken for granted that she would make an obstinate resistance to our operations. She might even make some damaging aggressive movements. Indeed, the Spaniards think they could get a few Alabamas, and make us cry quit. Mr. Caleb Cushing stated, August, 1874, that although the naval force of Spain was nominally formidable, yet its available force was relatively small. For the defense of Cuba and Porto Rico she keeps a fleet of thirty-five gun-boats, all of the same size, — one hundred and seven feet long, twenty-two and a half feet beam, eight feet depth of hold, and drawing about five feet of water. They are screw steamers, each one carrying a one-hundred-pounder pivot gun at the bow. We would have to take the fortifications at Havana by as protracted a siege as that of Vicksburg. Besides, there would have to be, probably, one or two serious naval engagements. When, in the early part of the war of the rebellion, Sherman, as commanding general in Kentucky, declared that two hundred thousand men were required for effective operation, people said he was insane; and such was the popular and official delusion that he was removed from his command! It would require the enlistment of one hundred and fifty thousand men — perhaps more — to conquer Cuba. As the stronger party, it might naturally be supposed that we would ultimately accomplish our object. Meantime, Spain would have suffered injury which she could hardly outgrow in a quarter of a century; and our own country, its shipping, and perhaps some of its ports would have suffered a great amount of damage. From ten to twenty

thousand of our land and naval forces would have perished by disease, half as many more in battle; and with the expense of transports, of costly ammunition for siege firing, the pay, clothing, and subsistence of the forces, and the millions that would eventually have to be paid in *pensions*, the aggregate pecuniary cost of the war, without taking into account the destruction of human life, would possibly exceed two hundred million dollars.

There are some social objections to incorporating Cuba into the American Union. "For a century," said the London Times six years ago, "Cuba has been advancing rapidly in her colored population, in wealth, in enterprise, and in most material respects, with an almost utter absence of the higher and nobler elements generally supposed necessary to consolidation and order." "We have regular mails to Havana," said the Times, "yet Cuba is like Great Britain in the days of George II. and Rob Roy."

The white population there numbers seven hundred and thirty thousand, of whom say one hundred and thirty thousand include native Spaniards, who hold the offices, or who have immigrated to get rich in other ways. The other six hundred thousand are native Cubans, called creoles. The native Spaniards, having enjoyed a monopoly of government, and having exercised their privileges in a haughty, domineering manner, are said to be cordially hated by the creoles. It is thought by some that in the event of Cuban independence these Spaniards would quit the island and return home. Both classes, however, share in a common dislike for the home government. The free colored population amounts to two hundred and forty thousand, the number of slaves, three hundred and sixty thousand, — for slavery exists, reinforced by the atrocious slave trade, — of Asiatics, thirty-four thousand. The blacks thrive better there than any other race; and though if left entirely to themselves they would be about as improvident as white men of similar intelligence, yet it is found that even the slaves work as well when stimulated by a bounty for extra work as when impelled by coercive means. The blacks are employed principally on the sugar estates, of which there are about fifteen hundred, owned by nearly the same number of slave-holders. The slaves are subjected to many cruelties, and suicides are frequent among them. Of the slave-holders say twelve hundred realize a clear income of four per cent. on their capital, and the others from six to eight per cent. About three hundred sugar planters are wealthy, of whom one hundred and fifty are in very independent circumstances; while say twelve hundred are comparatively poor, burdened with debts and mortgages. The planters concede that slavery must be abolished in Cuba, and a few years ago they promulgated a scheme of immediate emancipation, with the condition that the slaves should be apprenticed a certain number of years at a certain rate of wages; the planters, meantime, to raise a considerable sum by voluntary subscription for the importation of additional free labor. It is claimed that this scheme would financially ruin the twelve hundred poor planters, who could only pull through by receiving pay for their slaves. By a law of July 4, 1870, Spain practically committed herself to the abolition of slavery in Cuba, and her government has repeatedly pledged itself speedily to carry out that measure; but while the slave-holders pretend to be in favor of abolition, they seem to have influence enough at Madrid to prevent its consummation. The Chinese were imported, of course, for work on plantations, but partly from lack of strength they have not proved efficient field hands. Moreover, they have been cheated in their contracts, and have been reduced to a condition of *quasi*-servitude. They have resented the lash with revengeful acts of violence, and as a natural consequence of the general bad treatment they have suffered they are a good deal demoralized and scattered over the island.

On the whole, the population and social condition of Cuba are hardly such as to make its society a desirable acquisition to the United States. This coun-

try has no prestige there, nor do the Cubans appear to sympathize with us.

The annexation of Cuba to the United States would of course involve the immediate abolition of slavery. And what would be the effect? Some imagine, and the special correspondent of the London Times among them, that the industry of the island would receive a terrible shock and set-back, and that there would even be a war of races. A war of races, it was predicted, would occur in the States of the South, as a consequence of freedom and suffrage; yet the good conduct of the blacks has falsified the doleful prophecy, notwithstanding the United States neglected the duty of providing them with instruction. A beneficent act like that of emancipation certainly ought not to set people to cutting each other's throats. With a representative government justly administered, a moderate property qualification for suffrage, reasonable precautions against vagrancy, and a reasonable police force to aid in executing the laws, emancipation might take place in a day in Cuba without any unusual danger or disorder, whether she remained as a colony of Spain, or was admitted into the Union of the North American States. Possibly there would be for a few years some decline in the sugar production; for it is not to be supposed that a free man will work in a hot sugar-mill eighteen hours every day in the week, Sundays included, without uncommonly good pay; yet the general prosperity would increase.

The opinion is frequently expressed by the Times special correspondent, writing in 1873, that the climate of Cuba is unsuited for white men. One is reluctant to concede that the descendants of the Anglo-Saxons cannot prosper in that beautiful island, and perhaps the future will show that they can, with due observance of *sanitary* precautions. These are matters which even under the best administered governments are too often neglected. In Cuba they are ignored. Cuba's constitution is a "royal order" which clothes the captain-general with the fullest powers. The government is, in short, a despotism, and is administered by Spanish officials who have come to amass fortunes. They are badly paid, are insubordinate to the home government, and resort to irregular exactions to increase their gains. Even the priests come over to get rich, and are allowed to charge and collect exorbitant fees, — such, for example, as seventeen dollars a head for baptizing children. It would be absurd to suppose that such a government would adopt needful measures for the preservation of health. On the contrary, it tolerates evils which aggravate the natural dangers of the climate. The heat has been increased by an indiscriminate cutting of timber over a large area of level land. The Times correspondent found Havana a city of smells and noises. He describes the streets in the older part of the city as crowded and narrow, and "flanked on each side by fetid gutters." In the newer part of the city the streets, though wide, are unpaved, and contain "dismal holes and quagmires." The celebrated harbor emits poisonous exhalations from having for over a century been the reservoir of the city drains.

Now, if the sanitary condition of Cuba is so bad, is it not improper to attribute the degeneracy of the whites there to the climate? Mr. R. H. Dana, who visited Cuba in 1859, writes: "As to the climate, I have no doubt that in the interior, especially on the red earth, it is healthy and delightful in summer as well as in winter." White people have lived in Cuba for more than a century; and under a good government, with wholesome sanitary institutions rigorously enforced, and with cheap markets for the purchase of the necessaries of life, it is to be hoped they will live there without degenerating.

"The natural process for Cuba," wrote Mr. Dana, "is an amelioration of her institutions under Spanish auspices." This seems a wise view of the matter. Equally sound is the opinion expressed by the London Times in an editorial four years ago, namely: "To prevent separation from Spain a large degree of administrative and legislative freedom should be granted to Cuba." The United States

will be satisfied if Spain will confer upon Cuba a similar government to that of Canada, but with hardly anything less; and they ought to make suitable efforts to accomplish such an improvement. But public opinion in Spain is such that extraordinary efforts will have to be put forth to obtain such a result in any reasonable time. "Half of Spain," General Cushing when United States envoy at Madrid informed our government, "though not distinctly republican, still is liberal; and another half of Spain is hardly less intensely Catholic and monarchical than it was in the time of Philip II." That interesting country has made considerable progress since Mr. Buckle, in his most eloquent summing up, portrayed her as "the sole representative now remaining of the feelings and knowledge of the Middle Ages." But although the views of the Spanish people on administrative and commercial policy are by no means so advanced as those of the people of Northwestern Europe, still it should not be difficult even now to convince them that their best interests equally with their honor would be promoted by conferring on their West Indian possessions a government similar to that of Canada. There is no doubt but some of the leading European powers would, if applied to by our government, sincerely and earnestly exert their influence upon Spain to initiate such a reform; and for the good reason that they are enlightened enough to comprehend that the introduction into Cuba of content, peaceful industry, and freer trade would to some extent benefit their own commercial interests. Exactly the Canadian system may not be the preferable one. What would probably give content to Cuba would be a government in the hands of the intelligent middle class, — substantial self-government, free, and moderately conservative.

The United States should not neglect, meantime, anything that can properly contribute to their moral influence in the matter. While careful not to give cause of offense, it would perhaps be in the interest of peace if we were more exacting than we have hitherto been, in case of any future insults to our flag by Spanish officials. We need not add a dollar to our naval expenditures on account of Cuba. But as we have a powerful fortress (Taylor) at Key West, just across from Havana, which cost two million dollars, — where also is a fine harbor accessible to vessels drawing twenty-two feet of water, and a town of nine thousand inhabitants, — probably it would be advisable for strategetic purposes, since it is entirely practicable, to build a railroad to connect with it, to remain under control of the government. Such an improvement would make a strong impression on Spain with reference to her policy in Cuba.

What the United States immediately require, besides the abolition of slavery in Cuba, is the abolition of the prohibitory duties on flour, and a very considerable reduction of the duties on produce and other articles which Cuba could most conveniently obtain from this country. In asking these ameliorations of Spain, is there any concession which the United States can offer in return? Undoubtedly there is. We can reduce our duty on sugar imported from Cuba and Porto Rico. The present customs duty on raw or brown sugar imported into the United States averages two cents and a half per pound. The importation of brown sugar into the United States in 1877 from Cuba was nine hundred and twenty-six million pounds, of the value of fifty-two million dollars; from Porto Rico sixty-two million pounds, of the value of three million dollars; and together nine hundred and eighty-eight million pounds, of the value of fifty-five million dollars. The total duty on that importation amounted to say twenty-three million dollars, a tax which bears about equally on the American consumer and the West Indian producer. We could reduce this rate, in negotiating for mutual trade, to one cent a pound. If it be urged that the revenue cannot be dispensed with (and indeed our "spoils" system of administration requires high taxation), then let the deficiency be supplied by transferring to coffee the tax taken from sugar. It is unreasonable to

tax a necessary like sugar so much, and allow coffee to be imported entirely free of duty, as is now, and for a long time has been, the case. There may be some who will urge that this sugar tax must continue as a "protection" to the sugar production of Louisiana. One cent per pound, however, should now be a sufficient protection. Any additional protection given to the sugar planters of the Southern States would be more appropriate in the shape of improved government and security of life and property.

Let us, then, offer the Spanish West Indies, at our very door, at least half as liberal terms as we gave to the distant Sandwich Islands. By the treaty of June 17, 1876, — a treaty well suited to the centennial year, — the United States agreed to admit into their ports brown and all other unrefined sugar the product of the Hawaiian Islands (and various other articles) *free* of duty. Reciprocally, the Hawaiian Islands agreed to admit into their ports agricultural implements, cotton manufactures, provisions, flour, etc., free of duty. If our government will only reduce the tax on brown sugar to one cent a pound, it will be an important inducement for Spain to remove her present exorbitant tax on our wheat flour, and to reduce largely her duties on the various articles of provisions which our markets are so well calculated to furnish to Cuba and Porto Rico. This accomplished, the way would be opened for a favorable increase of our exports of cotton manufactures, machinery, and the like to those islands.

Such is one line of policy. In addition, our government should take increased pains to cultivate better relations with Spain, and even with Cuba; and this by increasing the influence of its diplomatic representative at Madrid, and of its consul-general at Havana. The importance of diplomatic missions varies according to circumstances. Our representative in Great Britain does not need to educate the statesmen in that country up to a liberal commercial policy. Such work would be quite superfluous there. But it is different in Spain. We have those "stern antipathies" there to overcome. Just at the present time, on account of Cuba, our mission to Spain is the most important of all our diplomatic posts. Let it be supposed that our representative at Madrid wishes to impress on the leading minds of Spain the mutual benefits that would be derived from a freer commercial intercourse between the United States and Cuba. How would he proceed? He would not resort to the columns of the public press, for that is not allowed, and would impair his credit. The only way he could affect public opinion there would be through social intercourse with the most influential people of the country. To do that he should be able to maintain continual hospitality in a manner suited to his official position. It would be altogether more economical to enable a diplomatic agent to accomplish important results than to leave them unachieved, and run the hazard of having to vote an extra four million appropriation to the navy every time a Virginius steamer should be seized. Can it be wise, however, to "haggle and huckster" over an appropriation for diplomatic service, and vote fresh millions for the navy (our navy costs eighteen millions a year) on the "groundless plea," as Richard Cobden well puts it, of "protecting" commerce?

What has just been said applies with equal force to our relations with Mexico. While Congress sparingly sustains diplomatic service in Mexico, it appropriates thirty-seven million dollars a year for the "military establishment," of which about two millions are required to cover the expense of suppressing aggressions on the Mexican frontier that are the result of a spirit of bad neighborhood and generally precarious relations between our country and Mexico. There are a number of things which our government should require of Mexico in the interest of commerce, in the interest of peace, and in the interest of humanity. They should be done promptly, and if the United States were to adopt the policy which experienced and leading European states pursue (which sacrifice most on their contiguous or near neighbors) they would send as their representative

to Mexico one of their most distinguished citizens, and support him in a very liberal manner. In these remarks, not the slightest reflection, of course, is intended to be made on the present United States representative to Mexico, who is undoubtedly a capable and faithful officer. That officer has lately furnished to his government a full and instructive report — published in "papers relating to the foreign relations of the United States" — for 1878, in which he shows the difficulties and obstacles with which our trade to Mexico has to contend. The federal tariff duty on some goods exceeds their cost price. There are also municipal and state duties to be paid in addition, when the goods leave the port of entry for the interior. In some states this additional duty is twelve and one half per cent. of the federal duty; in others as high as twenty-five per cent. It is true, these municipal and state duties are unlawful, but they are collected nevertheless, for "necessity knows no law." There is no bonded system for the introduction of goods, nor anything like the conveniences that obtain in the United States for importation. Another great obstacle there to commerce is the insecurity of person and property, arising from the revolutionary condition of the country, as shown by illegal seizures, "forced loans," and even the frequent murders of American citizens. In the latter cases the perpetrators go unpunished. "Not a single passenger train leaves the city of Mexico or Vera Cruz, the termini of the only completed railroad in the country, without being escorted by a company of soldiers to protect it from assault and robbery. The manufacturers of the city of Mexico who own factories in the valley within sight of it, in sending out money to pay the weekly wages of the operatives, always accompany it with an armed guard." Matters are naturally worse at a distance from the capital. The Belgian consul-general residing in the United States, while traveling in Mexico under orders of his government, was robbed, notwithstanding he had a guard.

But for heavy taxes and insecurity the Mexican mines would afford a profitable field for American capitalists. Agricultural implements, engines, mining machinery, and tools can be imported into Mexico free of duty, and Mr. Foster, our representative to Mexico, thinks there are good inducements for Americans to engage in those branches of trade. However, long credits, from eight to twelve months, without interest are common. He states that "the Germans have fairly earned their predominance in trade in Mexico by many years of patient study of the country and persistent application to the business. The Hamburg merchants establish their branches in various parts of Mexico, and send their educated youths out to serve an apprenticeship in the business and afterwards assume the management of the branch houses. They become thoroughly familiar with the condition and practices of the country, and master the intricacies of the tariff and interior duties. Revolutions and changes of government do not disturb their equanimity. They become accustomed to 'forced loans' and 'extraordinary contributions.' Notwithstanding the irregularities of the custom-house officials and the embarrassments of the contraband trade, they keep the 'even tenor of their way,' and usually (though not always) in middle or advanced life are able to go back to Germany with a competence."

There are not exceeding six English trading houses in all of Mexico, but English goods are ordered by German and other merchants. While we are making a good deal of noise in exporting cattle to England, the English are quietly passing our doors with cargoes of manufactures to our nearest neighbors. It is a striking fact that Great Britain exports annually three million dollars' worth of *cotton manufactures* to Mexico, while the United States export but one and a half million dollars' worth. This is owing partly to the force of habit in trading with England, partly to the fact that British goods are a little cheaper than the American (and after all *cheapness* is the great talisman in commerce), and partly to the fact that freight on

steamers from Liverpool to Vera Cruz is relatively lower than on the steamers from New York to Vera Cruz. The total exports of domestic merchandise from the United States to Mexico for the year ending June 30, 1878, amounted to $5,811,429. The exports from Great Britain to Mexico are usually larger in amount. "No person," says Mr. Foster, "can visit Mexico without being struck with its marvelous natural resources, its fertility of soil, its genial climate, and its capacity to sustain a large population and extensive commerce. The motto of its patron saint is a recognition of these gifts and capabilities: 'The Lord hath not dealt so with any nation.'" "It can produce," he adds, "all the coffee consumed in the United States. It has a greater area of sugar-producing lands than Cuba, and of equal fertility. Its capacity for the production of vegetable textiles is equal to any country in the world. Almost all the tropical fruits of the world can be cultivated successfully. Its varied climate admits of the growth of all the cereals of all the zones. Its ranges afford the widest scope and the best conditions for wool and stock raising. And skillful American mining engineers, who have examined the matter, claim that its mineral wealth, hid away in the recesses of its mountains, is superior to that of California, Nevada, or Australia."

What is it, then, that retards the progress of Mexico? Her chronic revolutions. A government may be perfect on paper; but it will prove worthless unless the people who exercise it have the requisite moderation and spirit of compromise. A government that permits brigandage, as Mexico does, can hardly be called a government. Mexico has a population of nine millions, of whom two thirds are Indians. As might be supposed, industry is in a depressed condition. A sort of slavery called peonage still exists. The mass of working people earn only twelve and a half cents a day. That the exports of a country blessed naturally as Mexico is should amount only to thirty-one million dollars a year seems in itself evidence of a very backward state of civilization, or of a great amount of misgovernment, even after some allowance is made for its great extent of territory. Be that as it may, the fact remains that the United States have an insignificant share of trade with her. This is owing largely to the excessive rates of the Mexican tariff, as a few examples will illustrate. The duty on cotton cloth, unbleached, is eight cents a square yard; ditto, bleached, fourteen cents; calicoes, twelve cents a square yard; cassimeres and similar woolen goods, $1.25 a square yard; cotton thread, twenty-five cents a pound; furniture, seventy-five per cent.; pianos, twenty cents a pound, gross weight; flour, nine dollars a barrel; hams, eleven cents a pound; butter, eleven cents a pound; canned fruit, twenty-two cents a pound, cans included; clothing, ready made, all kinds, one hundred and thirty-two per cent.; leather boots of calf, twenty-seven dollars per dozen; leather shoes, common, for men, seven dollars per dozen. When to these duties are added the "interior" customs tax, previously referred to, and the various fees and charges incident to vicious administration, the cost of goods by the time they reach the capital becomes simply outrageous. From itemized lists of actual charges, furnished by experienced importers, it appears that a cask of three hundred pounds of hams, costing in New York thirty-three dollars, costs by the time it arrives in the city of Mexico, $93.19. Ten kegs of nails, costing at New York $22.50, will have cost $141.62 on their arrival in the city of Mexico. A barrel of flour, costing six dollars in New York or Boston, will have cost $29.03 in Mexico. An invoice of furniture, costing in New York $121.15, after running the gauntlet of consular fees, freight charges, loss by exchange, federal, municipal, and state tariffs, lighterage, brokerage, commission, etc., and arriving in Mexico, will have cost $249.10!

Notwithstanding the enormous tariff charges which Mexico imposes, she does not derive sufficient income to enable her to pay the interest on her public debt. She is unable to pay the subsidy

of two millions promised to the company which built the railway from Vera Cruz to the capital, — said to be a fine piece of engineering, the total ascent being eight thousand feet. She does not even pay the salaries of her judicial officers. The higher tariff duties are, the greater the temptation for smuggling; and there is a good deal of illicit trade. Mexican statesmen ought to see that their country would derive a larger revenue by a more moderate tariff.

Again, our trade with Mexico would be promoted if there were better facilities of communication. A semi-monthly steamer runs between New York and Vera Cruz, and one tri-weekly between New Orleans and Vera Cruz. Each line receives a subsidy from Mexico. Where a subsidy is granted, there should be strict conditions for securing cheap transportation. But this must have been omitted as to the railway between Vera Cruz and Mexico, which charges, a distance of two hundred and sixty-three miles, per ton for freight, first class, $76.05, and by passenger trains $97.77, or ten times as much as is charged in this country from the Mississippi River to New York. Inasmuch as Mexico adjoins the territory of the United States, there should be railroad communication with her. The commercial centres of the United States now have railroad communication as far as San Antonio, Texas, within one hundred and fifty miles of the Mexican boundary. The Californians touch the Mexican frontier with a railroad to the southeast corner of their State, and another line is pushing southward to that frontier through New Mexico. In return, what is Mexico doing to meet us? Absolutely nothing. And what is worse, she appears equally indisposed and unable to do anything in that direction. Unhappily there is a wide-spread, though perhaps not predominant, feeling among the Mexicans that a railroad connection with the United States would prove subversive of their independence and lead to the annexation of their country to the United States. Members of the Mexican congress are successful in appealing to this sentiment. In opposing a proposed charter for a railroad to the frontier of the United States, a prominent member, who has since been elected speaker of the house at a new session, declared that it was "a natural law of history that border nations are enemies" (if that is so, all the more should be done in opening avenues of trade and the like to promote a good understanding), that "nations of the north generally invade the nations of the south;" hence, "we should always fear the United States." He closed his speech with the following: "You, the deputies of the states, would you exchange your poor but beautiful liberty of the present for the rich subjection which the railroad could give you? Go and propose to the lion of the desert to exchange his cave of rocks for a golden cage, and the lion of the desert will answer you with a roar of liberty." His rhetoric prevailed. The proposed railroad charter was defeated by a decided majority. The fact, too, that it was intended for an American company shows of what account American influence is in Mexico.

The United States do not want an inch more of Mexican territory. All that the United States ask of Mexico is that she shall align herself with other civilized nations. They ask that she shall suppress that marauding which on a considerable part of their frontier renders life, to use the words of the secretary of state, "well-nigh insupportable;" and they wish that under government justly and humanely administered she may enjoy the tranquillity indispensable to business enterprise and industry, and which will enable her to attain the social and material prosperity that will make her a good neighbor.

The United States, having assumed the right to exclude European interference in Mexican affairs, as shown by their influence in causing the French army to withdraw from Mexico, and as a consequence insuring the fall of Maximilian, are all the more bound to help her along by good example and well-directed efforts. Mere routine is not enough.

*C. C. Andrews.*

## THE CHILDREN OUT-OF-DOORS.[1]

I.

THEIR wandering cries are in the windy street;
(O faces wan and sweet!)
What ear doth stoop to listen, — eye to mark
Those footsteps in the dark?

In my warm room, full-filled with childish glee,
The still thought troubles me:
*These* children I call mine; what parent yours,
Ye children out-of-doors?

Fatherless, motherless, shelterless, unfed
Save crusts of bitter bread!
How dare I rest, my lids to sleep resign!
Are ye not also mine?

II.

Who is it, in the deep-breathed winter night,
While snows lie starry-bright,
Knocks at my door? (Or did a passing wind
Deceive my empty mind?)

It is a little child, sore-pinched with cold,
Ragged and hunger-bold,
Houseless and friendless, goes from door to door,
Knocking, as oft before.

"Arise, and let Him in!" a voice is heard,
At which my sleep was stirred
A little, oh a little, and my heart
Beat with a quickening start.

"Arise, and let Him in!" — a voice, no more.
Sleep double-locks the door,
And Christ, who, child-like, piteously came,
Leaves me to waking shame.

III.

He born in each of these, the Son of God,
Walks, so disguised, abroad;
Dwells in mean places, nursed by cold and want,
Abused, half-naked, gaunt.

He goes, a homeless child, to happy homes,
Whence light, with laughter, comes

[1] Read at opening of Children's Home Fair, Cincinnati, Ohio, April 15, 1879.

From blissful hearths, through many a shining pane.
He waits, in frost or rain.

Blessèd they are who hearken when He knocks,
And open eager locks;
Who bid from out-of-doors the stranger come,
And give the homeless home.

Oh, blessèd they who in his piteous guise
The Wanderer recognize;
The Light of the World through conscious doors they win
Who rise and let Him in!

*John James Piatt.*

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## A FOSSIL FROM THE TERTIARY.

The name of the society of Phi Beta Kappa is pretty well known, even to school-boys, who have had to "speak" eloquent extracts from Mr. Everett's Phi Beta Kappa Oration, or Dr. Holmes's Phi Beta Kappa Poem. It is the first of the Greek letter societies of the colleges, some one of which now holds an anniversary every day, and astonishes the journals with its record. Phi Beta Kappa is more than half a century older than any of them, and at Cambridge this year it comes to its centennial.

The society is one of the queerest things in America. It is indeed one of the very few visible relics of the mythical age of our national history; and it is not very visible at that. The "mythical age" is that period extending from the battle of Yorktown, in 1781, to the organization of the national government, in 1789. This is a period in which, as the book of Judges says, "every man did what was right in his own eyes." There was, indeed, no king in Israel any longer, and there was, as yet, nobody to take the place of the king. Of this mythical period nobody now knows anything, except a few men of sense, and they do not know much. It was in this prehistoric period, and in the years before it, that the earliest chapters of Phi Beta Kappa, now existing, came into being and worked out their earliest plans. They came into being because everything was without form and void, *to-hu va bo-hu*, as the expressive Hebrew hath it. And, exactly as in some prehistoric tertiary you find the droll skeleton of a three-toed horse who prophesies the existence of the whole-hoofed Smuggler or Parole of to-day, so anybody, who digs in the gravel or other drift of the ten years before the federal constitution, comes across this poor struggling Phi Beta Kappa, — with its three toes, as it happens, — striving to unite "the wise and virtuous of every degree and of whatever country." In particular, it was striving to unite the several States which had just ceased to be colonies.

The hardest thing to teach the young American of to-day is that about a hundred years ago a Virginian was as much a foreigner to a New Yorker as is a Mexican or Chileno to-day. We have been a nation so long now that Young America cannot understand that, when the Stamp Act was passed, the idea of the union of the thirteen colonies was even mystical and fantastic. It is only by slow steps that we have worked up to such national feeling as we have. Of those steps the establishment of Phi Beta Kappa was one. It was not an important one; quite the reverse. As it proved,

it was unimportant and insignificant. When the great object was obtained, by the adoption, almost by miracle, of the federal constitution, that great success paled all lesser endeavors in the same direction, and made their fires ineffectual. And so, the truth is that the Phi Beta Kappa has been of no great importance for its original purpose since 1789. But this is not because the plans of its founders were bad, but rather because they were good. There is, indeed, on a much larger scale, rather an interesting parallel with their quaint little annals, in the modern history of Germany. For fifty years after the Congress of Vienna, the German states, as states, could make no efficient union. There was a plenty of Saxonies and Würtemburgs and Badens, but there was, alas, no Germany, excepting in language and literature. All through this period, it was the students of the universities who believed in union. It was they who affiliated together in clubs, now public and now private, of which the great object was the unity of the Fatherland. It is fair enough to say that, out of the persistent passion for union fostered thus among the educated men of Germany, the German empire of to-day has grown. Now the early correspondence of Phi Beta Kappa shows that the young men who formed it had just such dreams of union as those. It was with just such purposes that their union of the "wise and virtuous" of the American colleges was formed. Luckily for this country, everything else tended the same way. Commerce, national honor, even the oyster fishery of the Potomac and protection against the Indians, compelled the union which crystallized so happily in the federal constitution. That union was looked forward to in the tentative efforts, which are fairly pathetic, of the striplings who, in 1779, united William and Mary College in Virginia, Yale College in New Haven, and Harvard College at Cambridge in a society which proposed to go much farther in similar directions, in a close union of the scholars of the country. Be it observed that the same grandiose habit which now calls a high-school a college, then made these young men call all these colleges universities. We deal with the "university" at Cambridge, the "university" at New Haven, and with Dartmouth "university" at Hanover a little later, in turning over these yellow annals.

In the wild excitement of 1776, while the Assembly of Virginia, which met at Williamsburgh, was making the independence of Virginia a reality, the young men of the college of William and Mary, not caring to be behind their fathers and elder brothers, formed the Phi Beta Kappa society. Their original records are unfortunately lost, — let us hope not beyond recovery. The formula of organization cannot now, therefore, be cited. But it is clear enough, from the immediate practice of the society, that it was intended to form a philosophical club, whose purposes should go far beyond the narrow range of the college studies of those days, and should include not only the wide range of what was then called "philosophy," but the consideration, at the same time, of political questions. These, too, were discussed, not in the abstract, but in their bearing on the events of the day. Were there no other evidence of this, the names of the founders would be almost sufficient to show the political sympathies of the society. John Marshall's is the most distinguished name. But the other names, of Stuart, Fitzhugh, Bushrod Washington, Alexander Mason, William Short, William Cabell, John Nivison, and others, are the names of men who went right into the political service of the country as soon as they left college, as promptly as ducklings go into water.[1] It is true that

[1] The names of the founders are John Heath, Thomas Smith, Richard Booker, Armistead Smith, John Jones, John Stuart, Daniel Fitzhugh, Theodore Fitzhugh, John Starke, Isaac Hill, William Short, John Morrison, George Braxton, Henry Hill, John Allen, John Nivison Hartwell Cocke, Thomas Hall, Samuel Hardy, Archibald Stuart, John Brown, D. C. Brent, Thomas Clements, Thomas W. Ballandine, Richard Booker, John Moore, Spencer Roane, William Stith, W. Stuart, J. J. Beckley, Thomas Savage, John Page, William Cabell, John Marshall, Bushrod Washington, Thomas Lee, Landon Cabell, W. Pierce, Richard B. Lee, William Madison, John Swann, Thomas Cocke, Paxton Bowdoin, Alexander Mason.

such was the drift of the time. But the early calendar of Phi Beta Kappa in Virginia certainly shows more than an average share of young men interested in the philosophy of politics. In a letter written as late as 1831, Mr. Short, the vice president, said that it was formed by a student, who prided himself on being the best Hellenist there, to "rivalise" another society with Latin initials.

In the stress of political discussion in after-times, the charge was freely made that Mr. Jefferson founded this society, and this charge was urged as if a reproach. Phi Beta Kappa to-day would be very glad to hang Mr. Jefferson's portrait in its hall, and to connect itself with the Declaration of Independence in something more than the year of its birth. But, unfortunately, there is not a shadow of a line of evidence to show that Jefferson had anything to do with it. It is true that he was sitting in the legislature of Virginia in Williamsburgh at the time the society was formed. And it is said the society was formed in the Apollo Hall in the old "Raleigh tavern," justly celebrated in the local annals of those days. But these two facts are all that the romance-writer can now build upon in connecting Jefferson with the society. Another fancy has been that Phi Beta was invented by the French officers in Rochambeau's army after the pattern of the German Illuminati. But this does not hold water. For the French army did not come to Williamsburgh till five years after Phi Beta Kappa had been founded; and when they came the college had been disbanded, and Phi Beta Kappa with it. The only good that Phi Beta Kappa got from the French army was that William Short, then the president, who was staying in Williamsburgh, then and there learned French, and thus laid the foundation of the diplomatic career in which he afterwards served the country with distinction. Indeed, it is not probable that any of the officers of the French army at that time knew anything of the Illuminati. Readers of Consuelo and the Countess of Rudolstadt, who hoped to follow down the lines of those stories through the records of Phi Beta Kappa, must give up that trail as futile.

It is, however, a curious coincidence, as the Daily Advertiser would say, that Adam Weisshaupt, who seems to have been very much of a charlatan and humbug, but who made a great deal of noise in his day, founded the Illuminati in this same year, 1776. He did it with the ostensible object of "perfecting human nature," and with the special object of countermining the Jesuits. Really, if you only read the charter of Phi Beta and the constitution of the Illuminati, you would say, "All this stuff is very much of the same pattern." So it is. But that is because Ingolstadt in Bavaria and Williamsburgh in Virginia were both college towns, and in each town young men were resenting a present tyranny. The air of the world, also, was full of the Rights of Man. In both places you had the same sort of wool, the same sort of weavers, the same sort of looms, and there came out the same sort of stuff. But it is not probable that anybody in Williamsburgh, in 1776, ever heard of Adam Weisshaupt or the Illuminati, or, indeed, could read a word of German.

Far from being unchristian in its cradle, the Phi Beta Kappa owed all that extension which has given it any renown to a young student for the Christian ministry. The St. Paul who carried it from the Zion of its birthplace to the far-off Gentiles of Yale and Harvard was a young graduate of Harvard, named Elisha Parmele. This is the way he spelled his name in his will, which lies before me. But, if you choose, you may spell it Parmelee, or Parmelie, or Parmely, or Parmarly, or Palmerly; all of these spellings are in the family. For my part, I believe in blood, and I have no doubt that this holy man was from the race of the Palmers of the crusading times, and was entitled to wear a scallop-shell in his hat. I also advise the curious to read through Palmerin de Inglaterra, by Francisco de Morreas, the pink and pattern of chivalry; and, if they do not like Portuguese, they can try Robert Southey's abridgment in four

volumes. From a godfather so honorable, who had godfathers so noble, do all the existing branches of Phi Beta Kappa derive their names and their early training.

Elisha Parmele was born on the 22d of February, 1755, in Goshen, in Connecticut, best known to travelers, perhaps, by Goshen Falls and the beautiful slopes of the Green Mountains. If anybody cares, George Washington was that day twenty-three years old. Elisha Parmele was the fourth son of Abraham Parmele and Mary Stanley. In his youth, as I learn, Elisha Parmele "became hopefully pious," and, intending to be a Christian minister, he was fitted for college by Rev. Mr. Robbins, of Norfolk, Connecticut. This gentleman, by the way, was a chaplain in the army in Canada, and preached in his life-time more than six thousand five hundred sermons, some of which remain to this day. Young Parmele went to Yale College, as was natural, and remained there till college work was broken up by the war. He then went to Harvard, which had got a-going again after a similar suspension. In this transfer of his college relations appears the reason why he afterwards established branches of Phi Beta Kappa in both the two great northern colleges. He graduated at Cambridge in 1778. I think there was no public commencement that year; but I have before me what looks as if it had been prepared for an exhibition part, a Syriac oration from his pen. It is an elegant transcript of Paul's speech at Athens in the Syriac character, — better done, I am afraid, than anybody in Cambridge can do it to-day, excepting Dr. Palfrey, Professor Young, Professor Steenstra, and Mr. Wahl. The poor fellow was already in delicate health, being constitutionally consumptive. He went at once to Virginia, and engaged himself there as a teacher. I think very likely he was a tutor in William and Mary College. But however that may be, he joined the Phi Beta Kappa. And when he left Williamsburgh for the North the Phi Beta Kappa gave him power to establish an Alpha at Cambridge, and an Alpha at New Haven. The document was dated December 4, 1779. It began with these words: —

"The members of the Phi Beta Kappa of William and Mary College, Virginia, to their well and truly beloved brother, Elisha Parmele, greeting: —

"Whereas it is repugnant to the liberal principles of Societies that they should be confined to any particular place, men, or description of men; and [whereas it is expedient] that the same should be extended to the wise and virtuous of every degree and of whatever country, —

"We the members and Brothers of the Φ B K, an Institution founded on literary principles, being willing and desirous to propagate the same, have at the instance and petition of our good brother, Elisha Parmele, of the University of Cambridge, in the State of Massachusetts Bay, and from the confidence we repose in the Integrity, Discretion, and good Conduct of our said Brother, unanimously agreed and resolved to give and delegate, and we do therefore by these our present letters of Party Charter give and delegate by unanimous consent to you the said Elisha Parmele the following rights, privileges, authority, and power, that is to say, —

"1st. That at the University of Cambridge to establish a Fraternity of the Φ B K to consist of not less than three Persons of Honor, Probity and good demeanor, which shall be denominated the Αλφα of Massachusetts Bay. And as soon as such number of those shall be chosen you shall proceed to hold a meeting to be called your Foundation Meeting, and appoint your officers agreeably to Law.

"2dly. That the form of Initiation and oath of Secrecy shall be, as well in the first, as in every other instance, those prescribed by Law, and none other."

The charter continues in ten articles, which need not here be printed. A similar authority was given to him to establish an Alpha at the University of New Haven. These charters were signed by the following persons: —

William Short, Jun. Prest., Archibald

Stuart, V. Prest., Wm. Cabell, Treasurer, John James Beckley, Sec'y., Theodorick Fitzhugh, John Morison, John Allen, John Nivison, Hartwell Cocke, Thomas Hall, Samuel Hardy, John Brown [Ky.], Daniel C. Brent, Thos. W. Ballandine, Spencer Roane, Wm. Stith, Wm. Stuart, Thomas Littleton Savage, John Page [Fred. Va.].

Of these the president was William Short, who learned French two years after from Rochambeau's officers, and used it in 1784 as Jefferson's secretary of legation in Paris. The first commission signed by Washington as president was to appoint William Short, chargé d'affaires at Paris; and, as students of our history know, he was one of the most careful and useful of our early diplomatists. It is a great pity that we have no good life of him. And the Harvard Alpha of Phi Beta Kappa ought to have his portrait in their dining-hall. Short was a classmate of Judge Marshall's, but Marshall had left college before this time.

Archibald Stuart, of Augusta, the vice-president, also lived to play a distinguished and useful part in his country's history. Not long after Elisha Parmele went North, the Earl of Cornwallis also started North from Charleston, South Carolina. To meet him the young Virginians rallied, and among the rest Archibald Stuart, with the seal of Phi Beta Kappa in his pocket. Soon after, they met the English at the battle of Guilford, March 15, 1781. In this battle his father, Major Alexander Stuart, who commanded one of the Virginian regiments, was seriously wounded and taken prisoner.

When young Stuart returned home, after the battle, he took the seal from his pocket, put it in a secret drawer in his house near Staunton; and there after his death, it was found in 1832. This invasion of Cornwallis was the end of William and Mary College for some years. Stuart studied law under Thomas Jefferson, and, though a young man, was chosen a member of the General Assembly, and also of the convention of 1787, which ratified the constitution, for which he voted. He afterwards filled important offices in Virginia, and died in July, 1832. There is no finer instance of the loyalty with which old Virginia stood by those who had led well, than that Judge Stuart was the member of seven electoral colleges in succession, and gave the vote of the State in every election from 1800 to 1824 inclusive. He was the father of Hon. Alexander H. H. Stuart, who has kindly sent to me these reminiscences.

Young Parmele returned to the North with these precious authorities, but at what exact period does not appear. He instituted the New Haven chapter in November, 1780.

On his arrival at Cambridge he conferred with different under-graduates, and agreed with Artemas Baker, Joseph Bartlett, Seth Hastings, and Samuel Kendall, of the class which afterwards graduated in 1782, to receive them into the society. We have the record of the first meeting. It is in these words: —

"Upon Mr. Elisha Parmele's communicating to Messrs. Baker, Bartlett, Hastings and Kendall a plan of correspondence with a society at New Haven in Connecticut and Williamsburg in Virginia by the name of Φ B K for the purpose of making Literary Improvement, — and by the desire of Messrs. Baker, Bartlett, Hastings and Kendall, having read the several Laws appertaining to the same society, and administering the necessary Oath, he then presented a Charter granted to him from the Alpha society in Virginia for establishing a similar society at Harvard College (N. E.) Commonwealth of Massachusetts, by virtue whereof Messrs. Baker, Bartlett, Hastings and Kendall were incorporated into a society forming the Φ B K Αλφα of Massachusetts. Accordingly the following officers were chosen by ballot, namely: Messrs. Kendall, President; Hastings, Secretary; Bartlett, Treasurer."

The date of this meeting is not known. The first regular meeting was held on the 5th of September, 1781, when five more members of the class of 1782 were chosen to be "sounded for admission in Phi Beta Kappa." From that time to this

time the society has been in regular work. It originally held meetings as often as once a week among the under-graduates. Such meetings still continue in all the colleges where branches have been established, now nineteen in number. Of such meetings John Quincy Adams describes several, in passages of his diary which his son cited in a Φ B K oration in 1873. But in every case, as the number of graduate members has come to exceed that of under-graduates, the society has proved an agreeable bond of meeting among graduates. For nearly half a century it was the only society in America which could pretend to be devoted to literature and philosophy. And it happened, therefore, that, in the infant literature of the nation, some noteworthy steps are marked by orations and poems delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa. Such was Paine's poem on The Ruling Passion, famous in its day. The young *literati* of the country rejoiced when they heard that for the sale of this poem Paine received twelve hundred dollars. For The Invention of Letters, a poem delivered before Washington at commencement, Paine had received fifteen hundred dollars. Even in our silver age, most Phi Beta poets would consider this pretty good pay.

But it is not the object of this article to trace the history of Phi Beta Kappa after its birth. With the adoption of the federal constitution, the great object of the young Illuminati, a more perfect union among the "wise and virtuous," was secured more solidly than they could secure it. The correspondence between the Alphas, somewhat forced at the best, flags after 1787, and indeed amounts at length to little more than statements of regret that no catalogues, letters, or other documents have been received, with hopes and promises for more assiduous correspondence in future. A few passages from a letter of William Short are perhaps worth citing. It is written to Mr. Bishop, and dated January 15, 1782.

"I have written but once since the receipt of your most agreeable and friendly letter of October, 1780, the only one that I have been honored with. Those inclosed within it have been sent to the different members to whom they were directed. But as some of them live at the western extremity of the State, it cannot be said with certainty whether they received them. The students of the assembly have not yet reassembled. They have been dispersed now for twelve months. I returned to this city a few weeks past and have taken a chamber for the winter with a view to attain the art of speaking French. My profession will oblige me to go into the country again in the spring, — the seat of government having been removed from this place. In the meantime I must beg the honor of hearing from you frequently, which may be effected easily by directing your letters to Colonel Wadsworth, a gentleman of Connecticut, who is an agent here for the French army, and who has promised to take charge of this and my other letters. I need not tell you how anxious I am to have everything respecting Φ B K in Connecticut — *quod faustum sit?* Your own feelings, my Dear Brother, will inform you what are the sentiments of every zealous member upon this subject. Such a warm attachment to the interests of our dear society runs through your whole letter that I am doubly connected with you. Your name shall ever be remembered by me with pleasure, and your merits shall be disclosed to all the succeeding members of the Φ B K in this state. The short list of members, which you did me the honor to transmit to me, is preserved by us as images of those guardians of our common care in the North whom we hold in the highest estimation. We pant after those who have since been joined to the immortal band. Believe me, my dear sir, as you cannot be too early, so you cannot be too minute in your narration of the proceedings of the Φ B K in your quarter. I hope we shall also hear from that at Cambridge. As yet I unfortunately know not their names, so as to ask for information. Will you be so good, sir, as to communicate to them our ardent wish to hear particularly how they go on? Let them

know of this channel which Colonel Wadsworth opens for the conveyance of intelligence.

"What has become of our very worthy member Mr. E. Parmele? He has been silent as the grave since his return to the northward. Wherever he be, assure him of our sincere regard for him. He has endeared himself to us here, not only by his personal merit, but by his diligence in spreading the Φ B K. Like the great luminary he carries light with him wherever he goes, vivifies all around him, and exhilarates the spirits of whomsoever he pleases to favor. I shall write him by this channel, but with less pleasure, as there is less certainty of his being found."

Elisha Parmele, thus affectionately spoken of, was even then struggling with the disease which proved his last. Short's playful but affectionate allusion chimes in well with what we know, from other sources, of this young man. He is to be regarded as the founder of Phi Beta Kappa as we know it, and if any picture of this amiable young minister can be found, it ought to be hung in the new hall of the Phi Beta Kappa at Cambridge, opposite that proposed historical picture representing Lord Dufferin in robes of the Garter receiving her Majesty's permission to establish a branch of Phi Beta at Oxford.

In July, 1783, Parmele was ordained as the minister of the church in Lee, in Berkshire County, Massachusetts; evidently he was highly respected for his piety and talents. But his health soon failed; he was suffering from pulmonary consumption, and in May, of the next year, he went to Virginia with his wife. Their intention was to go to Augusta County, known to modern travelers by Weir's Cave, and to soldiers by Stanton, which is its shire town. But before the young couple arrived there, Mr. Parmele's strength completely failed him, and he died at the residence of Colonel Abraham Byrd, in Shenandoah County. The hospitality of the Byrds of Virginia, whether in the Shenandoah Valley or that of James River, was famous through that century, and is to this day.

This pathetic end to a short life suggests, what I do not know, however, that young Parmele's previous visit to Virginia had been made in the hope of arresting consumption. The date of the commission given to Parmele by the Virginian Society is December 4, 1779. He did not establish the Cambridge Alpha till some time in 1781. That at New Haven was established in November, 1780. Unfortunately, the earliest records of the New Haven Alpha are lost, so that the brethren in New Haven cannot give the earliest details of the growth of the precious "Scyon" thus planted. But perhaps some old diaries may yet be found in Connecticut which may fill that gap. Of young Parmele himself, it is clear enough that when he came to New Haven and to Cambridge he did not think he was carrying French infidelity or German atheism in his pocket. No; his health was better, and now he thought he could begin to preach the gospel. As a part of his duty in that business he would establish these two chapters of Phi Beta Kappa. Here is a very early note-book of his; I do not know how early, but it belongs very near this time. It begins with a series of definitions, and they savor a little of a young preacher who had already determined to make a true philosophy his guide in life. I am such a heretic that I do not know whether these definitions are right or not according to the present standards, far less whether they were right according to the standards in 1780. But there are people at Princeton who will know, — nay, I hope even at New Haven, at Hartford, and possibly at Andover; so I print some of them for the benefit of whom it may concern. The first is, —

(1.) "Regeneration = that divine operation in the reception of which men first receive the spirit of God."

(2.) "Repentance = the feelings which Christians have unitedly flowing in these views: a view of the beauty of the moral law; a view of our own characters in opposition to this law; and a view of present love to God."

(3.) "Faith = those feelings of Chris-

tians in which they are pleased with the character of Christ as he is carrying on the work of redemption in those transactions which fall beyond the circle of observation by our senses."

(4.) "Love = placing the whole flow of our affections on God in every perception of objects in the heavens and earth."

(5.) "Sin = placing the whole flow of our affections on objects in the furniture of the heavens and earth."

That "furniture of the heavens and earth" is good. As they say in Philadelphia, "where did he get it?" Please to observe that these aphorisms do not seem to be copied from any commonplace book, or written out at one time. The handwriting and the ink varies, and after the 21st of October, 1782, they are dated. I do not copy them all, but select a few more.

(10.) "Prayer = those views of Christians in which they desire the existence of such events as in their view relate immediately to the glory of God, with a readiness of mind to be corrected in any way divine wisdom shall see fit to grant existence."

(15.) "Righteousness = a disposition to treat all beings according to their real deserts."

(21.) "Truth = those views of beings in which they discover the relation they stand in to God and one another, and ascribe to all their proper dues."

(33.) "Vexation of spirit = those degrading views of fools in which they feel an increase of their own vanity and a decrease of their own profit."

(42.) "Time = equals those views of beings in which they observe variations in existence."

(43.) "Place = those views of beings in which they observe the situation of existence."

(44.) "Space = those views of beings in which they observe between extremes the intermediate existence."

(45.) "Distance = those views of beings in which they observe between two extremes the intermediate existence."

Such is the young man who brings with him the charter of Phi Beta Kappa to Cambridge and New Haven. He is ordained to the Christian ministry at Lee, in Massachusetts, by the ministers of Berkshire County, after some opposition from a minority of his parish. His orthodoxy, however, was indorsed by the moderator and the council, and his ministry seems to have conciliated his parish. It lasted, however, as has been said, but ten months. In July, 1784, he asked permission to go to Virginia for his health, and died in the hospitable home of Colonel Byrd. Of the two "Scyons" which he planted, that at Cambridge maintains an active and prosperous existence. The annual oration is wise, the annual poem is sometimes poetical, and the dinner is always the jolliest occasion of the Cambridge year. The original society at William and Mary had died in 1787. It was revived in 1855, to die again, however, in the civil war. The old records cannot now be found, but probably exist in some Virginian archives. When they shall appear they will give some additional illustrations of the early yearning for national union. Half a century after this union of the wise and virtuous of the American colleges, William Morgan was killed, in 1826, and his body thrown into the river at Niagara. You would say, at first, that this had nothing to do with Phi Beta Kappa. But that is your mistake. The storm of indignation which Morgan's death aroused created the anti-masonic party and the general crusade against secret societies. Poor Phi Beta Kappa was called on to give up such secrets as she had, and did so. After a series of exciting meetings held in Boston, under the eager pressure of John Quincy Adams, from whose diary most of the history of the transaction can be learned, the Harvard Alpha voted to remit all obligations of secrecy. Since that time, July, 1831, anybody who has chosen to know has known what the letters Φ B K mean; and there are even those who say they know what S. P. on the medal means. If it were not for this vote, gentle readers, I could not have copied for you these letters about the "Scyons" and the "Sophimores."

Of which vote I know only one other consequence. It is to be observed that the moment Phi Beta Kappa laid down her veil of secrecy, other societies took it up. I might say they tore it into ten thousand pieces, all of which cover as many secrets as the original, possibly no more. But, *quien sabe?* It is to be noticed, for instance, that the society of Alpha Delta Phi was formed in 1832, in the midst of that same wave of indignation against secrecy, and the society of Psi Upsilon in the next year. I do not know if the young men in colleges then read the disclaimers of old graduates of Harvard, and thought it wise to try what their seniors discarded. But it looks a little like that. I do not know, but gentlemen who do know the early rituals of these societies can tell whether there were in them anything like the following formulas, which are copied from the early ritual of initiation into Phi Beta Kappa: —

"The president shall rise and say: —

"Gentlemen, it is in consequence of our good opinion of you that we have admitted you thus far; and we hope you will render yourselves yet more acceptable by answering to these questions: —

"First. If upon hearing the principles of this institution you should dislike them, and withdraw, do you engage on the honor of gentlemen to keep them secret?

"Second. Is it of your own free choice that you offer to become members of this society?

"Third. Will you approve yourselves worthy members of it by encouraging friendship, morality, and literature?

"Fourth. Will you regard the members of this society as your brethren?

"Fifth. Will you kindly assist them if you should ever see any of them in distress?"

There was once a Beta (second state chapter) of Φ B K at Hampden-Sidney, Va. It is now extinct, and, on the spot, forgotten. The Dartmouth branch was established in 1787, and in 1790 a charter was refused to Brown, simply on the ground that the Providence college had admitted as "Sophimores" persons who would not rank as Freshmen at Cambridge. "Sophimores" is the New Haven, and perhaps the Cambridge, spelling of that day. After this, charters were granted to Bowdoin and Brown in 1829, and at the present moment there are nineteen chapters, connected with as many leading colleges in the Union.

*Edward E. Hale.*

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## AVALANCHES.

O HEART that on Love's sunny heights dost dwell,
And joy unquestioning, by day, by night,
Serene in trust because the skies are bright,
Listen to what all Alpine records tell
Of days on which the avalanches fell:
Not days of storm, when men were pale with fright,
And watched the hills with anxious, straining sight,
And heard in every sound a note of knell,
But when in heavens still and blue and clear
The sun rode high! Those were the hours to fear.
And so the monks of San Bernard to-day, —
May the Lord count their souls and hold them dear, —
When skies are cloudless, in their convent stay,
And for the souls of lost and dying pray!

*H. H.*

# ENGLISH SKIES.

When Horace wrote that they who cross the sea change their skies, but not their natures, he uttered a truth the full meaning and force of which is too little regarded by those who are ready to find men of the same race differing essentially because they live in different countries. True, the sea that Horace meant was but the Adriatic, or at the most the Mediterranean. For it should always be remembered that to the ancients lakes were seas, and that "the sea" was the Mediterranean; a voyage upon which to Greece, mostly within sight of land, was probably the poet's only knowledge of those terrors of navigation, which, with denunciations of its inventor, he uttered in his ode on the departure of Virgil for Athens. The exclamation of the Psalmist, "The floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves. The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea," had probably its inspiration in a squall upon the shores of the Levant, or in a tempest in the tea-pot of Gennesareth. So little can we measure the occasion by the expression which it receives from a poet. He tells us not what the thing was, but what it seemed to him, what feeling it awoke in him; and what is really measured is his capacity of emotion and of its utterance, and even that is gauged by our capacity of apprehension and of sympathy. But what was true of a migration across the Adriatic, or the Ægean, or the Mediterranean, is equally true of one across the vast, storm-vexed Atlantic. Englishmen remain English, Frenchmen French, Germans German, and Irishmen Irish, even unto the third and the fourth generation. It is not lightly that I say this; not without long and careful consideration of the subject; not without knowledge of opinions received, too readily, to the contrary. That emigrants to this country or to any other find, in many cases, that a change in climate and in habits of life produces such changes in habit of body as may attract the attention, if not require the aid, of a physician may be true enough. This is not to the point in question. Let those of my Yankee readers who are really observant upon such subjects consider their acquaintances of French, of Highland Scotch, or of Dutch descent, or those of Irish and German descent, if they have any, and see whether to this day they do not show, both mentally and bodily, the distinctive traits of race, even if their blood has been under the influence of American skies for eight generations, — whether at this day there is in them any greater modification of race characteristics than might be reasonably expected if each one of these persons had been brought to this country in his own early youth.

The change of sky — I refer now to the visible heavens, and what is grandly called meteorology — made by passing from Old England to New England was very great. As, on my outward voyage, we neared land, and were on the look-out for the first sight of it, my attention was immediately attracted by the sky. Without the evidence of the ship's log, it seemed to me that I should have had no doubt that near by us there was another land than that from which I had come: certainly, above us there was another heaven. It was in the afternoon of a fine summer day, and the outlook over the calm water was beautiful, with a radiance softly bright; but those were not the clouds of the skies that I had left behind me. There were three layers of them, and well there might have been; for the lowest were so low that it seemed as if our masts must tear them asunder if we should pass beneath them. But they were not heavy; on the contrary, they seemed to be of the lightest texture; and they stretched far away in long, low lines that could not yet be called bars, — not only were they so large,

but their outlines were so soft and undefined. Clouds so formed — clouds which a meteorologist would probably pronounce to be of the same kind — I had seen above the bay of New York, and over the shores of Long Island and New England; but they were high, so high that distance made them small; their forms were sharply defined; and when the sun was above the horizon, as it was now, or sinking gradually below it, they blazed in red and gold, whereas these were softly lit with a mellow, grayish light. They seemed too unsubstantial to reflect the rays that fell upon them, and to need, and to absorb and retain as for their own use, all the light that the sun bestowed upon them.

Far above these soared others, brighter, silvery, and fleecy; and yet above the latter, but not apparently so far, were others, shaped in radiating curves. These layers, indeed, I had seen in American skies, sometimes moving in contrary motion; but the effect was not at all like that which now attracted my admiring attention. The difference appeared to be caused first by the lowness of the first layer, then by the great distance between this layer and the one next above it, and finally by the very perceptible and almost palpable nature of that vast intervening space. It was not mere space, mere distance. My sight seemed to pass through something that enabled me to measure this vast interval, and the distance appeared almost as easily definable as if the two layers of clouds had been scenes in a theatre. And indeed so it was; for even at that great height the atmosphere was filled with a continuous vapor, which, although so thin as to be imperceptible, was yet of consistence enough to modify the light from the setting sun as the rays passed through its immensity. The skyey intervals were not so impalpable, so colorless, and therefore so immeasurable as they are in America.

As we neared the land great headlands came to meet us, stepping out into the sea, and bearing sometimes these long, low clouds upon their fronts. The day was smiling, and it seemed a gigantic sort of welcome that under lowering skies might have been a more gigantic defiance. And then at once I felt as I never before had felt the significance of the first lines of that splendid stanza in the most splendid of modern lyrics, —

> "Britannia needs no bulwarks,
> No towers along the steep."

With my glass, I saw upon the Irish side one or two little buildings, which proved to be lookouts and places for beacons, built at the time of the expected Spanish invasion, and one of those round towers which are of such remote antiquity and mysterious purpose that the most learned and sagacious antiquaries have failed to evolve an accepted theory as to their origin. Thus, even long before I touched the shore, was I made to feel the difference which the powers of nature and the art of man had made between the land which I had left and the land to which I had come.

As the steamer went on, and we came within easy eye-sight of the land, the rocky height of the Irish coast impressed me, and the bright rich green of the surface of the country, as it stretched off into the distance. It seemed as if the island were a great stone set in the ocean, the top of which had been covered with a thin coating of green enamel. And soon we were near enough to see the waves dashing against the sides of these cliffs, which were so high that the ocean swell seemed but to plash playfully about their feet. And then I felt as I had never felt before the meaning of the lines, and saw as I had never seen before the scene of the lines, —

> "Break, break, break,
> On thy cold gray stones, O sea."

The position of the speaker I had imagined before, — upon a height looking down upon the sea; but here it was before me; those, or such, were the heights and crags, and there below was the bay.

When, after leaving Queenstown, we were well up the Channel, we were at times near enough to the eastern shore to see the surpassing beauty of the country: green field and darker wood, villages, farmsteads, country-seats, churches, castles, so unintentionally disposed by the

hands of man and of nature working together that what was chosen for convenience or made for use blended into a picture of enchanting variety. And here I saw constantly something, a little thing, that delighted my eye, and I may almost say gladdened my heart, — windmills. There was a gentle breeze blowing, and these faithful servants of man for ages past were working away with that cheerful diligence which always marks their labors, and has always made me respect and like and almost love them, and feel a kind of sympathy with the poor dumb, willing things when a calm reduced them to idleness, which yet after all was well-earned rest. In my boyhood, there were two in sight from the Battery, on the Long Island side of the bay, and they were not far from my father's house; but the places where they stood are now covered by a howling wilderness of bricks and mortar, and the windmill seems to have disappeared from the land. At least, I have not seen one anywhere for twenty years and more; and with them the tidemill seems to have gone also. In England, although it is the country of coal and iron and the steam-engine, I found them more or less wherever I went, giving life to the landscape, and standing, like a link of development, between man and unmitigated nature.[1]

Off Anglesea I made my first acquaintance with that limited knowledge of manifest things on the part of the Philistine Englishman of Great Britain to which I have referred before, and which seems to me one of his distinctive traits of character. My fellow-passengers were almost wholly Britons, and they had assumed as a matter of course that I was one of them. But there was one difference between us: they had all been travelers, and had crossed the ocean more than once, some of them many times, while this was my first approach to the shores to which they had often returned. As a knot of us stood looking over the larboard quarter, I saw a somewhat imposing structure set far out into the water. I waited to hear what would be said about it. Presently one of my companions observed it, and asked what it was. Then there was a little discussion; and to my surprise, I may say to my amazement, no one knew, or seemed able to conjecture, at what we were looking. After a little reserve, I said that it was Holyhead, — a suggestion which was received with favor, and then with acquiescence. Now my knowledge was due to no sagacity or study; but to the fact that before the days of the electric telegraph and of fleets of commercial steamers, my father's counting-house was in South Street, where the steep-roofed old building still stands, and that on Saturdays I was a frequent and not unwelcome visitor on board the ships that lay at the wharves before his windows. Over the companion-ways into the cabins I saw painted rows of little flags, with the legend "Holyhead signals;" and with a boy's inquisitiveness I asked a captain what that meant. His answer I need hardly give. Those were the signals which each ship hoisted when she came in sight of Holyhead light-house and lookout station, whence the vessel was announced, by semaphore telegraph, in Liverpool. Therefore, knowing where I was in the Channel, it went without saying that that was Holyhead. But there was a little crowd of my British cousins, travelers and commercial persons, who had passed the place again and again, and who did not know what it was! I held my tongue; but, like a wiser animal than I am, I kept up a great thinking.

When I landed, one of the very few differences that I observed between the people whom I had left and those among whom I had come was a calmer and serener expression of countenance. This in the descending scale of intelligence became a stolid look, the outward sign of mental sluggishness. But, higher or lower, in degree or in kind, there it was, — placidity instead of a look of intentness and anxiety. Now, to suppose that this difference is caused by less thoughtfulness, less real anxiety, less laboriousness, on the part of the Englishman is to

[1] I find again and again among my brief notes such as these: "Windmills, windmills, going merrily;" "windmills, windmills, all over, going like mad, to my huge delight."

draw a conclusion directly in face of the facts. The toil and struggle of life is harder in England than it is here: poor men are more driven by necessity; rich men think more; among all classes, except the frivolous part of the aristocracy (not a large class), there is more mental strain, more real anxiety, than there is here, where all the material conditions of life are easier, and where there is less care for political and social matters. Why, then, this difference of look? I am inclined to think that it is due, in a great measure, to difference of climate, — not to such effect of climate upon organization as makes a difference in the physical man, but to a result of climate which is almost mechanical, and which operates directly upon each individual. Briefly, I think that an expression of anxiety is given to the "American" face by an effort to resist the irritating effect of our sun and wind. Watch the people as they pass you on a bright, windy day, and you will see that their brows are contracted, their eyes half closed, and their faces set to resist the glare of the sun and the flare of the wind; and besides, in winter they are stung with the cold, in summer scorched with the heat. For about three hundred days out of the three hundred and sixty-five they undergo this irritation, and brace themselves to meet it. Now, a scowling brow, half-closed eyes, and a set face unite to make an anxious, disturbed, struggling expression of countenance, whether the man is really anxious, disturbed, and struggling, or not. By the experience of years this look becomes more or less fixed in the majority of "American" faces.

In England, on the contrary, there is comparatively no glare of the sun, and little wind. The former assertion will be received without question by those who have been in both countries; but the latter may be doubted, and may be regarded as strange, coming from a man who before he had been on English land forty-eight hours was almost blown bodily off Chester walls, and came near being wrecked in the Mersey. In fact, there are not unfrequently in England wind storms of a severity which, if not unknown, is of the greatest rarity in the United States or in Canada. We have records of such storms in England in the past; we read announcements of them at the present day. I had experience of one there more severe than any that I remember here, and heard little or nothing said about it. But in England, when a storm is over, the wind goes down. Here, on the contrary, our "clearing up" after a storm is effected by the setting in of a northwest wind, against which it is at first toilsome to walk, and which continues to blow out of a cloudless sky for days, with a virulence quite diabolical. Because it does not rain or snow, people call the weather fine, and delude themselves with the notion that the wind is "bracing;" but nevertheless they go about with scowling brows, watery eyes, and set faces, as they brace *themselves* up to endure it. On my return this wind met me nearly two hundred miles at sea. It was something the like of which I had not felt once while out of reach of American shores. The air was as clear as a diamond; the sky was as blue as sapphire and as hard as steel; the moon, about fifty thousand miles higher than it was in England blazed with a cold, cheerless light; life seemed made up of bright points; and the wind blew from the northwest, not tempestuously or in gusts, but with a steady, overbearing persistence for which nothing in nature affords any simile: it is itself alone. I knew that I was near home. There is nothing of this kind in England. Not only did I not find it in my brief experience, but I never heard of it, nor of it is there any record. The absence of it there and the presence of it here may, I think, be reasonably regarded as a very important influence in the fashioning the facial habit of the people of the two countries. All the more does this seem probable because I have observed that "Americans" who reside in England for a few years generally lose, in a great measure, if not entirely, the look in question, and on their return to their own shores soon acquire it again. Of course there are numerous exceptions to these remarks in both countries.

To speak of the difference between the climate of England and the climate of the United States is as reasonable as it would be to speak of any difference between England, on the one hand, and Europe, Asia, or Africa, on the other. England is an isolated territory, — half an island, — and is about as large as the State of Virginia, or as the States of New York and New Jersey together; while the United States cover the greater third of a continent, and stretch from ocean to ocean, and almost from the arctic regions to the tropics. England may be properly compared only with such several parts of the United States as are homogeneous in soil and climate. The difference between the climates, or rather the atmospheric conditions, of Old England and of New England, for example, or of the Middle States, is of course due, very largely, to the greater dampness of the former. As we all know, there is very much more rain in England than there is in Massachusetts or in New York. Careful records of observations, extending through twenty-three years, show that rain falls in the valley of the Thames, on an average, one hundred and seventy-eight days in the year; that is, on nearly one half of three hundred and sixty-five days. Contrary to general supposition, the wettest month is July; and the wettest season is autumn, and not winter, as is generally believed. Spring is the least wet, winter comes next in rainfall and fog, summer next, and autumn stands highest. In this respect, autumn is to winter as 7.4 to 5.8. But I found rain in England to be a very different thing from rain in New England or in New York. With us it rarely rains but it pours; and excepting a few light showers in May, all our rain-falls are more or less floods from the sky, and are accompanied by storms, — storms of thunder and wind in summer, violent winds from the northeast in autumn and winter. This is so much the case that loose speakers among us, who are largely in the majority, say that it is storming, or that it is going to storm, when they mean merely that it is raining, or that it is going to rain; applying storm to a May shower as to a November gale. This is a marked Americanism in speech, and entirely unjustifiable. Now in England rain is a much milder dispensation of moisture. It will rain there steadily for hours together, a fine, softly-dropping rain, without wind enough to shake a rose-bush. Such rain is almost unknown in America. I have again and again observed our rains for purposes of comparison, and find that about five minutes is the longest duration of such fine, light rain as I have seen continue in England for five hours, without either much increase or much diminution, and without any appreciable wind. It was not until I observed this, and saw that it was common, that I fully appreciated Portia's simile of mercy that

> "It droppeth as the *gentle* rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath."

We in America have no such rain as Shakespeare had in mind when he wrote those lines.

Although the rain falls thus gently, the heavens are very black. The earth is darkened by a murky canopy. It is gloomier than it is with us even when we have one of our three days' northeasters, or one of our blackest thunderstorms. The clouds are of a dirty, grimy black, and seem not to be mere condensing vapor. Looking at them, you would suppose that they would foul the houses, the streets, and the fields, instead of washing them. They made me feel as I never before had felt the propriety of Miranda's description: —

> "The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch."

Fully to understand what that means, one must wake up, as Shakespeare often had waked, to an autumn rain in London. The reason of this seemed to me that the clouds lie so low. With us, the clouds, even in a copious rain, are so high that the drops strike smartly as they come down, and we can look up to the vapory level from which they fall. But in England the rain comes only from a little distance above the tops of the trees and the houses. (I am speaking not only of showers, but of steady rains.) Even when it did not rain and was not foggy I have seen the tops of the not lofty pin-

nacles of Westminster Abbey hidden in mist, and from the Thames have seen a gold-lined cloud descend upon the Parliament houses, as if to cast a royal robe around the Victoria Tower.

The changes of the sky, too, are sudden, although without violence. You will wake to find a steadily falling rain. The heavens will be of an impenetrable dun color; or rather, there will be no heavens, the very earth seeming to be wrapped around with a cloud of thick darkness, distilling water. You will naturally think that such a thick and settled mass can be dispersed and changed only by some great commotion of the elements. As you look out — no pleasant occupation — at long intervals, your judgment is confirmed. There is the same steady distillation of water out of the same darkness. Something, a book, or a newspaper, or a thought of faces far away, absorbs your attention, and suddenly there is a gleam of light. You look up, and the clouds are breaking away, and before you can change your dress and get out the day is a beauty smiling through tears, and all the earth seems glad again. But you cannot count upon the continuance of this even for an hour. With us, if the wind changes and the clouds break, they are scattered, driven out of sight for days. Not so in England. Your bright sky there may be obscured in five minutes, and in less than five minutes more, if you are sensitive to dampness, you will need your umbrella. This is what is meant in English literature by the changeability of the climate; not such sudden passages from hot to cold and from cold to hot as those which we have to undergo. And this variability of the heavens brought up to me again, and made me understand as I had not understood before, a passage of Shakespeare's, where, in King Henry VIII., the doomed Buckingham says, —

> "My life is spann'd already:
> I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
> Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
> By darkening my clear sun."

The passage at best is marred with the effects of the manifestly hasty composition of this play; but the instant cloud darkening the clear sun is a simile — yet not a simile, for it is the glory of Shakespeare's style that he rarely wrote in similes — that has an illustrative power in England which is given to it by no corresponding phenomenon in America.

My readers may possibly suppose that these passages which I have mentioned as being brought to mind by the changing skies of England are after-thoughts with me, perhaps curiously sought out for the purpose of giving interest to my descriptions. Not so. The fitness of thing to thought was so exact and incisive that the latter came to me instantly as I was observing the phenomenon which, without doubt, had as instantly suggested them to Shakespeare.

Rain is not looked upon in England, as it is with us, as a barrier to the open air, unless, as an Irishman might say, the open air is taken in a close carriage. Indeed, were it so looked upon, the English people more than any other would live an indoor life, instead of being the most open-air loving of all nations. For the extravagant joke about the English weather, that on a fine day it is like looking up a chimney, and on a foul day like looking down, is more than set off by the truth of Charles II.'s sober saying, that the climate of England tempts a man more into the open air than any other. It is very rarely, I should think, that the weather in England is for many hours together so forbidding that a healthy man, not too dainty as to his dress, would be kept indoors, and lose by it invigorating exercise. It is not too warm in summer, nor too cold in winter; it is never too hot and dry, and, notwithstanding the frequent rains, it is very rarely too wet. The mean temperature of the year is about fifty degrees; the mean temperature of the hottest month, July, only sixty-three degrees; and it is only on very exceptional days, in very exceptional years, that the mercury rises above eighty degrees, or falls below twenty degrees, the mean temperature of the coldest month, January, being thirty-five degrees.[1] A comparison of these temper-

[1] These figures as to temperature and rain-fall are taken from Weale's London, 1851, where authori-

atures with those which we are called upon to bear in our long summers and in our longer winters shows the advantage which the people of England have over us in respect to out-door exercise. We cannot walk, or ride, or hunt, or shoot as they do. During no small part of our year physical exertion in the open air is painful rather than pleasurable, injurious rather than beneficial. It is only in autumn that we can find health and enjoyment out-of-doors. Between the middle of September and the middle of December we may enjoy a mellow air and what is left of the verdure in our parched landscape; but then we strangely leave the country, whither we go in the blinding, blazing summer, when walking or driving, except in the evening, and often not then, is a fitting diversion only for salamanders.

It is not, however, only the men in England who are not kept within doors by rain from their business, or their pleasure, or their mere daily exercise. English ladies, as is generally known, take open-air exercise much more freely and regularly than women in the same condition of life in most other countries. But it is not so well known, I believe, how ready they are to brave the rain, or rather to take it quietly, without braving, as a little inconvenience not to be thought of within certain bounds. At first, I was surprised to see, both in London and in the country, women who were evidently persons at least of education and refinement walking about in rain, coming out into rain, which would have caused an "American" woman to house herself, or if caught in it, and not kept out by sheer necessity, to make for shelter and for home. And not unfrequently I saw them doing thus umbrellaless. In England umbrellas would seem to be a necessity of daily life; but, according to my observation, they are much more generally carried by men than by women. In walking through the Crescent in Regent Street on a wet morning, I have met half a dozen women, lady-like in appearance, exposing themselves, and what is more their bonnets, without protection to the fine, drizzling rain with an air of the utmost unconcern. I walked, one morning, from Canterbury to the neighboring village of Harbledown, some three miles, in a rain that, notwithstanding my umbrella, wet me pretty well from the hips down. On my way I met, or overtook, men, women, and children, but only one of them had an umbrella, and that one was — of all creatures — a butcher boy! Just at the edge of Canterbury — I cannot say the outskirts, for the towns in England do not have such ragged, draggled things as outskirts — I stopped at a little house to get a glass of milk (and good, rich milk it was, price one penny), led thereto by a sense of emptiness (for I was yet breakfastless), and by a small placard in the window announcing the sale of that fluid. It was sold to me by a middle-aged woman, lean, "slab-sided," sharp-nosed, with a nasal, whining voice, who, looking out the window past her business card, said, by way of making herself agreeable, as I quaffed her liquid ware, "Seems suthin like rain, sir!" It was pouring so steadily, although not violently, that I had thought of turning back, and giving up Harbledown for that day; but this determined me, and put me on my mettle. If a poor wisp of womanhood like that could see in such a down-pour only something like rain, flinching would be a shame to my beard and my inches. I was struck, too, by the thorough Yankeeness of her phrase: it might have been uttered on the outskirts of Boston. This likeness, however, struck me among the country folk in Kent on other occasions, to which I shall refer hereafter. In Kent I rarely heard an *h* dropped, and never one superfluously added.

At a great house where I was visiting in Essex, it was agreed at luncheon that we should have a walk in the park that afternoon, because it was fine, and we had had a drive the day before, and were to have lawn-tennis the day after. Now the phrase "it 's fine" in England means merely that it is not actually raining at

ties and very exact details are given. The scale is of course Fahrenheit. I omit fractions of degrees and other trifles. I am not writing scientifically, or for scientific readers.

the time of speaking; but when the hour of our walk came the rain came also with it. Our party was composed of two ladies and three gentlemen, and I expected that it would be broken up, of course. Not at all. With the most matter-of-course air, the ladies, neither of them at all robust in figure or apparently in health, donned light water proof cloaks, and, taking each of us an umbrella, we soberly waded forth to our watery English walk. I hope the ladies enjoyed it, for they caused me to do so; and we saw some noble trees and pretty views in the park and from it. We met a small flock of geese, who did not hiss, but looking earnestly seemed to recognize us, and to be ready to extend to us the web-foot of fellowship. I observed that even the ladies did not put on overshoes, but trusted merely to stout, serviceable walking shoes; and although we walked over grass I found that my feet were not wet. I had made a similar observation on my walk to Harbledown. Then my feet became damp, of course; but although there was neither a plank nor an asphaltum path by the roadside (one of which is commonly found in the more thickly inhabited rural districts in England), my strong walking shoes were not soiled above the sole. This I found to be the case again and again, so firm are the tightly graveled roads in England. The harmlessness of wet grass was a puzzle to me. I walked all over the lawns at Hampton Court one morning after a rain, led to do so by a companion who knew how things should be done (you always walk on grass in England, if you like to do so), and I neither felt nor saw upon my shoes any evidence of water. Under similar circumstances in the United States, they would have been wet through in five minutes. It need hardly be said, however, that even when there is not a storm or an unusual rain the usual fall on alternate days is often too heavy to admit of parties of pleasure. Our lawn-tennis had to be given up as an out-of-doors performance, although the lawn had been specially mowed for the occasion. But my hostess was not to be balked. We went into one of the drawing-rooms, and ourselves rolling the furniture out into the great hall, we stretched a rope across the room, hung copies of the Times over it to make a barrier, and had our game out; in which, by the way, the most points were scored by my lady herself and by a Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford.

In the gardens of such houses, or sometimes upon the walls, it is common to find sun-dials, relics of the past. Those upon the walls are very large, some of them being ten or twelve feet in diameter. They seem to have been as common as clocks, and to have been set up as a matter of course long after clocks were no rarities. But if, according to the pretty legend upon one of them, *Horas non numero nisi serenas*, they were useless unless the sun shone, they must have been mere ornaments for much more than half the days in the year. For even when it does not rain in England the days are comparatively few in which the sun casts a shadow strong enough to mark the hour upon a dial. The noon-mark on the kitchen window-sill of old New England farm-houses was almost always, once a day, a serviceable sign of the time; but a sun-dial in England must have always been little more useful than a chair to a cherub.

The low temperature of the country enables the people to bear the dampness, and even to find it conducive to health and enjoyment of life. "Let it be cold," said an Englishman to me, as we walked from his villa to the train through a chilling drizzle, "and I care little so long as it is damp." And I found the combination, on the whole, wholesome and not unpleasant. But if England, with its damp atmosphere, were subject to our extremes of heat and cold, it would be almost uninhabitable: it would be as unhealthy in winter as Labrador, in summer as India. I was surprised to see the freedom with which doors were left open for the entrance of the chill, damp air, and by the unconsciousness of possible harm with which women of the lower classes in the country went about in cold mist, or even in rain, without bonnets or shawls. For as to myself,

at times I found this chilly fog pierce to the very marrow of my bones, and make me long for the fire which was not always attainable. And when I did have it the comfort that it gave me was not so great as I expected it would be. Fire does not seem to be very warm in England. I never saw a really hot one.

It is this combination of cold and damp that makes the Englishman so capable of food and drink. Nothing is more impressive about him than his diligence in this respect. He never neglects an opportunity. A hearty breakfast at nine o'clock; a luncheon at half past one or two, at which there is a hot joint and cold bird pies, with wine and beer; at five o'clock tea, generally delicious souchong, with thin bread and butter; dinner at eight, serious business; sherry and biscuit or sandwiches at eleven, as you take your bedroom candle. At home it would have killed me in a month; there I throve upon it mightily, and laid pounds avoirdupois upon my ribs, which I lost within a year after my return to the air of America, which so often makes one feel like desiccated codfish. There is no shirking whatever of this matter of eating and drinking. It is not regarded as in the least indelicate, or, in the old-fashioned phrase, "ungenteel," even for a lady to eat and drink anywhere at any time. I remarked this at a morning concert of the great triennial Birmingham musical festival. The concert began at eleven o'clock, and as the price of tickets was a pound (five dollars) it is to be supposed that every person of the thousands present in that great hall had breakfasted well about eight or nine o'clock; but yet when the first part was over, around me and everywhere within sight, even in the seats roped off for the nobility, luncheon bags were produced, and flasks; and men and women began to eat sandwiches and other wiches, and to drink sherry and water, or something else and water (but never the water without the something else), as if they feared that they would be famished before they could get home again. And very careful in this respect are they of the stranger within their gates. The last words that I heard from a very elegant woman, as I parted from her to take a railway journey of three or four hours, were a charge to the butler to see that I had some sandwiches. Needless caution! They had been prepared, and were produced to me in a faultless package, and put into my bag with gravity and unction. In due time I ate them, and with appetite, saying grace to my fair providence.

One effect of the climate of England (it must, I think, be the climate) is the mellowing of all sights, and particularly of all sounds. Life there seems softer, richer, sweeter, than it is with us. Bells do not clang so sharp and harsh upon the ear. True, they are not rung so much as they are with us. Even in London on Sunday their sound is not obtrusive. Indeed, the only bell sound in the great city of which I have a distinct memory is Big Ben's delicious, mellow boom. In country walks on Sunday the distant chimes from the little antique spires or towers float to you like silver voices heard through the still air. Your own voice is hushed by them if you are with a companion, and you walk on in sweet and silent sadness. I shall never forget the gentle, soothing charm of the Bolney chime in Sussex, which, as the sun was leaving the weald to that long, delicious twilight through which day lapses into night in England, I heard in company with one whose sagacious lips, then hushed for a moment, are now silent forever. These English country chimes are very different from those that stun our ears from Broadway steeples. They are simple, and yet are not formless jangle; but the performers do not undertake to play opera airs *affetuoso* and *con expressione* with ropes and iron hammers upon hollow tons of metal.

At the Birmingham musical festival, I first remarked the effect of the climate upon sound. There was a large instrumental band, and a good one; and that it was well conducted need hardly be said, for the conductor was Sir Michael Costa. But in precision of attack, in perfection of *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, in the finish and the phrasing of the va-

rious salient passages as they were successively taken up by the different instruments, and in sonority I found the performance not at all equal to that of Mr. Thomas's band, the drill of which was very superior. A dozen bars, however, had not been played before I was conscious of a sweet, rich quality of tone, particularly in the string band, which contrasted with the clear, hard brilliancy of the Thomas orchestra. This impressed me more and more as the performance went on, although my enjoyment was marred by the organ being not perfectly in tune with the band. Another superiority in Costa's band attracted my attention: they accompanied much better than Thomas's; with more feeling, sympathy, and intelligence. The singers could trust them and lean upon them. This was doubtless due in great part to Costa's long experience as an operatic conductor, while, on the other hand, Thomas has always worked in instrumental music pure and simple; but I cannot doubt that it was due in part also to the feeling of the individual performers. As to the difference in the quality of the tone, I can find no other cause for that than the climate. Possibly, however, the English orchestras tune to the normal pitch (although it did not seem to me to be so), in which case some superiority in quality of tone would be accounted for; the high, so called and absurdly called, Philharmonic pitch being destructive of quality, which is sacrificed to a sharp sonority.

One little performance of Costa's on this occasion was very interesting. My seat, although not too near, happened to be in such a position that I could see all his motions, and even his face. In a piece by Beethoven there was a little fugue, the rhythm and the intonation of which were both somewhat difficult. As the tenors entered with the subject they were unsteady, and speedily went into confusion. Ruin was imminent. But turning to Costa I saw him, little disturbed, merely increase the emphasis of his beat, while he himself took up the subject, and, looking eagerly at the tenors, sang it right out at them. They were soon whipped in, and the performance was not only saved, but was so good that its repetition was demanded by the president, the Marquis of Hertford (no applause being allowed); and on the repeat the tenors behaved handsomely in the presence of the enemy.

Whether I was favored by the English climate I do not know, but in addition to this soft, sweet charm which the air seemed to give to everything that was to be seen or heard, I found late autumn there as verdant and as variously beautiful as early summer is with us, and without the heat from which we suffer. In Sussex the gardens were all abloom, wild flowers in the woods, blackberries ripening in the hedges, the birds singing, and everything was fresh and fragrant. Among the birds, I observed the thrush and the robin-redbreast; the latter not that tawny-breasted variety of the singing thrush which is here called a robin, but a little bird about half as large, with a thin, pointed bill, a breast of crimson, and a note which is like a loud and prolonged chirrup. It would be charming if we could have this man-trusting little feathered fellow with us; but I fear that he could not bear our winters. In Warwickshire, I found roses blooming, — blooming in great masses half-way up the sides of a two-story cottage on the road from Stratford-on-Avon to Kenilworth; and this was in the very last days of October. True, I had only a few days before shivered through a rainy morning drive in Essex, when the chill dampness seemed to strike into my very heart; but on the whole I found myself under English skies healthy, happy, and the enjoyer of a succession of new delights, which yet seemed to me mine by birthright.

*Richard Grant White.*

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A PATHETIC word has been repeated by the newspapers, purporting to be Emerson's complaint that old age has come upon him with a rush; he who sang so cheerfully and courageously

> "It is time to be old,
> To take in sail,"

now confesses the tremor of age. It was but a few years before Terminus was published that Emerson sat to Rowse for his portrait, and this crayon has always been regarded as a very satisfactory likeness of the poet; perhaps we are justified in placing Emerson's prime before he thought to say, as in this poem, —

> "As the bird trims her to the gale,
> I trim myself to the storm of time;
> I man the rudder, reef the sail,
> Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime."

At any rate, Rowse's picture conveys to one, whether familiar or not with Emerson's presence, a most clear and satisfying impression of the poet, and it is a rare good fortune which has now made the picture the possible possession of many besides the generous owner; for it has been engraved in a masterly manner by Mr. S. A. Schoff, one of the very few who keep alive in America the traditions of line engraving. Mr. Rowse bears testimony to the faithfulness and value of the engraving, and certainly no American writer has been so admirably presented in portrait to his countrymen. It seems to me an exceptionally good opportunity for those who honor our literature in its highest, most enduring forms, at once to have before them the likeness of the poet who is eminently American, and eminently more than American, and to recognize the ambition of an engraver to do worthily what was so well worth doing. Mr. Schoff may have the consciousness of devoting his art to noble purpose; he ought also to have the pleasure of knowing that his work has been appreciated. It would be a happy result if there should be so general a recognition of his labor of love as to encourage him to give us also an engraving of Rowse's portrait of Hawthorne.

The portrait of Emerson is more than a satisfactory likeness of the poet; it is more than a thorough piece of engraving; because it is both of these, it has a personal power which might well make one desirous of its silent presence in his study. It calls to mind those fine lines in Astræa: —

> "Yet shine forever virgin minds,
> Loved by stars and purest winds,
> Which, o'er passion throned sedate,
> Have not hazarded their state;
> Disconcert the searching spy,
> Rendering to a curious eye
> The durance of a granite ledge
> To those who gaze from the sea's edge
> It is there for benefit;
> It is there for purging light;
> There for purifying storms;
> And its depths reflect all forms; —
> It cannot parley with the mean,
> Pure by impure is not seen."

— Is a man's ideal of what woman should be higher than her own? This question was suggested after reading the story entitled Rosamond and the Conductor, in the March number of this magazine.

Out of curiosity, as the vote for president is sometimes taken on a train, I put to all my friends who had likewise read the story the question, "Did Rosamond shock you?" The women universally defended her, finding her womanly and modest, and all the condemnation and disapproval came from the other sex. One masculine critic denounced her as "obnoxious;" another fervently "hoped there were not many girls running loose in real life who gave rein to their imagination as she did." I wondered if a fellow-feeling made her sisters wondrous kind toward the heroine; or whether they had a nice discrimination that enabled them to judge her more intelligently; or whether, after all, they demanded less of a woman. Will some one who understands human nature better than I do please rise and explain?

— The article on Over-Production in

the April Atlantic is, if really written by a workingman, decidedly one of the best and clearest papers that has yet been produced by that class; and will, I hope, receive a careful reading by all who are giving any attention to this most pressing of economic questions. Recognizing the false economy of a people simply striving to keep down their expenditure, regardless of its being possibly both productive and profitable, Mr. Richards points out the best course as lying in the direction of a wisely regulated consumption and continually elevated standard of life and of necessaries as the only corrective of an over-production. Of course, this implies an ability to consume, and a potential demand; so that, to follow his reasoning, the effort should be to advance the laboring class, and instead of trying to teach them a lower habit of life, with its fewer necessities and smaller consumption, to educate them to a higher plane of living and desires, and at the same time place them in a position to obtain the new necessaries created by their higher standard. Where the difference between the rich and poor is very great, and the latter are compelled to adapt themselves to a mode of living with few wants and small expenditure, over-production is inevitable; for the rich, in whose hands alone are the means to purchase those articles produced, are too few in number to consume the surplus. In no way can the equation between consumption and production be maintained except by making the laborer a consumer whose demand is potential through his having both desire and means.

While it is to be regretted that the discussion of this subject is not conducted more judicially, Mr. Richards should remember that the counsels for both sides must present their case with testimony and argument before the judge can even charge the jury, far less decide the case. *Ex parte* discussion is the only way to arrive at the merits of a thing, as it is the only way in which enough interest can be excited to insure all the facts being hunted up and thought over. Even questions of abstract science are not always debated with perfect coolness and freedom from bias, so how can we expect more in those in which the getting of bread and butter is involved?

— I should like to enter a protest on behalf of the friends and relatives of authors. Why, in order to exalt the private virtues of a man or woman who has pleased us, must those near and dear to them in this life be sacrificed upon their tomb-stones? Better not to have been Achilles' dog than to have been burnt upon his funeral pyre. For instance, I have just laid down Lord Macaulay's Life, having been behind the age in reading it; why should I henceforth be inoculated by all the uncharitable passing thoughts Macaulay ever conceived of his acquaintances? Why should Zachary Macaulay, who has hitherto been to me a staid, hard-working religionist and philanthropist of the Wilberforce and Simeon school, henceforward live chiefly in my memory as an old gentleman of such fussy philoprogenitiveness and narrow sympathies that when he *did* deign to turn his attention on his family he was a thorn in the side of his illustrious son? Why must I see through a thin veil of dashes and initials that Tom's youngest brother was a scamp, and that his second was a spendthrift and a beggar? How would Macaulay have been ashamed of his own words could he have known that Christopher North, who left his dying bed to record his vote for him at his last election, would be handed down to posterity, on his authority, as "a grog-drinking, cock-fighting, cudgel-playing professor of moral philosophy!" Above all, why should we all know concerning poor P—— "that the lad is such a fool he would disgrace any recommendation;" that "he had better be apprenticed to some hatter or tailor, where he might come to make good coats, for he will never write good dispatches"? Better for P—— had Zachary Macaulay never recognized the relationship, or attempted to influence in the lad's favor his impracticable son.

In Miss Martineau's Life, our sympathy is claimed for her at her mother's expense. If that poor lady had not borne

a literary daughter, her disagreeable peculiarities would have been "interrèd with her bones." How often must Mr. Brontë have wished that an instinct of self-preservation had prompted him to suppress the writing propensities of Charlotte! Must not the late Mrs. Robertson have felt that she paid too high a price for her connection with the fame of her first husband in being known to us as a wife who did not make him happy? But the most flagrant case of cruel exposure to the public is that of Miss Mitford's father. The old gentleman was a Turveydrop of the worst kind, selfish and good for nothing; his daughter's life was a long sacrifice to his exactions, his egotisms, and his carelessness about money. This she bore nobly, undergoing martyrdom to hide his errors, acting towards him the part of an Antigone, *giving* herself for his sake, and piously protecting him almost till she died. No sooner was she gone than her biography was written, making forever useless all the ungrudging sacrifices of forty years. The object of Miss Mitford's life had been to screen from her friends' eyes the character of her father; *now* we all know him and despise him. Think what tears of bitterness this woman would have wept could she have known that it was her own literary reputation which had dealt this stab at the old man towards whom she had been ever the devoted daughter! It seems to me that a literary life has no right to be made a weapon of offense to the friends, relatives, and acquaintances of those whom biographers may delight to honor. Miss Edgeworth earnestly forbade the publication of her Life; so did Thackeray. Some persons protect the reputation of their friends by leaving autobiographies. In reading such works we are by no means expected to accept the author's views. We are apt even to take part against him in his quarrels with others. Pepys's abuse does not tell much against his acquaintances. When Benvenuto Cellini flies out against his traveling companion, who broke through a bridge on horseback, with an exclamation that it is only "because the Lord is ofttimes merciful to fools that *questa bestia* and that other *bestia*, his horse, were not drowned," we laugh, but the laugh goes against the irascible goldsmith, who never could let slip the opportunity of making himself an enemy. Occasionally, but very rarely, biographies are so generously and judiciously written that (like Mr. Ticknor 's Life of Prescott, and his own life by his widow and daughter) no reputation is compromised, no feelings ruffled, no wholesome reserves indelicately broken through.

— Literary people are supposed, more than others, to possess culture; but if this means something positive as well as negative, — power to produce, to think, as well as ability to receive and to understand, — then their culture, as a class, makes, in my opinion, but a poor show. Suppose, for instance, that we consider their ideas on the alleged inadequate remuneration of literary labor. As many people are never able to conceive of wealth as taking any other form than that of money, so literary persons tacitly ignore any other rewards than those which take the shape of cash. But it is one of the maxims of the theory of wages that services receive a high or a low recompense in proportion as they are agreeable or disagreeable; or, in technical language, honorable or the opposite. Now, we don't hear of people in easy circumstances setting up as shoemakers, or bankers, or physicians, from pure love of the thing; while the number of persons who write poems and histories and novels for this reason, and nothing else, is by no means small. The non-pecuniary rewards of law, etc., are not only difficult of attainment, but are very few at that, while the slightest poem or essay brings its stay-at-home or traveling young lady author much honor and reputation with the only public she cares for. Thus literature is not only the most "honorable" of all trades, but it is that in which, from other causes, the labor of the artisan must always be the worst paid, for in no other can unskilled labor be used to such advantage. "La literature," says Beranger, "doit être une canne à la main, jamais une béguille."

—I suppose observant readers of all creeds, and no creeds, have noticed the almost total absence of religious tone in both authors and characters of recent fiction. And some, perhaps, may yet be found who would rather condone the villainous pages of the earlier English novelists for the sake of the leaf or two of robustious moral sop thrown them by the hero, as he confesses his blackguardism, thanks Providence for the good fortune it had brought him, and makes his exit from the stage, than trust the modern author's negative virtues, or his self-repressed heroes and heroines, who go through all the tragic agonies without a prayer on their lips.

That the mass of readers should be disturbed by this latter trait is not to be wondered at; but even the reviewers are now waxing religious over the non-religion of the two strongest recent stories, — Black's Macleod of Dare and Hardy's Return of the Native. Of the former, one critic marvels "that any one should undertake to portray conflicts of passion and emotion, to give what are designed to be faithful delineations of life, and yet eliminate currents of thought and motives of action which enter into and color all phases of human existence and human experience." But do currents of religious thought and motives of action enter into and color *all* phases of human life?

Would it, for instance, be true to life or *her* nature to make Miss White feel aught of remorse at the havoc she had wrought in Macleod's life; or, as she saw the catastrophe approaching, to have her fall on her knees and call on divine aid? It does, however, seem a little off color to allow so much human and so little religious emotion to Macleod's mother; a good deal of Christian resignation would not come amiss in toning down the strong current of pagan fatalism which sweeps and moans around Castle Dare. As to Macleod himself, it is hardly fair to subject him to modern criticism, since the author plainly intended to show us an ancient Kelt, projected by some freak of nature into the present, and then places him amidst all the shallows and subtleties of modern life. And, despite all carping, I think the author's venture is worth while. There is an immense fascination in watching this strong, simple, primitive nature's belief in the might of its own truth against all conventional obstacles. And what a relief to the reader from the slow-paced, calculating, world-weary lover, who is such a favorite with present novelists!

But to those who believe in every human life being swayed by religious thought and emotion, Hardy must stand out as a greater sinner than Black, for his good people are so by nature, without a touch of awakening grace. Mrs. Yeobright does her duty without the aid of a Christian sentiment; neither does the patient, devoted Thomasin give verbal proof of having ever profited by the like; while Clement, who foregoes all personal ambition in the weaving of a plan for the good of his fellow-creatures, does it in the same mood of nature which might have actuated an ancient philosopher. As for the common people, their curious mixture of religious awe and superstitious dread reveals more glimpses of Druidical darkness than of Christian light. And yet, the strangest thing about it all is the absolute certainty with which an unbiased reader must accept it as fact. We are all more or less familiar with that commingling of paganism and Christianity which runs through the more common human importations from the British Isles; but most of us, perhaps, imagine it to be peculiar to adherents of the mother church. Hardy, by taking us into the remote interior of England, convinces us that it is neither a matter of Romanism nor Protestantism, but a subtile inheritance from a remote pagan ancestry. Would it be too curious an inquiry to question how much of the high-bred paganism of our day may be derived from the same source? — since it is clearly a thing of nature, not of choice.

# RECENT LITERATURE.

A JOURNEY from Egypt to Palestine[1] by the way of the Sinaitic peninsula has been converted by Doctor Bartlett into a study of the exodus and wandering of the Israelites. As a record of careful personal examination of geography and topography, and of painstaking reading and collection of the multitudinous labors of previous students, the volume is an unusual honor to American literature, and worthy of even grateful admiration. It is a weighty book, a book calling for serious attention, — for nothing less, and nothing beside. There is no humor, no rhetoric or poetry or sentiment, and no entertainment for the light-minded reader. The style, always simple and sometimes careless, makes claims to nothing beyond clearness and abundance of statement; but one finds this a positive merit in a work which was obviously intended to give as much important information as possible in a moderate space. On this subject of biblical history, and indeed on all subjects treated by American writers, we have had only too many rhetorical exercises. The publisher's part of the volume is in its way as commendable as the author's. The engravings and the maps are alike admirably wrought, judiciously selected, and full of information.

The book is orthodox. It accepts in full the time-honored, natural understanding of the scriptural narrative. Doctor Bartlett knows perfectly the theories of Brugsch, Mariette, De Lesseps, Colenso, and others, who would remove the supernatural of the exodus by diminishing, for instance, the numbers of the flying Hebrews, and by leading them through easier passages than that of the Red Sea. But, although he is respectful and courteous to these innovators, he declines to accept their suggestions. He has no doubts as to the magnitude and marvelousness of the flight. He is not interested in explaining away the plagues. He "can almost hear the choking voice" with which Pharaoh pleads, "And bless me also!" He sees "the hosts converging from all Goshen to Rameses," and the vast march setting forth on the day established. He is sure that if you believe in the wondrous story at all you must believe in it as a prodigy; and, as to the question of numbers, he observes with perfect truth that one million is as unmanageable as two. All this he holds firmly and states candidly, meanwhile indulging in no condemnation of those who plead for an interpretation founded on "natural causes," and honoring himself by a fair and urbane consideration of their suggestions.

Only when he reaches the shore of the Red Sea does a rationalistic spirit win partial possession of him, and lead him to argue for shoal passages temporarily laid bare by the action of "a strong east wind" and the receding of the tide. It seems to us a defect in an otherwise logical chain of statement and reasoning. Doctor Bartlett has here recoiled from the Philistines, and entangled himself between the sea and the Egyptians. In this whole drama of the exodus, — in the gathering and the flight and the wandering, — we must believe in the miraculous, or we cannot believe all, if at all. How could two millions of peopled well in the little land of Goshen, unless they were densely settled agriculturists, and even to some extent citizens of large towns? How could a population of husbandmen and burghers suddenly become nomads, fitted to struggle with the problem of life in a desert? As for the passage of the Red Sea, abbreviate the transit as much as you will, sweep the broken and winding miles of bottom with wind and ebb as dry as you please, how can you lead more than two millions of souls, with "very much cattle," from shore to shore in the watches of a morning? Experience proves that a hundred thousand disciplined soldiers would find it difficult, if not impossible, to pass such a defile in so brief a time. In all these matters rationalism is a failure; the only candid and tenable explanation is miracle; you must cling to that, or you must deny. Unless, indeed, one is willing to admit that the flight took form in successive migrations; tribe following tribe at considerable intervals of time, possibly of months or years; the final horde alone being harassed by the bated wrath and pursuit of a totter-

[1] *From Egypt to Palestine.* Through Sinai, the Wilderness, and the South Country. By S. C. BARTLETT, D. D., LL. D., President of Dartmouth College, and lately Professor in the Chicago Theological Seminary. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879.

ing monarchy; and then the whole drama condensed into one picturesque scene by a narrative careless of particulars. In this hypothesis, especially if one may also suppose clerical errors in the enumeration, there is something which really satisfies the rationalistic spirit. Short of it, or of some other theory as bold, there is nothing for that spirit but revolt.

This plea for "natural causes" at the Suez crossing is the only logical error of Doctor Bartlett in his commentary. Everywhere else he has the judicial candor and clearness to say, "You cannot pass without miracle." Ritter's once popular theory that the exudations of the tamarisk were the manna of the wilderness he rejects with civil positiveness, observing that the Hebrews needed at least one thousand tons of this food daily, while the present annual product of the peninsula in tamarisk manna is never above six hundred pounds. It is evidently a matter of interest to him that the desert abounds in quails; but he wisely forbears to dwell upon it as a point of practical importance. How, indeed, should any supposable natural flights of birds avail toward the feeding of two millions of Hebrews, besides a "mixed multitude"? The question of water — whence obtained in sufficient quantity — he does not discuss; and, with his reliance upon the supernatural, he has no need so to do. If he were a commentator of the rationalistic sort, it would be one of his most serious difficulties. The present water supply of that arid land is obviously insufficient to carry through it an ordinary caravan. Here and there a wady shows a rivulet, and from the flanks of the mountains burst occasional copious springs, but the mass of the desert is a region of thirst. Bitter wells and sandy deposits of rain-water are objects of anxious search to even the well-equipped tourist. The dryness of the Sinaitic peninsula calls for little less of faith in miraculous interposition than its barrenness.

The main interest of the book resides in its character as an itinerary of the exodus. Of course there is little of either topography or geography which is absolutely new to the veteran biblical student. Too many zealous and learned travelers had preceded the author to leave him much chance for discovery. He is too thoroughly versed, also, in the literature of his subject to give us, as findings of his own, the facts which had been noted by others. Indeed, his chiefest service is as a compendiast, comparer, and judge. He has read everything, assimilated everything, and produced an important digest. It should be said, moreover, that his good sense and coolness of temper have given us as much cause for gratitude as his industry. As he has no audacities of doubt, so he has none of credulity. Of the men with Asiatic faces (tomb No. 35 at Thebes) who are making bricks under an Egyptian task-master, he says, "It is unnecessary to regard these men as Hebrews to get the force of the illustration." Of the famine mentioned in the tomb of Baba, and identified by Brugsch with the "seven lean years," he simply remarks, "I leave it on his authority." Near Wady Hebeibeh he comes upon the curious, or perhaps not so very curious, remains noted by Palmer and Drake. Here, extending over miles of desert, are small circles of stone, with abundance of charcoal and other traces of fire, indicating temporary dwellings of an unknown antiquity; here, too, are numbers of small mounds, unexamined as yet, but which bear the appearance of burial-places. Arab tradition relates that these are the mementoes of a great caravan of pilgrims, who, while seeking the waters of Sin Hudherah, got lost in the desert of Tih, and were never heard of again. The topographical definiteness of the story and the fragile nature of the relics would seem to indicate a modern catastrophe, — if, indeed, there was a catastrophe at all, — and not merely a transitory presence of charcoal burners. The enthusiastic Palmer leaps to the inference that here he has found an encampment of the Israelites, and the graves of the lustful victims of Kibroth Hattavah. Doctor Bartlett's biblical feeling leads him to admit that "these suggestions certainly deserve most respectful consideration;" but his cool temper and judicial brain force him to add, "The conclusion must probably await further inquiries." No doubt of it, and it seems a commonplace thing enough to say; and yet from these simple words many a scriptural expositor might derive a valuable lesson, — not to mention a few secular historians, ethnologists, and philologists. One of the greatest of truths is that a very large percentage of what ordinarily passes for truth needs "further inquiries."

The book does not end with the Wilderness. It goes on through the south country, that half-desert region on the southern border of Canaan, where the Hebrews dwelt for thirty-seven years, and whence they eventually moved eastward to "compass

Mount Seir" and advance upon the promised land through the Hauran and the valley of the Jordan. The author does not follow them in this route, but pushes northward from Beersheba to hilly Judea, pausing long, of course, in Jerusalem. Then comes a trip to Jericho and the Dead Sea; then a brief personal study of the line of Joshua's march; then an examination of some of the many battle-fields of Palestine. The concluding chapters treat of Nazareth, Gennesaret, the Sea of Galilee, the coast of Tyre, Beijroot, and Constantinople, with a paragraph or two, less than one could desire, concerning the American missionaries and their beautiful labors. Such is an imperfect summary, and a perhaps still more unsatisfactory judgment, of a laborious, reasonable, and truly valuable volume. It reminds one of the renowned work of Doctor Robinson, — far inferior to it, no doubt, as an original study of topography, but equal, if not sometimes superior, as an examination and digest of written authority. In fine, it is a book of high aim and solid merit, which will be accepted with satisfaction by all who share its literal understanding of the biblical narrative, while it will win the respect of every fair-minded opponent. Protest, indeed, there will be, and protest neither ignorant nor witless. The scholars who hold that Hebrew history should be subjected to the same rules of evidence and interpretation as other history will marvel that a keen reasoner could read so widely in the surmises and inferences of German and French inquirers with so little result. They will be reminded, perchance, of the quatrain of Omar Khayyam: —

> "Myself when young did eagerly frequent
> Doctor and saint, and held great argument
> About it and about, but evermore
> Came out by the same hole wherein I went."

But the critic will admit that this persistent return to the time-honored view is a necessity for one who rules to believe in inspiration; and his protest will be measured, fair-minded, and courteous, or it will be very unlike the work from which he is impelled to dissent.

— We think that hardly a pleasanter book will be given to the public this summer than Mr. Burroughs's Locusts and Wild Honey,[1] nor any that will more immediately associate itself with the aspects of nature in the reader's mind. It is from nature, directly, and is wisely compact of observation and comment not too literary in tone. Is it going to Rain? and Birds and Birds are the two essays in which we fancy the author has had his say most nearly in accordance with his own ideal; but all the papers are charming, — simple in manner, very honest in matter, and of wholesome and happy mood. The first essay, on Bees, rests a little more on alien knowledge than the others; that called Sharp Eyes, which treats of the quick senses of the wild things, the least so. In Birds and Birds, Mr. Burroughs turns his sympathetic reading of other poetic naturalists to constant advantage in the comparison of our own birds with those of Europe. Speckled Trout, A Bed of Boughs, and The Halcyon in Canada have more the interest of woodsy adventure, and are less characteristic without being less original: indeed, this writer rarely fails to widen and deepen, from sources of his own, your acquaintance with whatever subject he treats. We have not read anything better in its way than the paper on Strawberries. In this, again, Mr. Burroughs is at his very best, and as you read, the perfume and flavor of the fruit he celebrates with such honest delight are in your senses.

The little book is a microcosm of outdoors, and is a benefaction equally to those who can go into the country and to those to whom it will bring the country. It is a book, too, that the mature lover of good literature will find his children glad to share with him, — a fact which ought always to be mentioned, for the sake of the book and the sake of the children; its matter and its robust and healthful spirit are something with which they can thoroughly sympathize.

— The Harpers have republished, uniform with their elegant new edition of Macaulay's England, the history[2] on which Motley's brilliant fame was founded, and we have now in convenient and very attractive shape a work which had hitherto wanted the charm of agreeable paper, print, and binding. It is a work which no student of history, no one with the modest ambition to be generally well read, can yet afford to be without. It is the destiny of histories to be superseded, but we may be sure that the heroic annals of a simple, patient, and in-

[1] *Locusts and Wild Honey.* By JOHN BURROUGHS, Author of Wake Robin, Winter Sunshine, and Birds and Poets. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

[2] *The Rise of the Dutch Republic.* A History. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, D. C. L., LL. D. In three volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879.

domitable people will never be rewritten with more generous ardor, more hearty and magnetic sympathy. Motley recognized that it was a people whom he was celebrating, and if he had been content to keep this fact constantly in view, and had labored less upon the figure of William the Silent, he would not have fatigued himself and his reader as he now sometimes does. In the end he does not make you feel that William expressed more or less than the average national qualities. He was enduring, devoted, unfortunate, and prosperous through disaster, as his countrymen all were; and if he encouraged them in defeat, they equally encouraged him, and paid with their persons for his bad luck in battle. Motley's faults are never so conspicuous as when he struggles to shape into something statuesque and dramatic the plain, somewhat dull and unimpressive masses of William's constancy and goodness.

Motley was of the historians who paint history rather than philosophize it; he thought justly rather than subtly, and he felt even better than he thought. But he rescued from forgetfulness the struggles and sorrows of a people by whose martyrdom the whole world profited, and even when his books are no longer read his name will remain connected with that thrilling and touching story. He hated oppression and cruelty and bigotry; and we are glad to have his indignation instead of the analytic calm, which may be all very well when there is no longer any tyranny in the world.

— We have seldom read a more touching story than that which presents itself in these letters of Mary Wollstonecraft to Imlay.[1] In their passionate tenderness and passionate appeal to the man whose answers are unknown, they have the effect of the modern dramatic monologue, in which one person, occupying the stage, transacts the affair with people off the scene who are never seen or heard. It is a tragic monologue, beginning with a rapturous faith in the lover, whom Mary Wollstonecraft's ideals forbade her to make her husband, and falling, through fear and doubt of his constancy, to the heroic despair with which she at last confronts the fact that he has abandoned her. It follows his wandering about over Europe wherever Imlay's erratic fortunes led him; and the letters are now written from Paris, in the first separation after their union; now from Havre, where they have been briefly reunited; now from places in England, on her way to or from London, whither she goes to join him; now from Norway and Sweden, whither she has followed him. They are the letters of a wife, though she was not Imlay's wife, and they concern themselves little with the great public events of that stormy time, though they are mostly written during the height of the Terror; they are simply the expression of a loving heart and a generous soul lavishing themselves in vain on an unstable and unworthy object. She reproaches him, and blames herself for reproaching him; she loses her trust in him, and struggles with self-upbraiding to regain it. But all the same she breaks her heart, and suffers for her mistaken theory of faithful love without marriage. One cannot blame her, but one cannot regret that her suffering was signal, for she had tried to make herself a law against the law that holds society together.

In the interesting memoir with which the letters are introduced her enmity to marriage is accounted for by her knowledge of many unhappy marriages; and in her strong but ill-regulated mind it was not necessary that the preference for concubinage should be logical. The editor strives to show that perhaps marriage was not possible to her and Imlay in France, at that disordered time, and that Imlay, in speaking of her as his wife, legally recognized her as such; but there is no pretension to marriage in her letters; she herself knew her relation to Imlay, and that she had in vain given herself to him, without the sanction of law.

Of Imlay little is told that was not already known. He was an American, who had served as captain during our Revolution, and then had gone to France upon one of those mercantile enterprises in which his adventurous and not very prosperous life was spent. He must have been a man of uncommon qualities to attract a mature woman like Mary Wollstonecraft (she was thirty-five when they met), but he seems to have been of a restless and fickle nature, ill fitted to bear the stress of her exacting and sometimes censorious devotion; and when he deserted her it was for another and unworthier love. He promised to provide for their daughter, but he never did so, and Fannie Imlay died in her young girlhood, without having known any father's care except that of her mother's husband, Godwin. Mary Woll-

[1] *Mary Wollstonecraft.* Letters to Imlay. With Prefatory Memoir by C. Kegan Paul. London: C Kegan Paul & Co. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1879

stonecraft's marriage was not announced for some time after the fact, and marriage was apparently regarded as an idle convention by Godwin and herself. However the truth is glossed or blinked, it is certain that their daughter, Mary Godwin, eloped with Shelley, whose deserted wife was living, and that she was ready to live with him as her mother had lived with Imlay.

In this volume there are two lovely and interesting portraits of Mary Wollstonecraft: one a pensive and tender young face, and the other the beautiful older face into which it ripened. The fascination of their looks is a light on the letters, and adds a charm as of personal presence to their simple passion and pathos, — none the less simple because touched here and there a little with the artificial rhetoric of a very rhetorical time. One feels that Mary Wollstonecraft is sincere in spite of the rhetoric, as one feels that she was pure in spite of her error.

— Mr. Bacon has mainly allowed the life of Mrs. Gould [1] to tell itself in passages from her letters, diaries, and printed writings; and in these passages a charming surprise awaits those who know her name only in connection with the noble charity to which she gave all that she had and all that she was. She had not only a great and tender heart, and a mind wise to plan and perform good works, but a spirit quick to every impression of novelty, a lively sense of humor, an intense sympathy with the beautiful, and that gift of appreciation which is a quality of refined American women in such degree as to seem almost exclusively theirs. She made Italy her own at once; she knew it and felt it instantly and intimately; and though almost from the moment she set foot on Italian soil, in the tragic valleys of the Vaudois, she felt her dedication to a purpose of beneficence and reform in Italy, she never took it too seriously to be won by the loveliness with which that gifted land entreats all gentle strangers. Without this tenderness for Italian character we doubt if she could have successfully carried out the work in which she died, but which she lived long enough to see fairly and prosperously begun. She had the courage, the inspiration, during the existence of the political power of the papacy at Rome to found her school for the American and Protestant education of the children of the poor; and she had the heroism to defend it against prejudice and authority, till she had based it on its present footing, where indeed it still appeals to the charity of the Protestant world for help, but where its usefulness and success are evident in the lives of the little ones reclaimed from superstition, poverty, and idleness. She wore her generous, ardent life out in the cause; she literally died for it. The touching and heroic story of toil and self-sacrifice is simply told here, and its consolations and compensations are not forgotten; she had love and gratitude in unstinted measure for her labors. It is a story which every one will be the better for reading, and we heartily commend it to those who despair of individual effort, and would know how much one will and one life may accomplish for good.

— The author of The New Puritan,[2] when he offers his book primarily to the descendants of its subject, takes the edge off the only criticism one feels inclined to make; for family veneration may justify the claims made for Robert Pike that his position in the community of his day was isolated and in advance of the age in which he lived. The materials for a life were too scanty to permit a personal biography, and the author has accordingly projected the character of his ancestor mainly from the events in which he bore a part. The very meagreness of detail respecting Pike leads us to think that we have in him an illustration of many men of his day, Puritans who had been educated in the close school of frontier life, and met the exigencies of life in the same resolute, common-sense, and independent way. In the altercation with Wheelwright, Pike had certainly the advantage of opposing a contentious and restless man, and the decision of the commission appointed to adjust the difficulties between them, as well as Wheelwright's acquiescence in the decision, justify us, in the absence of full details, in according some measure of blame to Pike, some measure of praise to Wheelwright.

In one instance, and that the most important, Robert Pike deserves all the credit which his biographer gives him. Not only was his attitude regarding the persecutions for witchcraft manly and courageous, but his paper, which Upham had already printed,

[1] *A Life Worth Living.* Memorials of Emily Bliss Gould, of Rome. By Leonard Woolsey Bacon. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. 1879.

[2] *The New Puritan: New England Two Hundred Years Ago.* Some Account of the Life of Robert Pike, the Puritan, who defended the Quakers, resisted Clerical Domination, and opposed the Witchcraft Persecution. By James S. Pike. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879.

arguing against the persecutions, is a remarkable document, which ought to have pricked the bubble at the time. We wonder much if Judge Sewall had sight of it. It seems impossible that this conscientious judge should have seen it and not have been convinced by its cogent reasoning. Pike admitted the existence of witchcraft, but presented a close chain of logic to prove the immense danger of prosecuting persons for witchcraft. His argument, although less learned, covers much the same ground as Sir George Mackenzie's A Treatise on Witchcraft, reprinted in The Witches of Renfrewshire,[2] and is more compact and forcible. Altogether, while this book contains no new contribution to history, and possibly exaggerates the solitariness of Robert Pike's position, it is of value for its grouping of events in the life of a sturdy New Englander, who belonged to the rank and file of the colony, and represented tendencies often in opposition to the government, but in the line of Puritan thought.

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## EDUCATION.

The first two reports[2] of Dr. Eliot, the successor to Mr. Philbrick as superintendent of the Boston public schools, embracing as they do the results of a year's observation and work, may well be taken up together. The former, issued last September, was a comprehensive survey of the system; the latter, dated in March, is a special inquiry into parts of the system. The survey of the schools, made by a man who was conversant in general with their workings, had himself been a conspicuous teacher in them, but now first looked at them in the light of his own special responsibility, could not fail to disclose their strength, and the weakness as well as the dominant principle of the superintendent. In his statement of what constitutes the end of public-school education, and in his suggestions as to the means fittest to that end, Dr. Eliot at once discloses his strength, and intimates, however unconsciously, the opposition which he is sure to encounter. No one can frankly set about reforming our public schools without inviting antagonism, and when the reform points to ideal ends it is sure to be misunderstood. Dr. Eliot shows true wisdom in accepting the existing order and making practicable reforms his immediate aim, but he has the courage and candor to confess his devotion to higher principles than people generally like to see positively at work in public affairs; and there will be a dislike, more or less openly expressed at first, to a man who makes his convictions in religion furnish him not only with phrases, but actually with practical suggestions.

The report must be taken openly for what it professes to be, — the judgment, honorably expressed, of a man who believes in the higher utility; who holds not only that to be useful in education which increases human power in material things, but that which aims directly at character, and does not stop short of a recognition of the divine end. "It is in the public schools," he writes, "that the great body of the nation is to receive its intellectual training, and, I venture to add, its moral training. No other sources of instruction are so open, none flow so freely, none so helpfully; and it is not their fault so much as ours, in drawing from them, if they fall short of our wants. What we most want must be clear enough by this time. 'Character,' says Mr. Emerson, 'gives splendor to youth.' He might say it gives other things, and among them the power to profit by the opportunities which education offers. Discipline is essential to tone, and tone to learning. The child who behaves ill, who has no manners, perhaps no principles, certainly no apparent ideals, may have the best literary or scientific instruction ever given, but in vain; he comes to it in indifference, and leaves it in ignorance. Moral

[1] *A History of the Witches of Renfrewshire.* A new Edition, with an Introduction, embodying Extracts hitherto unpublished from the Records of the Presbytery of Paisley. Paisley: Alex. Gardner. 1877.

[2] *Thirty-Fourth and Thirty-Fifth Semi-Annual Report of the Superintendent of Public Schools.* September, 1878; March, 1879. Boston: Rockwell and Churchill, City Printers.

training is at the heart of all training. To it, as to the object for which no effort or sacrifice was too great, our schools were devoted by their founders, and we who come after can find no better." Again, his practical suggestions, all inspired by this elementary truth, end with the earnest plea for a restoration of the practice of repeating the Lord's Prayer at the morning session. "Cannot the Lord's Prayer again be repeated, as it used to be, and the opening of the morning session become once more devotional? I am sure that if either teachers or pupils were consulted, not one who had ever felt his daily studies lightened by asking a blessing upon them but would plead for being permitted once more to arise and go unto our Father. Schools can never be wholly secular. Prayer, or common prayer, can be hushed in them, and all their immediate lessons can be drawn in from the invisible to the visible. But their ultimate teaching leads on beyond all bounds of sight or time, and carries, or aids in carrying, back the soul to Him who gave it."

In the same spirit is the general conception of what constitutes successful teaching. Dr. Eliot never loses sight, in the midst of the complex mechanism of our schools, of the fundamental importance of a living teacher. Treat the children as children, the teachers as teachers, is the demand he makes. Recognize the power of personality, and liberate both children and teachers from the bondage of text books and of an unyielding system. More air rather than more light is his cry, and he would have the air come as a breath from heaven.

The encouraging frankness and the high ideals of the report which presented a general survey are not forgotten when, with a year's experience, the superintendent specifies in detail the improvements which he sees possible and desirable. He begins with the most important schools, — the primary, — and gives fullest consideration to their needs: "The great thing to do for our primary pupils is to keep them as fresh and impressionable as when they came to us." "If things come before names, if they come singly and come as wholes, it is plain that we have not been wont to begin with children as would be best; . . . our names have come before things. Text-books have seized upon the little child, like the ogres of old, and devoured his thoughts." "One of the excellences too often absent from our primary classes is sweetness of voice. A teacher forgets it in her eagerness to teach; scholars forget it in their eagerness to learn. It never ought to be forgotten."

In dealing with the grammar schools, similar wise and kind suggestions are made: "It is for their good, as for that of the school and that of the city, to retain the grammar scholars to the end; . . . a good deal can be done by moderating the demands upon them, and letting them breathe more freely." He advises again the free use of supplementary reading: "Few children can read Hawthorne's Tales or Tom Brown's School Days without some sort of animation, — an animation which they really feel, and therefore can express. The interest they take in reading such books will inspire them to read others like them; and thus their out-of-school hours will be better occupied." He objects, on the broad ground that it impairs self-respect and true independence, to the assumption by the city of the cost of school-books and stationery. The new course of study in the primary and grammar schools, initiated at the beginning of his superintendency, is approved because of the freedom which it gives the teacher. "Freedom in teaching means personality in teaching." It means also, though Dr. Eliot does not say it, greater intensity of application, and our only fear for this new mode is that while saving the children it will exhaust the teachers. It is probable, however, that the greatest strain comes at the time of transition from the old to the new mode. Certainly it will compel a class of teachers to whom the old foot-rule measurement cannot be applied. He dissuades from corporal punishment; he calls for a simplification of the high-school course; he repeats his conviction that the children in the upper classes may be taught what and how to read, including the use of the Public Library; he advises a simplification also of work in the Latin schools; he would have the normal school in full sympathy with the new, free education; he regards the Kindergarten as a private charity rather than a public school, and thinks that the evening schools demand a thorough overhauling. We think it will be found in Boston as elsewhere that the inviting theory of evening schools has blinded people to the impracticability of making them part of the public-school system.

Throughout this second report the same spirit breathes that animated the first. The end is never lost sight of; the details of means are considered only as provisions for the end. It is this combination of high

ideals with practical sagacity which ought to give fresh courage to all who value our public schools. There is a confidence in the mind of this public servant which generates confidence in others. "Whatever may obstruct them" (the schools), he says, with an elastic courage, at the end of his report, "whatever mistakes in instruction, administration, or organization may be made, they yield to a steadfast ideal."

## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: The First Violin. By Jessie Fothergill. — The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL. D. Including the Tour to the Hebrides. By James Boswell. The original text relieved from passages of obsolete interest. — Astronomy. By C. S. Ball, LL. D., F. R. S. Specially revised for America by Simon Newcomb, LL. D. — A Century of American Literature. 1776-1876. Edited by Henry A. Beers, Assistant Professor of English Literature in Yale College. — Life and Faith. Sonnets by George McKnight. — Hathercourt. By Mrs. Molesworth (Ennis Graham). — Play-Day Poems. Collected and edited by Rossiter Johnson. — Maid Ellice. By Theo. Gift. — Gaddings with a Primitive People. By W. A. Baillie Grohman. — Plays for Private Acting. Translated from the French and Italian by Members of the Bellevue Dramatic Club of Newport. — The French Revolution. By Hippolyte Adolphe Taine, D. C. L. Translated by John Durand. Vol. I. — A Domestic Cyclopedia of Practical Information. Edited by Todd S. Goodholme. Illustrated. — Johnson's Chief Lives of the Poets. With a Preface by Matthew Arnold. To which are appended Macaulay's and Carlyle's Essays on Boswell's Life of Johnson. — Zoölogy of the Vertebrate Animals. By Alex. MacAlister, M. D. Specially revised for American Students by A. S. Packard, Jr., M. D. — Principles of Political Economy. By William Roscher. Translated by John J. Lalor, A. M. Vols. I. and II. — Zoölogy of the Invertebrate Animals. By Alex. MacAlister, M. D. Specially revised for America by A. S. Packard, Jr., M. D. — English Actors from Shakespeare to Macready. By Henry Barton Baker. In two volumes.

John Heywood, Manchester; Simpkin, Marshall & Co., London: A Kronikle of a King. By Elijer Goff.

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HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO.'S

LITERARY BULLETIN

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., Publishers, Winthrop Square, BOSTON.

*** *The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of the price by the Publishers,* MESSRS. HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., *Winthrop Square, Boston. Prices are given on page* 12.

**Detmold.** — Good readers of THE ATLANTIC cannot have forgotten Mr. Bishop's story with the above title. When approaching completion in the magazine, the Hartford *Courant* said of it: —

This is one of the cleverest and most attractive stories that our periodical literature has given us for a long while, and readily takes a place along with Mr. Aldrich's "Queen of Sheba," and the few other novels of that class which we have been fortunate enough to have written for us recently. Mr. Bishop's invention has created a sufficiently entertaining plot to make certain the interest of the tale as such, and his narrative is bright with a very graceful, quiet humor, and is full of intelligence and good taste. He has drawn natural and yet striking characters for his actors, and he depicts the relation between the hastily and ardently loving hero and the passive and almost indifferent heroine in a very masterly way. The story is fresh, clean, healthy, and thoroughly enjoyable, and the incidental descriptions of Italian life and scenery that we get are not merely pictures for the imagination, but have a practical character and show an intelligent study, the result of which is to furnish instruction as well as entertainment to the reader. In the working out of the story there are some decidedly strong scenes, and through the whole there is a naturalness and an easy flow of narrative that carries readily the significance of the novel in its relation to society.

And the New Haven *Journal and Courier* remarked: "It is almost universally conceded that 'Detmold' is one of the best of recent American works of fiction."

"Detmold" has just been published in a handsome "Little Classic" volume, which will be very convenient to read in the summer vacation, or any other time.

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The New York *Mail* well says: —

Apart from all other considerations this collection of poems will be a monument of Mr. Longfellow's intimate acquaintance with the poetry of all ages, of his catholic taste, of his fine tact and judgment, and of his unceasing industry even in his old age. And the beautiful style in which the poems are published, the dainty typography, the handy "little classic" form, and the tasteful binding, make a set of books which every lover of books will be glad to place on his shelves, and which every lover of poetry will turn to with pleasure again and again.

The Boston *Traveller* remarks: —

The series, as a whole, possesses unusual interest among works of anthology, on account of its novel arrangement and the distinguished auspices of its compilation.

**Mr. Burroughs's Books.** — "Locusts and Wild Honey," Mr. Burroughs's new book, sets all readers and critics to talking of the charm of his other books. The New York *Tribune* says: —

Like all the previous writings of Mr. Burroughs, the great feature of these essays is the natural, home-bred relish with which he enjoys the sensuous impressions of rural objects. His taste for the sights, and sounds, and odors of pastoral nature is no less keen and alert than that of the epicure for dainty viands and delicious wine. His delight in nature is the fresh, rapturous joy of contact with Mother Earth, the touch of the breeze, the sight of the grass, the music of the woods, the hum of bees, and the lowing of cattle. He is on terms of intimacy and of amity with the fish of the stream, he knows where the most cunning bird has hid her nest, he spies out the wild strawberry in the thickest of summer grass, and often as a farmer's boy, no doubt, has regaled on the luscious juice of the "frozen-thawed apple" as it lingered on the leafless branch of the wintry tree. Mr. Burroughs's joy in nature gives life to his expression.

The Philadelphia *North American*: —

Mr. Burroughs is one of nature's most persuasive prophets. His love for the woods and the fields, and all that is therein, is so sincere and ardent that the reader is brought under its spell almost unawares. But Mr. Burroughs is not only an enthusiast; he is a close and careful observer, who has always something to tell us about the ways of nature which had been before unnoticed. Add to this that he is a man of a singularly subtle imagina-

tive perception, with a rare sense of humor, whose style is simplicity itself, and the charm of his writings can be imagined.

The reader will observe that this remarkable charm is ascribed to all four of Mr. Burroughs's books, and, being wise, will naturally make a memorandum of them for summer reading.

**Mr. Lewes's "Study of Psychology,"** just published, cannot fail to engage the studious attention of thoughtful readers. One great charm of this book, as of all that Mr. Lewes wrote, is the transparent clearness of the style, the wonderful skill with which language is used, not to conceal thought, or poverty or affectation of thought, but to reveal ideas in perfect simplicity. This gives a peculiar attraction even to subjects which most writers only succeed in making intolerably dry and in surrounding with impenetrable fog.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* remarks: —

The acute intellect, the close study, and the polished style of Mr. Lewes have never been more attractively shown than they are in this admirable essay, which is full of suggestion as well as of information, and it is not in the least obscure, while it is by no means what might be called light reading. It is a great student's and a great thinker's book.

**Library Notes.** — Mr. Russell's book, in its new and enlarged edition, wins equal praise for its beauty and the excellence of its contents. The Boston *Journal* says: —

The mechanical workmanship of the book is exquisite. The page is open and singularly inviting, and the type large and clear, while the gilt top and dainty binding add to the attractiveness of the volume. The Riverside Press has given us few better illustrations of its progress in the art of book-making than this. And it pronounces the book "as charming a piece of literary mosaic as was ever put together."

The Hartford *Courant* remarks: —

The volume is unique, and almost as much a marvel in the way of quotations, anecdotes, and literary allusions as the essays of Montaigne. One constantly wonders at the memory, the industry, and the skill that could produce it. The author seems to have taken the honey out of many libraries.

The Boston *Gazette* gives this excellent practical suggestion: —

For the days that are approaching, when a pleasing book for the seashore or the mountains is a desideratum, "Library Notes" will prove a boon and a satisfaction to every person of taste and cultivation.

**Guide-Books worth having.** — Without disparaging any other guide-books, it is quite within bounds to say that for New England, the Middle States, the White Mountains, and the Maritime Provinces, Mr. Sweetser's handbooks are indispensable for all travelers or tourists who wish to know all about the scenery, history, traditions, legends, literature, and notable men of the places they visit. They are exhaustive, and, in their main features, of permanent value; one would never think of looking them over during a tour, and then throwing them away. They describe the regions with an encyclopædic fullness, which gives them enduring worth as books of reference. Their cost is many times repaid in the intelligent satisfaction one derives from using them. The "Satchel-Guide," for European quick-trip tourists, combines every desirable quality, — compactness, comprehensiveness, clearness, *pocketability*.

**The British Poets,** in the admirable Riverside edition, are now complete, with the exception of Chaucer, which has never been included in the series, but is now in press, under the very competent editorship of Mr. Arthur Gilman. The two latest volumes include Surrey and Wyatt, and Shakespeare's poems (not his plays) with Ben Jonson. Jonson has not heretofore been included in this series, but lovers of good poetry will gladly welcome the selection from his poems, accompanied by a sketch of his life.

**The Illustrated Library Waverley and Dickens** already number twenty volumes each, and the former in twenty-five and the latter in twenty-nine volumes will soon be complete. Persons who wish excellent editions of these delightful classic novels for their libraries, — excellent in type, paper, printing, binding, and illustration, and yet inexpensive, should not fail to examine these.

**Henry James, Senior.** — The recent publication of Mr. James's book, "Society the Redeemed Form of Man, and the Earnest of God's Omnipotence in our Nature," lends peculiar interest to the following communication respecting a previous work by Mr. James on "The Nature of Evil," now out of print. The strictures and the commendation apply perhaps with equal justice to the present work, as well as to his volumes on "Substance and Shadow," and "The Secret of Swedenborg." The letter was from a Presbyterian clergyman to a friend, and ran as follows: —

You who are acquainted with my partiality for a bold and expressive style can easily imagine the greediness with which I sucked the juices from Mr. James's book, and pulled at its tight and fibrous rind. So illuminated are some of his words that they operate like the signs in the streets with lamps behind them, and unless you are on your guard, send imagination into fields foreign to the main discussion and interest. I know not of a living writer, nor of a dead one, unless it be Coleridge, whose words lie so close to his thought, or are so densely informed by it. Trench himself would say of them, "These are living powers." Had he preserved throughout his work the chastened and guarded tone which characterizes the Preface, and the introduction to Mr. Beecher, the good he might have accomplished has no bound among men for two generations. Shall not a mind which sees far beyond what (as I verily believe) is vouchsafed to his fellows, into the nature and freedom of the gospel, be sufficiently controlled in his declarations of it not to raise such a fight that nobody can tell whether the new prophet is angel or devil? My grief at the opportunity and talent and knowledge squandered by him for the sake of gratifying — what? is so great that I can-

not give my thoughts to the contents of his book without crying again and again, *Alas! the thing that has been, it is that which shall be!*

On two points I think Mr. James has done no small service to the cause of Christianity: first, in unfolding so clearly and fully that "the judgment of this world has come, and that its prince is cast out." John xii. 31. With vividness and power, and a tide of consolation, he carries his reader into the invisible world where the conflict between Christ and the powers of darkness transpired; and shows admirably that something stronger than the human will, and yet not irresistible by it, has to do with sin. Then secondly: he sheds light upon the method by which the soul is inwardly redeemed or regenerated. His analysis of the animal and moral planes of life, and of their successive deaths in accordance with the universal law that the less yield to the greater, as the greater ministers to the less, is beautiful, philosophical, and most happily illustrative of the expression, "When the commandment came, sin revived and I died, and yet I live, and yet not I." For the labor and thought and feeling he has expended on these points I am disposed to render him my sincerest thanks. They are points which if believed would let light into many dark hearts, and many dark pages of man's probation.

Mr. —— (an Orthodox clergyman) also says in a letter I have just received from him in relation to this book. "I have read Mr. James's book, rather because I could not *help* it than because I had any time to do it justice. Let me now say that to me it has been the most interesting book I have read for years; perhaps I may add the most suggestive. I shall begin it again, and read it most thoroughly, trying it as I go. I long to tell you some of my thoughts upon it now, but they are not sufficiently digested. You must have felt through and through the intellectual stimulus which the book contains. How it prompts one *to search deeply into the things of God!* It has quickened my intellectual eagerness greatly. And my prayer, increasing in earnestness for years, is made still more earnest now, 'Teach me thy truth.' There is, too, a spirituality in the book, as to the character of which in the author I am not clear, *but which stimulates every spiritual desire of my soul* to a high degree of intensity."

**Mono-Metalism and Bi-Metalism** is a new contribution to the discussion of the silver question, by Judge Howe, whose works on "Political Economy" and "Monetary and Industrial Fallacies," published a year ago, must be fresh in the memory of those Americans who carefully study financial and politico-economical subjects. Judge Howe favors bi-metalism, and the small volume in which he presents his views must not be overlooked by men who wish to understand this question fully. It happens to be not merely a matter of theory and fancy, but a very important and immediately practical matter.

**Mr. Henry James Jr.** still continues to interest the English critics, though the zest with which they admired his "Daisy Miller" and the first half of "An International Episode" has been very suddenly, not to say ludicrously, chilled by the second half of the latter story, in which it must be confessed our good English cousins are represented as less than divine. They admire him still, but this shock sends them back to his earlier stories. The *Academy* has some kind words for his other books, but says: —

"The American," however, continues to be, if not exactly his best or most finished piece of work, at any rate that in which his powers are most clearly shown, and in which they have best grappled with a subject on the great scale.

The London *Daily News* speaks of this story as "one of the freshest, most brilliant, and most keenly intellectual additions to modern fiction."

**A Book for Art Students.** — Miss Knowlton's little book of "Hints for Pupils in Drawing and Painting" gives practical suggestions of much value on the choice of subjects, the use of charcoal, sketching from memory, proportions, form, and the preservation of charcoal drawings. In painting it indicates the best subjects, discusses the various methods of painting, describes Allston's method, and gives helpful hints on canvases and varnishes. These, supplemented by twenty illustrations from drawings by the eminent artist, William M. Hunt, cannot fail to be of great service to art students.

**Joseph Cook's Lectures on Marriage** are accounted among the best and most important of the many he has delivered and published. The *Domestic Monthly*, which would seem to have a special right to pronounce on a volume devoted to this theme, says "the book is the most interesting and readable one of the series and will find more readers because the subject is more popular." The New York *Observer* remarks: —

He has the advantage of a blessed experience to enhance the force and beauty with which his convictions and abilities would present the topic of marriage. These ten lectures show how conscience, heart, science, philosophy, literature, all bear testimony to the divine assertion that it is not good that the man should be alone, and that the way to avoid loneliness is by that marriage which is honorable in all.

The *Age*, of Louisville, observes: —

This book may be cordially commended to parents and young persons of marriageable age, and to all who are interested in great social questions. It will excite thought and help to the formation of high ideals of life.

**Artists of the Nineteenth Century.** — The New York *Examiner and Chronicle* says of this work: —

It furnishes a most convenient manual for the visitor to modern galleries, furnishes him with the most pertinent facts concerning the artists represented on the walls. . . . . Biographical dictionaries of artists of the past are easily obtained, but this little work fills a place which these larger dictionaries cannot occupy.

The *Christian Intelligencer* says: —

To those who love art and admire artists it is indispensable. It represents an immense amount of thoughtful, discriminating, painstaking work.

**A Charming Country Book.** — *The Agricultural Gazette* of London, for April 21, contained an exceedingly hearty notice of Colonel

Waring's travel-volume, "A Farmer's Vacation." Among other things it said: —

We had the pleasure of introducing Mr. Waring to our readers some weeks ago, and, among many other claims to their regard, as agriculturists and agricultural readers, which he possesses, we referred to his admirable work as a literary man. . . . . This volume is one of the handsomest to lie upon a table, one of the most attractive so far as the art of the printer and publisher is concerned, one of the most interesting in the hands of the reader and especially the agricultural reader, that the agricultural library of the language contains. . . . . Throughout the tour, antiquarian, architectural, picturesque, and especially agricultural notes form the substance of the journal, which is very admirably illustrated. . . . . We must not leave Mr. Waring's handsome volume without assuring our readers that they will find in it instruction and enjoyment as pleasantly united as in any book for country readers that we know.

**Out-Door Books.** — Every year we are learning to appreciate better books that describe fitly, and interpret, external nature. The city pours forth its tens of thousands who are glad to escape from brick walls and hot streets, and who enjoy with childlike eagerness the refreshment and variety of woods, fields, mountains, lake, and seashore. And books written by lovers of nature are year by year read with sympathetic delight by larger numbers. Thoreau is constantly becoming a more attractive and important figure in American literature. Emerson's "Nature" is discovered to have a great deal of common sense instead of moonlit transcendentalism. Lowell's delightful essays on "My Garden Acquaintance," and "A Good Word for Winter," please not less, possibly more, than the marvelous critical essays in which every kind of good learning and charming humor and literary attraction unite to produce such a fascinating whole as the world can hardly match of its kind. Mr. Warner's "Backlog Studies," "My Summer in a Garden," "In the Wilderness," and "Baddeck," are equally engaging for their humor and their healthy enjoyment of nature. All these books, as well as those of Mr. Burroughs, mentioned elsewhere, should be remembered for summer reading, though indeed they are very good the year round.

**"A Wily Old Philosopher."** — Mr. Emerson has been caught at last. A writer in the *Catholic World* has lost patience with people who meekly submit to his impositions, and declares, "It is about time to expose this wily old philosopher who has been throwing rhetorical dust into the eyes of several generations." As Mr. Emerson hardly published anything before 1840, the "several generations" referred to must include several yet to come. And, from present indications, from the reverent regard cherished for him as a man and as a writer by all who can appreciate high genius and lofty character, it really seems likely that it will be several generations before his wisdom will be counted "rhetorical dust."

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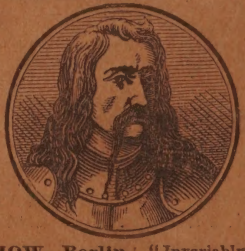

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AUGUST, 1879

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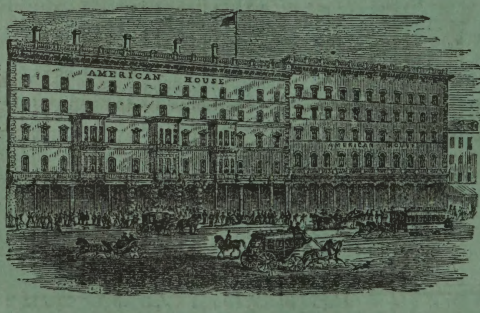


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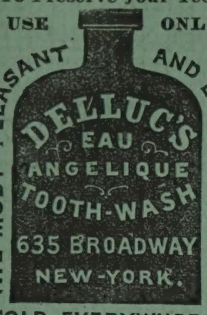


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# ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

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VOL. XLIV.—AUGUST, 1879.—No. CCLXII.

## PREACHING.

IT is to be observed that preaching is something in which perfection is not attainable. The highest excellence in this work is but an approximation. The object of preaching, expressed in the largest way, is the formation, culture, and development of human character, and the guidance of conduct or life, in accordance with the laws, requirements, and obligations of our moral nature or being. With this in view as the end, preaching employs, as an instrument or means, the presentation of religious truth and thought, especially — in Christian teaching — the truths and doctrines of Christianity; the chief source whence these are to be drawn being the Scriptures of the New Testament, with illustrations and helps from the Hebrew sacred books, and from the religious history and experience of mankind.

The essential or fundamental principles and truths of Christianity are not presented or expressed in the New Testament in the form of exact, definite, direct propositions, so as to be apprehended with equal readiness, success, and perfection by minds of every character; but these principles belong to a class of ideas which in some measure depend for their apprehension upon moral and mental conditions, upon states of the will, the heart, or the moral character. In the phrase of the New Testament, they are spiritual truths or principles, and must be spiritually discerned or understood. These principles of Christianity are in this respect like most of the ideas which are conveyed in poetry and by the forms of other kinds of art; that is, for their adequate reception a certain preparation in the quality or attitude of the mind, and in the character of the person, is necessary.

Ideas and truths connected with almost all subjects of serious human interest may be appropriately employed in preaching. Innumerable facts of science in all its great departments may be rightly used in sermons, when such facts and truths are dominated and subordinated by a spiritual or religious purpose. Anything which can be made to serve a spiritual end may be of use, but all the elements and materials employed in preaching should be fused by a central, controlling, religious idea and motive. This spiritual or religious idea is of course complex. On one side it has, of necessity, an intellectual character; that is, in so far as it consists of thought, or is expressed in the form and by the terms of thought. But preaching, when rightly considered and performed, is not chiefly intellectual, but religious or spiritual; that is, it concerns itself primarily and principally with those faculties of man's being which find expression in

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reverence, trust, and obedience. Preaching deals with the will, and with action or conduct, and it addresses the intellectual faculties for the sake of these objects. But man's being or nature is a unit, and if the culture of the intellect is neglected, the religious character becomes ill balanced, morbid, and unwholesome. The evils and dangers resulting from excessive development of the emotional element in religion, though less portentous now than in other ages, still require examination, and render necessary whatever safeguards knowledge and foresight can supply.

Let us endeavor to see clearly some of the characteristics of the spiritual or religious idea. One of its essential qualities is that it always transcends the sphere of the transient, special, or particular, and passes into the region of the permanent and universal. All teaching which is truly spiritual or religious maintains a constant and direct relation with a moral order which is universal and eternal. This order is always recognized, or the belief in its existence is necessarily implied. The end, object, or purpose of all preaching or religious teaching is the production, development, or cultivation of obedience to the requirements of this moral order, of trust in its sovereign adequacy, and of harmony and conformity with it. The personality or character of man as a moral being stands within this moral order, and is related to it. This order existed before he began to be, and he is in some sense produced by it, and is a part of it. It is a peculiarity of man's being and of his relations to this order that he learns progressively of its existence, nature, and requirements; that he can never know or comprehend it perfectly, or attain to a complete or finished harmony or unity with it. His nature possesses or includes the capability of endless approximation or advance toward a perfection of vital harmony and oneness with this order, which is never to be completely attained, but which constitutes, in every stage of his progress, a most powerful incentive, inspiration, and ideal.

The preacher's faculties being finite, and their work necessarily imperfect, it constantly results that he does not adequately distinguish between what is special, transient, and subordinate, and what is universal, permanent, and supreme. His work is here so much a matter of relative or comparative emphasis, its quality depends so largely upon the character, insight, and genius of the man himself, that no adequate rules or directions for its right performance can be given. Some men have minds so mechanical and unspiritual that it is impossible for them ever to learn to preach usefully, and it may be conceded that some representatives of this class have in almost every age found their way into the pulpit.

One of the chief dangers or defects of preaching in our time, in this country at least, is its tendency to become predominantly intellectual, to deal with all its materials by intellectual methods. The facts, truths, principles, and ideas employed and illustrated in American preaching to-day belong, in great part, to the domain of the intellect, and are of a nature to stimulate chiefly the intellectual faculties, and to be apprehended by them. They are not marshaled by a spiritual purpose to spiritual ends, are not fused or assimilated by any power of adequate spiritual vitality. Preaching of this intellectual kind consists largely of argument and discussion, and it therefore necessarily produces and cultivates chiefly activity of the intellectual faculties; that is, a mental condition or attitude of a critical or questioning character, a spirit of doubt. The religious spirit is essentially the spirit of trust and of obedience. The special tendencies and developments of thought which characterize our own age have been, in too great measure, reproduced in the preaching of the time. We have had too much of "preaching for the times;" that is, the preaching has dealt too largely with things which are recent and transient, with the superficial and particular rather than with the vital, permanent, and universal.

The deepest and highest powers of

the nature of man respond only to spiritual or universal influences and ideas. Nothing is potent or vital enough to summon his faculties to their highest and best activity except a perception or revelation of his relations to the universal order, and of the duties proceeding from and depending upon these relations. It is wholesome and good for man — it feeds the very sources of his life — to stand awed before the majesty and beauty of the moral order of the universe and the strength of its eternal laws. It is not possible that his nature should be so expanded, stimulated, and purified, or raised to such perfection of vitality and action, by any other influence. To produce and develop this perception is one of the most important objects of preaching; but it is not attained by the method of treating religion chiefly as a matter of knowledge, as something to be explained and understood, a theory or system of thought, to be defended by argument and sustained by refuting objections.

There is much preaching in this country which is a potent and valuable means of intellectual culture, but which has little of the religious or spiritual quality which should characterize Christian preaching. Many of the most intelligent, active, and influential ministers have for several years devoted much attention to the peculiar literature of modern science; and they have reported to their hearers the speculations and theories of the men who write about science for the magazines and reviews, regarding subjects which are most closely and vitally connected with the religious and theological beliefs belonging to Christianity, and with the principles, laws, sanctions, and obligations of Christian practice and character. The dissolving or disintegrating tendencies of modern scientific thought have thus been to a great extent combined with the preaching of the time, and so conveyed into the minds of the people who make up the churches of this country. Multitudes have in this way been made acquainted with the skeptical elements and tendencies of the thought of the age, and have been brought to feel the force of the objections which materialism has recently urged against the doctrines of Christianity. In many cases the scientific, skeptical, and critical ideas thus presented have had more force with the hearers than the answers or refutations brought forward by the preacher.

Many of these scientific objections to the doctrines of Christianity have received far more attention than is rightly their due on any ground of intrinsic weight, value, or respectability; and many of the ministers of the country have thus assisted in the propagation of skeptical notions to an extent which has noticeably influenced the thought of the people. Many persons have been affected by negative and disintegrating ideas with which they would have had little acquaintance but for the carefulness and iteration with which these opinions have been presented in the preaching of the time. It is possible to have too much discussion in preaching. Hearers are convinced and confirmed, strengthened and established, rather by the thoroughness and strength of the minister's own beliefs, by their perception of the confidence and certainty which he feels, than by his presentation of arguments against skepticism.

It is always necessary to distinguish between what is superficial and of slight significance in the thought of the time, and what belongs to the class of forces and ideas which work deeply and widely in the mind of an age, gradually producing important changes in opinion, and so, at length, modifying the structure of society and the civilization of nations or races. I suppose we must say that this power of distinguishing between the superficial and insignificant manifestations of popular caprice and the real spirit, thought, and voice of the age is something which cannot be taught, communicated, or learned in its entirety; but all real culture assists the development of this discriminating judgment or estimate of the comparative value of the different products and tendencies of human thought. It is also important to observe that the study of his-

tory and acquaintance with the world's best literature are specially adapted to assist the formation of the intellectual character which is the basis of such judgment and the pledge of its value.

Christianity properly changes front from time to time, to meet new forms of evil and error; and its continued existence depends upon this necessary flexibility. What changes of relative emphasis in Christian teaching and practice are required by the new conditions of human life and its environment in our age is an important question, — the most vital and momentous, indeed, which can now engage the thought of Americans in connection with religious subjects. This is at once the real issue and the common ground between the conservative and the modern parties in the Christian church. One party emphasizes the value of what has been tried and has done good service in the past; the other emphasizes the need of new weapons, and the advantages of a partial change of front. Neither party has clearly defined its own ground or aims, nor have the leaders on either side thought it necessary to understand the position of those from whom they differ. Nobody seems prepared, as yet, for any thorough examination or discussion of the subject.

It is especially easy, in a time when thought upon religious subjects is becoming less vital and spiritual, for men to imagine that there is great value in the use of terms and phrases which have lost their primary significance and vitality, even for those who utter them. The truths, facts, experiences, and forms of thought and expression which furnish the most varied, adequate, and valuable illustrations of the relations between man and the universal order, or Supreme Will, which are anywhere accessible to the preacher are to be found in the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures. But the forms of expression used in these books have no magical value. They cannot be successfully used as charms or spells. Their mechanical repetition or pronunciation by the human voice does not necessarily, or in itself, benefit those who hear. The use of phrases drawn from these high sources is helpful and tends to edification only if they are employed appropriately, and in connections or relations in which they have actual meaning, truth, and efficiency. Many preachers with whom I am acquainted, even among those of most pronounced rationalistic tendencies, often appear to think there is great value in the mere repetition of Old Testament phrases and figures of speech. But in our time even church members read the Bible so little that such expressions are often unintelligible, and tend to obscure the thought of the preacher instead of illustrating it.

The preacher always deals most successfully with the special sins, dangers, temptations, and evils of any time by using, as the chief substance and texture of his teaching, the great fundamental, permanent, and universal principles and truths of the moral nature and life of man, as they are illustrated in human experience and in the moral aspects of the history of mankind. He may safely trust to the universal nature which is in man and over him to make nearly all necessary special applications of general moral principles and universal truths. It is rarely best to give very elaborate treatment to such themes as form the staple of the newspaper writing of the time, or the prevalent gossip of the community. Yet the necessary distinction here does not consist so much in the difference of the subjects presented as in the spirit and manner of their treatment. Many things can be profitably used as incidental illustrations which could not properly be employed as the chief topics or substance of a sermon. A minister of my acquaintance was once preaching on the subject of truthfulness, and after various illustrations of its importance in practice, and of the temptations to unveracity in modern life, he said, "It is not open to a member of this church to evade the payment of the tax on dogs by any falsehood or equivocation whatever." He passed at once to other topics, but this sentence produced important changes in the practice of the citizens of that community, and in the amount of the revenues of the

town. It is not likely that the effect would have been so salutary if my friend had delivered a lecture on dogs, with interesting facts and illustrations from history and literature, though such a lecture would not have been greatly unlike some modern sermons.

One of the special dangers and defects of preaching in this country is connected with the popular liking for oratory in the pulpit, the demand for what is called eloquent preaching. The common American idea of pulpit eloquence is low and sensational. It means chiefly a rapid and emphatic utterance of sonorous sentences, with something extreme, paradoxical, and violent in the thought presented, though not much thought is required. People demand of the preacher that he shall arouse and excite them, and they enjoy with a kind of voluptuousness the temporary stimulus and thrill of emotion which the preaching causes. It results from the laws of mental action that preaching of this kind does not inspire conscientiousness, nor tend to practical moral activity. It necessarily produces and fosters mental conditions which are extremely unfavorable to spirituality of character and life.

This appetite for eloquence, working with other tendencies of the age, has helped to make the preaching in this country dramatic and entertaining, but, in large measure, unspiritual. This, I think, can be rightly regarded only as a calamity, a tendency opposed to the interests of religion, adapted to weaken and subvert it, and to lead the people who are influenced by it into a region where religion will be impossible or regarded as unnecessary. This is one of the most important among the unfavorable tendencies of the age. It has made preaching "more interesting and attractive to the masses," but this has been accomplished by sacrificing much that is essential in religion itself.

There is a peculiar peril in oratory or eloquence for the orator himself, and few of the idols of popular taste have escaped it. This is the temptation to say things which will arouse and excite people, and so give them the emotional thrill which they require the orator to produce, rather than the things that are true, and that would tend to acquaintance, on the part of the hearers, with their own needs and duties, and to a more rigid subjection of their practice to the laws of Christian morality. The preacher's own taste for truth is dulled, and his power of perceiving and distinguishing it is gradually lost. Seriousness declines, and the most solemn and sacred doctrines and facts of Christianity come to be regarded merely as materials for oratorical display. An enormous egotism disorders all the preacher's perceptions of fitness and relation, subverts reverence, and emancipates him from moral obligation. His hearers, on their part, make the emotional enjoyment which they experience in hearing eloquent preaching a substitute for Christian conduct and character. Exceptional instances of this kind are chiefly interesting and significant as indications of general tendencies.

The requirements of the people regarding the social life and occupations of the minister form a serious hindrance to the spirituality and usefulness of his work. His work demands, more than almost any other, except, perhaps, that of poets and artists, periods of solitude, of silent thought and waiting, of receptive communion with the universal and eternal within him and around him. It needs, in a peculiar degree, a free, unfettered condition of his faculties. This is indispensable for the best performance of his work, for the production of the higher qualities in his preaching. Many men have been able to enjoy this disengagement of their faculties, this freedom for devotion and allegiance to the Highest, in the midst of affairs, conditions, and circumstances which, to most observers, appear to have been highly unfavorable to such concentration of faculty. But only the man himself can ascertain and decide what are the necessary conditions for the most successful performance of his work. Yet there are very few persons in the churches of this country who appear to have any understanding or appreciation of this law of

the minister's work. The people with whom the preacher lives in closest relations usually think they know much better than he how he should arrange and employ his time during the week; and the popular judgment decides that most of his time should be devoted to drinking tea with his parishioners, to what is called "going about among the people, and making himself at home with them."

The history of Christianity shows that the ministry has never possessed great power or authority, or the church a high degree of spiritual vitality, at any time when ministers were accustomed to pass a great portion of their time among their people in ordinary social intercourse with them. It is one of the features of the life of our time that pastoral visiting, that is, short calls devoted to conversation upon religious subjects, has given place to ordinary social visiting and intercourse between the minister and his people. This change is closely connected with important features and tendencies of the religion of the age. It has had a great effect upon preaching in this country. The modern practice has made impossible, in great measure, the habit of solitary study, and has thus shorn the preaching of the time of the peculiar authority and impressiveness which belong to utterances which come from lonely heights of thought and experience.

As things are at present, the minister's hearers are to a considerable extent already familiar with his thought before they meet him at the church. He has been with them during most of the week, and has thus had little time for thoughts arising from beyond the circle of pleasant, worldly conversation. I concede willingly all that may be claimed for the influence of the clergyman in thus promoting culture and refinement among his people, and so aiding the development of a higher civilization; but I wish to point out the fact that the minister has in this way lost much of power and authority for his work as a preacher, and it is this work which we are now considering. It is not visiting among the poor or sick that injures a man's power as a preacher, but the modern expectation that he shall spend most of his time among the agreeable people of his parish, who live comfortably and like to be entertained.

The preaching of the time in this country is as good as the people are willing to hear. Neither in the church nor out of it is there any considerable demand for better preaching. Where there is most intelligence or culture the chief desire in regard to preaching is that it shall be entertaining, and thus suited to attract many hearers who will help to pay the expenses of the church. Under the "voluntary system," as it is called, which prevails here, it would be very difficult to give the people any kind of preaching which they do not want. The persons who need to be taught, guided, and instructed thus fix the standard and determine almost wholly the character of the teaching which they are to receive. This is an incidental effect of the dominion of the masses, of our universal-suffrage arrangement of society. In very few of the churches or congregations in this country can there be any continuous or habitual religious teaching which the people do not approve. The standard, or ideal, as to preaching is usually higher among ministers than among their hearers, and many clergymen maintain a constant struggle against the injurious tendencies of the popular taste, and try to create in the minds of their hearers an appetite for the higher and more spiritual qualities in religious teaching. But the preaching of the country, like nearly everything else in our national life, is likely to become more and more completely representative of the culture, taste, morality, and entire character of the people who compose the churches. If this is the tendency, the character of the preaching will not thereby be elevated or improved.

At last, everything among us must depend upon the average or aggregate culture, character, and will of the people. They are the real source of everything in our national life, of whatever good we can hope to keep or establish here, and of all the evils which injure or threat-

en us. Their sovereignty has been commonly regarded as having its sphere and operation in political affairs. The ballot is esteemed its proper symbol and expression. It is time for us to recognize the fact that under this sovereignty of the people everything in the life and character of our nation, its institutions, religion, morality, culture, and civilization, are dependent upon the character, development, and will of the people. Our people are not yet prepared or disposed to permit or sustain such preaching as is needed for the purification and guidance of our national life, and the growth of a higher civilization.

The church is still a valuable conservative and vital agency in our national life, but it exhibits only such spirituality, moral illumination, and earnestness as are possessed by the people who compose it; and it is marked by all that is defective in their culture and character. Under the voluntary system, preaching in this country is, in fact and of necessity, almost exactly what the people who have money wish it to be. Most of the preaching needs improvement. Some influences which our national interests most imperatively require should naturally come from this source. They are not now supplied by any agency whatever. But the preaching of the country can be improved, so as to make it more valuable to the nation, only by elevating the popular taste through an advance in the culture of the more intelligent classes of our people. No adequate instrumentalities for effecting such an advance are yet in existence. The preachers of the country could do much to prepare the way for a better state of things if they would give earnest attention to the facts, conditions, and tendencies of our national life, but the popular optimism is averse to such study of the facts of the time. The teaching of the Bible in regard to preaching, especially its marked emphasis of the idea that it is the business of the preacher to proclaim the will of God, to deliver a message from Him, to teach the truth, whether men wish to hear it or not; that he is to utter whatever his ultimate convictions of duty require him to speak, accepting whatever of suffering or loss may be the result, — this has great influence upon all manly and sincere young men in the ministry. It inspires them with something of heroic feeling, and still, even in our time, gives to this profession an element of solemnity, an ideal quality, and a culture in elevated sentiments not found in equal degree in other professions or occupations, except perhaps among artists. But it soon comes to seem impossible, under the conditions of our modern life, to obey these principles, or to maintain an attitude in any wise heroic, except in personal self-denial on the part of the minister for the sake of his work, and in the endurance of life-long pain and regret on account of the difficulty of keeping the Bible estimate of his work in sight even as an ideal. It would soon increase the vitality of religion among us in a marked degree, and greatly improve our national life, if the more influential clergymen would unite and coöperate in developing and disseminating scriptural ideas of the moral authority of the pulpit, and its rightful freedom from popular control.

The dangers to religion in our time, as well as to the moral interests of our country, are very grave; but it is for the present nearly impossible to interest Americans in anything which depends upon the operation of general and complex influences, or far-reaching tendencies. Optimism discourages effort for improvement. It is a great maker of phrases, and delights in announcing that "truth and right must triumph in the end." It refuses to regard anything that may occur in the mean time as worthy of serious attention. Many are anxious, but comfort themselves with the hope that "things will remain about as they are" in our time, and that those who come after us may be wise enough to deal with the increasing difficulties of the next age. Nothing seems very important to our people unless it is of the nature of a catastrophe; nothing arouses them to serious interest but the belief in the near approach of a terrible crisis. There is little love of excellence for its

own sake among us at present, and we are generally not only indisposed to earnest, steady devotion to high ideals, but we are almost destitute of respect, veneration, and enthusiasm for those who have, in other times, lived in high and noble ways. One chief reason why the heart of the age is not more potently moved by the central personage of the New Testament story is the fact that men have, to a great extent, lost the power to recognize greatness and heroism in human character, as they have lost the faculty of reverence for moral grandeur.

We have reached a state of things, a stage in the evolution of thought, when a partial change of front on the part of Christianity is necessary to meet the forms of error and evil which have been developed under the new conditions of society in modern times. The enthronement of the masses, and the extension of man's acquaintance with the physical universe, — democracy and science, — these have been the principal agents in the production of a new environment for religion in modern life. Some considerable changes in relative emphasis in Christian teaching are imperatively required by the conditions that have been developed in society since the revival of learning. That such changes will some time be made appears to me, for various reasons, probable. But such changes are never wrought by Almighty power operating directly and without human agency. Neither are they produced by "the resistless influence of the laws of progress." They have hitherto been brought about very slowly, as the result of many small movements and efforts on the part of religious teachers, and of other persons interested in religion and in human welfare.

Other-world sanctions have to a great extent lost their force in Christian teaching, and in the thought both of Christians and of the people outside of the church. The influence of what are called the miraculous or supernatural facts of Christian history has also less potency in human thought than ever before. Neither the distant past nor the distant future awes, inspires, or restrains men now as heretofore. The church will be obliged to recognize these changes. The chief line or method of advance is by an increased emphasis upon the sanctions, obligations, and activities belonging to this world and to the moral life of the present time. Heaven can wait. It is not necessary to think much about it while we have strength and time for labor here. But this world ought to be purified, and life here developed, organized, and directed in obedience to the requirements of order and justice. And for us — for Americans — this world means our own country. We have no real opportunity or relation with humanity in general. As they are usually set forth in the phrases of sentimentalists, the brotherhood of mankind and our duty to humanity are abstractions without vital meaning or practical value. We have most vital relations, we have boundless opportunity, with the people of our own country. We need the influence of the strongest emphasis that religion can give to our duties as citizens, as members of the national family. Religion should translate the idea of the brotherhood of man into the idea and fact of the fraternity of the people of our country. Righteousness, justice, order, patriotism, — these are the principles which religion should henceforth emphasize in this country. If Christianity should come to mean this and do this, it would regain its lost vitality and sovereignty; it would be again a light to guide and a law to govern mankind.

But all the experience of the past makes it probable that such a change of front and shifting of relative emphasis on the part of Christianity will not be accomplished without enormous loss, injury, and moral disintegration. I do not know how much of this might be prevented if a few of our teachers and leaders were wise enough to begin at once to act upon the lessons which time is sure to teach; but there are few signs of such wisdom among us. The old beliefs are losing their power, but no new sanctions of equal or adequate vitality are taking the place of the convictions

which are thus perishing. No human power can prevent this decay of the old beliefs, and no wise man could wish to hasten it. We need now insight and impulse for the development of the new methods and forms of thought and teaching, and the new ideas of life, which are to house and clothe, feed and guide, the "emancipated" but untaught multitudes, who, if left to themselves, are the helpless, predestined prey of the delusions always ready to ravage and desolate the life of a race or generation which has not inherited a vital and adequate religion.

Probably the most groundless and irrational of the teaching of our time is that of the "liberal" or "rationalistic" optimists, who insist that there is no loss of moral vitality, or decay of religion itself, in this wide-spread breaking down of the old beliefs. The history of times of transition in the past and the known laws of mental action and social change should lead us to expect a long period of intellectual bewilderment, of religious and moral disintegration and political debasement. We shall probably try many wasteful and hazardous experiments; the optimists will still prophesy triumphantly; and the people who live after us may learn, if we do not, that new agencies for the education of the people are indispensable, and a new consecration to the interests and objects of our national life. A few men will think of the flag with something of the passionate devotion with which men formerly thought of the cross, and will transmit their high ideal to their children as a holy trust, to be guarded and enshrined by each succeeding generation. After measureless toil and suffering, it may be found that Christianity has made a partial change of front, that men in this land have again a religion, and that civilization has moved forward to higher grounds.

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## THE FUTURE OF INVENTION.

In our recent national phenomena there is no other fact so significant, so startling, as the prodigious increase of inventions, both in their number and in their influence over business and daily life. Within the past ten years far more patents have been issued than during all our previous history, although the former period is more than half made up of our most prolonged and serious commercial crisis, while the latter includes nearly every prosperous season that we have ever known. Could the hard times materially soften, we might expect such a rush of new improvements as would resemble the bursting of a torrent through an ice gorge. But even as matters are, with an aggregate of more than two hundred thousand patents (mostly recent) and a weekly issue filling a ponderous printed volume, we cannot but feel ourselves in the presence of a growing force, which is not to be estimated, and which is assuredly the greatest factor of modern life.

Already nearly all other interests have begun to cluster around invention. It is a matter of common remark that most of the capital of the country is somehow bound up in patents, or drifting toward union with them. They raise or lower the value of farm lands and city lots. The great railroad arteries pulsate under their pressure from end to end. The manufacturer who ignores them invites speedy ruin. The merchant sells under them. The farmer, the mechanic, the miner, all work for them or by their authority. They constitute the most lucrative branch of legal practice. Vast sums are continually changing hands in the litigation upon them. They have probably made and unmade more fortunes than all other agencies combined.

Even in our seven greatest grain-growing States of the Northwest, from Ohio to Minnesota, the aggregate value of the manufacturing interest was shown by the last census to exceed the aggregate value of the agricultural interest by about seventy-six millions of dollars; and nearly all of the former sum is said to be invested in or employed under recent patents. No doubt the excess would be much more at the present day. A competent witness recently declared that it would require a population of nine millions, without machinery, to do what the State of Massachusetts is doing to-day, — this, when factories have lain idle for three years and more at Amesbury, and all over the State only a small proportion of them have been working full force and full time! Perhaps we cannot better realize the situation than by considering for a moment the effect of a sudden abolition of this complex artificial system which we have built about us. The confiscation of half the real estate of the country would scarcely be a more staggering blow to vested interests and settled order.

It is plain that we have evoked very literally a genius, which for good or evil will mold us to its will. We have already lost power over it, and can only ask, "What will it do to us and with us? What changes may we expect from it in our great national life and the yet greater life of the world outside?" If anything can be worth considering, this surely is; for it refers to a future which intimately concerns us all, and which will not long delay its coming.

Let us begin by considering the nature of this force, and its past history and results. A little thought will show that all inventions have their origin either in the desire to get something new, or in the desire to get something more cheaply. The former class would of course preponderate at first, since the tendency to acquire is generally greater than the tendency to save; and primitive man feels first of all the instinctive impulse to expand his powers. There is, at all stages, something very fascinating to the imagination in the advances of our race as a whole toward the subjugation of nature and the application of her laws and powers to man's benefit. But with the growing needs of a developing civilization, we should naturally expect to see that class of inventions come into view which looks first of all to economy in production. Especially is this true of such as tend to lessen the need for prime movers, such as human hands, the supply of which increases but slightly.

These expectations have been fulfilled. Until the last two or three centuries, most inventions had for their object the bringing of some new field under human control, the enabling men to have or to do what they could not have or do before. The mariner's compass, gunpowder, printing, and at earlier periods glass, iron-working, bronze, the bow, and the production of fire, may be cited as a few familiar instances of them. They came at wide, though decreasing, intervals; partly because of the dense, yet diminishing, ignorance of the world in physical matters, and partly because the laws of mental action make radical discoveries and vast acquisitions comparatively infrequent even in the most enlightened times. But they engrossed pretty nearly all the inventive power then manifest. The world was generally too crude and fragmentary to offer much encouragement to wholesale manufacture, and human labor was almost everywhere a drug. Moreover, a ready remedy for any special need of the kind was found in a raid over the borders of some neighboring state and the enslavement of a portion of its people. Even after these practices ceased, an unsettled and warlike feeling remained, which despised the useful arts, and tended to discourage economy as compared with the acquisition and manifestation of power. Unfortunately, this spirit is not quite dead even yet.

But at length the growing standard of comfort and the increasing love of peace had created, or stimulated, in certain countries a demand for articles of use and wear, which spread from class to class. Rapid, cheap, and multitudinous production became more and more es-

sential; for it was necessary to supply with profit the many who were not rich. The first stumbling-block was soon found in the multitude of artisans needed, — machines which demanded the most expensive of fuel, and at best could work only at a slow rate. It was imperative to substitute as far as possible something which should be vastly less costly and more efficient. Thus the spinning-jenny, the power-loom, and a legion of improvements came into being, each stimulating the others, and all urging forward the production of textile fabrics. Concurrent with these were advances or tentative efforts in most of the other arts, each having the same general object. Invention had entered on a new era.

It is worthy of remark that at this point the force of which we treat encountered for the first time a vehement opposition, which did not proceed from mere theological bigotry or hatred of innovation. It has been the fashion of late years to berate as blind and ungrateful fools the weavers who persistently thwarted Cartwright and mobbed Jacquard; but it may be questioned whether a good deal could not be advanced in favor of their intelligent appreciation of what was to come. The average human intellect is unfortunately too apt to consider class interests and personal interests rather than the grand advance of the race, and the dread of the discomforts of a transitional period, through which we and our immediate descendants must certainly pass, finds very little alleviation in the thought of a possible millennium beyond. As men, these resisters of progress were doubtless wrong, but as weavers, they were (in some sense) right. At least they acted, however impotently, in the line of the interests of their class. They had made the acquaintance of the labor-saving machine, and they realized, in spite of specious arguments, that it was the enemy of the mechanic, — *as a mechanic*.

As we draw nearer and nearer to our own times, we find the cheapening devices gaining ground more and more in number and prominence. We meet in brilliant succession, it is true, with the steam-engine, the steamboat, the telegraph, vulcanized rubber, the ice machine, Bessemer steel, the sand-blast, the telephone, and a number of others which constitute real advances; but they are only a handful in comparison with the multitude of inventions which have cheapness for their chief object.

At first, outlets for superfluous workmen were readily found. The new discoveries opened new fields for demand, and wants of all sorts were stimulated. The man who had been crowded out of weaving in his youth might learn to make horseshoe nails, or pins, in middle life, and at worst he could handle a sickle in the harvest field till old age came on. Moreover, telescopes and microscopes, steam-engines and cotton-gins, all required workmen for their manufacture. The very labor-saving machines themselves were in the last analysis the work of the mechanic's hands. Back of all this lay the great need of the raw materials, such as grain, cotton, wool, wood, gold, silver, iron, and coal, all of which, in some way, had to be won from the earth by the effort of human strength. At first sight it might seem as if the compensation would be permanently adequate; and indeed it has generally been so regarded. But there are strong reasons for believing that in this the political economists (or some of them) have been wrong, and the uninstructed but interest-sharpened instincts of the workingman right.

The outlets and compensations mentioned obviously have their limits. Railroads, telegraphs, and steamboat lines, ranking among the greatest of them, cannot be infinitely extended. The earth itself is bounded, and we cannot cover it all with tracks. Already this country is blessed with a number of railways which are more likely to be abandoned than completed. Moreover, a railway once constructed has fulfilled the greater measure of its utility in this regard. It employs few men beside those needed for repairs, protection of property, and management of its rolling stock. It diminishes their number by the use of labor-saving machines in its shops and on

its trains. It has, and often uses, every advantage of the market over those who remain. The same applies to steamboats and telegraphs, though in less degree.

The greatest compensation is perhaps to be found in the increased demand for raw material and for the production of food on a larger scale. At the base of nearly all our manufactures, except such as are worked by elemental power, lie the coal beds; and the more multifarious the forms of improvement the greater will be the demand for fuel. But then a single man can quarry in a few hours the condensed and conserved power of many men for many days. Experience shows that this receptacle for overflow is itself generally overflowing. The same is true of gold mining, iron mining, and all allied industries. Everywhere the workingman is superseded by machinery, or he works to such advantage that one can supply what many may need.

Agriculture underwent a decided revolution with the rise of the manufacturing interest. From a means of providing the household it became a field for speculation, or a medium for supplying the multitudes who had left their normal position as the producers of their own food. It retains this wholesale and half-speculative character yet, and might, in this aspect, seem to offer a refuge. But here again the labor-saving machine interposes at every turn, and warns the machine of flesh and blood off the premises. The reaper has driven him mainly from the harvest field, the thresher from the threshing-floor. The cultivator is half a dozen hoes in one, and the horse-rake a dozen rakes. The binder takes the place of four or five additional laborers. Improvements crowd fast upon one another, and each means "a few more men out of the way." Nor can the workingman profitably farm (as a rule) on his own account, for the supply of the market. The above-mentioned cheapening devices have made the production of breadstuffs so excessive that they will generally bring but a very low price, not nearly enough to pay expenses and interest on borrowed capital.

Many writers have assumed that the stimulated demand for familiar articles (partly arising from the greater activity of desire and the enlargement of hope due to our material advances, and partly caused by the improved quality of the goods manufactured by machinery) will always counterbalance the enormously increased supply produced by an unchanged, or but slightly changed, aggregate of hands working with the aid of continually improving machinery. But a little thought will show that this expectation is fallacious. The necessaries of life can never be required in more than certain quantities, and this is measurably true even of its luxuries as well. If hats become very cheap, a man may get a new one every month, instead of two or three a year; but no man can possibly need, or will buy, many more than the former number. The same is true of shoes and clothing. The cheapness of glass has caused it to be introduced into nearly every house outside of the backwoods; but after all, a dwelling cannot be entirely window-panes. Lucifer matches, pins, brooms, and other perishable articles may be used as wastefully as their reduced cost suggests, but nevertheless the bounds are easily reached. The number of horseshoes and horseshoe nails required is necessarily determined by the number of horses in use, and this cannot be multiplied at will. Newspapers and periodicals are numerous enough to make the world stare; but publishers have already discovered that it is possible to overload the reading public. If more tools be produced than can be used by the carpenter, the blacksmith, the gardener, or some other of the mechanical fraternity, they will lie unbought; and a great part of the work of these men either is not affected by the improvement of machinery or is superseded by it. A given number of persons can dispose of but a given maximum of prepared food or medicine, even if they have at their command all the cheapening and multiplying mechanism of which the human mind can conceive. Nor does the numerical increase of the race from generation to generation bear any considerable proportion to its

growing facilities for producing the articles which it needs.

Of course, with the advance of civilization new articles of luxury are required, and here there is a real, though inadequate, compensation. It *is* inadequate, because with all of us the novelties of life bear but a small proportion to the things which have been long and familiarly used; because under our present social system the great majority of the people cannot afford many luxuries; and because ingenuity is less readily exerted in discovery than in improvement. It is far easier to shorten or expedite travel than to find a new country; it is far easier to simplify the manufacture of old things than to devise radically new ones. Moreover, as soon as any great demand grows up in this field, the labor-saving machine appears again, reducing the number of laborers who are thus relieved.

It must be remembered, also, that labor-saving devices, and indeed inventions of all kinds, often absolutely lessen demand instead of increasing it. Suppose, for example, that the many attempts at producing a satisfactory traction engine should result in success; is it not evident that the number of horses in use would be greatly diminished? This would similarly reduce the demand for horseshoes, horseshoe nails, curry-combs, and harness of all sorts, every one of which now forms the centre of extensive manufacturing interests, employing many men. Again, the vast improvements in machinery for metal-working, wood-working, leather-working, and the like, of necessity tend to lessen the need for the tools required to labor at those trades by hand. Every simplification (and most real improvements are simplifications) of a process does away not only with some of the men formerly employed upon it, but also with the tools or ingredients which those men used in working, and which other men prepared elsewhere. This deduction must be made in every department. One may almost say that every labor-saving device is also a material-saving device. Its effect in stimulating demand for the articles which it produces and for those which are used in it is largely off-set by its effect in destroying demand for other articles. The remaining increase of demand will not at all compensate for the enormous increase of supply which most of these improvements afford.

The achievements of some of these latter-day inventions read almost like fairy tales. They have been so frequently published of late that it seems needless to present an array of figures here. We find the same phenomena in every one of the useful arts. The recent Congress called out some interesting facts with regard to one of the least familiar of them. A report having been circulated that a certain bureau of the government was injudiciously using patented machinery instead of human labor in a part of its work, a resolution of inquiry was passed, which led to the discovery that the change had resulted in a saving of about seventy-five per cent. of the expense. This represented the salaries or wages of nearly the whole force previously employed for the same service. Almost the only compensation for this permanent diminution of the demand for human labor is to be found in the small amount of such labor temporarily required to construct the machines, and to replace them, in whole or in part, as they wear out after long use. The same result must have followed wherever the same machines were introduced.

The most astonishing results of this sort, however, are found in the manufacture of small articles of ordinary use. Formerly, horseshoes were made one at a time by hand. The amount of labor and time required to transform a large, thick bar of metal into something so different as a heap of nails may be readily imagined. With all possible skill and exertion, only a comparatively small number could be produced in a given period. Now we have machines which will take bar after bar of metal as fast as it can be supplied, cut it into suitable lengths, compress it to any diameter in cross section, turn, shape, feed, point, cut, polish, and finally deliver into any receptacle, without human interven-

tion at any stage of the process. The bars go in at one end, and the nails come out at the other, in a continuous stream. It is obvious that a machine of this kind, with its attendant, will take the place of a number of hand laborers not easily to be computed; and this in a market which is not capable of any very great expansion. In such a case, there is hardly any compensation beyond the slight temporary ones above noticed. The same may be said, with scarcely diminished force, of the manufacture of pins and other small articles. Of pins and needles in particular, we are told that the chief labor in their manufacture is now the sticking them into the paper. Yet it is not so very long since they were made by a slow and laborious succession of some half a dozen hand processes. In fact, there is hardly any one minor article of metal which cannot be produced by some existing machine nearly or quite as fast as a man can count. Even the more complicated operations, such as the manufacture of brooms, are performed automatically and rapidly by a single machine, with very little human aid. Every stage of wood-working has undergone a similar transformation, from the sawing and planing of huge masses of lumber to the shaping and throating of spokes, and the turning of irregular forms for children's toys.

The list might be very considerably extended. Everywhere we meet with the same state of facts. The labor-saving machine is entering every field, and its entrance is to the workman an irresistible command to go. We are brought face to face with a problem which is essentially new. To the contemporaries of Watt or of Arkwright the present quandary was what the future exhaustion of the coal fields is to us, — a great fact looming in the distance, full of changes for the race, but without immediate application. It was more than this, only to the extent that it compelled many persons to change their methods of earning a livelihood, — a serious inconvenience, no doubt, but not ruinous so long as only a few departments were occupied by machinery. But this is no longer true. Every-day experience and observation show that men are frequently thrown out of employment, and are reduced to great straits by their inability to get work elsewhere. Where is the field in which the supply is not greater than the demand? Who can show any reasonable hope that this will be reversed? The country swarms with the unemployed wandering from place to place. For years we have been growing accustomed to the growlings of labor in all our cities. The disease has continued so long that it unmistakably indicates a deep-seated and permanent cause, which can be cured only by a radical change of conditions in the great body of the people.

The crisis is delayed by the natural conservatism of mankind. If we were now practically using all the labor-saving appliances at command, the number of laborers employed would be much less than it actually is. In point of fact, many manufacturers, producers, and users on a large scale cling, through force of habit, to old, slow ways, and resist or distrust innovations. There are large and fertile agricultural districts where the self-binder is just making its way, and the sulky-plow and wheel corn-planter are almost unknown. The great majority of brick-makers do not use brick machines of any sort. Very many persons, through prejudice, decline to buy machine-made shoes or clothing. A good deal of house carpentry is still done by hand, which could be done more expeditiously and as well by existing machines. Most railroads as yet prefer a full complement of brakemen to the air-brake, and only a few have substituted for human hands any one of the fifteen hundred patented car-couplers now on record and accessible to the public.

Doubtless many other instances might be cited, but they serve only to postpone for a little the hour which must come. Conservatism is giving way every day before the demonstration of increased utility, convenience, and cheapness; and this is accelerated by the great efforts made by the owners of most of these inventions to secure their general adop-

tion. Every improvement in their efficiency commends them more and more to the attention of all who need of them.

The first effect of the flood of inventions now pouring in, when most of those already existing have been generally brought into use, will be to throw out of employment by far the greater number of persons now working on wages, and to make it impossible for them to get similar employment elsewhere. This will be brought about gradually as a result of the causes and limitations hereinbefore stated, but (in the absence of war, or any great property-destroying or labor-employing agent) it will have reached a point before many years which will be simply intolerable. This distress will not check invention, for the prevailing lowness of prices will stimulate manufacturers to use every possible means for still further reducing expenses, and the demand of the people for the necessaries of life cannot be greatly changed. But some outlet for the workingman will become a necessity, and fortunately such an outlet exists.

If our civilization rests on the coal beds, it is none the less true that our humanity rests on the soil. Our normal condition is that of the infant drawing its sustenance from its mother's breast. All our other arrangements are essentially artificial. We have built up on our primitive foundation an elaborate piece of architecture, which will soon topple down by its own weight, its fragments forming a stronger basis for the simpler structure which will follow. The support of man by man is the exception; the support of man directly by mother earth is the general law of the race. Our recent history is the only wide-spread attempt at overturning that law which the world can show; and it is not so much a designed effort at subversion as an inevitable, though in some sense abnormal, transition state. For the first time we have comparatively few men who are simply producing what they eat and use. The remainder comprise a minority of producers, and a great majority of remolders, traffickers, and consumers. The minority provide the majority with food, and both the majority and the minority are divided into numerous groups of varying size, each consisting of workingmen governed in some sense by a proprietor or proprietors. This leaves the great mass of mankind dependent on the will or the misfortune of the few; it is unfavorable to independence of thought and action; it perpetuates needless class distinctions; and it insures a vast amount of distress among those who do the hard work of the world. The natural escape from all this is the return of the masses to their normal and healthful existence as tillers of the soil, not for the sake of speculation or considerable sale, but for the means of living.

There is no one of our States which does not offer abundant space for settlement and cultivation. The practical difficulties would very speedily dwindle if they were seized by determined hands. Everywhere along the Atlantic slope there are waste lands which are quite beyond the reach of agricultural machines, and these tracts are generally very cheap. Only a small amount of land is necessary for subsistence, if plenty of labor be expended; and it would not be difficult to procure a locality where the water and the woods might add a variety of food. An independent, even if isolated, life of this sort would soon be found more satisfactory than a subordinate and precarious existence on wages, and would certainly be infinitely preferable to the hopeless hanging about after a job. Under the pressure of which I speak, the workingmen would soon feel the necessity of aiding one another to make the change of life suggested; those who had prospered in it would gladly urge and assist others to do likewise; and the manufacturer and capitalist, desirous of securing stability for his property, would see the wisdom of lending a helping hand. The remedy will doubtless come as gradually as the need, and not until after the latter has been long and sorely felt. But when there is an imperative necessity for relief, and only one possible method of escape, it is idle to suppose that any such obstacles as exist can permanently bar the way.

It must not be thought that I am predicting a return to barbarism by any part of the population. A self-supporting life of this kind, begun by persons of fair intelligence, could be made a very different thing to-day from what it would have been a century ago. It is not at all necessary to set up the old-fashioned spinning-wheel and loom, which give us the words spinster and wife, and which still hold their ground in the less accessible parts of the Appalachian chain. Clothing is likely at all times to be very cheap, and for this, as well as for other necessaries not easily producible, many things could be exchanged, either directly or through the medium of sale. There are a large number of commodities which from their very nature are ill adapted to be produced by the aid of machinery, and which are proportionally more profitable when grown in a small way than on a large scale. These could always be disposed of. An industrious, thrifty family, after having surmounted the first difficulties and hardships, would soon be able to supply themselves with many conveniences beside what their own soil might afford. The workingman would then once more be in league with invention. The labor-saving device would become his friend.

It must be remembered that labor-saving devices are of two kinds: those which are designed for accelerating and cheapening wholesale work, and of which we have heretofore spoken, and those which are intended chiefly for household or private use. We hear less about the latter, but they are destined to play a great part in smoothing the road of life and lightening the daily routine of the weaker members of the family. Invention has already been largely directed toward this class of subjects, and under the changed conditions of the future would be still more largely attracted thither. The increase in the number of isolated families would largely increase the demand for many of those articles. Of course their introduction would require time; but improvements make their way finally even to the most seemingly unlikely places. About a year ago an instance of this came to my notice. Riding through a dense piece of woodlands in one of the more sequestered counties of Maryland, I came on a cluster of negro cabins, and in the first one of them that I looked at was — a sewing-machine.

The four or five thousand patents already issued for washing-machines attest the need that has been felt to lighten the task of cleansing clothing as now generally performed. It is highly probable that among these there are a number which will eventually come into general use, even in small families.

Stoves have been so greatly improved as to make the labor of cooking, in a well-ordered household, comparatively light, and to insure good heating in winter.

In districts remote from water, or where the climate is too mild for a certain ice crop, refrigeration is often a troublesome problem. Invention in this direction has reached a point, however, whence we may confidently look forward to an ice-machine of the near future which shall be as manageable and as cheap as an ordinary cooking stove. It will in time be as common to make one's ice for the day or week as to prepare a baking of bread.

Unfortunately, no one has as yet devised a satisfactory machine for automatically sweeping and scrubbing floors, and it is likely that these labors will be generally performed by hand to the end of the chapter. But the toil has been lightened by improvements in the implements used for such purposes, and there will undoubtedly be further advances in that direction. The number of patented mop wringers, for instance, is very considerable, and rotary floor sweepers, like street sweepers, are already in use.

Human ingenuity has not yet invented a dining table which will automatically dress and set itself, but tables have been patented which obviate all need of passing things about by hand, or employing a waiter. They are arranged to rotate so as to bring the dishes around when slightly pulled, leaving a stationary platform or rim for holding the plates. There are moreover simple fanning and fly-brushing devices run by clock-work,

which will keep the household free from annoyance during meals. There is not even any necessity for lifting the coffee-pot and tea-pot, very neat and secure tilting frames being procurable, which reduce the effort to a minimum. These things are all practicable, and obtainable at no great cost. When the patents run out, almost any mechanic can make them for himself.

The improvements in churns have made the operation of churning much less onerous than it formerly was. There have been divers efforts to do away with nearly the whole of the remaining toil, by utilizing the ordinary motions of the body for that purpose. In one of the most notable of these, an attachment was made between a lady's rocking-chair and a strong coiled spring, whereby her leisurely oscillation while conversing or novel-reading would store up sufficient power to do the morning's churning, or to rock the baby's cradle through half the night. This scheme has been considered as carrying the utilization of waste force almost to the verge of laziness. There are, however, practicable churn powers driven by weights or springs, which need only a little winding up to do all the work required. The watch-dog, too, or a good sturdy setter, can be readily trained to add a little churning to the rest of his duties. A large Newfoundland for a long time manufactured most of the butter in a dairy not far from my office. Something like an ordinary horse-power, of the kind worked by treading, was the medium through which he operated.

Bee-hives, like churns, have formed the subject for a multitude of patents. A good many of them agree in being provided with easily removable drawers or boxes, in which the bees make their combs and leave their honey, ready packed for shipment or storing. By the use of these, all risk of stinging is avoided, and no labor worth mentioning is required.

Simple, satisfactory, and cheap milking machines and knitting machines are desiderata with which we shall doubtless in good time be supplied. The attention of inventors has long been more or less directed to both subjects, and something is sure to come of it. Already there are devices for both purposes which answer pretty well.

In short, there is no branch of domestic economy into which invention has not benevolently forced its way; and this is but an indication of what the future will give us. It is apparent that a household taking advantage of these improvements would not only be enabled to live in considerable comfort and moderate luxury, but would also easily find leisure for a fair share of mental culture and recreation.

The degree of civilization attained would depend, naturally, upon the energy and capacity of its members, but it might well be much higher than that of the average workingman of our cities. It is true that the life which I have sketched does not open a very tempting road to wealth, but then even under the present system we are learning that we cannot all become rich; and there are some already who would prefer a certain independent subsistence, and no more, to the possibility of riches, balanced by dependence and insecurity. As I have elsewhere said, the number will increase perforce by and by.

Of course there are many things which an isolated family, such as I have supposed, could not ordinarily manufacture in a profitable and desirable manner. No man is likely to set up a nail machine in his kitchen, or a match factory in his parlor. Under any probable state of future affairs it would seem wiser to pick a few berries, or dig a bushel of potatoes, or trap a rabbit or two, and exchange them at the nearest roadside store for the needed nails and matches. So, on a larger scale, of iron ware, tin ware, boots, hats, and clothing. Some of these things may doubtless be made satisfactorily at home; but in general the required labor can be better expended in other ways. Nor will invention probably change this. It is more likely to cheapen articles like the above, and thus aid the man who wishes to obtain them.

A very small farmer raising grain or hay can never work his place as easily as a large farmer. There is practically nothing between a man and a horse in our industry. The reaper is the simplest effective machine that a horse can use, and the scythe and cradle are the most considerable and effective that a man can handle. Animal force and physical conditions of resistance determine the matter. And what can a man substitute for a thresher?

The poor man of whom I write would do well not to attempt raising wheat. Here he comes into competition again with the labor-saving machine. In his corn patch (for home use) he is relieved from that conflict, and may even turn his old enemy to some account. Probably the machine best adapted to his use in out-door work, and least likely to do any injury, is the combined cultivator and potato digger. Its little sharp-edged rotary wheels are available for all his root crops, as well as wherever soil is to be loosened or lightened.

Invention has not as yet very greatly aided in the picking of small fruits, or the cultivation of leaf crops like tobacco. But under the changed conditions of which I speak, the demand for assistance in expediting such work would be very likely to call forth a suitable supply of devices. For tree fruits there are already numerous well-known forms of gatherers, provided with cutting knives for severing the peach or pear, and bags like inverted liberty caps for receiving them when severed and lowering them uninjured. Still, in almost every product suitable to cultivation on a small scale, invention finds as yet a promising but almost unoccupied field.

The great question, however, for the poor man is, or shortly will be, that of escape from competition with labor-saving machinery by occupying small tracts of land, particularly of such rough woodland as cannot be successfully invaded by machinery of less flexibility and adaptability than the human body. Here flesh and blood have the advantage, and he can live. Making his work easier is a less consideration, but by lightening the labor at home he obtains more assistance from his family in his out-door duties. The time saved from washing and churning may go to weeding and chopping; sewing is convertible into sowing. Thus the certainty of a living and of a fair exchangeable surplus becomes established. It is a life which can be made a success, and which will be one day the rule rather than the exception.

This change will of course strengthen all our institutions, by broadening the base of our national life and multiplying the number of those who have a direct property interest in public prosperity. It will not stop the growth of cities, which will still be needed as great distributing centres; nor will it lessen the number of inventions of a different sort from those last referred to. All that is needed now will be needed then, and there will be more people in a position to obtain what they want. The chief revolution will be the general substitution of unintelligent matter for human bodies in nearly all subordinate work, and the greater liberation of the human mind and will. Concurrent with this will be the more thorough development of the agricultural resources of the country, and the occupancy of its many places now lying waste. All this is not so far away as it may seem.

Other changes lie beyond, but they are too remote to be more than guessed at. In time, of course, this country will be absolutely full of inhabitants; so will the entire world at a later date. Before or after this (who can tell which?) the coal fields will give out, and all possible substitutes will follow. As our present civilization rests almost wholly upon coal, and as our social phenomena have thus far been largely caused by the law of the vacuum, we can hardly form a conception of the condition of our remote descendants. But the probabilities seem to indicate a more placid state than our own, in which personal desire shall play an unimportant part, and invention shall appear chiefly as the handmaid of scientific discovery. Possibly, like the early Christians, the people of that date may have all things in common.

*W. H. Babcock.*

## THE INLAND COUNTRY.

DOROTHY, draw the curtains, and make the window tight,
And cover up the embers, and quench the candle-light;
For sometimes folks see clearer without the help of sight.
Now, in the pleasant darkness, how plainly I can see
The dear, dear inland country, where I used to be!

'T is morning, and the meadows are glittering like the rills,
The tinkling sheep are climbing to pasture on the hills;
Ah, fair the apple-orchards, for they are all ablow
With blossoms sweet as honey, and blossoms white as snow,
Far as the eye can follow, like white tents, row on row;
The winds are freshly breathing the sweetness of the May,
The grain seems climbing, climbing the hill-side all the day.

Beyond the apple-orchard, above the maple-trees,
I hear the far-off voices, and tinkling on the breeze;
And now against the evening's pale yellow and deep gold
I see dim figures turning dim flocks of sheep to fold,
Where they will count them over, till the least lamb is told.

The cattle in the twilight stand lowing at the bars,
And the neighbors talk together under the far, still stars;
The harvest moon is rising, the day's long work is done,
In sound which is next to silence fall dewdrops one by one.
All were content to stay there; no one went but me
Away from the inland country, where I used to be.

The little song-birds, even, build here on rocks and sand,
And only sea-grass glitters upon this barren land;
Here little red-lipped blossoms the doleful storms foretell,
And in bleak nests the sea-birds never in safety dwell;
There, from the elm-tree hanging, swingeth the fire-bird's nest,
But crowds of pale pink peach-blows the blue-bird loves the best.
High slopes of fair green mountains shut in that peaceful land, —
It always seemed like living in the hollow of God's hand.
I never thought of fearing to feel the fresh wind blow,
I was not always thinking, "Is 't the right wind, or no?"

There was a great lake lying, all calm and blue and wide,
White water-lilies drifted like snow along the side;
The neighbors never fretted, nor thought about a tide.
I 'm always fretting, thinking, and watching by the sea, —
Not in the inland country, where I used to be.

There, if a woman 's wakened a wild and windy night,
Her heart would not be beating with terror and affright.
She 'd reach out for the children, and smooth them with her hand

(Her own ones, sleeping sweetly in that contented land);
Without a breath of praying for sailors on the deep,
She 'd turn herself in comfort, and fall away to sleep.
Her man and boys are living upon the homestead farm,
On green and level pastures, secure and safe from harm!
A woman 's always wakeful when her man is on the sea; —
Not in the inland country, where I used to be!

There, if her dears were lying forever still and dead,
Though they could never answer one loving word she said,
Yet every Sabbath morning she 'd know that she could pass
Their dear graves in the church-yard, all green and fresh with grass.
'T would seem as if they surely could hear the church-bell ringing,
And hear the neighbors' voices join in the sweet psalm-singing;
And she could sit in the church-yard, beside the gray head-stone,
And lay her hand on the dear graves, and sing in tender tone
As they were still the children who feared to sleep alone.
My man and boys are lying in a strange and far-off sea,
Away from the inland country, where I used to be.

Dorothy, other women lie by the ones they love,
Under the self-same cover, with daisy blooms above;
When from my grave I waken, I 'll be alone, you see, —
My neighbors all together, but none of mine by me.
And still I see through the curtain the light-house lantern turn; —
Now stir the fire, Dorothy, and let the candle burn.
There was no wild sea sounding, no hidden rocks like these,
But lights from homestead windows shining through the trees,
Beyond sweet-smelling meadows, the grass above your knees;
There you could hear the beating of the calm heart of night,
And you could hear the pine-trees' sweet breathing, low and light,
With the soft darkness seeming to heal your tired sight.
You cannot understand me, born here beside the sea,
And not in the inland country, where I used to be.

O, Dorothy, dear Dorothy, I hear the sad buoy-bell
A-moaning and lamenting, as the black waves ebb and swell;
Ah me, how weary, dreary, the stories it could tell!

I cannot see the flashing from the light-house any more,
I cannot see the shadows a-wrestling on the floor;
I cannot hear the buoy-bell, nor the waves upon the shore!
The holy book bring hither, and read, read plain to me
Of that fair inland country, where there is no more sea;
Of valleys and still waters, fresh pastures and white sheep;
For Dorothy, dear Dorothy, I am too tired to sleep.
And draw the clothes about me; this sea-air seems to me
More chilling than the coldest of inland winds could be.

Oh, look! oh, look and listen! With mine own eyes I see
My man and boys a-waiting; I hear them call to me
From mine own inland country, where I used to be.

Dorothy drew the covers about the quiet breast,
And softly stepped and silently, though none might break that rest, —
The sleep supreme, unbroken, God's holiest gift and best.

And through the little window the gray, pale dawn looked in:
No sea, no sky, but everywhere the mist hung drear and thin;
No sea-bird's cry, no grating of a boat upon the shore;
Oh, nothing, nothing, but the sea with ceaseless rush and roar,
And now and then the warning, the calling from afar,
The buoy-bell's solemn tolling beyond the harbor bar.

*Christine Chaplin Brush.*

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## AN EXPERIMENT IN PLAY WRITING.

"SIDONIE is a bright novel. They say the translation is selling by thousands. Why don't you dramatize it?"

Such were the heedless words an experienced dramatist addressed to a non-professional writer one evening, — after dinner, of course. Earlier in the day he would not have been so indiscreet.

"Will you help me with it?"

"Certainly I will." (The dinner must have been a very good one indeed.)

And so the experiment began. My evenings for many a week were thus thoughtlessly mortgaged; and now that the matter is past and gone, the proceeds of the venture having been principally a mass of unsalable experience, those proceeds may as well be given to the inexperienced public.

"But Sidonie, my dear fellow, — you know in the novel she is a little off color" —

"Oh, to be sure. Well, you must tame her down for our market. Let her break all the commandments but one, and bruise that one black and blue, but not break it."

"How would it do to make her a woman not a bit too good, but very far too shrewd, to be led astray?"

"Capital! A new character in dramatic fiction, — a married flirt!"

"A character not quite unknown in real life."

"Well, I've heard so."

"Perhaps our play might teach a great moral lesson."

"Oh, ah! You think of depositing the MS. in a leaden box to be placed in some corner-stone?" (Sarcasm.)

"No. I think of having the drama played on the stage."

"Well, then, draw your married flirt as realistically as *les convenances* will allow, and let the great moral lesson take care of itself."

Mark Twain says that when he wrote a play the manager who presented it began cutting out and rejecting portions of it according to his own taste; and the more he cut it, the better it grew; and that finally he, the author, rather thought that if the manager's strength had only held out until he had erased the whole it would have been the very best drama he ever saw in all his life.

This probably corresponds very nearly with the experience of every non-professional writer who ventures on a dramatic experiment under proper professional guidance. Put yourself in his place, and let me forecast your horoscope.

First, you read and re-read your foundation novel (in the French, of course), and then you shut it up, not to be looked at again forever. The more the play resembles the novel, the more certain it is

to be worthless. One does n't plant melons and squashes together unless he wants his squash to taste like boiled melon, and his melon like raw squash. You write your drama, wasting over it the inexpensive midnight kerosene for some weeks. You are secretly a little proud of your work. You think it reads well, and you have not yet learned that this is a fatal characteristic for a drama. You think highly of it. You read it over to your wife, and she thinks pretty well of it, — at least of as much of it as she caught as long as she could keep awake. You carry it to your professional friend, leave it in his hands with affected diffidence and real confidence, and call next day only to learn that as it stands it is utterly worthless. "It is *talky*."

If you are a man of sense, which is possible, or if you are driven by stress of hunger for money and fame, which is probable, you swallow your mortification, and, combating with more or less success the conviction that the professional theatre-man is a phenomenal idiot, you listen to his criticism, see gleams of truth in it, lug your long manuscript back to your study, and, with a deep sigh, start to rewrite the whole.

At your next visit, your experienced friend (though obviously surprised and a little bored by your perseverance) is rather more encouraging. After a day's inspection he says, —

"You have decidedly improved it! It is not so talky, — oh, not half so talky as before. But still too talky, — far too talky. Here, I've gone over it with a pencil, and marked out where talk can be spared, and marked in stage directions, positions, business, etc."

(A pencil! — a dozen — a score — a gross of pencils! you mentally ejaculate, as you glance over your once fair pages.)

"And then see the length of these speeches! It 's declamation, not dialogue! No character should say more than two words consecutively, if it can be avoided. Break it up, — cut every speech in two or three, and then throw away a third, or two thirds, or three thirds of it, and fill in with action, — action, — action."

"Am I writing a pantomime?"

"Call it what you like; it must be saved, if it is saved, by what is done on the stage, not what is said."

Rewrite it? Whew! Well, this only means another long series of evenings under the lamp. The hardest thing is to begin again; once under way you find compensations. You find that you have become acquainted with your characters. They are no longer puppets, dressed up in your own old clothes. They have individuality; you can fit words to their actions and actions to their words, attributing to them their own thoughts, impulses, deeds, not yours. You see them moving before you; not walking about the world, as you might if you were writing a novel, but strutting their brief hour on the stage, coming and going behind its footlights, fettered by its narrow grooves. They work out the plot with an impetus of their own. They say and do things for you that surprise you, although you are their creator, just as our own children at home so often show traits we never possessed, — exhibit characteristics which we know are spontaneous and not inherited, at least directly.

So clear does your mental eye-sight become that you grow to be suspicious of anything you especially like and appreciate in the writing. The thought at once occurs to you, "That must be the author talking, not the character." Perhaps you let the written words remain over night, though you feel sure that you will cut them to-morrow.

The professional playwright probably never makes these slips of the pen. He doubtless "erases" his pet ideas — if he has any — before he writes them down. His mind travels steadily on the iron rails of conventionality, and does not run off the track and have to be lifted on again with the jack-screws of criticism. (!)

Another visit — dare you hope it is to be the last? — to your mentor and torment.

"Um — ah — yes, — this is better. Some of the dialogue is quite passable."

(That is the part which consists entirely of interjectionary fragments.) "The stage directions, position, and business are all very good, — very good indeed." (These are what you had followed his directions about, to the letter.) "But here, — look at the ending of these acts, especially the last! *There* is the true ending; all of these pages that follow are weary waste. Cut them, and finish up there."

"But my good sir, folks won't understand; these closing paragraphs are necessary to polish off, explain, round out everything, and dispose of the characters."

"My dear fellow, if the people don't know what you are driving at by that time, you 'd better give them their money back and let them go home."

Once more into the breach. Great gaps are cut in the serried ranks of your toilsome pages; the fortunes of war lay low whole platoons of good things, — friends to bury whom grieves your fond heart.

When all is done, you begin to perceive that you have finally a drama. Good or bad, it is a truly dramatic entity, something you could never have really appreciated without having elaborated it and brought it forth with travail.

Play-writing, you conclude from your short experience (generalizing, like a tyro as you are, from the narrowest possible premises to the broadest possible conclusions), — play-writing differs from most other literary achievement in this: that it is best effected by patient and painstaking elaboration. Scene-painting by the stage-artist may be done with a whitewash brush, but scene-painting by the dramatist must be done with a fine, hard, sharp pencil. The two extremes of the literary spectrum seem to be the essay and the drama. The first is a bronze statue, a mass of homogeneous metal poured hot from an ample melting-pot into a mould previously well prepared to shape it. The drama is a mosaic, a solid though picturesque surface made up of an infinite number of vari-colored fragments. The best essay is probably written at one effort; or even perhaps never written at all, but given out from a mind fully charged with its subject, by an orator who can "think on his feet." But the best drama may be the one which, other things being equal, is most faithfully studied out in its details.

"Oh, you mean that your play, as you first wrote it, was like a mass of butter fresh from the churn, — needs a lot of working over to get the water out and the salt in."

"Well, — what about Sidonie?"

"Oh, the work has merit. But I doubt if you find any manager willing to undertake it. The chances are a hundred to one against it."

"Why, what 's the matter with it?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Can we not interest good society in it?"

"Bother good society! Good society does not support the theatre."

"What does, then?"

"The rest of the world."

"Well, why cannot the rest of the world be interested in Sidonie?"

"I 'll tell you. This naughty beauty needs a star to play her, — a woman young and handsome and a fine actress. But such an actress will not take a part wherein she cannot have the sympathy of the audience. And Sidonie as she is cannot. If you had either reformed her or killed her she might have done so."

"But that would not be so true to nature and the probabilities. Such women never reform and rarely die."

"Oh, bother nature and the probabilities! What has the stage to do with them?"

"Sidonie goes on in the play as she does in real life."

"All right. Put her into the leaden box in some corner-stone."

"Then we have taught a great moral lesson, after all."

"I 'm afraid so."

Nevertheless, by some marvelous accident or other (the professional member of the firm being the wonder-worker), our play achieved the glory of represen-

tation. Let us detail some of the surprises attending the production of a drama.

The first surprise is that any play should ever see day-light, — or rather foot-light. That it should prove to be such an exception among its kind is little short of a miracle. The number of dramas that are written compared to those which succeed is as the acorns that pave the forest in autumn compared to those which germinate. A few acorns the swine eat, and a few plays the critics chew up, but the great majority rot where they fall. Lope de Vega, they say, wrote three hundred plays; being, as he himself sententiously estimates, an average of five folios of MS. for every day of his life. Yet how many among us know the name of one of them? And our own Boucicault (if any one country may claim him who claims all lands as his for grazing purposes) is said to have written more than a hundred. "Where are the ninety and nine?"

Sidonie is announced. The actors have learned their lines and got up their "business." The scene-painters have done their part — one scene having cost, you are told, five hundred dollars. The property-man has done his part, — one little adjunct to one scene having cost him two weeks of labor. The play is well cast, well mounted, and well billed, to use the technical jargon of the trade, and the first night arrives. In Paris, where there is a real critical dramatic public, the first night is a test of the work. But in America, where there is no such public, where the mass of people take all their views at second or third hand, nobody usually goes to first nights save those who have free tickets; and consequently such occasions have come to be regarded rather as final dress rehearsals than anything else.

The question of free tickets has been previously well discussed. Whether to "paper the house," as it is amusingly called, that is, fill it with friends on complimentary admissions, or not, has received anxious consideration. You manfully determine to do nothing of the kind; you have more than a thousand acquaintances, you will ascertain if you have any friends. Then let the play stand or fall on its merits.

(A dramatist in New York took a friend with her to the first night of her play. He, looking at the beggarly account of empty places, said, "Oh, this is too bad! You ought to have papered the house." To which she ruefully replied, "*It is papered!*")

The successful playwright must be the happiest of creators. The novel-writer, at the end of his romance, has to bid farewell to his characters, with a sigh of regret. It is never given to the sculptor to see his finished statue step down from its pedestal; or to the painter to welcome his Madonna or his Venus advancing from the canvas, instinct with warm life. If it were so given, then those artists might appreciate the pleasure vouchsafed the playwright when he first sees his incidents enacted and his words uttered by trained actors in costume and character, — when his bodily senses are made acquainted with the creatures of his brain.

The pleasure I have described is one he has without reference to the audience. The effect he observes, later, on the spectators, is another and separate delight. Some men are familiar with the strange joy it is to an orator to see a responsive thrill in the sea of upturned faces intent on the words that fall from his lips. Near akin to this is the feeling of the playwright when he hears a roar of laughter go up from an audience at some comicality which he has elaborated for their amusement; or, better still, when he glances back where hundreds of bright eyes are dimmed with tears at the fictitious sorrows of his heroine. Then he probably remembers the evening when his own eyes filled, as he allotted to her the griefs and trials which the demands of dramatic light and shade made necessary.

The breath of popular favor is an intoxicating ether. It never palls. How tame seem all other dissipations after the taste is once vitiated by its flavor! Who can maintain an illustrious public

career and a happy domestic life? As Mr. Dickens said, after one of his triumphant appearances as an amateur actor: "It is glorious to see an audience rise to you! Nothing like it! Avaunt the Domestic Hearth, — let us play all over the world, forever!" And we know something about the domestic hearth in his case, and in the cases of other public men — and women.

To return to Sidonie. The author's next surprise is at seeing how marvelously well the professional theatre-company does its work. To appreciate what this means, you need to have had something to do with amateur theatricals, and to have yourself tried the learning, rehearsing, dressing, and acting a part. No offense to you, my dear sir or madam, but, frankly, how poorly we did it! We cannot but admit it; and, after doing so, agree to the truth of the saying, attributed to Mr. Dickens, — himself the best of amateur actors, — that the poorest band of professionals ranting to rustics in a barn does better than the most refined and cultivated club of amateurs. It is not so much that the amateurs do their work so poorly, but that the professionals do theirs so marvelously well. To put an extreme case, let us suppose any man, educated, well-read, having good taste in many matters, the drama among the rest — let us suppose such a man taking up the few absurd lines assigned to the part of the Crushed Tragedian, reading over that mass of folly and nothingness, and then trying to divine, to imagine, to invent, some way in which it could be made amusing to an audience! Vain effort! He may cudgel his brain for a year or a life-time; he can make nothing of it but a dull lot of balderdash hung on a stick, after all. He would starve long before any of us would give a penny to hear him repeat it. But Sothern, with the experience, traditions, inspirations, of an actor, born and bred, looks over the lines once or twice, sets them into his memory merely as pigments on a pallet from which a picture is to be drawn, and lo, the great, the original, the inimitable Fitz Altamont walks the boards, and we look and laugh and wonder, and remember this new creation for years.

Yes, the masters of the trade and mystery of histrionics do their work well. They clothe your words with human meanings you scarcely dreamed of when you were writing them down in cold black and white. How do they do it? Their first secret is *work*, and the second is *work*, and the third is *work*. I know no trade or profession which makes so heavy a draught on human endurance as that of a stock actor or actress, especially the latter. Gay butterflies of fashion and frivolity while on the stage, they are patient grubs of toil when off. Their favorite air of elegant leisure in public is only a part acted for a purpose. They cannot wash all the paint off every night. Under the broad light of day, they appear a little like near-sighted eyes denuded of their accustomed glasses. They have a tender, morbid look when separated from the spectacles where they belong.

Call on a "leading lady" (stock, not star) at her apartment. It is euphuistically called apartments, though there be only one. What are you likely to see? The fine lady of the fashionable drama sewing for dear life, while a sister actress is giving her her cues and hearing her lines. What is the chief ornament of her room? A sewing-machine. What is the occupation of her life? Stitch, stitch, stitch. What is the sweetest sound in her ears? A recall by the audience when she has tried to make a point. What is the best news she can hear? That the play is to run another week, so that she need not force her tired mind and body to do all her task over again instantly. What is her hope? To become a star, so that she can play fewer parts, and play them better, in better dresses, for higher pay. What is her fear? That she may not secure an engagement next season, even as a stock actress.

What anguish of anxiety there is to her in these hopes and fears! Her own respectable maintenance depends on the outcome of them; perhaps the support of a mother; perhaps that of a child

whose father is dead, or worse than dead to her.

Who can wonder that in this wild life of hers, trying to gain favor with everybody because the bread of her mouth and the breath of her life depend upon it, surrounded by so many temptations and so few supports, she so often strays from the right path! The true woman's hour of light and life and dominion is the evening at home. But the actress has no evening at home. This alone is enough to separate her from her sex, and make her almost belong to ours.

A personal friend of the writer once wrote in a newspaper, thoughtlessly but truthfully, about a wretched actor, "He has mistaken his vocation." A day or two afterward, a man whom he did not remember ever to have seen before, called on him, showed him the article, and said, "I hope you are satisfied with your work. The manager to-day told me he supposed you were right, and discharged me. Now my wife and children must starve." (The fact that the fellow was a sot as well as a stick — had no wife or children — would never starve so long as free lunches exist — interferes with the illustration but not with the principle.)

Poor things! poor things! dependent on accident and the fickle breath of popular favor, theirs is a hard lot. As you begin to know them a little, it is to pity rather than to blame their follies and short-comings. Never thereafter can you look even at the grossest failure in their line without the impulse to condone it — to make the most of every bit of value, and hide every sign of ridicule or contempt as being wanton cruelty to the helpless.

For no other reason, any one should be glad to have been the hero, or the victim, of a single play-writing experiment, if it has given him, incidentally, a slight acquaintance with that strange, half-known country of Bohemia which is bounded by a row of foot-lights in front and a dirty alley in the rear: a land whose thunder is of sheet-iron and whose rain and hail are of dried peas, and yet which is infested with fearful storms; a land where everything is turned topsy-turvy, — where the very light shines from below upwards instead of from above downwards; a country whose crown is of tinsel and whose ermine is cotton-batting, and yet which is governed by some laws as immutable as those of the Medes and Persians.

But to return once more to Sidonie. (It must be that the subject is becoming distasteful, it is so easy to wander away into generalities.)

Other surprises await the amateur playwright. He is surprised, first, to find how good the play is in his own eyes and in the eyes of his friends; second, how little the public cares whether it is good or bad. His most prized critics and judges are most complimentary. One says she cried her eyes red over the pathos; another, that he laughed himself hoarse over the fun; a third, that it is the only play he has seen in a long while that he cared to see a second time. The actors like it. The manager says it is the best American play that has appeared for years. The newspapers — the less said about them the better. Some speak well of it, while some say things that come like a buffet in the face, and make one ask one's self if he can be really awake, or if it is not a horrid dream.

In short, the people whose judgment is best approve it heartily, and there it stops. The houses improve during the first week and fall off during the second, and then the work is quietly shelved. The long agony is over; the poor little bantling is relegated to the shades, — the limbo already so crowded with the ghosts of its myriad predecessors.

> "Since that I am so quickly done for,
> I wonder what I was begun for."

The amateur dramatist takes leave of his first and last play, and turns to the serious business of life, amused, instructed, disappointed, but far from regretful. By the help of his professional collaborator (without whom the work would not have been worth the paper it was written on) he has received perhaps a dollar an evening for the time it cost him, or twenty-five cents an hour. In experience he has gained more than could well be represented in money.

"My dear professional collaborator, why did not our play draw?"

"Not enough of the blister about it, I suppose."

"The manager and the actors liked it."

"They don't support the theatre, — the theatre supports them."

"My friends, God bless them, turned out, bought tickets, and brought their families."

"That would fill the house about once."

"Good society liked it."

"That filled the house part full the other thirteen times."

"Where was the theatre-going public?"

"At the minstrel show, or off seeing a woman walk a million quarters of a yard in a million quarters of a month."

"How can they be drawn in?"

"They cannot be drawn in; they can only be taken in."

"How to do that?"

"Don short skirts and go to walking."

"I must decline."

"So must the drama."

"Was there no way in which we might have made our play succeed?"

"Perhaps; by going somewhere else to produce it and then bringing it here when it had been quite played out there."

"What should a man do who has anything sensible to say?"

"Oh, put it in a corner-stone."

"But if he wants to be heard and quoted all over the world?"

"Then he 'd better write Whoa, Emma."

"Will nothing better succeed?"

"Never!"

"What, *never?*"

"Well, *hardly* ever!"

And with this latest, most popular, and most tiresome of "gags," we have dropped the subject, for good.

*Joseph Kirkland.*

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## AT KAWSMOUTH STATION.

"FROM Indiana, did you say? My dear sir, you have my warmest sympathy."

He grasped my friend's hand with a cordial gripe, and there was a persuasive, proselyting look in his face as he continued: —

"I used to live in Hoosierdom, and I know how it is myself, so to speak. You 're going to Kansas, of course. Correct, sir, correct. Let me congratulate you. That 's Kansas, just across the river there."

We were at the Kawsmouth railway station, waiting for a train to Topeka, and this chance acquaintance was like a whiff of fresh air to us, in the sultry strangeness of the place. He had an assuring countenance, slightly abated by an equivocal little twitching at the corners of the mouth; his bearing was easily familiar without being offensive; and his voice had in it something of the sparkle of the April sunshine that was making gold of the cracked and dingy station windows. Moreover, he was quite intelligent in his way, and uniquely original at times; and if he presumed upon our credulity, as I fear he did to some extent, it was done so adroitly and so graciously that no chance was left for detection.

"You 'll like Kansas," he went on; "it 's the very perfection of a prairie country, — not flat, nor boggy, but gently swelling, with rich valleys, and sloping everywhere. Eden sloped, you remember, — 'beautiful as the gardens of the angels upon the slopes in Eden.' And the climate is simply celestial, if I may be allowed the word. Do you know, the average temperature of Kansas at

the present day is very nearly the same that Greece enjoyed when she was at the pinnacle of her greatness? Fact, gentlemen, sure 's my name 's Markley."

So saying, he took from his pocket a roll of papers, some printed and some written; and, leaving my friend to the study of what I took to be unassailable proofs of "the glory that was Greece" in the weather of Kansas, I turned my own attention to the young man who had been furtively passing back and forth in front of us as we talked, and who now stood gazing out through the dusty east window, a few steps away, with his elbow against the wall and his hand to his cheek, — silent, listening, and absorbed.

He was a wholesome, honest-looking fellow, this young man, with frank blue eyes and the limbs of a gladiator. Evidently he was unused to the glossy black clothes he wore, for he wriggled about in them now and then as if with a haunting sense of their illogicalness; and in various noticeable ways he betrayed that confessing flutter of the heart which marks a man at once for a lover thinking of his mistress, or a criminal apprehensive of pursuing officers, — it is often hard to tell which, the two are so much alike. But he did not leave me long in doubt on this point, for as I walked near him he faced about, and said, pleasantly, in answer to a question concerning his destination, —

"I 'm not going anywhere, — that is, on the cars. I 'm waiting for a young woman. She 's to be here this morning, and I 'm mightily afraid she 's got left at St. Louis. She had to change cars there, coming from Macoupin County, Illinois. One train 's in from St. Louis, you know, — the one you came on, — and she was n't on that. There 's another one due at 10.30 though. I reckon she 'll be on that; but I don't feel easy about it at all."

He went to the door, and looked eagerly out along the railroad track eastward; and then, returning, he added, —

"We 're to be married to-night, that 's the truth of it; and we 've fifteen miles to ride into the country after she comes. It would be too bad if we did n't get there in time, with the license bought, and the preacher all ready, and the folks waiting and notioning about us. It would take us down so, you know. Is it much trouble for a woman to change cars by herself at St. Louis?"

"Not much," I assured him. "No doubt her ticket was over the other road, and she 'll be here, all right, when the train gets in."

"Yes," he replied, in a dubious tone, "if she did n't get left, or if there has n't been an accident on the way. It 's foolish, I suppose, but do you know I can't help being shaky about it? And the nearer the time comes for the train, the shakier I feel; I do, really. Things are so uncertain, you know, 'specially railroads;" and he tried to laugh, but it was a hollow mockery.

Glancing towards the man Markley, I saw that he had spread out before him various documents, full of queer parallel lines and plentifully sprinkled with figures, from which he was interpreting to my friend, "Mr. Wabash," as he had named him, the marvelous growth of Kansas, — "a growth which nobody would credit," he remarked, "were it not for the records, which I have here in black and white.

"The population of Kansas," he went on to say, "grew from one hundred thousand in 1860 to over three hundred and sixty thousand in 1870, a gain of nearly two hundred and forty per cent. in ten years, against an average increase of less than twenty-two per cent. in the whole country; and more than four fifths of it came during the latter five of those ten years. It does n't seem possible, does it? And now, in 1878, the population is certainly three fourths of a million, at least. More than doubled, you see, since 1870."

He paused a minute, in an exultant way; and then, adjusting his documents, resumed: —

"There are now over five million acres of cultivated land in the State. More than three million of it was raw prairie eight years ago; and in 1860

less than half a million acres had been 'broken.' And then, you must remember, the war had to be fought meantime, and Kansas was in the red-hot of it all the while. You may have forgotten that at one time she had twenty thousand men in the army out of a voting population of less than twenty-two thousand, and she actually gave more lives to the Union, in proportion to the number of troops engaged, than any other State."

These were indeed striking figures, we readily agreed; and I sought, with the best intentions in the world, to win the young man waiting for his sweetheart to an interested notice of them. But the effort was provokingly futile. He was not looking for land. He had a home, — in Kansas, too. He was telling the pale little lady in black alpaca, who sat near him, all about it: how he had preëmpted it five years before, and paid for it with two years' crops, and built a snug house of three rooms and 'a beauty of a buttery;' and how the front yard was sodded, and evergreens put out, and wisterias planted by the south porch. He was telling her, also, of the young woman who was to be queen of all this, and who was coming that morning to claim her crown, "if she had n't got left, or the cars did n't run off the track, or something else did n't happen to her.

"May be you saw her at St. Louis. Did you notice a young woman there in a drab gown cut goring, and a sleeveless jacket, and a brown hat with two red roses and a bunch of wheat-heads on it, — artificial, you know? That 's the way she wrote me she was going to dress."

"A smallish young woman, with large hazel eyes?" asked the little lady in alpaca.

"Yes, yes," he replied, quickly and fondly.

"I did see such a person looking among the baggage," returned the little lady in alpaca. "I remarked her, I remember, on account of her elegant little feet. Are your young woman's feet very small and trim, — about twos, I should say?"

He dropped his head, blushing, and said in a kind of hesitating under-tone, — the big, bashful, simple-thoughted fellow, — "I never noticed Clara's feet." No, indeed. For aught he knew, or cared, her drapery might have concealed the finny wonder of a mermaid. He worshiped her, that he knew; and she was unspeakably sacred to him; and of course he had never noticed her feet.

"She gave some one a letter to mail for her" —

"Yes," he interrupted, "that was for me. No, it could n't have been for me, either; she would n't have sent me a letter when she was coming right on herself. No, it was n't for me," and he appeared lost in a puzzle of thought. Then, directly, he looked up again, and remarked, with quiet earnestness, "I don't think that was Clara."

"But to drop generalities, and come down to details," I heard Markley saying, "in these six counties with the red marks around them there were in 1870 only about a hundred settlers, and there was little of anything raised but the hair of casual immigrants who fell into the hands of the Indians. Now there are more than thirty-five thousand people living there, and they have in cultivation over three hundred thousand acres of land, and own good houses, with books and pianos in them and the women folks wear pull-backs, and all that sort of thing." Just here, a jaded, pinched, and calico-clad old woman came in with a basket of apples, and this afforded Markley an excuse briefly to commend the rare advantages of Kansas as a fruit country. "You know we have already taken several first-class premiums in the pomological line; and I 'm sure you saw our fruit display at the Centennial Exhibition, — everybody saw it. And we have n't hardly begun yet. Wait a few years, and we 'll astound you; it 's a mere question of time." Then he purchased a half dozen of the old woman's apples, — carefully choosing the larger ones, I could see, — and divided them among his auditors; and he said to her very kindly, as she made change for him, "My good woman, you

ought to go out into Kansas, to a higher, drier latitude; you look aguish."

"Thank you," she answered, "I 'm as well as common. It 's kind o' warm, and I 'm a little down-hearted like; that 's all, I guess."

"Speaking of ague," Markley went on, without further notice of the shrinking old apple-woman, — "speaking of ague, I don't see how anybody can stay where it is, when it 's so easy to go to Kansas."

"But you have ague in Kansas, the same as in every other new country, don't you?" inquired Mr. Wabash.

"Only as it is brought in, temporarily, from other States," Markley politely responded. "It is not indigenous. We have no malaria. Our atmosphere is rich in ozone; and ozone is nature's own purifier. Homer mentions it in the Odyssey, you recollect, where he speaks of the atmosphere being 'quite full of sulphurous odor.' That 's ozone."

"I presume the atmosphere of the infernal regions is also 'quite full of sulphurous odor,' — or ozone," said Mr. Wabash, with a chuckle.

"Yes, I suppose so," Markley retorted, promptly; "put there, no doubt, to tantalize the fellows with suggestions of Kansas. 'Sorrow's crown of sorrow,' you know, 'is remembering happier things.' But as I was about to say, ozone dispels malaria, and keeps the climate free from bilious conditions. Besides, the ague is really a matter of morals rather than of physics, you understand." But we did not so understand it, and he therefore graciously proceeded to enlarge upon the statement for our benefit. "The ague always hovers about low, flat lands, where the soil is thin and jaundiced-looking, and where the inhabitants go on voting for General Jackson for president. Take those quinine river-bottoms in some of the Western States, — I shan't call names, — where the men gather at the saw-mill every Sunday to pitch horseshoes and shoot at a mark; there 's where you 'll find ague every time. Then move out on the high, open lands, where they have Sabbath-schools and debating societies and collars to their shirts, and you 'll see very little of it, usually none at all; the sickness there, when they have any, runs in the nervous way." Mr. Wabash laughed good-humoredly, and ventured some light remark about finding out more the longer we live; but Markley kept on in a solemn and impressive manner, as if charged with a special mission on the ague question: "It 's considerably due to our school system, our free press, and our numerous churches, I tell you, — added to the abundant ozone, — that we are so little bothered with the thing in Kansas. We have four million dollars' worth of school-houses, and nearly two hundred newspapers, and churches till you can't rest. There 's no foot-hold for the ague among such things, — and a sky full of ozone hanging over them. It 's very much a matter of civilization, this ague business. It 's the difference between the sallow squirrel hunter, with his rifle on his shoulder and a gaunt hound at his heels, and the clear-complexioned, grammar-respecting man of the new era, with books and papers on the table and a canary-bird swinging in the window. They had no ague in Athens, you may be sure; they have none in Boston — to speak of."

These notions were so novel, and presented so earnestly, that everybody in the room was obliged to listen. Even the young man waiting for his sweetheart forgot himself a few moments, and gave surprised heed. Only for a few moments, however. Then he took up his dropped conversation again with the little lady in alpaca, who seemed to be humoring his worship of the coming wife as if it had been a religion, — and who shall say it was not?

"This is Clara 's profile," he said, timidly, reaching out a little morocco picture-case. "I don't want to brag about her, but, honestly, I think she 's awful nice."

"It 's a real sweet face," remarked the little lady in alpaca.

"I 'll never quit wondering how it came about," he continued. "I have n't the least idea what makes her like

me; I know I ain't good enough for her. She does like me, though. Her leaving a good home and coming so far, all alone, to marry me is enough itself to make that certain. I 'd ought to have gone after her, I know; and I offered to, but she said it was n't any use to go to that expense. I do wish I had gone as far as St. Louis to meet her, though. But I reckon she 'll surely be here on the other train. One train 's in from St. Louis, and she did n't come on that. I suppose it 's silly to borrow trouble over it, but I can't help feeling shaky about her, to save my life. If anything *should* have happened to her" —

"Perhaps she 's given you the grand bounce," Markley suggested, with a teasing pretense of alarm.

The young man drew himself up as if his very existence had been challenged. The color came and went in his cheeks, and his lips were set in a rigid scorn.

"Bounce nothin'!" he said, haughtily, and walked away.

"You 'll notice," Markley made haste to urge, "that the average yield of corn per acre in Kansas last year exceeded that of any other State. But we don't want to make Kansas a corn State. We have a higher ambition. Our bright, particular thing is wheat. Last year we raised more of it to the acre than any State between us and the Alleghanies. And we 've only just started. When we get to working to our full capacity, making wheat our main crop and corn a mere side issue, Kansas will be the rainbow of the Union."

Wabash and I both laughed, in spite of ourselves; and Markley himself let his face relax into a broad smile as he proceeded: —

"You don't see the point, do you? Very well," recovering his earnestness of manner; "what constitutes a State? Men, — high-minded, tough-sinewed men. And what makes such men? Wheat bread, gentlemen, — wheat bread. Corn does for 'roughness,' so to speak, — hogs thrive on it, — but it takes wheat to win in the long run. Now, I have no doubt that the North finally triumphed in the rebellion because her soldiers lived on wheat bread. The soldiers of the South were brave enough, but they were loose-jointed, and lacking in that finer, conquering strength of muscle and brain that comes from wheat: they lived on corn bread, sometimes on the raw corn, you see. Granting all other things to have been equal, this difference in diet alone was sufficient to turn the scale. Mind what I tell you: there 's destiny in wheat. And look what an abundance of it we 'll be able to produce a few years from now! There are over forty-seven million acres of land yet unused in Kansas, — first-class wheat land, all of it. A perfect empire! Now, taking the present average, — about fifteen bushels to the acre, — look how many bushels this land will yield in the aggregate every year, when it all comes to be cultivated."

He sharpened his pencil to make the calculation; but, much to his chagrin, he had to defer it, for a locomotive whistle uttered its warning scream down under the river-bluff, and a quivering, widening belt of steam, glittering in the sunlight, shot up like a comet's tail among the branches of the trees. The station waiting-room was vacated with a rush. The St. Louis train was coming.

It was curious to watch the young man waiting for his sweetheart. He stood apart from the rest of us, at the extreme eastern end of the station platform, oblivious of everything but the slowly-approaching locomotive. Very likely the world stood still, in his tense thoughts, while that great puffing, hoarse-throated thing drew itself towards him over the creaking rails; for was not she coming with it, to make life a long, glad song to him? It was not strictly a happy look he had, however. It seemed rather to indicate that sharp sense of joy which has a touch of fear in it, and so becomes in part a pain. And when, at length, the train reached the platform and stopped, we noticed that he did not hasten to the cars, as we had supposed he would, but walked doubtfully along the outer edge of the crowd of alighting passengers, with a strange stare in his countenance. At last, though, she stepped out of the rear coach, and stood there with her head

slightly inclined, and smiling. We all knew her at a glance. And the next moment he was by her side, and she had put her hand in his, and they were both blushing to their very ears.

"Why, Seth!" she said.

"How d' y' do, Clara!"

That was all there was of it; and it was disappointing, — to the spectators, I mean. No doubt the parties in interest were satisfied with it, however; and how could we know what warmer greetings they would exchange in the shade of their road through yonder forest?

They had a little whispered consultation that we did not hear, but we could surmise that it related to her trunk; for presently they sought it out and claimed it, and she opened it and took from it certain neatly-folded and mysterious articles, which she put together in a little bundle and pinned what looked to be an apron around them. Then the trunk was handed over to the station-agent, apparently to be kept until sent for, and they walked briskly across the zigzag complexity of railway tracks to where the horses were impatiently waiting to carry them to the wedding.

We stood gazing after them from the station, as they mounted their horses and rode up the green and inviting valley, — he on the high-stepping bay with the flowing mane, and she on the brisk, sidling chestnut sorrel, that wore the new saddle, and the bridle gaudy with blue and white ribbons. Behind them and about them was the bland April sunshine; in front of them, just over the river, in the shadow of the bluff, glowed the pink miracle of the peach-blossoms. Somehow the scene recalled to my mind Scott's young Lochinvar "from out of the west," and the fair Ellen of Netherby Hall; and I found myself repeating, under my breath, —

"They 'll have fleet steeds that follow, quoth young Lochinvar."

A vein of similar fancy must have reached the heart of my friend Wabash, too; for as the happy couple crossed the river-bridge, and sped past the pink orchard, and cantered up the bluff and in among the concealing foliage, he observed, with an admirable smile, —

"It looks like the last chapter of some old romance!"

"Heaven bless 'em!" said Markley.

Then the bell sounded, and we hastened aboard the train. A few minutes later we had turned our backs on Kawsmouth, and set our expectant faces towards the land of ozone and wheat, — the verdurous, agueless slopes and the odors that Homer sang, — the land where the sun is in league with fate, and the fruits of the soil are for the healing of the nation.

*Henry King.*

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## THE LATEST LITERATURE OF ART.

THE discipline of the Academy of Fine Arts in France, by the cultivation of a certain range of traditions more or less restricted, and by the enforcement of certain technical methods through more than two centuries, has created most of the characteristics of French art, and has established a local *atmosphere* especially favorable to the development of the artistic instinct. The recent demonstrations of revolt by French artists and writers against this discipline are significant of the interest which the modern practice of art has awakened in all intelligent minds. To this spirit of discussion we are indebted for the most eager and searching investigations into the theories of art which have yet been made in literature. M. Viollet-le-Duc, the most illustrious of the apostates against the consecrated dogmas of the École des Beaux Arts, was the first to

give us an idea of the scope and character of this most interesting of peaceful rebellions. In his Dictionnaire Raisonné and in his Entretiens sur l'Architecture, of which the latter alone has received the honor of translation and publication in this country, he has furnished a basis of liberal principles in art, set forth with prëeminent clearness, learning, and closeness of logical deduction. The latest echo of this excellent warfare comes to us in a work on Æsthetics, by M. Eugène Véron,[1] a disciple of Viollet-le-Duc, and, as editor of the journal L'Art, one of the most conspicuous of modern French philosophical writers.

Although much of this work relates to local conditions of practice in art, its interest for the foreign reader is rather enhanced than diminished thereby. The expression of opinions is none the less valuable from having been elicited by a spirit of active controversy; rather more so, indeed, because this spirit compels the writer to sustain his arguments with a thoroughness and animation which would be hardly possible in an atmosphere less highly charged. Moreover, our own manifestations of art in all its branches owe so much to imitation or development of French characteristics that the specifications of the polemic for the most part lead us into regions not entirely unfamiliar. The fundamental idea of this book is a plea for sincerity in art, by the spontaneous manifestation of the personality of the artist as opposed to the artificial stimulus given by academical discipline. It is claimed that the renewal of the spirit of originality is the only thing which can rescue art from the oppression so long exercised by overzealous admirers of Greek sculpture and of the works of the Italian Renaissance. It is charged that the "official art" of the Institute is based upon traditions which, in the very beginning of his career, deprive the artist of his most precious possession, — his individuality, — and leads him into comparatively barren fields, where the only inspirations are from types furnished by the Greeks or the Italians, and formulated in the venerable traditions of the French school.

The form of the argument is scientific, and its development embraces the whole field of æsthetics, beginning with prehistoric conditions, and tracing the gradual development of all the forms of art, from language and poetry to architecture, sculpture, painting, and the dance. The chapter which relates to the source and characteristics of æsthetic pleasure deals largely with physiological conditions, and attempts to prove that the simultaneous or rhythmic vibration of the innumerable sensitive filaments in the organ of hearing, or of those connected with the optic nerve, produces a sensation of pleasure to the ear or eye in proportion to the number of filaments excited by combination of sounds or colors, and that the unequal vibration of these filaments, in respect to duration or intensity, arouses a contrary feeling, such as is produced by mere noise, or by discord of sounds or colors. The analysis of lines and of their effect upon the mind is also very curious, and leads logically to the consideration of the importance and significance of variety, contrast, and harmony, and finally to that of movement and life and the phenomena of expression in art. We have, in successive chapters, definitions of taste, genius, art, and æsthetics, then of the essential contrast between decorative and expressive art, and finally of style. This closes the first part of the book. The discussion of these subjects is remarkable for great vivacity of manner and for fullness of illustration, largely taken from contemporary art and criticism; and although the argument is close and logical, and although the development of the theme is, as we have said, eminently scientific, it is easy to follow it, and the reader finds himself, before he is aware, drawn into the full tide of discussion without any sense of fatigue. Of the fundamental idea of the preëminent importance of personal as opposed to academical art the author never loses sight.

The latter half of the book is devoted

[1] *Æsthetics.* By Eugène Véron. Translated by W. H. Armstrong, B. A. Oxon. London: Chapman and Hall. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1879.

to the illustration of æsthetical principles in architecture, sculpture, painting, the dance, music, and poetry. In respect to architecture and its origins, M. Véron very sensibly rejects the fantastic theories, common to literature, which attribute to mystic symbolism and to the desire to imitate nature the characteristic aspects of the earlier forms of temples and cathedrals, and accepts the more philosophical explanations of Viollet-le-Duc, which are based upon a practical familiarity with means and methods of construction, and which prefer to develop the hieratic forms from those of the habitations which were fashioned to satisfy human wants in the most direct and simple manner, or from the most natural and economical use of the materials at hand. We can never cease to be grateful to this illustrious master for having rescued the theory of architecture from the control of doctrinaires and dogmatists, and it is agreeable to see the *littérateur* at last frankly substituting for the poetic dreams of his predecessors the reasonable deductions of experience and practice. The story of the development of the architectural theories of the Greeks and Romans, of the Byzantine, Arabian, Romanesque, and Mediæval styles, is given in a comprehensive summary which is unusually free from error, and which includes the results of the most advanced studies of the subject. The strictures upon modern architecture are based entirely upon those of M. Viollet-le-Duc, and attribute its alleged failures mainly to the prevalence of a spirit of eclecticism, and to the influence of academic traditions.

The æsthetics of sculpture and painting are considered in the same philosophical manner and with great fullness of illustration. The modern artist is referred more to life and to nature, and less to precedent and example, for the expressions in best accord with the requirements of modern art. The theory of color and of chiaroscuro is explained at great length, the principles developed by M. Chevreul forming the basis of the discussion; but the theories of Young, Laugel, Landolt, Charcot, Galezowski, and Bert are duly considered, and the final result of their researches is embodied in the text. Perhaps the most original part of the dissertation on color is that relating to its capacity for expression in a moral sense, and the illustrative analysis of the works of Rubens, Veronese, and Delacroix in this respect is very ingenious and subtle. The use of chiaroscuro by Rembrandt as a means of expression is made the subject of study, and in all cases the testimony of the weightiest writers upon these points is largely quoted, giving to the reader, on the whole, an excellent idea of the character of the best modern criticism in France. The æsthetic significance of drawing is also considered in an animated chapter full of the spirit of dispute; and the rival methods of the draughtsmanship of line and the draughtsmanship of movement, or *multiplex attitude*, as it is called, are set upon the stage, and represented, on the one hand, by the works of the designers of "absolute form," or immobility, like L. David, Ingres, and other masters, taught and teaching according to academical principles, and on the other by those of Rubens, Delacroix, and some of the Italian masters, who have proved themselves in this respect superior to formulas and dogmas of art. The subject is pursued into the details of composition, perspective, methods of execution, handling, as an evidence of artistic personality, and monumental painting; the last division in especial is set forth with a logical exactness and a degree of critical acumen which, fortified by the testimony of the most advanced authorities, leave little to be added to complete the subject as a practical exposition of the arts of higher decoration.

We have not space to give, even in outline, M. Véron's method of treating the other main divisions of the subject, and we would gladly refer more in detail to such questions as the effect of characteristics of touch or handling upon the sentiment of pictures, especially in their capacity to convey to the canvas the individuality and presence of the artist. The examples discussed through-

out belong to the French, Italian, and Flemish schools, ancient and modern; the English works, to which hitherto our popular æsthetic studies have been almost entirely confined, are not referred to, so that the English reader finds in this book a freshness which comes not only from its combination of scientific method with the enthusiasm of strong convictions, but also from the discussion of names and methods hitherto comparatively unfamiliar.

His practical conclusion is that art, like all the other developments of humanity, is unceasingly and indefinably perfectible, but that it cannot advance so long as we are content to confine ourselves to imitation of old masters and of old forms; that the revolution in general intelligence, which has already effected a healthy change in fiction and the drama, and made reality instead of ideality the governing motive of composition, must presently effect a corresponding transmutation in art. He conceives that in sculpture the audacious Carpeaux, whose famous group of the Dance in front of the New Opera House created so great a clamor a few years since, instead of reproducing attitudes in the old manner, has become dramatic and expressive, and thus opened the way for a new era in his branch of art; that the combination of *truth as to facts with the personality of the artist* is the only way by which the tyranny of imitation and archæology can be overcome.

The Greek statuettes excavated from tombs in Tanagra, some of which have been purchased by Mr. T. G. Appleton for the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, furnish to us a very curious and timely illustration of M. Véron's statement that the still, pure, and passionless ideal of the Greeks belonged only to their religious art; that examples of it have been preserved in the temples for the admiration of mankind, while those of what may be called their secular art, having been less securely enshrined, have until very lately been completely unknown. Thus the scope of Greek art really included not only the idea of immobility and repose, but the idea of life, animation, and facial expression; but as the former was the first and most conspicuous in its representations to modern times, it has become the only type recognized in the academical system. On the other hand, the little terra-cotta figures, eight or ten inches high, rescued from the Bœotian tombs, represent men and women in the every-day Greek dress of the fourth century B. C., and with all that variety of expression and individuality which we are accustomed to attribute only to the *genre* work of to-day. Whether these are or are not contemporaneous with the art of Phidias and Praxiteles, as is claimed for them, they furnish sufficient evidence that our type has been too restricted, and that such work as that of M. Carpeaux in modern times, which hitherto has been supposed by æsthetic writers to be out of the proper range of plastic art, is justified even from the archæological point of view.

A dispassionate Englishman or American, in looking over this warm and generous polemic, cannot but reflect that, notwithstanding the hitherto almost undisputed dominion of academic principles in France, French art has long maintained the first place; and a suspicion arises in his mind that there may be another side to this question, and that there may be virtues in the dogmas and methods of the Institute which, if they have not created, have been sufficient at least to encourage the growth of a race of brilliant artists. Doubtless a living, progressive art has existed side by side with the Academy, and, though of late its greatest expressions have been in the direction of landscape art, examples of high achievement — not retrogressive — are not wanting in monumental art with figures and human action. But however this may be, M. Véron's Æsthetics is full of life, abounding in truth, and, to any one interested in the progress of art in theory or practice, it must prove in the highest degree interesting and suggestive.

M. Véron considers that the manifestation of the personality of the artist in

his work, the substitution, in fact, of the artist for nature, is the solid basis of all æsthetics. (Part I., chap. vi.) Although Turner is regarded by his greatest admirer as the first of the pre-Raphaelites whose dogmas of course are in exact opposition to those of MM. Véron, Fromentin, Bürger, and all the greatest critics in France in respect to the imitation of nature, yet the proposition of M. Véron as above quoted could not have a more complete justification and a commentary more apt than in the genius of Turner, according to Philip Gilbert Hamerton.[1] The result is that in Hamerton's Turner we seem to have a man indeed. But the English critics, unwilling to surrender a possession so precious as Ruskin's Turner ("the greatest painter of all time, a man with whose supremacy of power no intellect of past ages can be put in comparison for a moment"), when confronted with this new image of the man, not made of gold and ivory, but modeled honestly in human clay, if they do not denounce the new biographer as a wicked iconoclast, at least take pleasure in pointing out that he has done less than justice to the genius which created the chryselephantine marvel. If it is claimed that Hamerton is an artist writing of an artist, and in that capacity submits his subject to a cool, critical analysis, more searching, temperate, and truthful than seems possible at any other hands, the critics cry, But is not Ruskin also an artist? Has he not given sufficient evidence of his capacity as such in his delicate observations of the phenomena of nature, in his study of means and methods of artistic expression, and in his own drawings and works in color? And if he is an artist, is his testimony regarding another artist not to be accepted in the same spirit as that of Hamerton? The answer to these questions is given by Hamerton himself in his fifteenth chapter, after having presented in the previous chapters the narrative of Turner's life, with a running commentary on his work, so arranged as to give a clear and succinct impression of the development and characteristics of his genius. In this chapter, after recalling the fortunate circumstances which attended this remarkable career, the following passages occur:—

"The sneers of a portion of the public and the sarcasms of the newspapers brought a champion into the field who worshiped Turner with a devotion such as no other artist ever excited in his admirers, and who expressed his feelings with an energy and an ability far surpassing the powers of all previous writers upon art."

"No painter since the world began ever had such an advocate before, and there are excellent reasons for believing that no painter will ever have such an advocate in the future."

The basis of Ruskin's panegyric of Turner was a burning enthusiasm such as could exist only in the first freshness of national perception about art. In France such enthusiasm would be impossible, for the field there is preoccupied by discussion; and now even the English mind, having been developed in the direction of art by a copious literature, would no longer be hospitable to such expressions as those of Ruskin on Turner. But when Ruskin first wrote, he was fortunate enough to obtain an immediate and respectful hearing, because at the moment the English public was quite ready to accept instruction in art, and because this plea for Turner was based upon the theory that this painter was the most truthful artist who ever lived. "Previous writers upon art," Mr. Hamerton says, "had dwelt much less on truth than on style, and on those artifices of arrangement which the ordinary Englishman feels strongly inclined to despise as tricks of trade, about which no one but 'the artist and his ape' need trouble himself." This appeal, therefore, to the English love of truth, enforced as it was by definitions of truth in nature such as had never before appeared in elegant literature, and by frequent and impassioned assertions that Turner was always loyal

[1] *The Life of J. M. W. Turner, R. A.* By PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON. With nine Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1879.

to this truth in nature, met with great acceptance. It is not upon the point of Turner's enormous knowledge of natural phenomena, which is undisputed, but upon that of his absolute veracity in setting forth such phenomena, that the present biographer takes issue with Ruskin. No principle is more frequently asserted in this book and more frequently illustrated by reference to Turner's own works than the fact that truth to nature is not art; that art is indeed strangely independent both of science and veracity, and refuses to submit either to scientific or even to intellectual tests. It is nourished by nature, but inspired by imagination; it is nature humanized. In fact, this principle is set forth in the motto upon the title-page, quoted from Fromentin, and it is in this intelligent spirit that the works of Turner are explained, and so far as possible justified. This manner of treating the genius of a great painter is in accordance with the advanced position now assumed by the Anglo-Saxon civilization in matters of art. Since the publication of the first volume of Modern Painters, in 1843, the great exposition of 1851 in Hyde Park, and the others in Paris, Vienna, and Philadelphia, have served to develop the artistic instincts of the English people in such wise that no Daniel can ever come to judgment for them again unquestioned.

The quality of Mr. Hamerton's work of biography has not been surpassed. The nature of previous biographies seems to have compelled him to give to the present work the character of a psychological study. It is not therefore to a catalogue of successive pictures, but to the development of an extraordinary genius, that the attention of the reader is directed from the beginning. Perhaps the most ingenious and original part of the book is the attempt to reconcile the sordid, homely, and vulgar personal characteristics of the man, for the knowledge of which we are perhaps mainly indebted to the industrious researches of Thornbury, with those divine and creative qualities which he expressed in his works, and which were so superbly magnified by Ruskin, — qualities which, Mr. Hamerton repeatedly remarks, assimilated him with Shelley. The rare combination of sound common sense with high artistic instincts and knowledge of artistic methods which is evident in the authorship of this book serves to throw upon this singular dual existence a flood of cool, colorless light, which, if it deprives the subject of somewhat of its fascination of mystery and dethrones a god, gives to us a man whose standard of perfections is far more accessible, and as such far more useful and truthful as a mark of progress in art. Iconoclasm as a business has been much cultivated in modern literature, and one by one we have seen ancient and modern idols fall in pieces before the spirit of pitiless analysis; but in disclosing to us, in this instance, the feet of clay upon which stood the wonderful fabric of the imagination of the Oxford scholar, the iconoclast whose work we are now contemplating has not been fanatic or brutal. He has left to us not a wreck, but a consistent human figure: —

"I should say, then, to sum up, that Turner was a landscape painter of extraordinary, yet by no means unlimited genius; a subtle and delicate, but unfaithful draughtsman; a learned and refined, but often fallacious chiaroscurist; a splendid and brilliant, but rarely natural colorist; a man gifted with wonderful fertility of imagination and strength of memory (though this last is less easy to determine, because he altered everything); a student of nature whose range was vast indeed, for it included mountains, lakes, lowland, rivers, and the sea, besides all kinds of human works that can affect the appearance of a landscape, yet not universal, for he never adequately illustrated the familiar forest trees, and had not the sentiment of the forest, neither had he the rustic sentiment in its perfection. I should say that Turner was distinguished by his knowledge, but still more distinguished by his exquisite taste, and by the singular charm which it gave to most of his works, though not to all of them; that he was technically a wonderful, but imperfect

and irregular painter in oil, unsafe and unsound in his processes, though at the same time both strong and delicate in handling; that he stands apart and alone in water-color, which in his hands is like a new art; that he was an excellent line etcher in preparation for mezzotint, and a good engraver in mezzotint, besides; and that with all these gifts and acquirements he was a very great and illustrious artist, but not the greatest of artists. I believe that his fame will last."

In these days of decorative art applied to all the uses of life, high and low, in which it has been discovered that walls and furniture are capable of conveying to the human mind a set of ideas and emotions quite different from those of mere comfort, protection, or convenience, it is an easy and natural transition from the study of the higher æsthetics to those of household art. They are concerned with the same principles of taste and style and individuality of effect, and can traverse regions of thought quite as rarefied in discussing the decorative treatment of a common wall surface, if not of a chair or a cabinet, as in criticising a historical painting. The literature of domestic art is already copious, and the latest accession to it is in many respects worthy of especial note.

Mr. Charles C. Perkins, in his preface to the American edition of Dr. Falke's work on Art in the House,[1] lately published by L. Prang & Co., of Boston, claims for this work that "for clearness of plan and soundness of criticism, and for the lucid setting forth of the excellences and defects of ancient and modern systems of house building and decoration in an interesting and impressive manner, it has perhaps no rival among books of its kind." Doubtless the present editor's learned notes, together with the quality and profuseness of the illustrations with which the American edition has been enriched, have done somewhat to substantiate this claim. The mechanic arts of the printer and paper-maker have responded sumptuously to the demand to do honor to this new manifestation of doctrine, which needs must possess some very solid qualities of excellence to justify an equipment so noble and a prologue so promising.

The serious way in which the modern Englishman has set about the task of erecting a standard of taste commensurate with his civilization, since, at the first great exposition in Hyde Park, he discovered his inferiority in this respect, and the measure of success which has crowned his efforts, form a spectacle doubtless without parallel in the history of art. It is a strange revolution, based upon a sense of duty and inspired by a profuse literature which seems to have given to the whole movement a certain moral and intellectual tone. The whole body of this literature has found its way to this country, and has had a perceptible effect upon the practice of all the arts of decoration.

Now, to this docile and thoughtful condition of national pupilage comes a foreign master, with, it may be presumed, new historical illustrations, new arguments, and new inspirations. Does the character of our English training seem provincial and narrow in the new light thrown upon it from the lamp of this German doctor? Does he open new vistas of thought, new possibilities of art, new theories, new applications of precedent which have not already been attempted by the English masters? The curiosity to see and study his book in its English dress is a proof that at least the American disciples of the new dispensation are open to conviction, and not loath to be turned from error by any new revelation which may come to them.

To the illustrations of the German edition, some of which may be new to English students, as they give us the results of foreign thought and workmanship, the American editor has evidently made considerable additions, so that

[1] *Art in the House.* Historical, Critical, and Æsthetical Studies on the Decoration and Furnishing of the Dwelling. By JACOB VON FALKE, Vice-Director of the Austrian Museum of Art and Industry at Vienna. Anthony's American Edition, translated from the third German Edition. Edited, with notes, by CHARLES C. PERKINS, M. A. Illustrated. Boston: L. Prang & Co. 1879.

now we have reproductions, by various mechanical processes, from Viollet-le-Duc, Grüner, Mazois, Semper, Kugler, Jacquemart, Le Pautre, Lacroix, and Niccolini; from Shaw, Nash, and Pugin; from contemporary French and German periodicals of art; from Dutch etchings; and even from modern American work. The collection is heterogeneous in style and irregular in quality; and not a few of the prints suffer in the transfer; but it is of undoubted value as presenting in an accessible form an unusually large array of examples from various sources. As the first impression made by such a book as this is obtained from the pictures, and as the great majority of the public will not go farther than these, it is well to acknowledge in the outset that we have here presented to us an interesting, instructive, and compact library of examples of decorative art, which tell their own story with a certain directness and are indicative of the cosmopolitan character of the work.

The historical statement occupies about one half of the volume, and treats in successive pages of the Græco-Roman house, the mediæval house, and the houses of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries; to these the editor has prefixed a scholarly preface relating to the domestic establishments of the Egyptians and Assyrians. The historical view is distinctly European, and not English; but if the narrative is wanting in detail of English eras and styles, it gives us, naturally enough, the German developments, which are less familiar to us, and thus sensibly enlarges the scope of our vision in this direction. Dr. Falke presents a fair summary of the evidence of the best authorities as to mediæval domestic art, but is much more sympathetic with that of the Italian and French Renaissance, to which he devotes the largest and best part of his historical essay. He considers that furniture, which in Gothic times was either too heavy, archaic, and rude in the beginning, or too overloaded with imitations of architectural ornament in the end, and always uncomfortable, was rapidly developed in the Renaissance period in the direction of greater ease, elegance, and fitness, and was far better suited to the conditions of a more complicated civilization. The intellectual and imaginative element introduced into arabesque ornament by Raphael and his pupils, as instanced especially in the painting and stucco of the Villa Madama, was prolific in its immediate effect upon Italian and French decorations both in respect to form and color, and gave a distinctive character of elegance to the Italian interiors, until corrupted by the Baroque excesses introduced by Alessandro Vittoria, notably in the ceiling of the library of St. Mark's. These excesses, together with the misuse of the cartouche by reason of the facility of its adaptations, were hardly less prolific. The influence of the characteristics of the French Renaissance kings upon the decorations of their several eras, from Francis I. to Louis XIV., XV., and XVI., especially in the last three reigns, is a very remarkable phase of the history of domestic art. The Italian examples, under these social conditions, were subjected to changes so significant and astonishing that the walls, ceilings, chairs, and tables of these eras are elevated to the dignity of historical documents and inscriptions. Dr. Falke's work does not define these changes with such elegance and directness as Mrs. Spofford in her excellent little work, Art Decoration applied to Furniture, nor with such special and technical information as is to be found, for example, in Pollen's Handbook of Artistic Woodwork in the South Kensington Museum; indeed, he hardly refers to the early French Renaissance, and he passes over the reign of Louis Quinze in absolute silence; but his work perhaps is more complete in other directions, especially as regards color and stucco. The effect of the discovery of Pompeii upon the art of Louis Seize, and the prompt acceptance of a new sentiment of form and color in harmony with the characteristics of the time; the revival of the pseudo-antique in the eras of the Revolution and the empire; the quick return to the vulgarities of the Rococo with the Restoration, and the

effect of modern culture and æsthetics in refining these forms are all duly set forth.

It must be admitted that Dr. Falke's treatment of the Italian Renaissance of the sixteenth century, the pure source of all the subsequent French, English, and German inspirations in domestic art, is, considering the scope of the work, in the main adequate. He gives to it the preëminence which belongs to it. Other popular writers have failed to recognize in the same degree the enormous importance of this phase of household art, which contained the fruitful germs of the greatest artistic revolution in history. The geographical stand-point of Dr. Falke in Vienna perhaps enables him to see the developments of the Renaissance in the nations of Europe in a truer perspective and with a less prejudiced eye than the Englishman, who naturally gives to the eccentric phenomena of his Elizabethan style and to the provincial characteristics of his Jacobean an undue importance in the historical summary. While the Englishman's foreground is occupied with such local incidents as these, the other essential details of the historical picture seem to lose somewhat of their due relative values. It is worthy of note, however, that the corresponding modifications of Italian types in the German states are by no means so marked in their characteristics as are those of Queen Elizabeth or Queen Anne in England. The history of the German Renaissance in domestic art seems nothing more than a pale reflection of France. Such is the testimony of Dr. Falke, who should be good authority. But as regards the Netherlands, at least, and Denmark, which are not referred to in this volume, the evidence of M. Felix Narjoux, in his Journal of an Architect in the Northwest of Europe, is ample to secure to those regions the credit of a domestic style as marked as that of Queen Anne, and not unlike it in sentiment and form.

Since the advent of Ruskin and Pugin, the whole strength of English æsthetic writing on household art has been concentrated on the advocacy of Gothic principles of design, and for many years, until the recent characteristic revolt of young English designers, which as yet has not enjoyed the advantage of a literary exposition, we have recognized no virtue in any furniture unless it bore the marks of mediæval sincerity and innocence. We are scarcely yet free from the curious fascination exercised by the notched and chamfered edges, the stunted or attenuated shafts, the visible joints and articulations, the semi-puritanic straightness and the semi-barbaric massiveness, and the cusps and billet-moldings, which have been considered the only expressions of which truly moral and honest furniture is capable. On the other hand, with regard to color and wall treatment, we have enjoyed, under the vigorous direction of Burne Jones, Morris, Simpson, and the English designers and manufacturers generally, a much more generous and catholic régime, drawing inspiration from all sources which could contribute anything to effects of decoration, and relieve us from the dominion of the pale, cold tints which we inherited from the *salon* of the Marquise de Rambouillet and from the French era of white and gold in the eighteenth century. The advantages which have come to the spirit of modern design in England and America from the study of the mediæval virtues are ours, let us hope, for all time. It has made a race of conscientious designers, who cannot be corrupted by the pagan wiles of any learned German, unconverted by the gospel of art according to Pugin, Eastlake, and Viollet-le-Duc, but who are no longer willing to be confined in the strait-jacket of mediævalism, and are ready to welcome to our service all beautiful ideas, whether Christian or pagan. It is pleasant, therefore, after having been so long preoccupied with the picturesqueness, *naïveté*, and naturalism of the monkish and lay builders, to be restored to the rest of our inheritance. This book has its uses in opening once more to our view the familiar and spacious domains from which we English-speaking people have been so long excluded.

In the portion of the book relating to the theory and practice of household art, Mr. Perkins's instructive notes suddenly desert us. Possibly, he modestly considered that his function as a commentator could not properly extend over a department in which the explanation, extenuation, enlargement, or correction of the text required special knowledge and experience. However this may be, this practical and theoretical part of the book is the less successful. It includes chapters upon Style and Harmony, Mural Painting, The Floor and the Wall, Movable Wall Ornaments, The Ceiling, The Decoration of the Table, etc. The author very properly argues against any attempt to carry out uniformity of style throughout the interior fittings of a house, — that is, uniformity in the sense of archæological loyalty to the spirit of any historical epoch, — and does not find it difficult to maintain, in general terms, that it is possible so to arrange the heterogeneous collections of furniture, decorations, and bricabrac which find their way from all climes into every household, as to obtain a result of harmony. He claims that this harmony is obtained rather from color than from form, and proceeds to draw from that inexhaustible fountain of artistic knowledge, the Dictionnaire Raisonné of Viollet-le-Duc, a few general observations upon the value and uses of color as a decorative agent. We regret to say, however, that the source of these observations is not acknowledged; nor does he admit his indebtedness, not as regards ideas alone, but even in respect to words and phrases, to the Frenchman's invaluable article, Peinture, in his remarks on the limitations of mural painting.

The basis of Dr. Falke's specific instructions on household taste is in the main sound and philosophical, but in his application of rules to examples, although he expatiates elegantly, he is wanting in directness. His instructions upon the artistic treatment of walls, floors, and ceilings, with our present light upon this subject, are commonplace and very general in their character throughout. He errs, however, not so much in what he says, as in what he omits to say, and his directions are rather those of an amateur than of a practitioner. Thus, in treating of floors, he says what all other intelligent writers have said upon the subject, and no more: he objects, of course, to light prevailing tones, to naturalistic treatment of forms in the patterns of parquetry, floor-mosaic, or carpeting, to the imitation of figures in relief, to high colors and large patterns; he specifies where carpeting with central feature and borders may be admitted, where the former should not be used, and how the best effect may be got from the latter, and so on. He pursues the same safe course with respect to walls and ceilings, rarely committing himself to the expression of an opinion which is not justified by the obvious proprieties of design, but never incisive, original, or suggestive.

The fundamental point on which we need instruction is the *relative* treatment of the floors, walls, and ceilings of a room, and the *relative* treatment of adjoining rooms in a suite, to the end that an effect of artistic unity may be secured where all the innumerable accidents of form and color in modern furniture and fittings, if left to themselves without a guiding hand, will inevitably result in confusion, if not discord. The fundamental question is, By what device are we to obtain a satisfactory *coup d'œil* in any given case? We seek in vain in these elegant and for the most part unobjectionable pages for any evidence of mastery as to this all-important point. There is an obvious difficulty in laying down general principles which can serve as practical guides applicable to all the exceedingly complex and various conditions of modern interiors, but however complex and various are these factors, the arrangement and adjustment of them according to general principles of unity and fitness are possible, and these principles are capable of intelligent definition. Yet such definitions cannot be evolved from learning and from theory alone; unless developed from practical experience also, they must, from the

nature of the case, be incomplete and inoperative.

In short, the book, so far as the practical part of it is concerned, is not so much a guide to the decorator and the cabinet-maker as an illustrated *résumé* of general and accepted principles, which it is important to have set forth in deliberate and scholarly language, and which in this shape will perhaps gain access to minds not otherwise hospitable to the æsthetics of common life. If the portion devoted to the exposition of principles had been annotated by a capable and practiced hand, and supplemented by a really practical commentary, as the historical part has been annotated and supplemented by Mr. Perkins, the work would have gained immeasurably in value, not only to the specialist, but to the layman. The opportunity seems too good to be lost, and we trust that the publishers may be encouraged in a subsequent edition to complete their work in this essential direction.

*Henry Van Brunt.*

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## PETITE MARIE AND BENEZET.

THREE hundred bells in Avignon
Rang in the day, rang out the night:
The Popes and sovereigns took their way,
No odds if it were wrong or right;
And through the right, and through the wrong,
The merry bells of Avignon,
Three hundred bells, rang on and on.

"Come now with me, Petite Marie,
My sweet Sweetheart," said Benezet,
"And we will journey to Beaucaire.
The yellow madder blooms are set,
To-morrow is the opening fair."
Three hundred bells rang on and on, —
The merry bells of Avignon.

High waved the banners in the air,
The iron hoofs of horses rang;
Past twenty arches on the bridge,
With silver trumpet's peal and clang,
Drowning the bells of Avignon,
The gay procession crowded on.
Petite Marie and Benezet,
One half in pleasure, half in fear,
Climbed to a frescoed shrine that shone
Above the blue waves of the Rhone.
"Saint Martha!" cried Petite Marie,
"They crush me, but 't is fair to see!"
Alas, the child! Her golden tone
Fell on foul ears that should not hear;
Bold eyes met hers in evil stare, —

Bold eyes too wicked to forget.
Cold at the heart of Benezet
His blood to ice with terror turned;
His cheeks with shame and anger burned.
Three hundred bells in Avignon
Rang in the day, rang out the night,
And kings and Popes their pleasure took,
And knew no odds of wrong or right.

Ah, never in gay Avignon
Petite Marie was seen again.
Alone, returning from Beaucaire,
Went Benezet with reeling brain;
And at the Pope's great palace gate,
In beggar's clothes by night, by day,
With haggard eyes to watch and wait,
Long weeks and months of weeks he lay.
The merry bells of Avignon,
Three hundred bells, rang on and on.

"Bring out your dead! Room for the dead!"
The cry rang loud, the cry rang hoarse;
Piled with the blackened bodies high,
The death-cart went its dreadful course.
Black Death from gate to gate did ride,
And slew and slew; in three short days,
They say, full fourteen hundred died.
The belfry ropes ran slackened ways;
In feeble hands in Avignon
The funeral bells tolled on and on.

The beggar at the palace gate,
Death passed him by, and left him late,
With haggard eyes at last to see,
Tossed careless like the others down,
Though decked in lace and satin gown,
The body of Petite Marie.
Then, filmy, glazed, his eyes were set.
"Here is one more!" they cried, and threw
The faithful, dying Benezet
By side of his Petite Marie.
"He 's well nigh gone! We 'll take him, too!"
Slowly the bells of Avignon
In feeble hands tolled on and on.

Five hundred years ago they died,
Petite Marie and Benezet;
No longer now to gay Beaucaire
Go lovers for the summer fair.
Of twenty arches stand but three,
Where Popes and kings did dazzling ride,
And bold, bad eyes looked back to see

The beauty of Petite Marie.
But July sees the madder set
Its yellow blooms as thickly yet,
And slowly still the same blue Rhone
Rolls past the walls of Avignon,
Where merry bells ring on and on.

*H. H.*

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## IRENE THE MISSIONARY.

### XVIII.

Mr. Payson saw Mr. Brassey to the gate of his little court-yard, and then reappeared before the grammatical couple in the hall, his face elate and his hands clasped as if in thanksgiving.

"God has been very gracious to our worthy consul," he said. "He has inspired him with a desire to do good to the souls of his fellow-men. You would hardly guess the object of his visit to me this morning. He came of his own accord to pledge three hundred dollars a year toward the support of a church in Damascus."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the doctor. "Why did n't I know it before? Here was I, afraid he would sit down upon us, and letting him go off without a word. Why did n't you tell us before he went out?"

"Dear me, I forgot it!" sighed Payson. "The truth is that I was thinking of the new mission, and not of the man who has made it possible. What absent-minded, ungrateful noodles we are!"

"I 'll ride down to his office and apologize for my neglect," declared Macklin, springing up, in his impulsive way. "No, I won't either," he added, sitting down again. "He might think I had come for the money."

"We must show him some special mark of thanks," said Payson. "We must invite him to our weekly concert of prayer."

"Perhaps he would rather be invited to tea," suggested Miss Grant, with a smile.

"Well, Irene, there is an exchangeable value in tea," admitted Mr. Payson, who also could not help smiling. "Provender has always been considered an element of hospitality, even in entertaining angels. Mrs. Payson shall give the consul a tea, or, if it pleases her best, a dinner."

So, three days later, Mr. Brassey sat at the festive board with a select circle of missionaries, all sincerely thankful to him for his generous contribution to the good cause, and anxious to accord him the choicest of their grave courtesy. The meal was largely in Syrian style, which was a whim of Mrs. Payson's to gratify the functionary, he having been heard to say that he should like to see a real Arab banquet.

The bill of fare opened with a thick soup of lentils, called *mejeddara*, somewhat resembling pea soup, or rather pea porridge.

"Ah!" said Mr. Kirkwood, smacking his lips over it; "consul, this is said to be the very pottage with which Jacob bought out Esau!"

"I should say," replied Mr. Brassey, after due tasting, "that Esau must have been every bit as hungry as the good book makes him out to be."

But we will give at once the entire *menu* of the dinner. After Esau's pottage came a breast of lamb stuffed with chestnuts and raisins, and supported by a huge *pilau* of rice dotted with the yellow seeds of pine-tree cones. Then fol-

lowed, in separate courses, sliced cabbage fried in liquid butter, tender green gourds crammed with highly seasoned stuffing, and young grape leaves enfolding the same sort of nourishment. Next came a broad, flat platter of *kibbe*, a kind of pie made of roast lamb pounded up with boiled wheat, and powerfully flavored with onions. The dessert was, first, *bukhlawy*, a mixture of pastry and fruit, reminding one of a recklessly rich mince pie; and, lastly, *rohotlicoom*, known in America as "fig-paste," a very pleasant compound of flour, white sugar, and rose-water. Black coffee closed the repast, and a chibouk for the consul.

"And so this is the correct thing in this country?" queried Mr. Brassey.

"Lacking some twenty dishes," replied Mr. Kirkwood. "A Syrian is generally an abstemious creature. But when he does feast he devours the land before him, and leaves it a waste behind him."

"And that 's what kibbe is!" the guest had said, when they were over the Syrian national dish. "Seems to me it might be a good diet to give jail-birds; if they escaped, you could track 'em by the scent. I do believe that in a Christian country like ours the mere perfume of that delicacy would disperse a bloodthirsty mob."

Mrs. Payson, who was not accustomed to such hyperbolical joking, made a sign as if to order the removal of the dish.

"Oh, don't send it away on my account, ma'am," said the consul, smiling. "To tell the honest truth, I have smelt onions before. My own cook flavors me with 'em quite frequently."

As this subject seemed to have been sufficiently treated, Mr. Payson changed the conversation to the Damascus mission, and remarks were made of course complimentary to Mr. Brassey. Then he had a temptation: he wanted to rise in his place and make a ringing speech concerning the new enterprise; perhaps if there had been wine on the table he would have astonished his hosts with a specimen of platform oratory. But his better genius aided him to keep his seat, and to leave the topic mainly to the missionaries. The result was a long mission talk, firstly concerning the Damascus station, and then concerning the other distant stations, to all which the consul listened civilly, and with a show of interest. It was obvious that he had a high respect for his table companions, and desired to treat their solemnities with deference. Irene had never seen him behave so well before, and began to think him quite an agreeable gentleman.

The meal ended with the rohotlicoom, and the guests had their coffee about the room, seated on chairs and on the mukaad. The consul took his place beside Irene, and for the first time began to talk with full freedom, indulging in a good deal of West Wolverine humor.

"I call this mixing drinks," he said, when the servant handed him a glass of water and a cup of Turkish coffee. "Do you often drink as heavy as this?"

"It 's been a serious dinner," was another of his asides. "I consider that meal equivalent to partaking of the passover."

Irene marveled a little at his critical liberty, but strove to smile at every one of his flashes of wit. As to jokes on biblical subjects, she had been used to them from childhood, as is the case with most children of clergymen. Our jestings, if we jest at all, are apt to spring from familiar earth.

Mr. Brassey of course supposed that he was making himself agreeable to the young lady. He knew that women always titter over a man's joke, and he inferred that they are fond of humor, and can be won by it, which is probably a great mistake. Furthermore, he presumed that his "outfit" of a church in Damascus had filled Irene with gratitude toward him, and with a high opinion of his character. Thus he felt strong with her, and able to venture a great deal, not only in jest but in seriousness.

"I think," he said to himself, — "I think I had better strike while the iron is hot."

Circumstances seemed to favor him: the Kirkwoods and Dr. Macklin went home early; only the Paysons remained.

Mr. Brassey rose, beckoned his host aside, and murmured, "A word with you in private, parson."

They left the little whitewashed parlor, and walked into the hall, the usual sitting place of the family.

"I want a confidential word or two with Miss Grant," pursued the consul. "Could n't it be brought around in some quiet, genial way?"

"There is no evil news, I trust, for her," said Mr. Payson, looking up anxiously.

"Not very bad," smiled Mr. Brassey. "She 's got my very best good opinion; that 's about the worst of it."

The clergyman continued to gaze in silence into the public functionary's incomprehensible face.

"I admit, of course, that she 's under your care," pursued the consul, "and I 'll put the thing exactly as if you was her father. My proposition is, plainly and squarely and honorably, to obtain her hand in marriage."

Mr. Payson was profoundly astonished, and little less than horror-stricken. But he was not the man to ponder long over his own feelings, or to think it worth while to utter a word concerning them. After a moment of grave meditation he replied, calmly, "She is of age; ask her. I have the right, I believe, neither to help nor hinder. But I see no reason why you should not speak, nor why she should not listen."

"Exactly," nodded Mr. Brassey. "Non-committal, but fair and gentlemanly. Just what I expected of you, sir. And now, if you can beckon Mrs. Payson in here, I can step back to the parlor and interview Miss Grant."

Payson carried out this suggestion with such tranquillity and dignity that even in that anxious moment the consul admired him, and thought that he had in him the making of a first-class manager of men.

Irene, who was sitting on the long, low sofa which formed nearly the entire furniture of the parlor, looked up from a bit of embroidery with some surprise when she found that she was alone with Mr. Porter Brassey, and that he was gazing at her with a peculiar steadfastness.

"I thought you had gone," she said, with one of those vague smiles which are so common in human intercourse.

"Could n't do it yet awhile," replied the consul, trying to be light-hearted and confident, and succeeding fairly well. He was accustomed to asking favors, and to asking them of all sorts of people. A great part of his life had been passed in urging his fellow-creatures to do something for Porter Brassey. Probably he had applied for at least a score of offices, and for thousands of signatures to applications. He had sought out and pleaded with and argued with more political and other miscellaneous notabilities than the ordinary citizen reads of in the newspapers. He had learned, in a long course of place-hunting, to be bold and cool and persevering, and, if advisable, importunate and hectoring. Denial could not discomfit him, nor contempt abash him. On the present delicate occasion, steeled to firmness by so many interviewing experiences, he was more self-possessed and hopeful than any ordinary lover could imagine.

"I have the permission of Mr. Payson," he began, cunningly making the most of that fact, — "I have your guardian's permission, Miss Irene, to say a word to you in private."

Irene started as if about to rise, and then slowly subsided again into position, all in silence.

"I have formed a very high opinion of you," continued Mr. Brassey, taking a chair and seating himself near her. "I suppose you have noticed it. A very high opinion, indeed! My conviction is that, if I should look the whole earth over, I would n't find another lady that I should consider your match."

It was strong, and he had meant to make it strong, believing habitually that lukewarm talk is wasted talk. At this point he paused, and gazed at her fixedly for a moment, anxious to discover what impression he had produced.

Irene had the air of being utterly confounded and extremely distressed. With an expression which was partly implor-

ing and partly shrinking, she just glanced at him, and no more. Then she dropped her eyes to her embroidery, and remained as still as if she were paralyzed. That introduction as to permission obtained from Mr. Payson had had its intended effect; it had given her a belief that the mission desired her to listen favorably to Mr. Porter Brassey.

"In short — Miss Grant — I love you," continued the consul, beginning to stammer a little. "I want you — for my wife," his voice shaking in a way which was a credit to him. "That 's what I want, Miss Grant — Irene! What do you say? What 's to be my — my fate?"

A throb of annoyance, amounting to painful aversion, ran through the girl and restored her nervous power. She rose slowly to her feet, and slowly turned away from him while she answered, "Oh, Mr. Brassey, what did you say this for? Why did they let you? They ought to have known better."

"But, Miss Irene" — began the consul, who had also risen.

"No, no!" she interrupted, moving gently away from him and toward the door. "Please don't! I don't want to pain you. But I can't, — I can't. Don't talk to me any more about it. I am so sorry! Please don't care."

"But I *must* care," and Mr. Brassey's voice was quite agonized now. "I can't help caring. You are so handsome and so good — and I love you so — with all my heart."

"Oh, I wish you did n't — I wish you would n't!" begged Irene. "I can't care for you in return. I would if I could. But I can't, and I never shall."

Never before, in all his many suits for favor, had the consul been so shaken and troubled. It was humiliating to be beaten, and it was torture to have his love refused. He would have known better what to do with her if she had not shown a purpose to get out of the room. He tried to take her hand, but she evaded him with unconscious adroitness, so much like the impulsive dodging of a child that it was humorous, only there was no one present who could be amused by it, or by anything. In his despair and confusion, Mr. Brassey fell back upon an argument which he would have scorned to use a minute before, although he had hoped that it would have a silent influence for his benefit.

"I thought," he pleaded, slowly following as she slowly moved away, — "you know I 've done something for the mission, — I thought it might be considered in my favor. I did it partly on your account. I did, truly."

"I can't help it," was the doleful answer. "It was very good of you. But I did n't ask you to do it. Oh, Mr. Brassey, do excuse me and let me go."

"Is it because I 'm a Western man?" asked the consul, now quite desperate. "I know Eastern ladies don't like to move West. Well, I 'm rich enough to settle at the East. Payson told you about my legacy, I suppose."

"No. He told me nothing. It 's all a surprise, and a very painful one."

"Did n't tell you!" exclaimed Brassey, indignantly. "I told him a-purpose to have him mention it. Fifteen thousand dollars, — and there 's my salary, too. I can live here like a prince."

"Mr. Brassey, it does n't make any difference," answered Irene, gathering a little spirit. "I can *not* talk with you any further on this subject. Won't you kindly leave me?"

"Yes, — I will," groaned the consul, his voice failing him. "I 'm disappointed, — heart-broken. I wish I 'd never seen you. But if you don't want me, that 's the end of it, and I 'll go."

"I wish you every kindness, Mr. Brassey," said Irene, sorrowfully.

"Except one. And that 's the only kindness I ask of anybody in the whole world. Good-night, Miss Grant. You won't think hard of me?"

"No, never," promised Irene, panting to have him depart, yet all the while most piteous. "Good-night."

## XIX.

Mr. Payson divined, from the troubled countenance of Irene when she appeared

in the comandaloon, that the offer of marriage had resulted disastrously.

With a relieved heart, but without uttering a word concerning this greatest adventure of the evening, he went off to his stated wrestle with the knotty passages of the Hebrew Bible, and in five minutes had forgotten all about the loves of Mr. Brassey.

Mrs. Payson, who had guessed at least as much as her husband, but who had not his composure of nerves and scorn of gossip, could not let a matrimonial proposal pass entirely without remark. After waiting a proper time for the girl to speak, and after studying her face as if she meant to take her portrait, she said, with a sly smile, "I hope you are not going to leave us, Irene."

"No, indeed," replied Irene, coloring violently, and looking just a little offended.

Mrs. Payson giggled, as much as to say that Mr. Brassey was a comical lover; and not another syllable concerning his courtship was uttered for days in this sedate household.

As for the consul, although he sadly needed the solace of a confidant, he could not of course pour his heart sorrows into the bosom of a dragoman; and so he had to pass the evening in dumb melancholy, except when he addressed violent remarks to articles of furniture. He wrote out three letters of resignation, and destroyed them one after the other. I suspect that nowhere does hope alternate with despair more rapidly than in the bosom of a rejected lover.

"I wonder if she ain't sorry by this time!" Mr. Brassey would mutter to himself. "I wonder how she would feel toward me if I should drop in again tomorrow! I *will* drop in. No, by George, I *won't*. I never 'll enter that house again, — never. She meant it, — meant every word. How in thunder could I be such a fool as to try to bring her in by a surprise! I ought to have courted her a long time before I said anything positive. Women don't understand *business*. They ain't politicians."

Then, in his anger and sense of injury, he queried whether he should now pay that three hundred per annum. His first feeling was that it would be the right thing to let the church in Damascus go to Apollyon. But after some business-like reflection he decided that such a "move" would not do. He had said too much about his plan to "go back on it." If he should return home, and should judge it wise to run for Congress, he might sadly need the "pious vote" of his district. Moreover, there was some magnanimity in this poker-playing veteran of politics, and by moments he truly desired to return good for evil and to "do the handsome thing." Finally, he still had wild hopes of winning Irene, and did not want to blast them by earning her scorn.

"I guess I 'll pony up on that church," he decided, "and see if it won't bring her to her senses. If it should turn out a good, lively church, I think it would move her. Oh, dear, I wish I was one of her sort, and she knew it."

After which he bowed his head under a sense of utter humiliation and helplessness, and wept with a hearty, honest grief to which he might properly have "pointed with pride."

As for Irene, although she said but two words concerning the consul's offer, and those only on compulsion, she could not help thinking much of it. She was sorry for him; she hoped that he was not very angry with her; she did not want to be a cause of grief or hate to any one. But take him? Oh, no! never! How could the rough, worldly man, so different every way from the men to whom she had been used, — how could he have imagined that she could love him! As for pleasure or pride in her conquest, she was not coquette enough to entertain those emotions, and would have thought them wicked. There was not a desire in her to hang up the consular scalp and dance around it.

Does any one think that all this is a pity, and that she would have been a finer girl if she could have enjoyed her victory? Well, it may be so; I do not maintain that women should not exult in their successes; I even concede that Irene would have been a more entertaining per-

sonage had she been something of a flirt. But what coquettish piquancy can one expect of a minister's daughter, who, in the full flush of youth and beauty, longs to enlighten the Gentiles? Would a young lady gifted with the flirtatious faculties and brilliancies be very likely to bury them in mission ground?

As Irene did not love to meditate upon Mr. Brassey's addresses, she was naturally glad of anything which might withdraw her therefrom. It was a great piece of luck for her that just at this time a long letter arrived from De Vries, detailing his explorations and other adventures in the neighborhood of Askelon. It was directed to Mr. Payson, but it contained pleasant references to herself, and she seized upon it with a happy sense of ownership.

"I am digging away after the corpse of the past like a ghoul," the young antiquarian wrote. "And I am digging up some of my hopes by the roots at every stroke of the spade. Nothing comes to light but sand, loam, millstones, a few rude foundations, and scraps of pottery which might have been made in the last century. It was a blunder, I very much fear, to excavate in the suburbs of an inhabited city which has never ceased, I believe, to be inhabited. One generation has devoured another to its very bones, and the sarcophagi which contained them. The Arabs, crusaders, Saracens, Romans, Greeks, Assyrians, and Egyptians have eaten up each other and whatever remained of the Philistines. I should have done better to spy out forgotten Gath, or plow up desolate Ekron.

"But I have begun here: have a horde of loafers shoveling; have cut two long trenches and sunk thirteen deep pits; and I hate to leave without carrying away some results. Moreover, I am constantly entertained with my work, and am hardly aware of the lapse of weeks. It is an everlasting adventure to rouse out fourscore modern Philistines every morning, and keep them grubbing all day after their ancestors with some decent imitation of industry. The laziness and shirking bad faith of the rapscallions would be insupportable, if one did not remember that they are the underfed survivors of countless centuries of devastation and evil government, and also the probable representatives of those dear old heathen who enslaved Israel. Besides, why should they take any interest in my spading, except so far as it furnishes them with a profitable job, which of course should be made to last as long as possible? They don't know that they are sprung from the Cherethites and the Pelethites.

"Curiosity abounds, however, if sympathy does not. It has been published in the streets of Askelon that a mad Frank has come among them to search for the treasures of his ancestors; and the entire sunburnt, sallow, ragged population strolls out daily to stare at my excavations and babble with my workmen. Tell Miss Grant that the daughters of the Philistines are not as beautiful as one hopes they were when they went forth with songs and dances to greet the victors of Mount Gilboa. I have found nobody here one quarter as lovely as Mirta, or Saada, or the lady of the Beit Keneasy.

"But the men, — let me tell you that the men are really worth making a note of; let me say seriously that they remind me of the stories about the Anakims. I don't so much mean here as in the neighborhood of Jaffa and near the probable site of Gath. You know that the Syrians are generally of small stature, and that a grenadier among them is a most rare monster. But in Philistia, if my imagination does not deceive my very foot-rule, there are plenty of tall fellows, who of course look all the more gigantic because of their loose costume. I have met numbers of men over six feet in height; and I defy you to find one such in all Lebanon or Galilee. Were the Anakims really giants? I have been used to consider that statement a Hebrew figure of speech, meaning that they were of old time a redoubtable people, and especially that they builded in massive masonry. But in that case why are there no remains of cyclopean walls in their ancient seats of Gath and Hebron? On the other hand, here are these strapping

fellows, who, geographically speaking, should be their descendants. Miss Grant will be delighted to hear that I am reconsidering my rationalistic doubts as to the stature of the Anakims, though I am sorry to say that skepticism still troubles me as to their being six-toed and six-fingered. By the way, please ask our consul if I shall slaughter a contemporary giant, and forward him the skeleton for transmittal to the Patent Office Museum.

"You see that I am trying to be funny. Don't be shocked; it is not light-mindedness; it is pure despair, which you like better. [Mr. Payson laughed here, and observed, "The lad makes sport of my gloomy temperament."] I am all the more annoyed at not finding a single Philistine sarcophagus because I want to put the governor of Askelon into one. The old rogue has got it into his stupid head that I have already found a treasure, and he is inventing every kind of obstruction and annoyance to make me divide with him. Yesterday he stopped my water-carriers and ordered my spademen away, and would not stop his yelling until my Arnaout drew a bead on his turban. This morning he sent for me to his rattle-bang palace, and asked me confidentially to show him all my gold. My reply was that I was only digging for lead, and that I threw away the other metals. Thereupon he threatened to write about me to the pasha, and I gave him permission to send three letters a week, but no more.

"My Italian steward, Giovanni, is in such constant ecstasies of terror that I sometimes go to bed amused and happy. The other night a gang of jackals gave tongue in our neighborhood, and he rushed into my tent declaring that the Philistines were upon us. The Arnaout, (who has a lovely disposition, of the tiger-cat sort) took him by one ear and led him back to his quarters, — a circumstance which has brought on a series of misunderstandings over the question of Arnaout rations. My impression is that Giovanni will get his ears pulled again before long, unless he takes to wearing a helmet. It is impossible to help liking those kilted mountaineers for their courage, their combativeness, and their fidelity. I don't wonder that the phalanx of Pyrrhus gave the Romans a lot of trouble, and that the latter eventually avenged themselves by selling the Epirots into slavery. Please inquire of Miss Grant whether, in view of this last circumstance, she does not approve of my letting an Epirot pull a Roman's ear.

"Notwithstanding my failure to make any archæological discoveries connected with my subject, it still interests me incessantly and intensely. All the more because I have lately had a chance to discuss it with an intelligent traveler, an officer of our army on leave of absence, who had the goodness to listen for an hour or so to my guesses about Philistine history, and then made a few professional reflections which seemed to me worth a golden talent apiece. He figured up the superficies of Philistia at seven hundred square miles, and estimated the possible population at two hundred and ten thousand, or three hundred per square mile. Assuming that one person in eight would be fit for field duty in an age of shields, cuirasses, etc., he found that the total arms-bearing strength would be twenty-six thousand two hundred and fifty men. His inference was that the Philistine armies must always have been small, and the largest of them not likely to exceed five or six thousand soldiers.

"And yet they conquered one half of the land of Israel, a territory at least ten times as considerable as their own. It was much the same, observes my tactician, as if Rhode Island should overrun Connecticut and Massachusetts, or as if Wales should subdue the southern half of England. Nothing can account for such a performance except some great superiority of arms and military qualities. Do you see what follows? One is almost forced to admit that my most noble heathen, or at least the ruling and warrior class among them, the 'lords of the Philistines,' were sprung from one of the fighting broods of Europe, most probably brazen-armed Achaians mingled with strong-bowed Cretans. From the race which fought against Troy were drawn the little bands which overran

Simeon, Judah, Benjamin, and Ephraim, which established garrisons from Bethlehem to Shunem, triumphed on Mount Gilboa, and passed the Jordan.

"You will tell me, of course, that the Bible speaks of vast Philistine armies, thirty thousand chariots, footmen as the sands of the sea, and so on. But surely there must be some error of copyists there, or some merely figurative phraseology. How could a territory of seven hundred square miles raise more war chariots than the whole empire of Persia ever did? The probability is that in these passages the Hebrew historians undertook to represent strength, — the power of good discipline and superior arms, — by loose phrases of number, just as a man who had been chased by five elephants would be apt to say that there were fifty of them.

"Finally (you see I want to make a pervert of you), please to remember that these are the commentaries of a military specialist, of a man who has studied and practiced warfare from his youth up, and who reasons upon it with a disciplined readiness and solidity which reminds one of the advance and combinations of veteran battalions. For my own part, I humbly feel that I cannot set too high a value upon his opinions, as upon the judgment of experts generally. Well, I must stop. I have n't time now to fight the Philistine battles over again; I have n't time to show why their bronze phalanxes would necessarily brush away the darts of Judah and the slings of Benjamin. I must go to jackal-soothed slumbers, and prepare myself for the excavating morrow.

"Favor me by expressing to the missionaries my kindest remembrances of them all, and my wishes for their health and success. Tell Miss Grant that if I ever do dig up a lord of the Philistines I will send her his crown and bracelet by a special Amalekite. I inclose an order on my banker for ten pounds sterling, which I respectfully beg her to expend in presents for her scholars, not forgetting Mirta, Rufka, and Saada.

Very cordially yours,

HUBERTSEN DEVRIES."

## XX.

There is reason to believe that Irene quite admired Hubertsen's letter, and was considerably gratified by the repeated references in it to herself.

She discussed the epistle more than once with the Paysons, maintaining that there was nothing in it contrary to a rational understanding of Scripture, and expressing a fervent hope that the writer would yet find treasures of skeletons and epitaphs, in all which no one contradicted her.

"But who knew that he was so witty!" she laughed, — a laugh of reminiscence, — the jokes rising again on her happy memory. "He very seldom said downright funny things when he was here."

"I presume that the prevailing gravity of our occupations and discourse sobered him somewhat," opined the clergyman. "My suspicion is that he is a youth of social and sympathetic nature, and disposed to take the tone of those about him. It may be that I oppressed him a little. I sometimes think that I am a rather dark cloud, and fail to show enough of the silver lining."

"You are not a cloud at all, — to good people," declared Irene. "I don't believe that Mr. DeVries ever found you oppressive."

"That 's as much as to say that he is one of the good people," inferred Mrs. Payson, with her nervous little laugh.

Irene, who was easily upset, hardly knew what to do with this comment for a moment.

"I think it was very good of him to think of presents for the scholars," was her happy thought. "We must take Mirta and Rufka and Saada with us, Mrs. Payson, when we go to the bazaar to pick out the things. Of course you 'll go, won't you?"

"I should like to, immensely," confessed Mrs. Payson, who had not entirely put away the love of shopping. Then she glanced toward her husband, and was glad that he did not smile at her weakness, which was a thing that he had not thought of doing.

"Tell Mr. DeVries," said Irene, whose mind seemed to revert frequently to the letter, — "tell him that I don't think Epirots should pull Roman ears, unless the Romans request it. I wish he would send on his Amalekite. How well he knows the Bible! It was an Amalekite, don't you remember? who brought Saul's crown and bracelet to David. Tell him to take sketches of all the finest-looking people there, and especially of the women. I want a face for my ideal of a daughter of the Philistines. You 'll be sure to remember all my foolish messages, Mr. Payson?"

"Would n't you like to write the letter yourself?" giggled Mrs. Payson, who, as a partisan of Dr. Macklin, did not fancy this interest in the DeVries correspondence.

The clergyman thought he discovered reproof in his wife's tone, and came in his gentlest way to the young lady's rescue.

"I think that Irene may properly answer our friend's messages," he smiled. "And perhaps she would do well to read the letter to Mirta, Rufka, and Saada, — all but the compliment to their poor transitory graces. They admire the young man greatly, I believe, and I should like to do them a pleasure."

There was no objection and no criticism. Mere goodness and sweetness had made this man entire master in his own house. Among all intimate souls he ruled easily, and in spite of his own wishes to the contrary. Because he desired to be the least among them, they insisted instinctively upon making him their chief. Such loving autocrats are found, I suspect, among men of all civilized races, no matter what their religion. Do they exist among animals? Doubted. I question whether a pacific and affectionate dog, for instance, is respected and adored by his canine brethren. Surely there is something fine in the moral nature of man, even as compared with that of the worthiest of his fellow-creatures.

Irene read the DeVries letter to Mirta, Saada, and Rufka, barring, of course, the compliment to the two former. They were more pleased with it than you would easily imagine of young ladies who wore trousers, girdles, and tarbooshes.

"I think it is more interesting than Irving's Life of Columbus," said Mirta, who had lately waded through that model of English composition. "It is much funnier."

"He seems to laugh a great deal at the Arabs," remarked Saada, a patriotic Syrian. "Are there no queer people in America?"

"There are plenty of them," said Irene. "But Mr. DeVries is not now in America. He laughs at what he sees where he is."

"He laughs at his Frank steward, too, Saada," added Mirta. "Besides, I suppose they are wild people around Ascalaan, and all Mislemein. Don't you like the letter, Saada?"

"I like it very much. I like him, also. I wish he would come back and live in Beirut all his life, and wear our costume. He would look so splendid in Syrian costume!"

"He means to get an Arnaout dress," stated Irene, who had heard the young man say so.

"Why does he praise the Arnaout?" objected Rufka. "All Arnaouts are cruel and wicked. If I see him in Arnaout costume, I shall be afraid of him, and hide."

"We should all come out again when he spoke," laughed Saada. "Like the birds when the sun rises."

"He is just like the sun," added Mirta. "His smile shines. I also wish that he would come here and live. Will you tell Mr. Payson to give him our message, ya Sitty Irene? I should think you too would like him here."

"Indeed I would," confessed the Lady Irene, to the profound and meek gratification of her hearers, so innocent were they of all love-making schemes.

So DeVries had an admiration society in Beirut which did not hesitate to express and transmit its sentiments of distinguished consideration.

"The girls were delighted with the letter," Irene joyfully informed Mr. Payson. "Of course they were pleased to

be remembered, but I think they quite worship him for himself."

"So far as he preserves the image of his Creator he is worshipful," replied the clergyman. "There is nothing nobler on earth than a worthy man, — unless it be a good woman," he added, remembering his wife, and perhaps Irene.

"Have you put in my messages to him?" asked this good young woman, who had been thinking while Mr. Payson was sermonizing.

"I have n't written the letter yet," he smiled. "How eager youth is to see everything done at once! It occurred to me to let the answer wait until I could tell him what you have bought with his money, and what the girls say to their presents."

The reader may guess that the shopping — or, as one might call it in Syria, the bazaaring — was attended to that very afternoon. Mrs. Payson and Irene, followed by Mirta, Rufka, and Saada in their ghostly veils, and by Habeeb with a huge wicker basket slung over his shoulders, waded down a winding, sandy lane to the dark, dirty cubby-hole of a city, and visited some two dozen of the sombre alcoves which are the magazines of its merchant princes. There was not much to dazzle a buyer; the bareness of the market was really painful to a lot of women who had money to spend; the only pretty articles were silks from Tripoli, slippers from Damascus, and embroideries of silk and gold from Lebanon. The shawls of Beirut were out of the question, as being too expensive, though of course the ladies did not neglect the duty of examining a few of them. From the shawls they passed to the silks.

"But why are you looking at these, ya Sitty?" inquired Mirta. "Is there money enough to give every girl a dress?"

"Of course there is n't, Mirta," said Irene. "How absurd we are! If you should ever tell Mr. DeVries, he would laugh at us."

"You must never tell him, Mirta," urged Saada; and Mirta gravely promised to be discreet.

"We shall have to take up with slippers and tarbooshes," said Mrs. Payson, after some mental ciphering. "I do dreadfully want to buy some of those Treblous purses. But the girls never have anything to put in them."

So a considerable number of yellow slippers and crimson tarbooshes was purchased. Then the party went to a shop kept by an Italian, and laid in a store of thread, scissors, and thimbles. Finally, a remaining hundred of piastres was laid out in rohotlicoom and other simple sweetmeats. It was a day of small things, surely, but it was an unusual entertainment for these ladies, and they enjoyed it amazingly.

"What a pleasant afternoon we have had!" said Saada, as they trudged back over the uneven pavement, stepping from time to time across the dirty rivulet which gurgled down the middle of the street, and which was the sewer of Beirut. "I wish there had been more things to buy and more piastres."

"I think I have known girls very much like you in America," laughed Irene. "But we must tell Mr. DeVries that there was plenty of money, and that everybody was delighted."

"I shall tell him there was too much money, and we were encumbered with his goodness," said the oriental damsel. "And I shall knit him a purse of Treblous silk."

Irene glanced at Saada's dark and wonderfully brilliant eyes, and for a moment became somewhat pensive.

"Can I not knit him a purse, ya Sitty?" asked the girl. "Is it contrary to Frangistan custom?"

"Of course you may," said Irene. "Make it as pretty as you can. We ought all of us to be very grateful to him."

"When is he to return?" inquired Saada. "I wish he might return tomorrow, though the purse would not be ready. Did you understand what Mirta just said of him in Arabic? She said he was too handsome for a man."

"There! why did you tell of that?" protested Mirta, drawing her veil more closely over her face, as if to hide a blush. "If I said it, who thought it?"

"Perhaps the Sitty thought it," giggled Saada roguishly. "I was thinking something else. I was merely thinking, Will the purse be done when he comes?"

"What a deal of talk about one young man!" put in Mrs. Payson, but not with severe disapprobation.

"If he is good, why not?" argued Saada. "Who should talk of him but the people who are obliged to him? Let the others keep silence. I wish all my friends to speak of me, and not my enemies. Speech is more becoming to love than to hate."

"Saada, you are saying Arab sayings, and it sounds like teaching," observed Mirta. "Our language is full of proverbs, ya Sitty Irene. When an Arab talks it into English it seems as if he were Solomon the Wise."

"How hot it is, all of a sudden!" gasped Mrs. Payson, a stoutly-built little lady, not fitted for high temperatures. "Or is it because we are wading through this sand?"

"A sirocco has arisen," said Rufka, "and we are going to be very hot, and to have our mouths full of dust. Do you see that the air is red with sand? I wish I was on the mountain."

"It comes from the south," observed Irene. "I suppose it is worse where Mr. DeVries is."

"May it have an end, and return no more!" said Saada fervently. "I wish him to think well of our Syrian climate."

At last they were at home, and grinning Habeeb poured out the huge basket of purchases before Mr. Payson, who smiled in his kindly, absent-minded way, and said repeatedly, "It is well, — it is all well."

"To-morrow we will have a grand distribution at the school-room," promised Irene.

"I shall rejoice to be there," said the clergyman. "I want to hear what the young people say to their treasures. Then I will write to the youth that we are all greatly his debtors."

"Tell him exactly what the girls say," urged Irene. "Translate their speeches literally. It will amuse him."

"He shall be amused," promised Payson, "and thanked. Let us not forget to thank also the Being who made him and sent him to us."

"I think," remarked Saada, "that we could be more thankful if more such were sent."

Mrs. Payson, Irene, and Mirta, after one anxious glance at the head of the house, burst into a spasm of laughter.

"Ah, Saada!" said Payson, shaking his head and trying to be grave; but he could not help smiling, and so he went hastily out of the room.

In the midst of this discreet merriment Dr. Macklin entered, and of course must be informed of Saada's audacious speech.

"I shall have to give that child some senna," he said, "to take the taste of such words out of her mouth."

Mrs. Payson became serious, for she saw that he had on his petulant expression, and guessed that he was not pleased with so much commendatory talk of DeVries.

"He has given all the girls a present," she explained, "and they are in good humor about it."

"Oh, of course; women like pretty things," grumbled the jealous man. "Has he given Miss Grant a present? She looks as gay as the rest."

The usually good-tempered Irene was for once indignant, and allowed herself to retaliate by a mystification.

"I have nothing yet," she said. "My present is to come."

The sulky doctor would make no inquiries, but Mirta and Saada eagerly demanded, "What is it, ya Sitty?"

"I won't tell," declared Irene. "You two ought to know as well as I do. As for the doctor, he never could guess."

The pair of pretty Syrians sat staring at her, a smile of curiosity on their small mouths, and their superb dark eyes sparkling with interest. Macklin would not look at them, nor at Irene; he went on poking over the pile of slippers and tarbooshes with his cane; he was obviously very anxious and unhappy. Our heroine repented that she had annoyed him, and brought forth her terrific secret.

"I am to have the crown and bracelet of a lord of the Philistines," she laughed. "They are to be sent me by an Amalekite."

"Ya Sit — ty!" exclaimed Mirta. "I thought you were in earnest. I thought there was something in the letter which you had not read to us. Surely, you skipped one place."

"What nonsense!" growled the doctor, not a little relieved, and yet angry at having been mystified. "Mr. DeVries is *mejnoon*" [mad].

"Doctor, you will have to take senna, also," said Saada. "The taste of those words is not good."

Macklin gave the pretty, laughing thing a glance of indignation, and walked out of the room, followed by his fast friend, Mrs. Payson.

## XXI.

"That girl Saada needs a lecture," said the doctor to Mrs. Payson. "Somebody has been flattering her, I suppose, about her pretty face, or her wit. I should n't wonder if DeVries used to talk nonsense to her. She has got very pert of late, and says whatever she pleases, and I don't approve of it."

"I will speak to Saada," promised the good lady. "I really don't think she means to be pert," she added, for her girls were dear to her, and she hated to scold them. "But she is rather uncommonly bright, you know, and can't help coming out with a joke now and then. Perhaps we have indulged her too much. I will caution her."

"Oh, not on my account," returned Macklin, who already began to feel ashamed of his pettishness. "I don't want a fuss on my account. I can bear it. But — but don't you think there is a little too much talk among these young women concerning DeVries? They fill one another's heads full of him."

"He has just sent them presents, you know. Girls like presents." (The doctor stared here; he had never heard so before.) "We could n't very well refuse the money."

"I wish you could have refused it. This is n't a fashionable boarding-school for the education of Flora McFlimseys; it is a place for the rearing of Christian teachers and Christian wives for Syria. However, I am making too much of the matter. I won't grumble. You could n't help yourself."

"Mr. Payson saw no objection to taking the money," said Mrs. Payson; and so that point was definitely settled, even for Macklin.

"I wish I could give presents, — if female hearts are to be won that way," he muttered. "I *have* a little money to spare just now. Do you think Miss Grant would accept something from me? And what shall it be? I wish you would buy it for me. I am as ignorant as a camel in such matters."

"I don't know. She is very sensitive. Why not ask her yourself? It might lead to offering something more than a shawl," concluded the lady, with an anxious smile, meant to be encouraging.

"Oh, if I could!" gasped the doctor, coloring to his forehead. "I have been on the point of speaking to her a dozen times."

"I left you alone with her once," said Mrs. Payson, almost reproachfully.

"I know, — I remember. And yet I don't feel sure that I could have spoken, even if that consul had n't blundered in. Then I thought of writing her from Hasbeya, — and could n't. And since I returned I have grown more and more nervous about it. If I should speak to her, and she should refuse, I could n't stay here, — no, I could n't. It would be the end of my usefulness and career in Syria. So I have been waiting and watching, — watching for some sign of liking on her part, some indication which could lead me to hope, to feel tolerably sure of success."

"Waiting for her to speak first?" giggled Mrs. Payson. She could not look upon it as a hazardous or terrible thing to make an offer of marriage. Her simple belief was that most women were glad to get them, and exceedingly likely to accept them. She herself had had

but one, and had received it with a throb of great gladness, and had not hesitated a moment to say yes.

"Of course I am not such a goose as to expect that," returned the doctor, reddening. "I believe I have a man's ideas on the subject. No manly man looks for a woman to make the advances."

"Well? If it is a man's business to make the advances?" queried Mrs. Payson.

"Do you think *she* has ever thought of such matters, at all?" the doctor wanted to know.

Mrs. Payson tittered outright. Was not Irene a woman? But the excellent lady respected the secret of her sex.

"She has had one offer," was her answer.

"Whose?" stared the surprised and alarmed Macklin.

"Did n't you know? Oh, you must never tell. Did n't you know that the consul" —

"What! that low brute?" howled the doctor.

"Hush! for pity's sake, hush! Yes. But she refused him. You must n't speak of it. What would he think of the mission? Mr. Payson says" —

"Oh, of course," interrupted Macklin. "I can see the propriety of silence as well as Mr. Payson. So she refused him? I am so *glad!* What an impertinent boor! How dared he come to her with his coarse courtship, — how *could* he dare! And I worship the very floors where she has walked!"

"Oh, don't worship so much," urged Mrs. Payson. "I hate to see a man make a perfect Diana of the Ephesians out of a fellow-creature because she wears muslin instead of broadcloth. Of course, I want you to love and respect Irene. But you have a right to speak to her as an equal."

"And you wish me to make this offer?"

"I want to see you happy, — and her, also," returned Mrs. Payson, trembling and almost ready to whimper, for her affections were really involved, and moreover it was such a crisis! "And I want to keep her in the mission. She is the brightest of all us women. I think Mr. Payson and Mr. Kirkwood would be exceedingly grieved to lose her."

"How lose her? — DeVries?" whispered the doctor.

"I don't know. She talks a good deal about him. But there are other chances. You know how many travelers pass through here."

"Is she alone now?" asked the lover, in a sepulchral voice.

"I think so. The girls went upstairs a minute ago. I think you will find her with her grammars. She is always at them."

Rising slowly, the doctor slowly sought the study room, meanwhile meditating the fateful scene to come. He had totally forgotten that not ten minutes before he had slurred at Irene, and given her cause of offense. It was a surprise to him, therefore, when she looked up with a grave and worried air, like one who expects a disagreeable interview.

"Irene, I am sorry that you are not glad to see me," he began. "I am very deeply grieved."

"Are you still vexed?" she asked, wearily. There were some signs of physical *malaise* in her face; there were heavy circles about her eyes, and a general air of languor; at any other time the doctor would have taken note, but not now.

"It was such a trifle," she continued. "We were all laughing together."

"Vexed, — vexed with you?" he inquired. "Oh, I remember. If I was vexed, I was a fool. I wish you would forget that."

"Of course I will. It was nothing. But I did n't mean to give you any annoyance."

"I know you did n't. You are as good and patient as a human being can be. I know your good qualities, Irene. And you don't even guess how much I admire them."

"Oh, doctor, why do you flatter? I don't want any compliments," she replied, as if already fearful of what was coming.

"Ah, I am too serious to flatter," he

sighed. "I am as serious as man can be."

She had been trying to laugh, but the show of merriment passed away now, and she gazed at him anxiously.

"I have loved you ever since I saw you, Irene," were the next words.

Miss Grant turned as pale as though she were really and very seriously ill.

"I shall love you all my life," Macklin went on. "I wish — oh, I wish" —

"Oh, doctor, *stop!*" Irene suddenly burst out in a sort of scream, while one foot came down upon the floor with a spasmodic stamp. "Oh, do stop — till I can think — till I can speak. I thought you were my friend. I wanted you for my best friend."

"It can't be," declared Macklin, staring at her wildly. "I can't be only your friend. What do you mean? Nothing but your friend? Never anything dearer than a friend?"

"Oh, yes, — that 's it. My truest and dearest friend."

Irene was in such trouble, so confused in mind and shaken in body, that she could not think very rationally, and hardly talked intelligibly. Nevertheless, what she had been able to say sounded wofully decisive to the man who heard it, though all the while he had seemed to hear it in a dream.

"Is it all over?" he asked, like a patient who wakes out of a chloroformed sleep, and cannot believe that his limb is really off. "Have you refused me?"

"You did n't offer," was the girl's feeble evasion. "Oh, doctor, don't do it!"

The doctor sat for a moment in silence, gazing at her with a countenance of despair.

"Irene, I can't take this for an answer," he at last said, still hoping a little. "You must tell me" —

Of a sudden, and probably without a conscious purpose, her face assumed a Delilah-like expression of coaxing, and she leaned toward him with a pleading, caressing movement, all strangely unlike herself.

"Don't — don't — please don't," she smiled. "Do try to please me. Let it all go. I am going to forget every word that you have said. Won't you forget it, too, my dear, good friend?"

It seemed so unnatural, the request and the manner of it, that Macklin revolted. "Never!" he declared, almost in anger. "What an idea! How can I forget it?"

"Oh, it is too bad!" moaned Irene, throwing herself back in her chair, and clasping her hands across her eyes. "It is *too* bad! Here I have come to mission ground to meet more of this than I ever saw at home."

It was a singular speech for this young lady to make; she was torturing another, and yet thinking solely of herself. As the doctor stared at her with his pitifully cowed and anxious eyes, he felt, and very naturally, that she was either inhuman or silly. But at last an inspiration of his art came to enlighten him, and he said to himself, "This is a case of hysteria."

The thought made him calmer; it forced him to rule himself. As an invalid he knew how to treat her, how to concede to her exceeding patience. He said nothing for a minute or more, and he was entirely wise in so doing. Eventually Irene withdrew her hands from her face, and looked up at him with a smile. It seemed that, like a child in a fit of illness, she was conscious only of her own feelings. The smile simply meant, "*I* am better."

"I am very fond of you," she said, slowly, and in a low, wearied voice. "I looked upon you as my best friend in the world except Mr. Payson. I don't want to vex you. I want you to be happy. But — but" — and here she shook her head repeatedly — "I don't want to be married. No, I don't. I am not going to be married. Please believe me, doctor, and let this be forgotten."

He drew a long, shuddering sigh over this crushing of his hopes. As yet there was a strong desire in him to protest against the decision, and to plead for his own happiness. But he noted the tired voice and the languor of reaction in her face. She was his patient at this moment, and he must be unwearyably

gentle with her, as became a good physician.

"Irene, we will say no more about it — now," he promised, in a tone of suffering pity. "I will bear and forget, if I can. Now go and rest yourself."

"Thank you," she sobbed, gently, for the condolence moved her deeply. "How good you are! I hope you will be very happy all your life."

The doctor went out, joined Mrs. Payson in the parlor, and suddenly lay down upon the sofa, shaking from head to foot with a chill.

"What is it?" asked the excited lady. "Has *she* made you sick? Oh, the ungrateful creature!"

"Don't," said Macklin. "Not a word to *her*. You see what a husband I would make. Probably she is right. But I shall leave Syria, now. I never shall be a man again — never shall be of any more use to mortal — while I stay here."

"Oh, doctor!" groaned Mrs. Payson, gazing at his shaking hands and the sudden blanching of his face, — all Irene's work, of course. "I am so *mad* with her!"

"Not a word to her, if you care for my wishes," said the poor fellow, staggering to his feet. "I will go home now, and shiver it out. It is a small matter, — the ague is."

"Wait for some red-pepper tea," begged Mrs. Payson.

"No. My man can make it. If she is ill, send for me."

"*She!*" exclaimed the indignant lady, actually wishing that Irene might be sick, at least a little.

"She is not strong. I never noticed it before. Has she been out in the sun to-day?"

"Why, she went to the bazaars to buy those things. We all went."

"How *could* you let her? And a sirocco blowing!" exclaimed the doctor, with the unreasonableness of a lover.

Mrs. Payson made no reply; this last unjust buffet was too much; she was so hurt that she could not speak.

"It may be the first touch of malaria," continued Macklin. "If she complains, or looks in the least ailing, send for me at once."

Mrs. Payson of course promised, and then the doctor tottered away.

## XXII.

Dr. Macklin could not believe that his love was quite hopeless, and therefore did not decide to remove to some other missionary field.

But two days after his refusal, finding that Irene showed no return of hysteria, and also finding the scenery of Beirut utterly insupportable to a man in his state of mind, he went off to his summer home in the lofty village of Abeih, where he could seek consolation in the green terraces of Lebanon, sweeping three thousand feet downward to the sea, and at evening could distinguish the serrated highlands of Cyprus, one hundred and thirty miles distant, painted dark on the flaming canvas of the sunset.

A few days later came the usual spring flight of the mission families from the hot coast region to the breezy altitudes of the mountain. Most of them went to Abeih, which had long been a regular station, boasting three comfortable mission residences, one of which contained a room large enough for a chapel. The Paysons alone migrated to Bhamdun, a village some twelve miles farther to the north, and a thousand feet nearer the heavens.

"We go to and fro like storks," said Saada to Irene. "Only we don't go north and south. In the spring we fly up, and in the autumn we fly down."

"And we make as much clamor over our pilgrimages as the jackals," smiled Mr. Payson, looking out upon the noisy muleteers and servants who were packing the family valuables.

"The Arab language is made to be spoken, and the English language is made to be muttered," returned the patriotic young Syrian.

"And both of them are made for prayer, Saada. One has to regret that they are so seldom used in that duty."

After a time the huge packs were all strapped and roped on to the cringing

mules, and the members of the family mounted their various steeds and hybrids and donkeys. Mr. and Mrs. Payson and Irene each had a horse of the cheap and common breed called *kadeesh*. Saada and Rufka and old Yusef, the cook, were stacked on mounds of luggage. The muleteers walked, or took turns at the donkeys.

"I am so sorry that we are to lose Mirta," said Irene.

"She does better," replied Saada. "Abeih is prettier than Bhamdun. To Abeih I wish we could all go. Why should Howaja Payson be sent alone to Bhamdun? Even the hakeem has left it this summer, though he needs the coolest air."

Concerning this last-mentioned fact Irene could make no comment. She was thinking what an unlucky girl she was thus to turn the mission upside down, and deprive her good friend Macklin of the climate which he specially required. She would be sent home, she said to herself, if people did n't stop proposing to her. What would the Commissioners of the Board think of her if they knew that she had had two offers inside of a month?

Meantime, they were moving on, at a quiet foot-pace, over the sandy ways. The prickly-pear hedges, abundant greenery and flowers, and square stone houses of the gardens were left behind in fifteen or twenty minutes. Then came wide flats of young pines, and then a sweep of rolling open country, very sandy on the right hand, but bordered on the left by a forest of venerable olives, whose grayish verdure stretched five or six miles along a shallow valley at the base of the foothills.

There were no villages on the road, no isolated houses, no inhabitants. The two or three horsemen whom they met were heavily armed, and probably belonged to the mounted police, called *howaleeyeh*. Occasionally a duo or trio of muleteers, their animals loaded with wool, or perhaps only with fagots, passed them toward the city. A few light-built, swift-stepping fellows on foot were recognizable by their alert, bold air as mountaineers. Every one saluted, touching the hand to the breast and then to the forehead, usually with a pleasant smile. The Moslems uttered a brief "Sellim," and the Christians a cheery "Sub hac bel khiar." The deep-toned, dignified "Naharkum saieed" of the Druzes was very striking.

The first slopes — the yellowish, rocky, and nearly barren slopes — of the foothills were reached in about an hour. Here ended all semblance of a road, except a mere sinuous cattle path, stony, steep, and difficult. After a panting, tottering, and seemingly perilous climb of thirty minutes, they reached a bald, breezy crest, only to descend into a mountain wady, or ravine, and then repeat the ascent. Erelong they began to discover the fruits of that comparative freedom from Turkish misrule which Lebanon accords to her two hundred thousand children. The country became populous and plenteous. Villages stood forth on giant spurs, or peered through the foliage of valleys. The enormous sides of the crests were terraced from top to bottom, in stairways of a thousand feet descent, all green with grain, vines, fig-trees, and mulberries. Deep ravines were paved with the dark, cool verdure of orange and lemon groves. The spectacles which opened to right and left were not merely picturesque and noble; they were also so gentle and lovely as to deserve the most gracious of epithets. If one desired to add sublimity to the view, he had but to turn and gaze down upon the plain, the far and faint gardens, the dwindling city, and the illimitable gleaming of the sea.

"It is a most beautiful earth," said Payson. "But in all the earth there is nothing to my eyes so beautiful as Lebanon and its prospects."

"I can't talk about it," answered Irene, all her soul in her eyes.

"And you do well," he declared. "I feel as if my praises were like the idle whisperings of children in the back seats of the sanctuary. This is one of the temples of the Lord, and there is solemn service going on. I think I had better stop my noise."

They halted to lunch on an open,

windy ridge, along which ran a rude little aqueduct, brimming with dark, clear water. Then they mounted again and resumed the wild journey; now down terraced hill-sides into deep wadys, and then up still loftier acclivities; the sea now hidden for many minutes, and then anew revealing its broad glory. There had been four hours of this, when they looked across a ravine of unusual depth and beheld Bhamdun perched on the opposite spur, at the summit of a wide and lofty stairway of vines and mulberries. It was a clump of some two hundred houses, all roughly but stoutly built of the yellow limestone of Lebanon, and topped with the flat roofs of the Orient. It seemed but a little way distant; they could hear the shouting of children. Yet half an hour elapsed ere the travelers, barely clinging to their saddles, surmounted the final ascent and entered the narrow, crooked alleys of the village.

A pack of dirty, bare-legged, red-capped urchins saluted them with Oriental gravity and courtesy. Men and women touched their breasts and foreheads, and uttered the customary resonant salutation. A white-bearded senior in a red jacket and blue trousers exchanged copious congratulations with Payson, kissing hands to him at every salaam, and smiling as if he were welcoming a long-lost brother. Then they were at the door of a one-storied, solid dwelling of rudely hewn stone, their home for the coming summer.

There was a gay unpacking of huge bundles and of roomy leathern hampers. Heavy mattings were unrolled, camp-bedsteads set up, a few cushions disposed here and there, and the housekeeping arrangements were completed. Irene had never before seen so rustic a home, and yet it was abundantly spacious and comfortable. A long hall, open toward the west, and faced there with horseshoe arches, formed the nucleus of the building. On two sides and a part of the fourth it was inclosed by rooms, four in number and of respectable dimensions. At the southern end of the hall, the leewan looked out through its comandaloon upon the narrow court-yard of a humbler dwelling, and upon sheets of flat roofs further down the slope.

Exteriorly the edifice was very rude, and yet not entirely bare of graces. The stones were roughly chipped and set in a cement of mud, but they were of goodly size and laid in regular courses. The flat severity of the rectangular front was lightened by the three broad Saracenic arches which opened the hall toward the sunset. The comandaloon had a double window, also arched and pointed. It was a massively constructed hovel, which had somewhat the air of a barbaric palace.

Within there was no finish whatever, except a little clumsy wood-carving and a few figures traced on the doors with a red-hot iron. The rolling prairies of flooring were made of mud, tamped hard, rubbed smooth with a polished pebble, and varnished with a wash of red clay. The irregularities of the stones in the walls could be seen through the coating of whitewashed clay which served for plaster. The ceilings were naked, unhewn beams of pine, supporting short transverse slats of the same wood, on which rested eighteen inches of cemented rubble, the flat roof of the dwelling.

Several swallows had built their nests amid the rafters, and fluttered in and out with noisy confidence. A clamor of stamping horses, too, came up from the stable under the northern room. Circular holes near the bottom of two of the doors seemed to indicate that the former proprietor had been thoughtful of cats, or had had theories concerning ventilation. At the top of the rude stairway which led into the stony court-yard stood three earthen jars, almost as big as barrels, full of sweet water from the village spring, their porous surfaces beaded with a cool perspiration. Below, in a little one-storied wing, could be heard the clatter of old Yusef's brazen saucepans and burnished iron kettles.

"The north room will be the study and parlor," said Mrs. Payson, who was in a flurry of housekeeping glee. "Mr. Payson does n't mind the stamping and neighing. The west room will be our bedroom. It looks selfish to take the only rooms with glass windows; but we

are the old people, you know. Irene will have the great room on the street side. She can get light enough, perhaps, from the open hall; I wish it was lighter. The girls must put up with the dark room."

"We can see to sleep all the better in the dark," observed Saada. "Can't we, O Rufka?"

"I think we shall all be middling comfortable," continued Mrs. Payson. "Only as for cosiness, that 's clean out of the question. Visitors will have to sleep in the parlor. I 'm so sorry about the horses; but it can't be helped. It does n't smell so very much like a stable, do you think it does, Irene? What a barbarous notion to have animals kicking and squealing right under one 's company!"

"Oh, dear!" said Irene, thinking, perhaps, that Mr. DeVries might be a guest. "Well, it can't be helped, and that ends it."

"The divine Man was born in a stable," observed Mr. Payson, looking up from the unpacking of his books. "I think I shall like to work in that room."

In the evening came visitors, — various elders and doctors of Bhamdun; also an invalid or two seeking medicines. The notables seated themselves composedly on the cushioned mukaad, while the younger or humbler persons squatted on their heels against the wall. Every man brought his chibouk, two or three feet long usually, and smoked in small, rare whiffs. Chief among the great ones was Aboo Daood, the white-bearded senior of the red jacket, remarkable for the pure Semitic type of his high features and for the hoarse wheeze of his utterance.

"I lost my voice calling to my sheep across the wadys," he explained. "But all the same I praise God with it. We should return thanks for whatever befalls us."

He had a false smile and an uneasy, cunning gray eye, both indicative of an over-canny gift at bargaining, the source of his rustic riches. No hermit could be more indefatigably devout in conversation than this wily, huckstering old egotist. What with his sanctimonious talk and his fraudful practices, he was the despair of Mr. Payson. It must be understood that he was not one of the converts to Protestantism, and merely called out of general civility and love of much conversation.

Another visitor of mark was the village school-master, Aboo Mekhiel, a little, wilted, ruddy-faced man of forty, whose blue eyes showed honesty and intelligence. He was not a capitalist, like Aboo Daood, but he could write Arabic grammatically and compose in verse, which made him a wonder of scholarship in Lebanon. The poverty of the literary class appeared in the pathetic fact that Aboo Mekhiel did not smoke unless some one lent him a pipe. In religion he was a neutral, not holding positively with either the missionaries or the Greek church, but taking a middle way toward the celestial city.

Then there was one of the Brodestans (Protestants), the respectable and gentle-mannered Khaled, famed for uprightness and generosity of dealing, and with a fine expression of sweetness on his thin features. There were others, too, — a very few thus far, we must confess, — of the same belief. The majority of Bhamdunees still held fast to their Greek credences.

Aboo Daood had brought with him his grandson, a lovely youth of sixteen, with a delicate aquiline face, rosy cheeks, and poetical, hazel eyes. His granddaughter, a blue-eyed, auburn-haired girl of twelve, very handsome, also, in mere color and modeling of face, lurked shyly near the door-way, with her baby brother astride behind, and stared with parted lips at the ladies. Other children, most of them ragged, and very, very few of them pretty, looked in humbly from the street.

Meantime the talk of the elders proceeded. I think that it was a somewhat thin and vapid conversation, made up very largely of salutations and compliments. Mr. Payson sought to give the interview a tone of grace, but the villagers could be as fluent in devout phrases as himself, and meant no more by them than by smoking. There was some little speech about the vines, the yield of mul-

berry leaves, and the chances of the season for silk-worms. There were inquiries as to the likelihood of England's seizing the country and driving the Druzes out of Lebanon. But this last topic was treated in a whisper, for Bhamdun was subject to the great house of Abdelmelek, and murmuring against them was a kind of treason not devoid of peril.

One after one the visitors rose, saluted with the ready Syrian smile, walked barefoot to the door, shuffled into their heavy slippers, and departed.

With all this reception the women of the household had naught to do, but, as women should in the East, confined themselves to their own business and quarters.

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## TWO YEARS OF PRESIDENT HAYES.

The record for two years of President Hayes's administration is made up. What judgment the historian, regarding these years as part of a distant period, and perceiving, as it is impossible for us to perceive, the just relation of their events to things before and after, may pass upon this administration cannot be anticipated with certainty. But we who live now are compelled for our own guidance to form such opinions as we can on current affairs.

The cardinal and controlling incident of recent politics is the war of the rebellion. For fourteen years our task has been to adapt ourselves to the changed conditions of national life, and it is yet unaccomplished, because two reactionary powers constantly baffle progress: one the political traditions in which a generation still surviving and participating in public affairs was educated; the other the unquenched passion engendered by the war itself.

President Andrew Johnson, always a democrat, although elected to office by the republican party, sought his own party as soon as it was reunited after the war, and insisted that the Southern States should be restored to their former place and power in the Union without probation, without reconstruction, and without guarantees. In the effort to carry out his policy, Congress dissenting, he used the executive patronage scandalously to strengthen the political influence of the administration. When Mr. Pendleton, aspiring to the democratic nomination for president, proclaimed that the public debt should be paid in greenbacks, and enough greenbacks should be printed to pay it, Johnson, seeking the same prize, proclaimed that whenever the sum of the interest payments should equal the principal the debt would have been paid in full. Thus the three leading issues of our politics since the war — the Southern question, the prostitution of the civil service to personal and party ends, and the heresies of inflation and repudiation — were all before the country at the end of Johnson's term.

Then came the administration of General Grant, lasting eight years. An obligation of gratitude made him president. The Union party, which Johnson had disappointed, turned with confidence to Grant, believing he would be true to the new national idea and rather careless of what he might be besides. The glory of the conqueror of Lee will be safe with posterity; but the generation which suffers on account of what he did, what he tolerated, and what he neglected while chief magistrate cannot overlook his errors. The military protectorates he maintained in the Southern States after their rehabilitation were repugnant to the spirit and the forms of constitutional liberty in America. Moreover, their failure condemned them. Beginning with right general notions of the nation's

financial duties, his unintelligent wavering gave inflation a foothold in the republican party. The conduct of the treasury department, until near the end of his term, wanted firmness, consistency, and largeness of purpose. In the effort to impose his San Domingo policy on the country, he resorted to means as reprehensible and essentially of the same nature as those by which his predecessor attempted to impose a personal policy. He was reëlected, not because it was judged that he had done well, but because the alternative presented was even more unsatisfactory. The demoralization of the party which had to bear the responsibility and the odium of his course was accelerated, and in the middle of his second term the republicans could elect but few more than one third of the house of representatives. The measures, the methods, the tone, the associations, of the administration were so offensive that even the democratic party could raise the cry of reform in 1876 without seeming altogether shameless to sober and reflecting men.

This was the situation when the republican party nominated for president Governor Hayes. Compared with other candidates for the nomination, he had no record in national politics. Ohio had honored him in many ways, and the year before had chosen him governor for the third time, after a campaign in which the chief issue was resumption or inflation. What he thought about other urgent issues nobody could say. The party platform contained some well-worded resolutions, but party platforms mean no more than the men elected by the party interpret them to mean. The country waited for his letter of acceptance, but did not wait long. It is sufficient to say that it bettered the best professions of the platform. It shirked no question about which his opinion was desired. It did not palter in a double sense. It revealed a man clear in his purposes and courageous in his avowal of them. That letter of acceptance, and not Blaine's rhetoric, confusing the issues, nor Mr. Secretary Chandler's levies upon office-holders, nor Conkling's eulogium of the republican party, secured the support of a majority of those republicans who were bent on making an end of "Grantism," and without whose support there was no question of democratic success.

But there were some who, while approving the principles he had proclaimed, and admitting that an administration faithful to them would be honorable and beneficent, had little confidence in his sincerity, and none at all in his grit. The public letters of Parke Godwin and Professor Sumner, and the essay of Charles Francis Adams, Jr., in the North American Review, are not forgotten. Undoubtedly they expressed the sentiment of many and the fears of more. Was Hayes, men argued, a person of stronger will than Grant? or had he a greater personal popularity to make him less dependent on the favor of the party leaders? But Grant talked reform once as fairly, and probably as sincerely, as Hayes does now, and how long did he hold out against the machine politicians? How long did he retain Judge Hoar and Governor Cox in his cabinet? Did not Don Cameron give Hayes his nomination by the timely transfer of Pennsylvania's vote? Is not Chandler managing the campaign for him, raising the funds from the office-holders? Was not Blaine the favorite of nearly half the delegates to Cincinnati? In conformity to a usage which no president could safely ignore, the counsels of these men must be deferred to. They know it, and they make no profession of respect for his reform notions. Schurz may have all the confidence in Hayes he pretends to have, but he will find that he has been duped, and so will Evarts, and all the reformers who expect that Hayes will dare consort with their kind, even if he wishes to, after he becomes president. The other set have every advantage, and it is practically impossible that any president in the circumstances that will environ Hayes, if he is elected, can go counter to their determination. How artfully and cogently that line of argument was pressed, and how difficult it was for anybody to make a conclusive reply to it, or one that would quiet his own misgivings!

The election was held; the long-doubtful issue of it was at last authoritatively declared, and the whole nation waited for the president's inaugural address with deep and eager interest. Next to the curiosity to discover how he was affected by the unprecedented circumstances attending the counting of the electoral vote was the curiosity to learn whether he had yielded any of the principles he proclaimed when a candidate. The representatives of the old *régime* had been conspicuous in the strenuous conflict intervening. On their theory of politics they had accumulated new claims to his personal favor, and put him under fresh obligation to recognize and defer to their political importance. The number of those who now believed he would refuse to order his administration by the counsels of the machine politicians was fewer than before the election. But the inaugural address reaffirmed in all their breadth and positiveness the principles of the letter of acceptance — calmly, as if they were self-evident propositions of politics; confidently, as if he anticipated no serious antagonism. Those who hated reform notions smiled ironically at his simplicity, not yet doubting that he would be manageable. Those who wanted reform would hardly trust themselves yet to believe that a president had been elected who had no disposition to repudiate or explain away the significance of pledges made when a candidate. When the nominations for the cabinet were communicated to the senate, there was no more ironical smiling, but downright and unconcealed exasperation in the senatorial group. The liberal republicans would have been very well contented with one representative in the cabinet, and one was more than the other kind were willing to have there, if his name was Schurz. But Evarts for secretary of state instead of Blaine or any friend of Blaine, and Schurz for secretary of the interior instead of Chandler, and a democrat, an ex-Confederate at that, for postmaster-general, and Cameron supplanted in the war department, and Conkling without a representative, and not a relic of the old Grant ring anywhere! The politicians discovered, with chagrin, that when they consented to nominate Hayes to get rid of Bristow they blundered. But the announcement of that cabinet seemed to the country at large a rescue of the republican party from the moral quagmire in which it had been helplessly floundering for eight years, and so it was. Between the old administration and the new there was the difference between disease and health. The body politic began to thrill with convalescence.

With such good faith and earnestness the president began his administration. The occasion for a fresh test of his mettle did not delay. The Southern question in its most difficult and perplexing shape pressed for immediate decision. For months two hostile executives and legislatures had been maintaining rival governments in South Carolina and Louisiana. General Grant had declined to decide between them, but detachments of the army were stationed in Columbia and New Orleans, with instructions to keep the peace and not suffer the republicans to be dispossessed by violence. Four years before he had summarily determined a similar situation in Louisiana by military intervention in behalf of the republicans. He had grown wiser since, and when Governor Ames, of Mississippi, who had a much better claim than Kellogg, who had in fact been in undisputed possession of his office for a good part of his term, got into difficulty and called on the president for military support, General Grant refused it, for the specified reason that it was not wise for the general government to maintain in office state administrations which could not command the support of the people of the State. What he did in these new cases was to maintain the *status quo* without prejudice to either claimant, and leave the responsibility of action to his successor. This duty devolved upon President Hayes under peculiarly embarrassing circumstances. The courage and firmness of the republicans of the South had prevented the triumph of the "bulldozing" and "shot-gun" electioneering methods of the democracy. But for their

resolution and fortitude the party would not have secured the national administration, and therefore, it was reasoned, the president could not do less than recognize their claims and defend them. The beleaguered governors and legislatures had the sympathy of the republican party of the country, but they wanted more: they wanted the administration to espouse their cause as its own, and order its battalions to disperse their adversaries. A large majority of the influential leaders of the party — and perhaps a majority of the whole party — thought the president ought to do just that. The president thought the time had come to make an end of a policy which had not borne good fruit in the past, and which had to be completely relinquished before another policy could be undertaken. He withdrew the army which was keeping the peace in South Carolina and Louisiana, on assurances that the peace would not be broken; and it was not broken. The republicans in these States abandoned a contest they could not maintain alone, and the democratic state governments established themselves and became solely responsible for the conduct of affairs.

It does not follow, because the president removed the troops and left the rival governments to stand or fall, as might be, without military intervention, that he did not himself believe the republicans had a clear title *de jure*. It is probable, indeed, that his convictions and his sympathies were entirely on their side. But whatever his personal opinion may have been, he did not consider it to be his duty, as president of the United States, to compel States at the point of the bayonet to accept it. His action would not seem less patriotic or honorable to right-minded men if it were known that he was painfully conscious the immediate consequence would be a victory of injustice. Certain "smart" politicians have fancied that they convicted the president of dishonor in this proceeding by constructing a dilemma like the following: "If Hayes was elected Packard was elected, and if Packard was not elected Hayes was not elected." Now this may be true in the very terms stated, but what bearing has it in determining the president's official duty in the premises? He may be as firmly persuaded as Senator Blaine or General Butler that Packard is entitled to be governor of Louisiana; but neither by the constitution of Louisiana nor the constitution of the United States is he made the official judge of that matter, any more than he is made the judge of his own election. Certainly, the constitution of the United States does say, "The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government;" but it does not say, the president shall guarantee to every State a just decision of contested elections. If it is difficult to hold that a State where the rightful officers are not permitted to perform their duties has a republican form of government, it is also difficult to suppose that would be a republican form of government, within the meaning of the constitution, which was not sustained by the people of the State, but to which submission was enforced by an army not of their raising nor responsible to them.

If the hopeful expectations that were entertained concerning the results of leaving these States without military guardianship have not been fully realized; if the Southern leaders have not made good their assurances of preserving order, doing justice, and respecting the rights of all classes; if oppression and outrages of the blacks by the whites are not wholly prevented or justly punished; if the democratic party still resorts to intimidation and fraud to carry elections, it is but saying that the things which eight years of military occupation did not suppress, two years of "home rule" have not cured. There is no reason in past experience to suppose that the same evils would not exist in at least an equal degree if the republican state governments had been in authority, with the army at their beck. On the contrary, the condition of the garrisoned States would probably have been worse than it is. There might have been more negroes in politics, but neither negroes

nor white republicans, as a class, would have been more secure. Will any one attempt to gainsay the statement that during the past two years the Southern States have been more peaceful, more prosperous, and on the whole more tolerant in spirit than for any other two years since the war? During these two years the South has gone its own way, unawed and unvexed by the national administration. If the condition is not actually worse than before, it is essentially better. It may appear to some that the occurrences in Congress this spring do not support the view taken; but, in fact, they confirm it. The democratic party, having a majority in Congress, demanded the repeal of certain statutes authorizing the use of the army to keep the peace, and providing for a supervision of elections of members of Congress by special officers appointed by the courts, to guard against fraudulent registration, voting, and counting; and its leaders threatened that unless the president assented to this demand they would leave the government without means of supporting either the army or the executive, legislative, and judicial departments, which was a threat of bringing the government to an end. Is it not apparent that the democratic party, having this bullying temper, would have had a far greater advantage if able to allege, as a pretext for extreme measures, so plausible a grievance as the subjection of States to governments which could not stand an hour but for the military protectorate maintained by the president? If it was not a sagacious stroke of statesmanship, it was certainly a fortunate one, that put the republican party in a commanding and impregnable position to meet the assault that came and was to have been expected. With surprising promptness, time and events are vindicating the president from the aspersions of the short-sighted and too zealous partisans, whose lead, if it had been followed, would have lost for the republicans and given to the democracy the sympathy of the conservative, thoughtful, and independent class, whose favor is the augury of success. The late vetoes, able and reasonable as they are, derive the largest measure of their effectiveness from the action of the president in 1877.

The record of this administration in financial and currency matters is so conspicuously honorable that it needs only the briefest comment. The supporters of Governor Tilden, those of them who were not inflationists, never tired of vaunting his superior wisdom in political economy and public finance. They did not conceal their contempt for the republican candidate, and for all who thought the national pledge to resume specie payments on the 1st day of January, 1879, could be kept. The repeal of the resumption act because it was an obstacle to resumption was the demand of the democratic platform, and Governor Tilden took the same view. When that had been done, wise measures of preparation for resumption at some far-off day, which it would not be safe to fix in advance, might be undertaken cautiously. President Hayes believed that the nation's pledge could be kept, and that it should be kept. Without additional legislation, with less than the anticipated hardship to business interests, and with no shock, specie payments were resumed at the date previously fixed by law. It is demonstrated that the indefinite postponement recommended by Governor Tilden was unnecessary, and would have been a blunder. The refunding at four per cent. interest of the whole interest-bearing debt which the government can now call in has been accomplished in a manner worthy of high praise, and is a signal testimony to the ability and energy of the conduct of the treasury department. The veto of the Bland silver bill, carried through Congress by overwhelming majorities, was a protest which no president who held his principles as conveniences rather than convictions, or was infirm in courage, would have made. But besides exercising a zealous care for the national honor and the national interests in his official capacity, the president has exerted a consistent, enlightening, and powerful influence upon public sentiment in behalf of a right understanding of the conditions of financial soundness. To his stalwart faith in

absolute national integrity it is largely due that the republican party all over the land is becoming more and more solid in its hostility to every heresy of finance, while the democratic party is becoming more and more identified with the clamorers for inflation, depreciation, and repudiation.

It remains to be considered what the president has accomplished in the first half of his term for civil-service reform. Unfortunately, the most obtrusive trait of many earnest reformers is their impatience. Because we have not yet traveled all the way from Grant's administration to the millennium, they are discouraged. In petulant moods they assert that nothing has been done, that nothing will be done. Some of them who gave their votes to Tilden complacently add, "As I expected." Listening to their fretful criticism, an unsophisticated person might suppose that if one of their kind had been president of the United States, in place of Hayes, all the hoary abuses which have grown strong in the civil service during fifty years of toleration would have been reformed before sundown of inauguration day, and from the next morning the nation would have moved on in an ecstasy of perfect and satisfying performance.

It must be confessed that the president has effected no such prompt and radical revolution. But he has done a good work, which will be mentioned to his honor when his captious critics have ceased from their labors and are at rest. He has wrought a great improvement in the quality of the service, and confined it, to an extent not known before for two generations, to its proper business. True, no laws have been enacted to make the reforms permanent. But how can he be blamed for that? He is not responsible for the neglect. Neither the republican senate nor the democratic house would heed his recommendations, and he could not discharge them and appoint a new Congress. Sometimes complaint is made that the president has not conciliated congressmen and won them to support his reform policy. By what means could he have done it without yielding the object itself? General Grant secured a strong support for administrative measures in Congress; but what became of civil-service reform? It is not less, but more praiseworthy that in default of law, with nineteen twentieths of Congress hostile and the rest not earnest, with so many who ought to have been allies and helpers preferring the safer rôle of critics, he has persisted in the ways open to him to redeem his pledges. The case with regard to any actual measures of reform is much as it was with regard to actual measures for the resumption of specie payments. Those who agree that the end is desirable cannot agree upon the means to compass it. As soon as any one suggests a scheme the rest set about showing that it will prove inadequate. Each has a plan of his own, which he is bound to maintain is the only sovereign panacea. But the man in authority who makes an attempt to correct abuses is a more meritorious reformer in his failures than all those who waste the time discussing schemes which cannot be tried. Probably there are many ways of attaining the object, or of making advances toward it, and it is something to be glad of when anybody makes a beginning of doing. General Grant waited for Congress, and supposed that there was great virtue in commissions to formulate rules. President Hayes has begun the work without waiting for others. He will not complete it; he will not establish what he does beyond peril of overthrow by the next president; but he has done some arduous fighting for the cause, and achieved some handsome results, notwithstanding scoffing foes, exacting friends, and his own mistakes.

Already reference has been made to his selection of the cabinet, and to the shock his action gave to the "bummer" element of the party; but the cabinet officers, one and all, have recommended themselves to the approval of the country by their fidelity and success in managing the public business, and by their refusal to use the civil service as a party machine in the interest of the administration. They have their vanities, their idiosyncrasies, their ambitions; but they

have not presumed to obstruct freedom of action in the party, or to suppress freedom of criticism. If any of them are not in full sympathy with the president's purposes affecting the civil service, they have given no encouragement to the bitter and violent course of senators, nor attempted in their own departments to thwart his reforms.

Early in his administration the president issued an order with the purpose of putting an end to the practice of compelling subordinates in the civil service to serve the political aims of their superiors as might be required. The storm of protest was furious and defiant. Those who believed the people would certainly go wrong, unless every man under government pay understood that the condition of keeping his place was unquestioning obedience to the will of his patron in all political contests, were outraged by this edict of emancipation, and bluntly condemned the administration as a failure and an offense. Ingenuity was exhausted to make it appear that the order said what it did not say, or did not mean what it said, to get it rescinded, or amended, or explained away, but in vain. Sundry officials of high degree, who imagined that their senator was stronger than the president, and that under his protection they could safely disobey the regulation, have had cause to revise their judgment. The promulgation and enforcement of that order would give this administration an honorable distinction, if it had done nothing else to improve the civil service. It is not the whole gospel of reform, but it is one of the commandments, and it accomplishes for the time being one of the chief objects of an organic amendment of the method of appointments.

The New York custom-house has long afforded a heinous example of all that is vicious and scandalous in a partisan civil service. Having a controlling influence in the machine politics of New York, and, it was believed, a controlling influence in Congress, gained and held by appointment favors to senators and members, it defied the president. Collector Arthur and naval officer Cornell cared for nobody's approval but Senator Conkling's, and they were confident that so long as in their management they served his political interests successfully, it made little difference how they served the government or the people. The enemies of reform boasted that whatever outworks the administration might force to succumb, this central bulwark of the old system was impregnable, and would continue to flaunt the banner inscribed with the motto, "To the victors the spoils." Nothing accomplished elsewhere counted for success while the New York stronghold held out. The demand of many zealous reformers that this headquarters of rebellion against the authority of the government should be assailed and reduced at the outset was like the "On-to-Richmond" enthusiasm in 1861. Some of the same men who called for the immediate capture of Richmond were afterwards ready, as may be remembered, to make a peace without capturing it at all. So the zeal of not a few once gushing reformers ran dry before this Richmond fell. They gave up the cause as lost, and made terms with the mighty senator. But in the fullness of time (a Bull Run intervening) the hour of its downfall struck, and the ensign of the spoilsmen went down. For months the interest of no senator, or congressman, or other politician, has availed to secure removals or appointments as before. Reforms in the efficiency and economy of transacting the public business, long demanded in vain, have been made. Employment in the government service there, which for ten years had been practically conditioned upon fidelity to Senator Conkling, and upon no other qualification, has been opened to competition with reference solely to the best conduct of the proper business of a custom-house.

These examples from the record furnish clear and ample testimony to the earnestness of the president's purpose, and the firmness of his execution of it. The purging of the Boston custom-house is another case in point, and the country is full of similar ones. There is no room to doubt that as a whole the civil

service is in better condition than under any administration for a long time before this one. There is great gain in devotion to the nation's work, and conspicuous and welcome forebearance to do the party's work. The tone of the public service through all grades, from chief magistrate to tide-waiter, has been elevated. The rings, the corruptions, the scandals, the official interferences with the political action of the people, are no longer the grievances they but lately were. A change has been wrought in the right direction, so manifest that those who would deny it impeach their own candor.

It is certain that appointments have been made in every department of the service which are not ideal appointments, and some which the general judgment pronounces unworthy. There have been removals which seem to offend against the true principles of a reform policy, but they are exceptional; and perhaps if all the circumstances were as well known to the whole people as they are to those having the responsibility, many of them would no longer appear to be exceptions. It should not be hastily inferred, because no cause for removal is publicly stated, that the removal is not for cause, and for good cause. As to appointments, a president must always labor under some disadvantages, and is liable to be imposed upon by interested parties whose motives are not quite unselfish. It is very clear, however, that in this particular things are not worse, but better, than when appointments were made by advice of the person most interested, — the congressman from the district.

There is, however, one charge against the president's integrity in this particular which challenges attention. He has appointed to office several of the politicians who were officially or voluntarily active in the determination of the electoral votes of Florida, South Carolina, and Louisiana, and the substance of the charge, stated plainly, is that these appointments were made in compensation for corrupt political services by which he profited, and in pursuance of a bargain. The charge assails the president's honor as a man, as well as his course as a magistrate. It comes in this bold shape from the disappointed partisans of Governor Tilden, who acknowledge no irregularities in the election, except in the proceedings by which the fraud and intimidation controlling the suffrage were balked. These proceedings they have denounced as fraud. They have been desperately anxious to fix responsibility for them upon the president, because his just and patriotic course toward the Southern States left the democracy without a substantial grievance. Their efforts to establish by convincing proof the fact of fraud, and to involve in the guilt the president and his advisers, have been singularly unsuccessful. It is still a malicious presumption and nothing more, and a presumption without force except among those who have an interest in asserting it. One of their arguments is of this sort: —

A president who had obtained his office by fraud would reward the perpetrators of the fraud.

Hayes obtained his office by fraud.

Therefore it is as a reward for perpetrating the fraud that he has appointed members of the returning boards to office.

Sometimes the argument takes another shape, as follows: —

A president who had obtained his office by fraud would reward the perpetrators of the fraud.

President Hayes has appointed to office members of the returning boards whose official action resulted in his becoming president.

Therefore he has appointed them as a reward for perpetrating fraud, and the appointment is an admission that they did commit fraud, and a confession that his title to the presidency is fraudulent.

Refutation of such reasoning is but a waste of time. Merely stripping it of the rhetoric with which it is commonly confused reveals how rickety it is. Only one thing would be more satisfactory to the democracy, and they blame the president for not giving them that advantage. If he had refused to appoint any of these persons to office on

the ground that they were scoundrels who had done a great wrong, he would have given himself bound hand and foot into their power, and it would not be necessary for them to denounce him on a presumption that they cannot establish. So that, whether he appointed them or did not appoint them, he could not have avoided judgment from that quarter, it being a party necessity to represent him as dishonest.

But if it be granted that the president may believe himself to have been legally and rightfully entitled to the electoral votes of the disputed States, and that no wrong was done by the decision of the returning boards, then the question concerning these appointments is not different from that concerning others. If he thinks, as he well may, that the republicans of the disputed States are victims of gross political injustice, it is not unnatural that he should desire to make their misfortune as tolerable as may be. The principles of a reformed civil service have suffered a strain in some of these appointments; but it ought to be taken into consideration that it is not easy to find in the Southern States altogether satisfactory men to take office under a republican administration. The party there does not abound in first-class material. The experiments made in appointing democrats have not been encouraging in the way of securing unpartisan and faithful devotion to the interests of the national government. The president's duty in this particular has been difficult and embarrassing, and it is not at all likely that he would himself defend his course in every detail on any other ground than that he had done what at the time, and with the information then available, appeared to be the best thing practicable.

What, then (to sum up), has been accomplished in the first half of President Hayes's administration? The practice of determining the issue of state elections by the authority of the national administration, and enforcing that determination by the army of the United States, has been definitely abandoned. It was high time. The practice was essentially unrepublican, was destructive of the rightful independence and dignity of States, was subversive of liberty, and was potentially, if not in experience, a wrong worse than that it was invoked to correct. The honor of the nation in respect of financial obligations has been vindicated in every point dependent on the action of the executive, a great burden of taxation has been lifted, the credit of the United States is as good as that of any nation in the world, and an era of sound prosperity has dawned. The civil service has been purified and invigorated. The executive has resumed the prerogative and responsibility which had been relinquished to enable party leaders to strengthen their personal influence. More than at any other time for two generations past, character, intelligence, and fitness for doing well the government's work are the qualifications regarded in appointments, rather than zeal in party service. The people are delivered from the domination of office-holding agents of the administration in the conduct of their political affairs. The business of the government, whether affecting our foreign relations or our domestic peace and prosperity, is efficiently managed, with supreme regard to the commonwealth, and not with supreme regard for the political fortunes of those in power. But already the president's aphorism, "He serves his party best who serves his country best," is verified. In the congressional elections of 1878 the party in power held its own as the party in power is seldom able to do in an "off year," and was more successful than there is any ground in reason or experience to suppose it could have been if the old grievances had not been removed. Had the president failed to do the things for doing which he is so rancorously blamed in some quarters, the republican party in this Congress might not be stronger than it was in the forty-fourth Congress. The party is in a better position either for attack or defense than it was in two years ago. The change in the republican position has compelled the democracy to unmask its purposes, and to take ground where it is terribly exposed. For this incalculable

advantage on the lines of party conflict, as well as for the obvious improvement of all national concerns, the administration of President Hayes more than Congress, and the president more than any other republican, is entitled to praise and gratitude.

This administration wants something of the contemporary *éclat* which is more apt to pursue self-assertion, daring ambition, or carefully devised clap-trap than sincere and modest performance of duty. The party *claque* has been engaged by those who more need the stimulation of immediate applause. The president wants a personal quality, sometimes defined as magnetism, which interests and captures men's sympathies even in spite of their judgment, enabling a wise and patriotic man to prosecute his work with approbation and glory, and often enabling a charlatan to do infinite mischief with the substantial support of men who ought to know better. But the president has qualities which in a chief magistrate are more useful and safer, — patriotism, integrity, and firmness. Some politicians, who would like to have it thought they are the truly and exclusively "stalwart," have insinuated that the president wants firmness and courage. They talk about doing this and that to stiffen his backbone. The action of the president for which these men affect to think him weak showed a more stalwart courage and a stiffer uprightness than the record of most of his critics can match. His firmness is of a kind few politicians understand, and still fewer exhibit. It is nobler than that which nerves a man to stand up in the senate to arraign the other party and gibe its representatives. It is loftier than that which depends, as General Grant's famous obstinacy so plainly did, on the support of a vindictive impulse. It is not the sort of firmness which would compromise a fundamental principle of our national life to court the favor of men who have a prejudice. It is that superior and admirable trait which enables a man to obey his conviction of duty when he knows that those with whom he has acted hitherto, and whose confidence he desires, will impugn his motive, forsake him, and thwart him if they can, and knows also, what is quite as disagreeable to an honest man, that those with whom he can have little sympathy and with whom he cannot ally himself will scandalize him by their praises.

When General Garfield, in the house of representatives, described the president as an optimist, he was probably right. The president takes the hopeful view, and trusts largely to the operation of the better motives of men's hearts. He thinks what ought to be will be, if not immediately, then after a while, when the right will more clearly appear to be also the expedient. He pursues the course he has marked out for himself openly, steadfastly, and confidently, but not as if he regarded himself as the only or the chief apostle of political righteousness in America. He seems to be a man striving to do well an onerous duty, not courting the immediate applause so much as the ultimate justice of his countrymen. When the nation has outgrown and is ashamed of the fierce sectional temper which now deforms patriotism, hinders perfect union, and vexes liberty; when industry and commerce, nourished by an honest currency, again spread contentment through all our borders; when the public service has ceased, as some time it must cease, to be the spoil of parties, a delivered people will refer with honor and gratitude to the administration of President Hayes as the beginning of the republic's better day.

*Walter Allen.*

# A BIT OF SHORE LIFE.

I OFTEN think of a boy with whom I made friends last summer, during some idle, pleasant days that I spent by the sea. I was almost always out-of-doors, and I used to watch the boats go out and come in; and I had a hearty liking for the good-natured fishermen, who were lazy and busy by turns, who waited for the wind to change and waited for the tide to turn and waited for the fish to bite, and were always ready to gossip about the weather and the fish and the wonderful events that had befallen them and their friends.

Georgie was the only boy of whom I ever saw much at the shore. The few young people there were all went to school through the hot summer days at a little weather-beaten school-house a mile or two inland. There were few houses to be seen, at any rate, and Georgie's house was the only one so close to the water. He looked already nothing but a fisherman; his clothes were covered with an oil-skin suit, which had evidently been awkwardly cut down for him from one of his father's, of whom he was a curious little likeness. I could hardly believe that he was twelve years old, he was so stunted and small; yet he was a strong little fellow; his hands were horny and hard from handling the clumsy oars, and his face was so brown and dry from the hot sun and chilly spray that he looked even older when one came close to him. The first time I saw him was one evening just at night fall. I was sitting on the pebbles, and he came down from the fish-house with some lobster-nets, and a bucket with some pieces of fish in it for bait, and put them into the stern of one of the boats which lay just at the edge of the rising tide. He looked at the clouds over the sea and at the open sky overhead in an old, wise way, and then, as if satisfied with the weather, began to push off his boat. It dragged on the pebbles; it was a heavy thing, and he could not get it far enough out to be floated by the low waves, so I went down to help him. He looked amazed that a girl should have thought of it, and as if he wished to ask me what good I supposed I could do, though I was twice his size. But the boat grated and slid down toward the sand, and I gave her a last push as the boy perched with one knee on her gunwale and let the other foot drag in the water for a minute. He was afloat after all, and he took the oars and pulled manfully out toward the moorings, where the whale-boats and a sail-boat or two were swaying about in the wind, which was rising a little since the sun had set. He did not say a word to me, or I to him. I watched him go out into the twilight, — such a little fellow, between those two great oars! But the boat could not sway nor loiter with his steady stroke, and out he went, until I could only see the boat at last, lifting and sinking on the waves beyond the reef outside the moorings. I asked one of the fishermen whom I knew very well, "Who is that little fellow? Ought he to be out by himself? It is growing dark so fast."

"Why, that 's *Georgie!*" said my friend, with his grim smile. "Bless ye! he 's like a duck; ye can't drown him. He won't be in until ten o'clock, like 's not. He 'll go way out to the far ledges when the tide covers them too deep where he is now. Lobsters he 's after."

"Whose boy is he?" said I.

"Why, Andrer's, up here to the fish-house. *She* 's dead, and him and the boy get along together somehow or 'nother. They 've both got something saved up, and Andrer 's a clever fellow; took it very hard losing of his wife. I was telling of him the other day: 'Andrer,' says I, 'ye ought to look up somebody or 'nother, and not live this way. There 's plenty o' smart, stirring women that would mend ye up and cook for ye, and do well by ye.' 'No,' says he, 'I 've hed my wife, and I 've lost her.' 'Well,

now,' says I, 'ye 've shown respect, and there 's the boy a-growin' up, and if either of you was took sick, why here ye be.' 'Yes,' says he, 'here I be, sure enough,' and he drawed a long breath, 's if he felt bad; so that 's all I said. But it 's no way for a man to get along, and he ought to think of the boy. He owned a good house about half a mile up the road, but he moved right down here after she died, and his cousin took it, and it burnt up in the winter. Four year ago that was; I was down to the Georges Banks."

Some other men came down toward the water, and took a boat that was waiting, already fitted out with a trawl coiled in two tubs, and some hand-lines and bait for rock-cod and haddock, and my friend joined them; they were going out for a night's fishing. I watched them hoist the little sprit-sail and drift a little until they caught the wind, and then I looked again for Georgie, whose boat was like a black spot on the water.

I knew him better soon after that. I used to go out with him for lobsters or to catch cunners, and it was strange that he never had any cronies, and would hardly speak to the other children. He was very shy, but he had put all his heart into his work, — a man's hard work, which he had taken from choice. His father was kind to him, but he had a sorry home and no mother, — the brave, fearless, steady little soul.

He looked forward to going one day (I hope that day has already dawned) to see the shipyards at a large sea-port some twenty miles away. His face lit up when he told me of it, as some other child's would who had been promised a day in fairy-land. And he confided to me that he thought he should go to the Banks that coming winter. "But it 's so cold!" said I; "should you really like it?" "Cold!" said Georgie. "Ho! rest of the men never froze." That was it, — the "rest of the men;" and he would work until he dropped, or tend a line until his fingers froze, for the sake of that likeness, — the grave, slow little man, who has so much business with the sea, and who trusts himself with touching confidence to its treacherous keeping and favor.

Andrew West, Georgie's father, was almost as silent as his son at first, but it was not long before we were very good friends, and I went out with him at four o'clock, one morning, to see him set his trawl. I remember there was a thin mist over the sea and the air was almost chilly, but as the sun came up it changed the color of everything to the most exquisite pink, — the smooth, slow waves, and the mist that blew over them as if it were a cloud that had fallen down out of the sky. The world just then was like the hollow of a great pink sea-shell, and we could only hear the dull sound of the waves among the outer ledges.

We had to drift about for an hour or two when the trawl was set, and after a while the fog shut down again gray and close, so we could not see either the sun or the shore. We were a little more than four miles out, and we had put out more than half a mile of lines. It is very interesting to see the different fish that come up on the hooks: worthless sculpin and dog-fish, and good rock-cod and haddock, and curious stray creatures which often even the fishermen do not know. We had capital good luck that morning, and Georgie and Andrew and I were all pleased. I had a hand-line, and was fishing part of the time, and Georgie thought very well of me when he found I was not afraid of a big fish; and besides that, I had taken the oars while he tended the sail, though there was hardly wind enough to make it worth his while. It was about eight o'clock when we came in, and there was a horse and wagon standing near the landing, and we saw a woman come out of Andrew's little house. "There 's your aunt Hannah a'ready," said he to Georgie, and presently she came down the pebbles to meet the boat, looking at me with much wonder as I jumped ashore.

"I sh'd think you might a' cleaned up your boat, Andrer, if you was going to take ladies out," said she graciously. And the fisherman rejoined that perhaps she would have thought it looked better when it went out than it did then; he

never had got a better fare o' fish unless the trawls had been set over night.

There certainly had been a good haul; and when Andrew carefully put those I had caught with the hand-line by themselves, I asked his sister to take them, if she liked. "Bless you!" said she, much pleased, "we could n't eat one o' them big rock-cod in a week. I 'll take a little ha'dick, if Andrer 'll pick me one out."

She was a tall, large woman, who had a direct, business-like manner, — what the country people would call a master smart woman, or a regular driver, — and I liked her. She said something to her brother about some clothes she had been making for him or for Georgie, and I went off to the house where I was boarding for my breakfast. I was hungry enough, since I had had only a hurried lunch a good while before sunrise. I came back late in the morning, and found that Georgie's aunt was just going away. I think my friends must have spoken well of me, for she came out to meet me as I nodded in going by, and said, "I suppose ye drive about some? We should be pleased to have ye come up to see us. We live right 'mongst the woods; it ain't much of a place to ask anybody to." And she added that she might have done a good deal better for herself to have stayed off. But there! they had the place, and she supposed she and Cynthy had done as well there as anywhere. Cynthy — well, she was n't one of your pushing kind, but I should have some flowers, and perhaps it would be a change for me. I thanked her, and said I should be delighted to go. Georgie and I would make her a call together some afternoon when he was n't busy; and Georgie actually smiled when I looked at him, and said "All right," and then hurried off down the shore. "Ain't he an odd boy?" said Miss Hannah West, with a shadow of disapproval in her face. "But he 's just like his father and grandfather before him; you would n't think they had no gratitude nor feelin', but I s'pose they have. They used to say my father never 'd forgit a friend or forgive an enemy. Well, I 'm much obliged to you, I 'm sure, for taking an interest in the boy." I said I liked him; I only wished I could do something for him. And then she said good-day, and drove off. I felt as if we were already good friends. "I 'm much obliged for the fish," she turned round to say to me again, as she went away.

One morning, not very long afterward, I asked Georgie if he could possibly leave his business that afternoon, and he gravely answered me that he could get away just as well as not, for the tide would not be right for lobsters until after supper.

"I should like to go up and see your aunt," said I. "You know she asked me to come the other day when she was here."

"I 'd like to go," said Georgie, sedately. "Father was going up this week, but the mackerel struck in, and we could n't leave. But it 's better 'n six miles up there."

"That 's not far," said I. "I 'm going to have Cap'n Donnell's horse and wagon;" and Georgie looked much interested.

I wondered if he would wear his oil-skin suit; but I was much amazed, and my heart was touched, at seeing how hard he had tried to put himself in trim for the visit. He had on his best jacket and trousers, which might have been most boys' worst, and a clean calico shirt; and he had scrubbed his freckled, honest little face and his hard little hands until they were as clean as possible, and either he or his father had cut his hair. I should think it had been done with a knife, and it looked as if a rat had gnawed it. He had such a holiday air, — he really looked very well; but still if I were to have a picture of Georgie it should be in the oil-skin fishing suit. He had gone out to his box, which was anchored a little way out in the cove, and had chosen two fine lobsters which he had tied together with a bit of fish-line. They were lazily moving their claws and feelers, and his father, who had come in with his boat not long before, added from his fare of fish three plump mackerel.

"They 're always glad to get new

fish," said he. "The girls can't abide a fish that 's corned, and I have n't had a chance to send 'em up any mackerel before. Ye see, they live on a cross-road, and the fish-carts don't go by." And I told him I was very glad to carry them, or anything else he would like to send. "Mind your manners, now, Georgie," said he, "and don't be forrard. You might split up some kindlin's for y'r aunts, and do whatever they want of ye. Boys ain't made just to look at, so ye be handy, will ye?" And Georgie nodded solemnly. They seemed very fond of each other, and I looked back some time afterward to see the fisherman still standing there to watch his boy. He was used to his being out at sea alone for hours, but this might be a great risk to let him go off inland to stay all the afternoon.

The road crossed the salt marshes for the first mile, and when we had struck the higher land we soon entered the pine woods, which cover a great part of that country. It had been raining in the morning for a little while, and the trunks of the trees were still damp, and the underbrush was shining wet, and sent out a sweet, fresh smell. I spoke of it, and Georgie told me that sometimes this fragrance blew far out to sea, and then you knew the wind was northwest.

"There 's the big pine you sight Minister's Ledge by," said he, "when that comes in range over the white schoolhouse, about two miles out."

The lobsters were clashing their pegged claws together in the back of the wagon, and Georgie sometimes looked over at them to be sure they were all right. Of course I had given him the reins when we first started, and he was delighted because we saw some squirrels, and even a rabbit, which scurried across the road as if I had been a fiery dragon, and Georgie something worse.

We presently came in sight of a house close by the road, — an old-looking place, with a ledgy, forlorn field stretching out behind it toward some low woods. There were high white birch poles holding up thick tangles of hop-vines, and at the side there were sunflowers straggling about as if they had come up from seed scattered by the wind. Some of them were close together, as if they were whispering to each other, and their big yellow faces were all turned toward the front of the house, where people were already collected together as if there were a funeral.

"It 's the auction," said Georgie, with great satisfaction. "I heard 'em talking about it down at the shore this morning. There 's 'Lisha Downs, now; he started off just before we did. That 's his fish-cart over by the well."

"What is going to be sold?" said I.

"All the stuff," said Georgie, as if he were much pleased. "She 's going off up to Boston with her son."

"I think we had better stop," said I, for I saw Mrs. 'Lisha Downs, who was one of my acquaintances at the shore, and I wished to see what was going on, besides giving Georgie a chance at the festivities. So we tied the horse and went toward the house, and I found several people whom I knew a little. Mrs. Downs shook hands with me as formally as if we had not talked for some time as I went by her house to the shore, just after breakfast. She presented me to several of her friends with whom she had been talking as I came up. "Let me make you acquainted," she said, and every time I bowed she bowed too, unconsciously, and seemed a little ill at ease and embarrassed, but luckily the ceremony was soon over. "I thought I would stop for a few minutes," said I, by way of apology. "I did n't know why the people were here until Georgie told me."

"She 's going to move up to Boston 'long of her son," said one of the women, who looked very pleasant and very tired. "I think myself it 's a bad plan to pull old folks up by the roots. There 's a niece o' hers that would have been glad to stop with her, and do for the old lady; but John, he 's very high-handed, and wants it his way, and he says his mother shan't live in no such a place as this. He makes a sight o' money. He 's got out a patent, and they say he 's just bought a new house

that cost him eleven thousand dollars. But old Mis' Wallis, she 's wonted here, and she was telling of me yesterday she was only going to please John. He says he wants her up there where she 'll be more comfortable and see something."

"He means well," said another woman, whom I did not know; "but folks about here never thought no great of his judgment. He 's put up some splendid stones in the burying-lot to his father and his sister Miranda that died. I used to go to school 'long of Miranda. *She 'd* have been pleased to go to Boston; she was that kind. But there! mother was saying last night what if his business took a turn, and he lost everything! Mother 's took it dreadfully to heart; she and Mis' Wallis was always mates as long ago as they can recollect."

It was evident that the old widow was both pitied and envied by her friends on account of her bettered fortunes, and they came up to speak to her with more or less seriousness, as befitted the occasion. She looked at me with great curiosity, but Mrs. Downs told her who I was, and I had a sudden instinct to say how sorry I was for her, but I was afraid it might appear intrusive on so short an acquaintance. She was a thin old soul, who looked as if she had had a good deal of trouble in her day, and as if she had been very poor and very anxious. "Yes," said she to some one who had come from a distance, "it does come hard to go off. Home is home, and I seem to hate to sell off my things, but I suppose they *would* look queer up to Boston. John says I won't have no idea of the house until I see it," and she looked proud and important for a minute; but as some one brought an old chair out at the door her face fell again: "Oh, dear," said she, "I should like to keep that! It belonged to my mother. It 's most wore out, any way. I guess I 'll let somebody keep it for me!" and she hurried off despairingly to find her son, while we went into the house.

There is so little to interest the people who live on those quiet, secluded farms that an event of this kind gives great pleasure. I know they have not done talking yet about the sale, of the bargains that were made, or the goods that brought more than they were worth. And then the women had the chance of going all about the house, and committing every detail of its furnishings to their tenacious memories. It is a curiosity one grows more and more willing to pardon, for there is so little to amuse them in every-day life. I wonder if any one has not often been struck, as I have, by the sadness and hopelessness which seems to overshadow most of the people who live on the lonely farms in the outskirts of small New England villages. It is most noticeable among the elderly women: their talk is very cheerless, and they have a morbid interest in sicknesses and deaths; they tell each other long stories about such things; they are very forlorn; they dwell persistently upon any troubles which they have, and their petty disputes with each other have a tragic hold upon their thoughts, sometimes being handed down from one generation to the next. Is it because their world is so small and life affords so little amusement and pleasure, and is at best such a dreary round of the dullest housekeeping? There is a lack of real merriment, and the fun is an odd, rough way of joking; it is a stupid, heavy sort of fun, though there is much of a certain quaint humor, and once in a while a flash of wit.

I came upon a short, stout old sister, in one room, making all the effort she possibly could to see what was on the upper shelves of a closet. We were the only persons there, and she looked longingly at a convenient chair, and I know she wished I would go away; but my heart suddenly went out toward an old dark green Delft bowl which I saw, and I asked her if she would be kind enough to let me see it, as if I thought she were there for the purpose. "I 'll bring you a chair," said I; and she said, "Certain, dear." And I helped her up, and I 'm sure she had the good look she had coveted, while I took the bowl to the window. It was badly cracked and had been mended with putty, but the rich, dull color of it was exquisite. One often

comes across a beautiful old stray bit of china in such a place as this, and I imagined it filled with apple-blossoms or wild roses. Mrs. Wallis wished to give it to me; she said it was n't good for anything, and, finding she did not care for it, I bought it, and now it is perched on my book-case, with the cracks discreetly turned to the wall. "Seems to me she never had thrown away nothing," said my friend, whom I found still standing on the chair when I came back. "Here 's some pieces of a pitcher; I wonder when she broke it! I 've heard her say it was one her grandmother give her, though. The old lady bought it to a 'vandoo down at old Mis' Walton Peters's after she died, so Mis' Wallis said. I guess I 'll speak to her and see if she wants everything sold that 's here."

There was a very great pathos to me about this old home. It must have been a hard place to get a living in, both for men and women, with its wretched farming land, and the house itself so cold and thin and worn out. I could understand that the son was in a hurry to get his mother away from it. I was sure that the boyhood he had spent there must have been uncomfortable, and that he did not look back to it with much pleasure. There is an immense contrast between even a moderately comfortable city house and such a place as this. No wonder that he remembered the bitter cold mornings, the frost and chill, and the dark, and the hard work, and wished his mother to leave them all behind, as he had done! He did not care for the few plain bits of furniture; why should he? and he had been away so long that he had lost his interest in the neighbors. Perhaps this might come back to him again as he grew older, but now he moved about among them, in his handsome but somewhat flashy clothes, with a look that told me he felt conscious of his superior station in life. I did not altogether like his looks, though somebody said admiringly, as he went by, "They say he 's worth as much as thirty thousand dollars a'ready. He 's smart as a whip!"

But while I did not wonder at the son's wishing his mother to go away, I also did not wonder at her being unwilling to leave the dull little house where she had spent so much of her life. I was afraid no other house in the world would ever seem like home to her: she was a part of the old place; she had worn the doors smooth by the touch of her hands, and she had scrubbed the floors and walked over them until the knots stood up high in the pine boards. The old clock had been unscrewed from the wall and stood on a table, and when I heard its loud and anxious tick my first thought was one of pity for the poor thing, for fear it might be homesick, like its mistress. When I went out again I was very sorry for old Mrs. Wallis: she looked so worried and excited, and as if this new turn of affairs in her life was too strange and unnatural; it bewildered her, and she could not understand it; she only knew everything was going to be different.

George was by himself, as usual, looking grave and intent. He had gone aloft on the wheel of a clumsy great ox-cart, in which some of the men had come to the auction, and he was looking over people's heads and seeing everything that was sold. I saw he was not ready to come away, so I was not in a hurry. I heard Mrs. Wallis say to one of her friends, "You just go in and take that rug with the flowers on 't, and go and put it in your wagon. It 's right beside my chist that 's packed ready to go. John told me to give away anything I had a mind to. He don't care nothing about the money. I hooked that rug four year ago; it 's most new; the red of the roses was made out of a dress of Miranda's. I kept it a good while after she died, but it was no use to let it lay. I 've given a good deal to my sister Stiles; she was over here helping me yesterday. There! it 's all come upon me so sudden! I s'pose I shall wish after I get away that I had done things different; but after I knew the farm was goin' to be sold I did n't seem to realize I was goin' to break up, until John came, day before yesterday."

She was very friendly with me, when

I said I should think she would be sorry to go away; but she seemed glad to find I had been in Boston a great deal, and that I was not at all unhappy there. "But I suppose you have folks there," said she, "though I never supposed they was so sociable as they be here, and I ain't one that 's easy to make acquaintance. It 's different with young folks; and then in case o' sickness I should hate to have strange folks round me. It seems as if I never set so much by the old place as I do now I 'm goin' away. I used to wish 'he' would sell and move over to the Port, it was such hard work getting along when the child'n was small. And there 's one of my boys that run away to sea and never was heard from. I 've always thought he might come back, though everybody give him up years ago. I can't help thinking what if he should come back and find I wa'n't here! There! I 'm glad to please John; he sets everything by me, and I s'pose he thinks he 's going to make a spry young woman of me. Well, it 's natural. Everything looks fair to him, and he thinks he can have the world just as he wants it; but *I* know it 's a world o' change,— a world o' change and loss. And then, you see, I shall have to go to a strange meetin' up there. Why, Mis' Sands! I am pleased to see you. How did you get word?" and then Mrs. Wallis made another careful apology for moving away. She seemed to be so afraid some one would think she had not been satisfied with the neighborhood.

The auctioneer was a disagreeable-looking man, with a most unpleasant voice, which gave me a sense of discomfort; the little old house and its surroundings seemed so grave and silent and lonely. It was like having all the noise and confusion on a Sunday, and the house was so shut in by the trees that the only outlook to the world beyond was a narrow gap in the pines, through which one could see the sea, bright blue and warm with sunshine, that summer day.

There was something wistful about the place, as there must have been about the people who had lived there; yet hungry and unsatisfied as her life might have been in many ways, the poor old woman dreaded the change.

It seemed very doleful that everybody should look on the dark side of the Widow Wallis's flitting, and I tried to suggest to her some of the pleasures and advantages of it, once when I had a chance. And indeed she was proud enough to be going away with her rich son; it was not like selling her goods because she was too poor to keep the old home any longer. I hoped the son would always be prosperous, and that the son's wife would always be kind, and not be ashamed of her, or think she was in the way. But I am afraid it may be a somewhat uneasy idleness, and that there will not be much beside her knitting-work to remind her of the old routine. She will even miss going back and forward from the old well in storm and sunshine; she will miss looking after the chickens, and her slow walks about the little place, or out to a neighbor's for a bit of gossip, with the old brown checked handkerchief over her head; and when the few homely, faithful old flowers come up next year by the door-step, there will be nobody to care anything about them.

I said good-by and got into the wagon, and Georgie clambered in after me with a look of great importance, and we drove away. He was very talkative; the unusual excitement of the day was not without its effect. He had a good deal to tell me about the people I had seen, though I had to ask a good many questions.

"Who was the thin old fellow, with the black coat faded yellow-green on the shoulders, who was talking to Skipper Downs about the dogfish?"

"That 's old Cap'n Abiah Lane," said Georgie; "lives over toward Little Beach, — him that was cast away in the fog in a dory down to the Banks, once; like to have starved to death before he got picked up. I 've heard him tell all about it. Don't look as if he 'd ever had enough to eat since!" said the boy, grimly. "He used to come over a good deal last winter, and go out after cod 'long o' father and me. His boats all went adrift in the big storm in November,

and he never heard nothing about 'em; guess they got stove against the rocks."

We had still more than three miles to drive over a lonely part of the road, where there was hardly a house, and where the woods had been cut off more or less, so there was nothing to be seen but the uneven ground, which was not fit for even a pasture yet. But it was not without a beauty of its own; for the little hills and hollows were covered thick with brakes and ferns and bushes, and in the swamps the cat-tails and all the rushes were growing in stiff and stately ranks, so green and tall, while the birds flew up or skimmed across them as we went by. It was like a town of birds, there were so many. It is strange how one is always coming upon families and neighborhoods of wild creatures in the unsettled country places; it is so much like one's going on longer journeys about the world, and finding town after town with its own interests, each so sufficient for itself.

We struck the edge of the farming land again, after a while, and I saw three great pines that had been born to good luck in this world, since they had sprouted in good soil, and had been left to grow as fast as they pleased. They lifted their heads proudly against the blue sky, these rich pines, and I admired them as much as they could have expected. They must have been a landmark for many miles to the westward, for they grew on high land, and they could pity from a distance any number of their poor relations who were just able to keep body and soul together, and had grown up thin and hungry in crowded woods. But though their lower branches might snap and crackle at a touch, their tops were brave and green, and they kept up appearances, at any rate.

Georgie pointed out his aunt's house to me, after a while. It was not half so forlorn looking as the others, for there were so many flowers in bloom about it of the gayest kind, and a little yellow and white dog came down the road to bark at us; but his manner was such that it seemed like an unusually cordial welcome rather than an indignant repulse. I noticed four jolly old apple-trees near by, which looked as if they might be the last of a once-flourishing orchard. They were standing in a row, in exactly the same position, with their heads thrown gayly back, as if they were all dancing in an old-fashioned reel; and after the forward and back one might expect them to turn partners gallantly. I laughed aloud when I caught sight of them; there was something very funny in their look, so jovial and whole-hearted, with a sober, cheerful pleasure, as if they gave their whole minds to it. It was like some old gentlemen and ladies who catch the spirit of the thing, and dance with the rest at a Christmas party.

Miss Hannah West first looked out of the window, and then came to meet us, looking as if she were glad to see us. Georgie had nothing whatever to say, but after I had followed his aunt into the house he began to work like a beaver at once, as if it were anything but a friendly visit that could be given up to such trifles as conversation, or as if he were anything but a boy. He brought the fish and lobsters into the outer kitchen, though I was afraid our loitering at the auction must have cost them their first freshness; and then he carried the axe to the wood-pile, and began to chop up the small white pine sticks and brush which form the summer fire-wood at the farm-houses, — crow-sticks and underbrush, a good deal of it; but it makes a hot little blaze while it lasts.

I had not seen Miss Cynthia West, the younger sister, before, and I found the two women very unlike. Miss Hannah was evidently the capable business member of the household, and she had a loud voice and went about as if she were in a hurry. Poor Cynthia! I saw at first that she was one of the faded-looking country women who have a hard time, and who, if they had grown up in the midst of a more luxurious way of living, would have been frail and delicate and refined, and entirely lady-like. But as it was she was somewhat in the shadow of her sister, and felt as if she were not of very much use or consequence in the world, I have no doubt. She showed

me some pretty picture-frames she had made out of pine cones and hemlock cones and alder burs; but her chief glory and pride was a silly little model of a house in perforated card-board, which she had cut and worked after a pattern that came in a magazine. It must have cost her a great deal of work, but it partly satisfied her great longing for pretty things, and for the daintiness and art that she had an instinct toward and never had known. It stood on the best-room table, with a few books, which I suppose she had read over and over again; and in the room, beside, were green paper curtains with a landscape on the outside, and some chairs ranged stiffly against the walls, some shells and a whale's tooth with a ship on it on the mantel-shelf, and ever so many rugs on the floor, of most ambitious designs, which they had made in winter. I know the making of them had been a great pleasure to Miss Cynthia, and I was sure it was she who had taken care of the garden and was always at much pains to get seeds and slips in the spring.

She told me how much they had wished that Georgie had come to live with them, after his mother died. It would have been very handy for them to have him in winter, too; but it was no use trying to get him away from his father, and neither of them were contented if they were out of sight of the sea. "He 's a dreadful odd boy, and so old for his years. Hannah, she says he 's older now than I be," and she blushed a little as she looked up at me; while for a moment the tears came into my eyes, as I thought of this poor, plain woman who had such a capacity for enjoyment, and whose life had been so dull and far apart from the pleasures and satisfactions which had made so much of my own life. It seemed to me as if I had had a great deal more than I deserved, while this poor soul was almost beggared. I seemed to know all about her life in a flash, and pitied her from the bottom of my heart. Yet I suppose she would not have changed places with me for anything, or with anybody else, for that matter.

Miss Cynthia had a good deal to say about her mother, who had been a schoolmate of Mrs. Wallis's, — I had been telling them what I could about the auction. She told me that she had died the spring before, and said how much they missed her; and Hannah broke in upon her regrets in her brusque, downright way: "I should have liked to kep' her if she 'd lived to be a hundred, but I don't wish her back. She 'd had considerable many strokes, and she could n't help herself much of any; she 'd got to be rising eighty; and her mind was a good deal broke," she added conclusively, after a short silence, while Cynthia looked sorrowfully out of the window, and we heard the sound of Georgie's axe at the other side of the house, and the wild, sweet whistle of a bird that flew overhead. I suppose one of the sisters was just as sorry as the other, in reality.

"Now I want you and Georgie to stop and have some tea. I 'll get it good and early," said Hannah, starting suddenly from her chair, and beginning to bustle about again after she had asked me about some people at home whom she knew. "Cynthy! Perhaps she 'd like to walk round out-doors a spell. It 's breezing up, and it 'll be cooler than it is in the house. No, you need n't think I shall be put out by your stopping, but you 'll have to take us just as we be. Georgie always calculates to stop when he comes up. I guess he 's made off for the woods. I see him go across the lot a few minutes ago."

So Cynthia put on a discouraged-looking gingham sun-bonnet, which drooped over her face and gave her a more appealing look than ever, and we went over to the pine woods, which were beautiful that day. She showed me a little waterfall made by a brook that came over a high ledge of rock covered with moss, and here and there tufts of fresh green ferns. It grew late in the afternoon, and it was pleasant there in the shade, with the noise of the brook and the wind in the pines that sounded like the sea. The wood-thrushes began to sing, — and who could have better music?

Miss Cynthia told me that it always

made her think of once when she was a little girl to hear the thrushes. She had run away and fallen into the ma'sh, and her mother had sent her to bed quick as she got home, though it was only four o'clock. And she was so ashamed, because there was company there, some of her father's folks from over to Eliot; and then she heard the thrushes begin to call after a while, and she thought they were talking about her and they knew she had been whipped and sent to bed. "I 'd been gone all day since morning. I had a great way of straying off in the woods," said she. "I suppose mother was put to it when she see me coming in, all bog mud, right before the company."

We came by my friends, the apple-trees, on our return, and I saw a row of old-fashioned square bee-hives near them, which I had not noticed before. Miss Cynthia told me that the bee money was always hers, but she lost a good many swarms on account of the woods being so near, and they had a trick of swarming Sundays, after she 'd gone to meeting; and besides, the miller bugs spoilt 'em, and some years they did n't make enough honey to live on, so she did n't get any at all. I saw some bits of black cloth fluttering over the little doors where the bees went in and out, and the sight touched me strangely. I did not know that the old custom still lingered of putting the hives in mourning, and telling the bees when there had been a death in the family, so they would not fly away. I said, half to myself, a line or two from Whittier's poem, which I always thought one of the loveliest in the world, and this seemed almost the realization of it. Miss Cynthia asked me, wistfully, "Is that in a book?" I told her yes, and that she should have it next time I came up or had a chance of sending it. "I 've seen a good many pieces of poetry that Mr. Whittier wrote," said she. "I 've got some that I cut out of the paper a good while ago. I think everything of 'em."

"I put the black on the hives myself," said she. "It was for mother, you know. She did it when father died, but when my brother was lost, we did n't, because we never knew just when it was; the schooner was missing, and it was a good while before they give her up."

"I wish we had some neighbors in sight," said she once. "I 'd like to see a light when I look out, after dark. Now at my aunt's, over to Eliot, the house stands high, and when it 's coming dark you can see all the folks lighting up. It seems real sociable."

We lingered a little while under the apple-trees, and watched the wise little bees go and come, and Miss Cynthia told me how much Georgie was like his grandfather, who was so steady and quiet and always right after his business. "He never was ugly to us as I know of," said she, "but I was always sort of 'fraid of father. Hannah, she used to talk to him free 's she would to me, and he thought 's long 's Hannah did anything it was all right. I always held by my mother the most, and when father was took sick — that was in the winter — I sent right off for Hannah to come home. I used to be scared to death when he 'd want anything done, for fear I should n't do it right. Mother, she 'd had a fall, and could n't get about very well. Hannah had good advantages: she went off keeping school when she was n't but seventeen, and she saved up some money, and boarded over to the Port after a while and learned the tailoress trade. She was always called very smart, — you see she 's got ways different from me, and she was over to the Port several winters. She never said a word about it, but there was a young man over there that wanted to keep company with her; he was going out first mate of a new ship that was building. But when she got word from me about father she come right home, and that was the end of it. It seemed to be a pity. I used to think perhaps he 'd come and see her some time, between voyages, and that he 'd get to be cap'n, and they 'd go off and take me with 'em. I always wanted to see something of the world. I never have been but dreadful little ways from home. I used to wish I could keep school, and once my uncle was agent for his district, and he said I could have a chance; but the folks laughed to think o' me keeping school, and I

never said anything more about it. But you see it might 'a' led to something. I always wished I could go to Boston. I suppose you 've been there? There ! I could n't live out o' sight o' the woods, I don't believe."

"I can understand that," said I, and half with a wish to show her I had some troubles, though I had so many pleasures that she did not, I told her that the woods I loved best had all been cut down the winter before. I had played under the great pines when I was a child, and I had spent many a long afternoon under them since. There never will be such trees for me any more in the world. I knew where the flowers grew under them, and where the ferns were greenest, and it was as much home to me as my own house. They grew on the side of a hill, and the sun always shone through the tops of the trees as it went down, while below it was all in shadow, — and I had been there with so many dear friends who have died, or who are very far away. I told Miss Cynthia what I never had told anybody else: that I loved those trees so much that I went over the hill on the frozen snow to see them, one sunny winter afternoon, to say good-by, as if I were sure they could hear me; and looked back again and again, as I came away, to be sure I should remember how they looked. And it seemed as if they knew as well as I that it was the last time and they were going to be cut down. It was a Sunday afternoon, and I was all alone, and the farewell was a reality and a sad thing to me; it was saying good-by to a great deal besides the pines themselves.

We stopped a while in the little garden, where Miss Cynthia gave me some magnificent big marigolds to put away for seed, and was much pleased because I was so delighted with her flowers. It was a gorgeous little garden to look at, with its red poppies and blue larkspur and yellow marigolds and old-fashioned sweet, straying things, — all growing together in a tangle of which my friend seemed ashamed. She told me that it looked as ordered as could be, until the things begun to grow so fast she could n't do anything with 'em. She was very proud of one little pink and white verbena which somebody had given her. It was not growing very well, but it had not disappointed her about blooming.

Georgie had come back from his ramble some time before. He had cracked the lobster which Miss Hannah had promptly put on to boil, and I saw the old gray cat having a capital lunch off the shells; while the horse looked meeker than ever, with his headstall thrown back on his shoulders, eating his supper of hay by the fence; for Miss Hannah was a hospitable soul. She was tramping about in the house, getting supper, and we went in to find the table already pulled out into the floor; so Miss Cynthia hastened to set it. I could see she was very much ashamed of having been gone so long; neither of us knew it was so late; but Miss Hannah said it did n't make a mite o' difference, there was next to nothing to do, and looked at me with a little smile which said, "You see how it is; I 'm the one who has faculty, and I favor her."

I was very hungry, and though it was not yet six it seemed a whole day since dinner-time. Miss Hannah made many apologies, and said if I had only set a day she would have had things as they ought to be; but it was a very good supper, and she knew it! She did n't know but I was tired o' lobsters; and when I had eaten two of the big round biscuit and begun an attack on the hot gingerbread, she said humbly that she did n't know when she had had such bad luck, though Georgie and I were both satisfied. He did not speak more than once or twice during the meal. I do not think he was afraid of me, for we had had many a lunch together when he had taken me out fishing; but this was an occasion, and there was at first the least possible restraint over all the company, though I 'm glad to say it soon vanished. We had two kinds of preserves and some honey beside, and there was a pie with a pale, smooth crust and three cuts in the top. It looked like a very good pie, of its kind, but one can't eat everything, though one does one's best! And we had big cups of tea, and though

Miss Hannah supposed I had never eaten with anything but silver forks before, it happened luckily that I had, and we were very merry indeed. Miss Hannah told us several stories of the time she kept school, and gave us some reminiscences of her life at the Port; and Miss Cynthia looked at me as if she had heard them before, and wished to say, "I know she 's having a good time." I think Miss Cynthia felt, after we were out in the woods, as if I were her company and she was responsible for me.

I thanked them heartily when I came away, for I had had such a pleasant time. Miss Cynthia picked me a huge nosegay of her flowers, and whispered that she hoped I would n't forget about lending her the book. Poor woman! she was so young, only a girl yet, in spite of her having lived more than fifty years in that plain, dull home of hers, — in spite of her faded face and her grayish hair. We came away in the rattling wagon; Georgie sat up in his place with a steady hand on the reins, and keeping a careful lookout ahead, as if he were steering a boat through a rough sea.

We passed the house where the auction had been, and it was all shut up. The cat sat on the door-step waiting patiently, and I felt very sorry for her; but Georgie said there were neighbors not far off, and she was a master hand for squirrels. I was glad to get sight of the sea again, and to smell the first stray whiff of salt air that blew in to meet us as we crossed the marshes. I think the life in me must be next of kin to the life of the sea, for it is drawn toward it strangely, as a little drop of quicksilver grows uneasy just out of reach of a greater one.

"Good-night, Georgie!" said I; and he nodded his head a little as he drove away to take the horse home. "Much obliged to you for my ride," said he, and I knew in a minute that his father or one of the aunts had cautioned him not to forget to make his acknowledgments. He had told me on the way down that he had baited his nets all ready to set that evening. I knew he was in a hurry to go out, and it was not long before I saw his boat pushing off. It was after eight o'clock, and the moon was coming up pale and white out of the sea, while the west was still bright after the clear sunset.

I have a little model of a fishing dory that Georgie made for me, with its sprit-sail and killick and painter and oars and gaff all cleverly cut with the clumsiest of jackknives. I care a great deal for the little boat, and I gave him a better knife before I came away, to remember me by; but I am afraid its shininess and trig shape may have seemed a trifle unmanly to him. His father's had been sharpened on the beach stones to clean many a fish, and it was notched and dingy, but this would cut; there was no doubt about that. I hope Georgie was sorry when we said good-by. I 'm sure I was!

*Sarah O. Jewett.*

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## THE DESERTED CABIN.

THICK across the threshold lies the vine;
High above the casement nods the rose,
Wild and sweet. I know the ancient sign:
Nature claims what human hands resign;
So above our dead her ivy grows.

Trodden by no foot that walks with life,
Only by the stealthy tread of Time,

Is the little porch where once they sate
Who dwelt here (as now we sit), elate
With the freshness of this mountain clime.

Now the spider spinning in the weed,
And the torrent chiding as it flows,
And the mountain cattle as they feed,
Treading down the sweet grass and the reed, —
These are all of life the valley knows.

Could they love and leave a place so fair?
Look above, and see a thing divine:
Miles of mellow, yellow, sunset air,
Bleaching cliffs that hang all seamed and bare,
Black against the blue the mountain pine.

Southward, melting purple into gray,
Pale the ranges rise and rise afar;
Glorious in the saffron sunset ray,
See the valleys widen far away,
Lovely as a landscape in a star.

Yes, they left it. Did their footsteps stray
To the alien land that knew their birth?
Stung by want, or lured by hope, were they?
In some happier country far away
Did they light anew this household hearth?

Yes, perchance they turned their willing feet
To the lowlands long beloved by men,
Valleys slanting southward into heat,
Thick with vine and rose and gray with wheat,
And forgot their little mountain glen.

Oh, not quite forgot! Sometimes must rise
To their dreaming eyes this mountain wall,
Bronze and gold against the evening skies,
When the dews drop and the cricket cries,
And the whippoorwill begins to call.

And the ear will miss at dead of night
This sweet fretting of the mountain stream,
Falling, calling, from its forest height;
Nevermore will come this lost delight, —
Only moans this music in a dream.

Come away! Forget this silence sweet,
Black-green forest slope and sunny rocks;
Leave the wild rose smiling in the heat,
By the broken threshold at our feet, —
Leave all to the brown hawk and the fox.

*Mrs. E. R. Lee.*

# "UN HOMME CAPABLE."

WHILE all Europe was reading in the ghastly rubric of the flames of Moscow the story of Russia's brave and desperate resistance to the invading armies of Napoleon Bonaparte, a little light which was destined to spread in brightness over the future fate of Russia was burning hidden in the breast of a quiet, modest young student of the Zarskoe-Selo Lyceum (an institution founded by the Empress Catherine for the fashionable education of young Russian noblemen). The extreme views inculcated by its professors — of the French encyclopædist school — did not carry him away, and together with his genial friend, the afterward unfortunate but beloved national poet, Pushkine, the young Gortschakoff kept his moral reputation untarnished. On leaving Zarskoe-Selo, he at once entered the diplomatic service, and in 1822 attended, as *attaché* of Count Nesselrode (Russia's foreign minister during the reigns of Alexander I. and Nicholas I.) the Holy Alliance Conferences at Laybach and Verona.

In 1824 he acted as secretary to Prince Lieven, the Russian ambassador in London, who pronounced the young Gortschakoff "*un homme capable.*" He became *chargé d'affaires* at Florence in 1826, and in 1832 councilor of the Vienna legation, where the sickness and death of Count Stackelberg, the Russian ambassador, gave him an opportunity, though brief, to exercise his diplomatic gifts. Still he received no official distinction earlier than 1842, when he was appointed minister and extraordinary envoy to Stuttgart.

Successful match-making between royal houses has generally been the surest and shortest road for the aspirant to a ministerial portfolio; while, on the other hand, failure in this field has often proved an equally effective barrier to diplomatic promotion. Prince Gortschakoff's chief mission to Stuttgart was to obtain King Wilhelm's consent to the marriage of Prince Karl, heir apparent to the throne of Würtemberg, and the Grand Duchess Olga, his august master's youngest, brightest, and most beloved daughter. The choice of Prince Gortschakoff for a task of such delicacy and exceeding difficulty indicated the Czar's unbounded faith in his capacity.

The aged king of Würtemberg, bearing the reputation of being the most obstinate of all the stiff-necked members of the notoriously self-willed house of Suabia, had set his heart against a Russian marriage, and was supported in this by the general opinion in Würtemberg. To complicate matters, his "harsh treatment of the amiable Catherine Paulowna" had alienated the feelings of the Czar and of St. Petersburg society. Notwithstanding all these obstacles, this was the only alliance worthy of consideration, and Prince Gortschakoff's successful negotiation of it earned for him the lasting gratitude of the Czar, the imperial house, and all Russia.

Although Prince Gortschakoff might then have naturally looked for promotion to the ambassadorship of Vienna or London, — the goals of Russian diplomatic ambition at that time, — he stifled his passionate longing for a larger field of action, and promised the anxious empress mother that he would remain at Stuttgart until the grand duchess should become accustomed to the difficulties of her new position.

For nine years he stayed at Stuttgart, the confidant of all the annoyances to which the opinionated King Wilhelm and the pretentious narrow court etiquette subjected the proud Olga, so used "to the grandeur and easy tone of the Winter Palace."[1] During the eventful years of 1847–50, Prince Gortschakoff closely watched the advance of the turbulent democratic wave which rolled over Europe, and his thoughtful and temperate utterances won the recognition of

[1] See La Société Russe, par un Russe.

every European cabinet; and especially were his words powerful at Frankfurt, the seat of the United Diet. After the restoration of the old German Diet in 1850, Prince Gortschakoff was appointed ambassador to Frankfurt, whither, a few months later, came Herr Otto von Bismarck, then a young *Landwehr* lieutenant, as first secretary of the Prussian legation. Herr Bismarck's scathing criticism of the German constitution of 1847, his impassioned and fearless defense of the legal rights of the Prussian crown against the very despair of hope, as it were, had at the time deeply impressed Prince Gortschakoff, and the intimate association into which these two staunch defenders of all crown prerogatives were now thrown ripened their mutual respect and admiration into personal friendship, and, as far as the interests of Russia and Germany would permit, into a political friendship, which a conjunction of events contributed to strengthen.

In 1854 Prince Gortschakoff obtained the so long and well deserved position of ambassador at Vienna, but at that period Schwetzer-Hof, with its magnificence and festivities, was anything but a paradise to a Russian ambassador. At this difficult post Prince Gortschakoff fulfilled his duties with signal success, more than once thwarting the Austrian foreign minister's machinations for uniting the Austrian arms with those of the Crimean allies. During the conferences at Vienna, pending the siege of Sebastopol, Prince Gortschakoff's patient moderation half won over France to Russia, and the work thus begun at Vienna was carried forward by Alexeï Orloff at Paris, where a basis was laid for a fuller understanding between the two countries, and also for the resumption of diplomatic relations between Russia and Piedmont. When, in the spring of 1856, Prince Gortschakoff — then nearly sixty years old — succeeded Count Nesselrode as Russia's minister of foreign affairs, he had a task of appalling magnitude before him. The country was financially exhausted; a new and fundamental departure had already been made by the Czar in the internal organization of Russia's administration, and an equally important change of front was required in her foreign affairs. The Holy Alliance had been broken, through Austria's apathy and duplicity before and during the Crimean war, and by her almost hostility to Russia in the conferences of Vienna and Paris.[1]

The Treaty of Paris had stopped the effusion of blood in the Crimea, but the germs of discontent and dissension remained active, and Europe was diplomatically divided into two camps. Austria and England insisted upon the most rigorous and literal interpretation of the Paris treaty, but Prince Gortschakoff had foreseen this, and had prepared for it when so carefully promoting such an understanding between France and Piedmont as inclined them to allow Russia to put the most favorable construction on its stipulations. By means of this triple alliance was the "question of Belgrade" compromised and the creation of Roumania recognized, in spite of Count Buol's ominous declaration that "Austria had quite enough with one Sardinia at the foot of the Alps, without having another at the foot of the Carpathians."

It is true that as far as physical force is concerned the "conspirator of Forli" broke Austrian aggression, but Count Cavour himself declares that while Louis Napoleon vacillated Prince Gortschakoff's firmness held back Austria, and gave him courage to brave Lord Palmerston.

Prince Gortschakoff, the representative of "*despotic Russia*," a year after the day at Tchernaya, was supporting the liberal Piedmont; while free England, owing so much to the bravery of La Marmora's little corps, and whose constitution Piedmont had taken as her guide, had no other comfort to offer than a censure for Piedmont's rupture with Austria and an advice to submission! Not until war between Austria and Piedmont appeared imminent did England awake to the danger, but then

[1] It was in one of these conferences that Count Buol Schauenstein made demands so preposterous that Count Cavour exclaimed, "Austria speaks as if she had taken Sebastopol!"

only to find her mediation everywhere unwelcome. At Vienna she was advised to counsel the court at Turin; at Turin she was informed that Austria, and not Piedmont, was threatening to disturb the peace. Germany expressed sorrow over the turn of affairs, and Prince Gortschakoff plainly stated that Russia desired peace, was "upon terms of close cordiality with France," but opposed to Austria, who had "behaved disgracefully in return for Russia's services;" that Russia "refrained from counseling anybody;" "but," said he, frankly, "if the peace of Europe be disturbed, I do not tell you on which side you will find the Russian arms." Prince Gortschakoff's answer throws a subtle light on his famous expression, "La Russie ne boude pas; elle se recueille," with which he opened his administration."

When England concentrated her efforts on detaching France from Piedmont, Prince Gortschakoff, through his celebrated circular dispatch of May, 1859, proposing a European congress, blasted Lord Derby's sanguine expectations.

At this period Herr Bismarck was appointed ambassador to St. Petersburg. The manly friendship and political sympathy between the "Junker" and Prince Gortschakoff were now cemented, and in the most critical moment, as their combined efforts were barely sufficient to withhold the *Bund* from joining Austria against Piedmont and France. Napoleon was quick to profit by the hesitation of Germany, and before reflection could change the German policy the Austrians were beaten at Montebello, Magenta, and Solferino, and that strange let-live Villa-Franca peace had been put on record in the red, green, and yellow archives. Lombardy was restored to Italy, but Venetia remained under the heel of Austria. When Piedmont attacked the independent kingdom of Naples, Prince Gortschakoff opposed it, and broke off diplomatic relations with Turin, which were not renewed for many months. But after peace was restored, and Italy had justified her claims to recognition as a nation, Russia was the first power to acknowledge the Italian kingdom (July, 1862).

In 1860, the diplomatic negotiations for a positive improvement of the situation of the Christians in Turkey were regularly opened by the May dispatch of Prince Gortschakoff to the signataries of the Paris treaty. It desired that a common understanding with the Porte might be reached, "in order to engage it to adopt the necessary organic measures for bringing about, in its relations with the Christian populations of the empire, a real, serious, and durable amelioration." "The understanding," said Prince Gortschakoff, "which we wish to see established between the great powers and the Turkish government must be to the Christians a proof that their fate is taken into consideration, and that we are seriously occupied in ameliorating it. At the same time it will be to the Porte a sure pledge of the *friendly intentions of the powers which have placed the conservation of the Ottoman empire among the essential conditions of the European equilibrium.* . . . We trust these views are shared by all cabinets; but we are also convinced that the time for illusion is past, and that any hesitation, any adjournment, will have grave consequences. In uniting all our efforts to place the Ottoman government in a course which may meet these eventualities, we believe that we are giving proof of our solicitude, while at the same time we fulfill a duty of humanity."

England temporized, and the Syrian massacres took place. England and France now saw no alternative but to interfere, and Lord Russell coolly ignored the Porte's plea — based on the ninth clause in the Treaty of Paris — of independence in the internal administration of Turkey. Syria was occupied by English and French troops, and the Porte informed that until the Lebanon constitution (the work of Lord Dufferin, lately governor-general in Canada) was accepted, Syria would remain occupied. Prince Gortschakoff not only approved of this intervention, — which had not, as Russia's proposition, been deemed feasible, and her right to a voice in which

was now ignored, — but supplemented it with commands to the Russian squadron in Syrian waters to take orders from the British admiral!

Between 1862 and 1864, Prince Gortschakoff won the fairest laurels for his wise and humane policy towards the rebellious Polish nobility, and by his refusal to join France and England in an intervention in the civil war raging in the United States. Though the Polish insurrection pushed itself forward by every foul and treacherous means of which it was able to avail itself, and after the rout and flight of Langewicz's corps, — the only organized Polish army with which the Russians had to deal, — and when it was apparent to the thoughtful that the strength of the insurrection was hopelessly broken, the Czar issued an amnesty (in 1863) evincing motives and sentiments of the utmost magnanimity. This noble amnesty was scornfully rejected by the Red Tribunal at Warsaw, whose machinations had by this time so stirred up Europe that in England, France, Austria, Prussia, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, and Denmark the press rang with indignation, and demanded war on the "inhuman Muscovite."

But the Poles sought more than even European sympathy would have secured to them; they would hear nothing of the provisions of 1815; they demanded nothing less than independence, the restoration of the Poland of 1772.

Prince Gortschakoff's position, before so difficult, became critical. He had been chiefly the means of the emancipation decree of the 19th of February, 1861, and with rare skill had neutralized the revolutionary designs of the nobles in St. Petersburg and Moscow; defeating their revenge-scheme for a constitution and for the convocation of a general *Duma*.[1] He had displeased the fanatical orthodox nationals by his lenient course towards Poland, and by staunchly supporting the great reforms introduced by his friend Waluieff, minister of the interior.[2]

When, therefore, France and England began officially to interfere in favor of the Poles, — the sons of the battle comrades of Bonaparte, — Prince Gortschakoff was pushed to the foreground. He had either to submit to an interference in Russia's internal affairs, certainly detrimental, if not ultimately fatal, to her greatness and prestige; or, by allowing the national party a certain influence in the case of Poland, be enabled to present a united front to foreign aggression; or, lastly, to risk a forced resignation, with dubitable results for Russia. Prince Gortschakoff (then vice-chancellor) decided to unite, provisionally, Russia's policy with the claims of the national party which then ruled public opinion. This decision was the deliberate acceptance of the most self-sacrificing ordeal by Prince Gortschakoff. It forced him, a genuine aristocrat, cultivated, refined, and naturally averse to violent and summary measures, not only to disappoint his tried friends, the well-known "Konstantinowzin" triumvirate (Waluieff, Golowin, and Reutern), but to meet the heavy censure of the Philo-Franks and liberal parties; while his own strongest sympathies were being wrenched in political association with such men as Tscherkassky and Katkoff, the terrible Muravieff and the ruthless brothers Milutine, one minister of war, the other secretary of state. He sought also, at this time, to conciliate England by seconding Lord Palmerston's unexpected choice of the Danish Prince George for the disputed throne of Greece, notwithstanding the Czar's personal preference of his nephew, the Prince of Leuchtenberg.

To thwart Austrian machinations, discourage Polish hopes of either French or Austrian intervention, and allay Germany's apprehension of a possible future Franco-Polish alliance, Prince Gortschakoff entered into a military convention with Prussia, limited to the mutual ren-

[1] The Duma (from *dumati*, *to think*, or *to deliberate*) was an ancient form of council convened around and presided over by the grand dukes, its members being chosen exclusively from the higher nobility.

[2] "The most capable, best-informed, and most prudent minister of the interior whom modern Russia has possessed." (La Société Russe, par un Russe.)

dition of political refugees and deserters, although "absolutely forbidding either open or clandestine pursuit of fugitives" into each other's territory. He secured the pardon of the "Old Believers" of the Byelocrinitz[1] hierocracy (a religio-political conspiracy, plotting in great numbers for over thirty years against the Russian government), and reopened educational institutions to them.

This masterly combination of measures rallied the nation, and enabled Prince Gortschakoff firmly to pursue a steadfast line of action, and pointedly to decline all foreign meddling.

His long and elaborate dispatches are diplomatic *chefs-d'œuvre*, and for their historical erudition, insight, precision, clearness, perspicuity, and cogency, and for their spirit of justice, candor, moderation, and moral honor and dignity, resolutely merging personal feeling in the broadest human considerations, foreshadow the ideal which good men hold of the high mission of diplomacy. His dispatches to France, England, and Austria breathe throughout a fixed determination to maintain the honor and integrity of Russia. Never does he shirk or circumvent an issue, never belittle or evade a point, but with pitiless severity does he expose trickery and falsehood, and anatomize the faithless character of past diplomacy.

The last show of life vanished from the revolution, leaving Poland, as a conquered enemy, in the position of a Russian province whose separate nationality must eventually disappear, and leaving England and France wiser regarding Russia's power and the character and scope of her chancellor's intellect. It was during the previous year that Prince Gortschakoff did the United States of North America that service which should forever be held in remembrance. The Union blockade of the Southern ports and the destructive advance of the Northern armies into the heart of the cotton districts of the South had drawn many a threatening dispatch from France and England, yet neither of these powers were ready to risk the consequences of an intervention without Russia's support. M. Drouyn de Lhuys, the French foreign minister, invited Russia to an *entente* with France and England, to propose to the United States a *six months' armistice and reopening of the Southern ports*. The year 1862 was one of the most agitated in Prince Gortschakoff's illustrious career; when the nobles were in a state of excitement bordering on revolution over the emancipation of the serfs, the press was fierce and refractory, and St. Petersburg in danger of a state of siege, especially when the mysterious May conflagrations commenced; Poland and Lithuania were already in revolt, and the judicial and provincial administration decrees of reform added greatly to the confusion. By even a merely passive reply he might have secured the good-will of France and England in the settlement of the difficult Polish affairs; to have joined in the proposed intervention could scarcely have involved any serious results for Russia; but Prince Gortschakoff sent this dispatch to M. d'Oubril, then Russia's chargé d'affaires at Paris: "In reply to the overture of M. Drouyn de Lhuys I reminded the French ambassador of the solicitude which our august master has never ceased to feel in the American conflict from its very outset, — a solicitude caused by the amicable relations existing between the two countries, of which the imperial cabinet has given proofs. I have assured him that nothing could better respond to our wishes than to see approach the termination of a struggle which we deplore, and that to this effect our minister at Washington has instructions to seize every favorable opportunity to recommend moderation and conciliation, so as to appease conflicting passions and lead to a wise settlement of the interests at stake. I admitted that such counsels would certainly

[1] The Starovertzi ("Old Believers") by the government styled Raskolniki, or "heretics," because of their belief that Peter the Great was Antichrist and his reforms unrighteous, for which doctrine they have been persecuted by the government as rebels, are in character national and communistic, and lead a well-ordered active life, though holding in many of their sects absurd tenets. The formidable Pugatscheff belonged to them.

have greater weight if presented simultaneously and in a friendly manner by the great powers who take an interest in the issue of this conflict. But I added that in our opinion *what ought to be specially avoided was the appearance of any pressure whatsoever of a nature to wound public feeling in the United States and to excite susceptibilities very easily aroused at the bare idea of foreign intervention.* Now, according to the information we have hitherto received, we are inclined to believe that a combined step between France, England, and Russia, no matter how conciliatory and how cautiously made, if it were taken with an official character, would run the risk of *causing precisely the very opposite of the object of pacification*, which is the aim of the three courts."

In 1864, Prince Gortschakoff sought to prevent the Prusso-Austrian war on Denmark, but Lord Russell's absurd four constitutions and the death of King Frederick VII., above all Denmark's violations of the treaty of London (1852), had made it impossible for Prince Gortschakoff to do more for Denmark than remonstrate against the occupation of the duchies. Some writers have made Prince Gortschakoff's early statement that the "Deutsche Bund was a confederation purely and exclusively defensive" a basis for charging him with inconsistency, duplicity, and incapacity, by asserting that notwithstanding this profession he sold both Austria and France, as well as the future of Russia, to the "man of blood and iron." As a fact, whatever Prince Gortschakoff may have felt personally on receiving the news of the battle of Sadowa, it is certain that he was officially far from willing to permit Prussia to settle single-handed with her adversary. He at once proposed that the reorganization of Germany should be made the subject of common deliberation at a European congress. Count Bismarck peremptorily refused to renounce the conqueror's right to reap the legitimate fruits of his victory, and his declaration, in an address delivered shortly after the conclusion of peace, that there was not one power in Europe "which had not witnessed the growth of the Prussian monarchy with envy and ill-will" hardly indicates the existence of such a bargain.

There is indeed little doubt that Prince Gortschakoff would at that time have employed more effective means than remonstrances but for the strong personal ties between the Czar and his revered uncle the German emperor. Prince Gortschakoff energetically protested against the annexation of the North German states.

The attitude of the Polish Catholic clergy during the rebellion, and the consequent religious agitation, led Gortschakoff to forbid, under heavy penalties, all connection between Rome and Poland without the government's sanction. The Turkish bombardment of Belgrade in the midst of peace, and the strength developed by the Cretan insurgents, once more drew attention to the East. Austria, excluded from German aspirations, saw in the East a possibility of compensation, and Count Von Beust, the Austrian premier, declared that she wished to promote among the Christians of Turkey "the establishment of a system of autonomy." Prince Gortschakoff was in sympathy with Austria's desire, but declined to act except in concurrence with the signatary powers of the Treaty of Paris.

The antagonism between Prussia and France made both of these powers anxious for Russia's good-will; Italy presented no objections, but England, as usual, evaded and temporized. In a dispatch of September 12, 1866, to Baron Brunnow, Prince Gortschakoff says: "The task of those governments desirous of forestalling sudden change by real, genuine, albeit gradual improvement, is getting incomparably more difficult than it was. But in our opinion this should not cause them to relinquish their task altogether. The English ministers are acquainted with Russian traditions; we have never concealed them, nor shall we disavow them now. We do not want — I repeat it — any new acquisitions, nor have we any desire to add to our authority or importance at any other's cost.

But we never have been, nor are we now, indifferent to the sufferings of our co-religionists. The sympathy we experience for our co-religionists has been frequently misrepresented, and made a pretext for charging us with secret designs. We maintain that the falsehood of these accusations has been proved by events, and that as the chronicles of history are enriched by experience, the nations of mankind, the views of the cabinets, and the character of their mutual relations must be gradually altered."

Notwithstanding England's apathy in regard to active measures for obtaining actual reforms for the Turkish Christians, Prince Gortschakoff induced Austria, France, and Prussia to recommend the Sultan to cedè Crete. The increasing antagonism between France and Prussia, thereafter the publication of the offensive and defensive alliance between North and South Germany, then the Luxembourg question, and finally the Spanish throne succession made united action in the East impossible. In 1867, Prince Gortschakoff felt the burden of state too heavy, and resigned, but at the Czar's request soon resumed the direction of Russia's foreign affairs. Throughout the long, complicated negotiations he actively sought to prevent the Franco-Prussian war, by discountenancing exorbitant demands on either side, and by cautioning Austria against an alliance with France. Austria's fear of a Russo-Prussian or Russo-French alliance led Count von Beust spontaneously to offer Russia a revision of the treaty of 1856 as early as January, 1857, which Prince Gortschakoff had left unanswered.

In June, 1867, Prince Gortschakoff and Counts Shouvaloff and Dolgoroukoff accompanied the Czar to Berlin and Paris, to which latter city King Wilhelm, with Counts Von Bismarck and Von Moltke also proceeded. Napoleon made Prince Gortschakoff the most tempting offers for absolute neutrality in case of a war between France and Prussia, but Prince Gortschakoff demanded as a *sine qua non* that Prussia should not be hurt. Napoleon then withdrew both his and Austria's support of Russia in the East, and advocated Poland's cause. Prince Gortschakoff desired autonomy for the Turkish Christians; France asked for reforms of a nature to lead to a fusion between Mohammedans and Christians. England had confidence in the Sultan, and actively assisted him in the construction of railroads and military highways, with engineers, tacticians, and iron-clads, and in November, 1867, Sir Henry Elliot, the fanatic philo-Turk, succeeded Lord Lyons as ambassador at Constantinople. England, France, and Austria were agreed that "Constantinople would be best defended at Warsaw." The Eastern question was thus simmered down to an inquiry commission of the six powers, and it ended with the acceptance of a Turkish constitution for Crete.

Prince Gortschakoff made an effort to secure Prussia's support in the East, but ineffectually. Again Napoleon made overtures to Russia, but, Prince Gortschakoff insisting upon his original conditions, without result. In 1868, the haughty attitude of Turkey, which relied on the internal dissensions of Europe for having, as usual, her own way, and the murders and outrages upon Bulgarians and Servians had fired with indignation the great orthodox national party. The Russian minister of war, M. Milutine, and General Ignatieff cried, "Now, or never!" Austria, they said, was threatened by Italy, and too weak to offer any resistance; France and Germany were mutually checking each other; England was neither ready nor willing to enter on a single-handed contest with Russia.

Prince Gortschakoff refused to make such use of the situation, and demonstrated that it was unfavorable for any undertaking in that direction. In September, 1868, it became known that French and Austrian emissaries were stirring up the Bulgarians and forming bands, while Austrian troops were massing in Gallicia; at the same time the Roumanian government and press were inflamed against Russia.[1] The papal question

[1] So far did Austria go in demonstrations against Russia that Count Goluchowski, Austrian governor of Gallicia, was allowed to say unchallenged in the

and the spread of the Spanish insurrection tied Napoleon's hands, and compelled Austria to adopt a more wary policy, and the Polish agitation became paralyzed. Napoleon, relying upon Austria, vented his spleen against Prussia, while Austria sought, though in vain, by assuming a bold front, to intimidate Russia. At the close of 1869 the relations between Russia and Prussia had become exceedingly intimate, and Napoleon saw that a diplomatic *rapprochement* between France and Russia was then further off than ever. The strong philo-Frank party in St. Petersburg discountenanced the affection manifested for Prussia, and the Golos, the national party organ, commenced a severe campaign against a Russo-Prussian alliance, and even went so far as to charge men in high stations in Prussia with secret designs upon the Russian Baltic provinces; and, with very few exceptions, the entire Russian press declared the conviction that Prussia must be thrown over, and France admitted to fellowship. But Prince Gortschakoff remained firm, probably convinced that no reliance could be placed on the Louis Napoleon government, which would one day go to war for an idea, and on another would, without compunction, break the most solemn promise. Finally, Austria's hostile attitude left Russia no alternative but to befriend Prussia, and Austria received a warning not to interfere in a Franco-Prussian war.

Immediately upon the Prussian victory at Metz, Prince Gortschakoff opened the famous diplomatic contest for the abrogation of the Black Sea clause of the Paris treaty. It had taken the combined action of the six powers to force this clause upon the Czar, and he now considered that he was strong enough to force the six powers to take it back. The initiative was wholly due to the Czar's personal instigation, and the announcement was no surprise to Europe; Austria had offered her support for a revision of the Paris treaty in 1867, on condition of an alliance against Prussia, and France had made similar offers in 1869 and 1870. The manner in which and the means whereby Prince Gortschakoff obtained the sanction of the abolishment of the Black Sea clause present his statesmanship in distinct and grand proportions.[1]

The English press expressed warlike sentiments, and Lord Granville severely denounced Russia's proceedings. Prince Gortschakoff's frankness and firmness, his irresistible logic, and yet his entire willingness to lay Russia's grievances before a congress of the signataries of 1856, soon disarmed opposition, and at the instigation of Count Bismarck a conference was convoked at London, where the objectionable clause was abolished, and Russia regained the right to keep naval establishments on the Black Sea coast and a fleet in its waters. He declined English overtures for imposing an armistice on Prussia, and from 1872 to 1875 devoted his energies chiefly to Russia's Asiatic and internal affairs, and to restraining the arrogance of the German nobility in the Baltic provinces. The conquests made in Bokhara and Khiva Khokand were forced on Russia just as those of the Punjaub and Scinde were forced on the British in India. In 1873, an insurrection broke out in Bosnia, which was allayed by Austrian intercession at the Porte. In 1874, Herzegovina rebelled, and the infection spread so rapidly and irresistibly that the great powers took alarm. The troubled state of Croatia and Dalmatia forced Austria to advocate the insurgents' cause.

The convocation of the Brussels conference, for fixing the bases of new laws of nations in time of war, gave the chancellor a merited opportunity, through his profound erudition and statesmanship, to impress the younger generation of ambitious diplomatists with his own and

Gallician parliament, "We Poles have displayed too little perseverance in our previous risings; let us be more consistent this time to secure the continuance of Austria's favor."

[1] Von Beust's organ at first said that Prince Gortschakoff's note "has created a most threatening position, and it will induce the signatary powers of the Treaty of Paris to uphold with firmness and energy the public right thus menaced. The signataries of the treaty of 1856 have every reason to agree to a common course of action in order to resist the designs of Russia."

the Czar's humanitarian views. Prince Gortschakoff's independence was again signally shown when he refused to acknowledge, as Germany had done, Marshal Serrano's government in Spain. Marshal Serrano soon became merely a Bourbon intriguer.

A detailed and adequate account of Prince Gortschakoff's attitude for the last three years in the Eastern question would transcend the limits of the present paper; but from careful and impartial study of the best informed and least prejudiced writers, I am led to conclusions which I have endeavored to set in concise formula, as follows: First, that Turkish barbarities and misgovernment, together with the Omladina[1] fomentation, and not Russian emissaries, brought about the continued insurrection which ended in Russia's armed intervention in 1877. Second, that, as Professor Goldwin Smith says, in an article on The Slave Owner and the Turk, "it seems that the war was made by the nation; that the autocrat yielded to the national impulse; . . . that Russia had, by European law, as clear a right to succor the Christians in Turkey as the Union had to succor the negro." Third, that Prince Gortschakoff had exhausted all means for arriving at a common understanding with the European powers before going to war. Fourth, that the acceptance by the powers of the Andrassy note admitted substantially that the refusal of one or more of the powers to give it practical application ought not to paralyze the action of the others, as long as their action remained defined by those limits of interest to the principle of which Europe had given collective sanction. Fifth, that the Treaty of Paris, in order to be sanely interpreted, ought to be considered as a complete instrument, whose every clause conditions and complements the rest and the whole. Sixth, that Prince Gortschakoff kept the spirit and letter of every pledge he made, and sought with earnestness and candor to put an end to hostilities at the earliest moment consistent with his promises and with Russia's honor. Seventh, that by the failure of the powers to agree and Russia's declaring war on her own responsibility there were, according to international law, only belligerents and neutrals; that therefore no mediation could be offered, unless asked for by both belligerents and upon similar terms; that peace should be established by and between only those powers who broke it; and that the neutrality conditions could no more justly be violated in the peace treaty than during the war. Eighth, that the San Stefano treaty was calculated to promote the general interests of peace, humanity, and civilization, the collective and material interests of Europe, the interests of belligerents and non-belligerents, far more fully than is the Treaty of Berlin, which is in point of fact another Villa-Franca treaty. Ninth, that the conclusion of the Treaty of Berlin is crowning evidence of the sincerity of Prince Gortschakoff's so often and ardently expressed desire for peace.

The house of Gortschakoff, which until 1871 had been merely "honorable" (*sijatelstwenne*), and then became "most serene" (*swetleischi*), claims to be able to trace its descent from Rurik,[2] and during the last two centuries the name of Gortschakoff is conspicuous in the proudest pages of Russian annals. Several of Russia's greatest generals sprang from the house of Gortschakoff, and it was a Gortschakoff who conducted the peace negotiations of 1829. Another Gortschakoff won the brilliant laurels of Eski-Stamboul, carried Ostrolenka, and later, as generalissimo of the Crimean forces, immortalized his name by his heroic and skillful defense of Sebastopol, especially through saving the Russian army from capture after the fall of the Malakoff; for which high service the Emperor Alexander hailed him the "saviour of his country."

[1] A secret and powerful organization, with the object of establishing a republican Panslavic confederation on the ruins of the Austrian and Ottoman empires.

[2] Rurik was the Swede who, with his brothers, in answer to the fervent invitation of the Slavs, who were worn with ceaseless dissensions, came to Russia in 862, and founded the Russian nation. In 1862 Russia celebrated her millennial anniversary but strictly as a Slavonic event.

Prince Alexander Michaelowitch Gortschakoff was born in Moscow in 1798. He is a Protestant, and was married to a Princess Ourousoff, who bore him two sons. The eldest, Michel, who assisted his father in the late Berlin congress, was born in 1840, and is at present minister of Russia in Dresden, was secretary of legation at London in 1872; the younger, Constantine, born in 1842, and who was attached to the ministry of foreign affairs at St. Petersburg at the same time, is equerry of the Czar.

The features of Prince Gortschakoff seem to be a delicate and strong combination of those of M. Thiers and Count Cavour; his mouth, especially, is exquisitely chiseled, expressive of his agreeable voice and the gentleness of his usual mood and manner.

Prince Gortschakoff thoroughly knows Russia, her history, needs, prejudices, and weakness as well as strength. He has been utterly loyal to the throne, but without servility, all his acts "bearing the stamp of Prince Gortschakoff, not of the Czar." Without a parliament, he has ruled Russia with Russia's express wish and consent. He has been a staunch defender of the sanctity of treaties, and no treaty to which Russia has been a party has failed of the fullest and most honorable interpretation and support, both active and passive, by Prince Gortschakoff. Frankness, dignity, morality, and the most exhaustive knowledge pervade all his official transactions, and he has throughout proved himself a sincere patriot, the unselfish friend of Russia's welfare and fame. In the beginning of his foreign ministry Prince Gortschakoff seemed inclined for a French alliance, but Napoleon's vacillations, and especially his hostile attitude during the Polish revolution, rendered it impracticable, and with masterly skill Prince Gortschakoff has maintained Russia's complete freedom from all formal engagements and alliances, though he has used temporary unions for intermediate ends. A man of unfathomable resources, impersonal as a public functionary, he has evinced inexhaustible patience and a concessive spirit on all secondary points, but an immovable firmness where real issues were at stake. Prince Gortschakoff has never allowed foreign politics to cripple internal interests, as did nearly every one of his predecessors.

Like Cavour, he believes in liberty, — in the liberty of "a regular system of public guarantees impartially applied and patiently worked out, as free from subterfuge as from violence."

Though Prince Gortschakoff has not had an opportunity to display his skill for parliamentary leadership, his numerous dispatches possess such a grasp of knowledge, such a quick and keen perception of the pith of any question, at once elevating and simplifying its answers, without breaking the order of ideas; such subtle reasoning, and occasionally such incisive sarcasms, that it is clear that had the routine of parliamentary practice been his he would have stood in parliamentary leadership as he now stands among statesmen, as the diplomatic mentor of the nineteenth century, whose career splendidly illuminates Prince Lieven's simple text, *Un Homme Capable!*

*Axel C. J. Gustafson.*

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## THE NEGRO EXODUS.

A RECENT sojourn in the South for a few weeks, chiefly in Louisiana and Mississippi, gave the writer an opportunity to inquire into what has been so aptly called "the negro exodus." The emigration of blacks to Kansas began early in the spring of this year. For a time there was a stampede from two or three of the river parishes in Louisiana and as many counties opposite in Mis-

sissippi. Several thousand negroes (certainly not fewer than five thousand, and variously estimated as high as ten thousand) had left their cabins before the rush could be stayed or the excitement lulled. Early in May most of the negroes who had quit work for the purpose of emigrating, but had not succeeded in getting off, were persuaded to return to the plantations, and from that time on there have been only straggling families and groups that have watched for and seized the first opportunity for transportation to the North. There is no doubt, however, that there is still a consuming desire among the negroes of the cotton districts in these two States to seek new homes, and there are the best reasons for believing that the exodus will take a new start next spring, after the gathering and conversion of the growing crop. Hundreds of negroes who returned from the river-banks for lack of transportation, and thousands of others infected with the ruling discontent, are working harder in the fields this summer, and practicing more economy and self-denial than ever before, in order to have the means next winter and spring to pay their way to the "promised land."

"We 've been working for fourteen long years," said an intelligent negro, in reply to a question as to the cause of the prevailing discontent, "and we ain't no better off than we was when we commenced." That is the negro version of the trouble, which is elaborated on occasion into a harrowing story of oppression and plunder.

"I tell you it 's all owing to the radical politicians at the North," explained a representative of the type known as the Bourbons; "they 've had their emissaries down here, and deluded the 'niggers' into a very fever of emigration, with the purpose of reducing our basis of representation in Congress and increasing that of the Northern States."

These are the two extremes of opinion at the South. The first is certainly the more reasonable and truthful, though it implies that all the blame rests upon the whites, which is not the case; the second, preposterous as it will appear to Northern readers, is religiously believed by large numbers of the "unreconciled." Between these two extremes there is an infinite variety of theories, all more or less governed by the political faction to which the various theorizers belong; there are at least a dozen of these factions, such as the Bourbons, the conservatives, the native white republicans, the carpet-bag republicans, the negro republicans, etc. There is a political tinge in almost everything in the extreme Southern States. The fact seems to be that the emigration movement among the blacks was spontaneous to the extent that they were ready and anxious to go. The immediate notion of going may have been inculcated by such circulars, issued by railroads and land companies, as are common enough at emigrant centres in the North and West, and the exaggeration characteristic of such literature may have stimulated the imagination of the negroes far beyond anything they are likely to realize in their new homes. Kansas was naturally the favorite goal of the negro *émigré*, for it was associated in his mind with the names of Jim Lane and John Brown, which are hallowed to him. The timid learned that they could escape what they have come to regard as a second bondage, and they flocked together to gain the moral support which comes from numbers.

Diligent inquiry among representative men, of all classes and from all parts of Louisiana, who were in attendance at the constitutional convention in New Orleans, and careful observation along the river among the land owners and field hands in both Louisiana and Mississippi, left a vivid impression of some material and political conditions which fully account for the negro exodus. I have dropped the social conditions out of the consideration, because I became convinced that the race troubles at the South can be solved to the satisfaction of both whites and blacks without cultivating any closer social relations than those which now prevail. The material conditions I have in mind are less familiar than the political conditions; they are mainly the land-tenure and credit sys-

tems, and mere modifications (scarcely for the better) of the peculiar plantation system of slavery days.

The cotton lands at the South are owned now, as they were before the war, in large tracts. The land was about all that most of the Southern whites had left to them after the war, and they kept it when they could, at the first, in the hope that it would yield them a living through the labor of the blacks; of late years they have not been able to sell their plantations at any fair price, if they desired to do so. The white men with capital who went to the South from the North after the war seemed to acquire the true Southern ambition to be large land owners and planters; and when the ante-bellum owners lost their plantations the land usually went in bulk to the city factors who had made them advances from year to year, and had taken mortgages on their crops and broad acres. As a consequence, the land has never been distributed among the people who inhabit and cultivate it, and agricultural labor in the Southern States approaches the condition of the factory labor in England and the Eastern States more nearly than it does the farm labor of the North and West. Nearly every agricultural laborer north of Mason and Dixon's line, if not the actual possessor of the land he plows, looks forward to owning a farm some time; at the South such an ambition is rare, and small ownership still more an exception. The practice of paying day wages was first tried after the war; this practice is still in vogue in the sugar and rice districts, where laborers are paid from fifty to seventy cents per day, with quarters furnished and living guaranteed them at nine or ten cents a day. In sections where the wages system prevails, and where there have been no political disturbances, the negroes seem to be perfectly contented; at all events, the emigration fever has not spread among them. But it was found impracticable to maintain the wages system in the cotton districts. The negroes themselves fought against it, because it reminded them too much of the slave-gang, driven out at daybreak and home at sundown. In many cases the planters were forced to abandon it, because they had not the means to carry on such huge farming, and they could not secure the same liberal advances from capitalists as when they were able to mortgage a growing "crop of niggers." Then the system of working on shares was tried. This was reasonably fair, and the negro laborers were satisfied as long as it lasted. The owners of the land, under this system, would furnish the indispensable mule and the farming implements, and take one half the product. The planters themselves relinquished this system. Some of them contend that the laziness and indifference of the negro made the partnership undesirable; many others admit that they were not able to advance the negro tenant his supplies pending the growth of the year's crop, as it was necessary they should do under the sharing system. Now the renting system is almost universal. It yields the land owner a certainty, endangered only by the death, sickness, or desertion of the negro tenant; but it throws the latter upon his own responsibility, and frequently makes him the victim of his own ignorance and the rapacity of the white man. The rent of land, on a money basis, varies from six to ten dollars an acre per year, while the same land can be bought in large quantities all the way from fifteen to thirty dollars per acre, according to location, clearing, improvement, richness, etc. When paid in product, the rent varies from eighty to one hundred pounds of lint cotton per acre for land that produces from two hundred to four hundred pounds of cotton per acre; the tenant undertakes to pay from one quarter to one half — perhaps an average of one third — of his crop for the use of the land, without stock, tools, or assistance of any kind. The land owners usually claim that they make no money even at these exorbitant figures. If they do not, it is because only a portion of their vast possessions is under cultivation, because they do no work themselves, and in some cases because the negroes do not cultivate and gather as large a crop as they could and ought

to harvest. It is very certain that the negro tenants, as a class, make no money; if they are out of debt at the end of a season, they have reason to rejoice.

The credit system, which is as universal as the renting system, is even more illogical and oppressive. The utter viciousness of both systems in their mutual dependence is sufficiently illustrated by the single fact that, after fourteen years of freedom and labor on their own account, the great mass of the negroes depend for their living on an advance of supplies (as they need food, clothing, or tools during the year) upon the pledge of their growing crop. This is a generic imitation of the white man's improvidence during the slavery times; then the planters mortgaged their crops and negroes, and where one used the advances to extend his plantation, ten squandered the money. The negro's necessities have developed an offensive race, called merchants by courtesy, who keep supply stores at the cross-roads and steamboat landings, and live upon extortion. These people would be called sharks, harpies, and vampires in any Northwestern agricultural community, and they would not survive more than one season. The country merchant advances the negro tenant such supplies as the negro wants up to a certain amount, previously fixed by contract, and charges the negro at least double the value of every article sold to him. There is no concealment about the extortion; every store-keeper has his cash price and his credit price, and in nearly all cases the latter is one hundred per cent. higher than the former. The extortion is justified by those who practice it on the ground that their losses by bad debts, though their advances are always secured by mortgage on the growing crop, overbalance the profits; this assertion is scarcely borne out by the comparative opulence of the "merchant" and the pitiful poverty of the laborer. Some of the largest and wealthiest planters have sought to protect their tenants from the merciless clutches of the country merchant, who is more frequently than not an Israelite, by advancing supplies of necessary articles at reasonable prices. But the necessities of the planter, if not his greed, often betray him into plundering the negro. The planter himself is generally a victim to usury. He still draws on the city factor to the extent of ten dollars a bale upon his estimated crop. He pays this factor two and one half per cent. commission for the advance, eight per cent. interest for the money, two and one half per cent. more for disposing of the crop when consigned to him, and sometimes still another commission for the purchase of the supplies. The planter who furnishes his tenants with supplies on credit is usually paying an interest of fifteen to eighteen per cent. himself, and necessarily takes some risk in advancing upon an uncertain crop and to a laborer whom he believes to be neither scrupulous nor industrious; these conditions necessitate more than the ordinary profit, and in many cases suggest exorbitant and unreasonable charges. But whether the negro deals with the merchant or the land owner, his extravagance almost invariably exhausts his credit, even if it be large. The negro is a sensuous creature, and luxurious in his way. The male is an enormous consumer of tobacco and whisky; the female has an inordinate love for flummery; both are fond of sardines, potted meats, and canned goods generally, and they indulge themselves without any other restraint than the refusal of their merchant to sell to them. The man who advances supplies watches his negro customers constantly; if they are working well and their crop promises to be large, he will permit and even encourage them to draw upon him liberally; it is only a partial failure of the crop, or some intimation of the negro's intention to shirk his obligations, that induces his country factor to preach the virtue of self-restraint, or moralize upon the advantages of economy.

The land owner's rent and the merchant's advances are both secured by a chattel mortgage on the tenant's personal property, and by a pledge of the growing crop. The hired laborer (for it is common for negroes to work for

wages for other negroes who rent lands) has also a lien upon the growing crops second only to the land owner's; but as the law requires that the liens shall be recorded, which the ignorant laborer usually neglects and the shrewd merchant never fails to do, the former is generally cheated of his security. Among those who usually work for hire are the women, who are expert cotton pickers, and the loss of wages which so many of them have suffered by reason of the prior lien gained by landlord and merchant has helped to make them earnest and effective advocates of emigration. The Western farmer considers it hard enough to struggle under one mortgage at a reasonable interest; the negro tenant begins his season with three mortgages, covering all he owns, his labor for the coming year, and all he expects to acquire during that period. He pays one third his product for the use of the land; he pays double the value of all he consumes; he pays an exorbitant fee for recording the contract by which he pledges his pound of flesh; he is charged two or three times as much as he ought to pay for ginning his cotton; and, finally, he turns over his crop to be eaten up in commissions, if anything still be left to him. It is easy to understand why the negro rarely gets ahead in the world. This mortgaging of future services, which is practically what a pledge of the growing crop amounts to, is in the nature of bondage. It has a tendency to make the negro extravagant, reckless, and unscrupulous; he has become convinced from previous experience that nothing will be coming to him on the day of settlement, and he is frequently actuated by the purpose of getting as much as possible and working as little as possible. Cases are numerous in which the negro abandons his own crop at picking time, because he knows that he has already eaten up its full value; and so he goes to picking for wages on some other plantation. In other cases, where negroes have acquired mules and farming implements upon which a merchant has secured a mortgage in the manner described, they are practically bound to that merchant from year to year, in order to retain their property; if he removes from one section to another, they must follow him, and rent and cultivate lands in his neighborhood. It is only the ignorance, the improvidence, and the happy disposition of the negro, under the influence of the lazy, drowsy climate, to which he is so well adapted physically, that have enabled him to endure these hardships so long. And, though the negro is the loser, the white man is not often the gainer, from this false plantation and mercantile system. The incidental risk may not be so large as the planter and merchant pretend, but the condition of the people is an evidence that the extortion they practice yields no better profit in the long run than would be gained by competition in fair prices on a cash system; and in leading up to a general emigration of the laboring population the abuses described will eventually ruin and impoverish those who have heretofore been the only beneficiaries thereof. The decay of improvements inevitable under annual rentings, the lack of sufficient labor to cultivate all the good land, and the universal idleness of the rural whites have kept the land owners comparatively poor; the partial failure of crops and the unscrupulousness of the negro debtor, engendered by the infamous exactions of his creditor, have prevented the merchants, as a class, from prospering as much as might be supposed; and, finally, the uniform injustice to the laborers induces them to fly to ills they know not of, rather than bear those they have. It is a blessing to the negro that the laws do not yet provide for a detention of the person in the case of debt, or escape would be shut off entirely; as it is, various influences and circumstances appertaining to the system in vogue have been used to prevent the easy flight of those who desire to go, and have detained thousands of blacks for a time who are fretting to quit the country.

Political oppression has contributed largely to the discontent which is the prime cause of the exodus. "Bulldoz-

ing" is the term by which all forms of this oppression are known. The native whites are generally indisposed to confess that the negroes are quitting the country on account of political injustice and persecution; even those who freely admit and fitly characterize the abuses already described seek to deny, or at least belittle, the political abuses. The fact that a large number of negroes have emigrated from Madison Parish, Louisiana, where there has never been any bulldozing, and where the negroes are in full and undisputed political control, is cited as proof that political disturbances cut no figure in the case. But the town of Delta, in Madison Parish, is at once on the river and the terminus of a railroad that runs back through the interior of the State; thus Madison Parish would furnish the natural exit for the fugitives from the adjoining counties, where there have been political disturbances. It would be just as reasonable to contend that the plundering of the negroes has had no influence in driving them away, since many of those who have emigrated were among the most prosperous of the blacks, as to deny the agency of political persecution. Families that had been able to accumulate a certain amount of personal property, in spite of the extortionate practices, sold their mules, their implements, their cows, their pigs, their sheep, and their household goods for anything they would bring, — frequently as low as one sixth of their value, — in order that they might improve an immediate opportunity to go away; it is evident that there must have been some cause outside of extortion in their case. There are candid native whites who do not deny, but justify, the violent methods which have been employed to disfranchise the negroes, or compel them to vote under white dictation, in many parts of Louisiana and Mississippi, on the ground that the men who pay the taxes should vote them and control the disbursement of the public moneys. The gentlemen who advance this argument seem to ignore the fact that the very Northerner whom they are seeking to convert to "the Mississippi plan" may himself be a taxpayer in some Northern city, where public affairs are controlled by a class of voters in every way as ignorant and irresponsible as the blacks, but where bulldozing has never yet been suggested as a remedy. For the rest, the evidences of political oppression are abundant and convincing. The bulldozers as a class are more impecunious and irresponsible than the negroes, and, unlike the negroes, they will not work. There has been more of the "night-riding," the whippings, the mysterious disappearances, the hangings, and the terrorism comprehended in the term bulldozing than has been reported by those "abstracts and brief chronicles of the time," the Southern newspapers, which are now all of one party, and defer to the ruling sentiment among the whites. The exodus has wrung from two or three of the more candid and independent journals, however, a virtual confession of the fiendish practices of bulldozing in their insistance that these practices must be abandoned. The non-resident land owners and the resident planters, the city factors and the country merchants of means and respectability, have taken no personal part in the terrorizing of the negro, but they have tolerated it, and sometimes encouraged it, in order to gratify their preference for "white government." The negroes have suffered the more because they have not resisted and defended themselves; now they have begun to convince those who have persecuted them that, if they will not strike back, they can and will run away. No one who is at all familiar with the freedman can doubt that the abridgment of his political rights has been one of the main causes of the exodus. Voting is widely regarded at the North as a disagreeable duty, but the negro looks upon it as the highest privilege in life; to be frightened out of the exercise of this privilege, or compelled to exercise it in conflict with his convictions and preferences, is to suffer from a cruel injustice, which the negro will now try to escape, since he has learned that escape is possible. The women, though free from personal assaults, suffer from the terror-

ism that prevails in certain districts as much as the men. "We might as well starve or freeze to death in Kansas," they say, "as to be shot-gunned here." If they talk to you in confidence, they declare that the ruling purpose is to escape from the "slaughter-pens" of the South. Political persecution, and not the extortion they suffer, is the refrain of all the speakers at negro meetings that are held in encouragement and aid of the emigration. It is idle to deny that the varied injustice which the negroes have suffered as voters is accountable for a large part of their universal yearning for new homes, and it will be folly for the responsible classes at the South to ignore this fact.

As it is the negroes who are fleeing from the South, it is natural to look among the dominant class for the injustice which is driving them away; but it would be unfair to conclude that the blame rests entirely upon the whites, and still more so to leave the impression that there is no extenuation for the mistakes and abuses for which the whites are responsible. Much of the intimidation of the blacks has been tolerated, if not suggested, by a fear of negro uprisings. The apprehension is a legacy from the days of slavery, and is more unreasonable now than it was then; but still it exists. This is not an excuse, but an explanation. The Pharaohs of the time of Moses were in constant dread lest the Hebrews under their rule should go over to their enemies, and their dread doubtless increased the cruelty of the Egyptians; but, while this dread was an extenuation in the eyes of the persecutors, it did not prevent the Hebrews from fleeing the persecution. So the blacks are going without regard to the justification which the whites may set up for their treatment; the only difference between the old and new exodus is that, as the writer heard one negro speaker express it, "every black man is his own Moses in this exodus." The negro may be lazy; it seems impossible to be otherwise in the Southern climate. He may not be willing to work on Saturdays, no matter how urgent the necessity; the indulgence in holidays is said to be one of the chief drawbacks to the advancement of the emancipated serfs of Russia. The blacks are certainly extravagant in their way, though the word seems to be almost misused in connection with a race who live largely on pork and molasses, and rarely wear more than half a dollar's worth of clothes at one time. They have not the instinct of home as it prevails among the whites, but incline to a crude and unsystematic communism; the negro quarters of the old plantations are all huddled together in the centre, and, except where the land owners have interfered to encourage a different life, there is still too much promiscuousness in the relation of the sexes. The negro, as a rule, has no ambition to become a land owner; he prefers to invest his surplus money, when he has any, in personal and movable property. In most cases where the blacks have been given the opportunity of buying land on long time, and paying yearly installments out of the proceeds of their annual crops, they have tired of the bargain after a year or two, and abandoned the contract. The negro politicians and preachers are not all that reformers and moralists would have them; the imitative faculty of the African has betrayed the black politician into many of the vicious ways of the white politician, and the colored preacher is frequently not above "the pomps and vanity of this wicked world." All this is the more unfortunate, as the blacks have a child-like confidence in their chosen leaders, founded partly on their primitive character, and partly on their distrust of the native whites. Both their politicians and their preachers have given abundant evidence of their insincerity during the excitement of emigration by blowing hot and blowing cold; by talking to the negroes one way, and to the whites another; and even to the extent, in some instances, of taking money to use their influence for discouraging and impeding emigration. These are some of the faults and misfortunes on the part of the blacks which enter into the race troubles. The chief blame which attaches to the whites is the failure to make a persistent effort,

by education and kind treatment, to overcome the distrust and cure the faults of the negroes. The whites control, because they constitute the "property and intelligence" of the South, to use the words of a democratic statesman; this power should have been used to gain the confidence of the blacks. Had such a course been taken, there would not have been the fear of reënslavement, which actually prevails to a considerable extent among the negroes. So long as a portion of the whites entertain the conviction that the war of the sections will be renewed within a few years, as is the case, the negroes will suspect and dread the class who would treat them as enemies in case the war should come, and will seek to escape to a section of the country where they would not be so treated. Perhaps, too, there would have been a voluntary political division among the black voters, had the whites used more pacific means to bring it about, and had they themselves set the example. And last, but not least, in making up the sum of blame that the whites must bear, is their own unwillingness to labor, which gives the rural population too much time for mischief and too little sympathy with the working classes.

As we have traced the causes that have led to the exodus, and described the conditions which warrant the belief that there will be a renewal of the emigration on a more extended scale next spring, and endeavored to distribute the responsibility for the troubles equitably among whites and blacks, remedies have naturally suggested themselves to the reader; in fact, they are more easily to be thought out than accomplished. A few general reflections may be added, however, in order to indicate the probable solution of the race troubles that have brought about the exodus, if, indeed, the whites and blacks of the South are ever going to live together in peace.

(1.) It is certain that negro labor is the best the South can have, and equally certain that the climate and natural conditions of the South are better suited to the negro than any others on this continent. The alluvial lands, which many persons believe the negroes alone can cultivate, on account of climatic conditions, are so rich that it might literally be said it is only necessary to tickle them with a hoe to make them laugh back a harvest. The common prosperity of the country — the agricultural interests of the South and the commercial interests of the North — will be best served, therefore, by the continued residence and labor of the blacks in the cotton States.

(2.) The fact stated in the foregoing paragraph is so well understood at the North that the Southern people should dismiss the idea that there is any scheming among the Northern people, political or otherwise, to draw the black labor away from its natural home. The same fact should also influence the people at the North not to be misled by any professional philanthropists who may have some self-interest in soliciting aid to facilitate negro emigration from the South. The duty of the North in this matter is simply to extend protection and assure safe-conduct to the negroes, if the Southern whites attempt to impede voluntary emigration by either law or violence. Any other course might be cruel to the negro in encouraging him to enter on a new life in a strange climate, as well as an injustice to the white land owners of the South.

(3.) There is danger that the Southern whites will, as a rule, misinterpret the meaning of the exodus. Many are inclined to underrate its importance, and those who appreciate its significance are apt to look for temporary and superficial remedies. The vague promises made at the Vicksburg convention, which was controlled by the whites, and called to consider the emigration movement, have had no influence with the negroes, because they have heard such promises before. Had the convention adopted some definite plan of action, such as ex-Governor Foote, of Mississippi, submitted, its session might not have been in vain. This plan was to establish a committee in every county, composed of men who have the confidence of both whites and blacks, that should be auxiliary to the

public authorities, listen to complaints, and arbitrate, advise, conciliate, or prosecute, as each case should demand. It is short-sighted for the Southern people to make mere temporary concessions, such as have been made in some cases this year, for that course would establish an annual strike. It is folly for them to suppose they can stem the tide of emigration by influencing the regular lines of steamboats not to carry the refugees, for the people of the North will see that the blacks shall not be detained in the South against their will. It is unwise for them to devise schemes for importing Chinese, or encouraging the immigration of white labor as a substitute for negro labor, when they may much better bestir themselves to make the present effective labor content.

(4.) Education will be the most useful agent to employ in the permanent harmonizing of the two races, and the redemption of both from the faults and follies which constitute their troubles. It is not the education of the negro alone, whose ambition for learning is increasing notably with every new generation, but the education of the mass of the young whites, that is needed to inculcate more tolerance of color and opinion, to give them an aspiration beyond that of riding a horse and hanging a "nigger," and to enable them to set a better example to the imitative blacks in the way of work and frugality. The blacks need the education to protect them from designing white men; the whites need it to teach them that their own interests will be best served by abandoning bulldozing of all kinds.

(5.) Reform in the land tenure, by converting the plantation monopolies into small holdings; abolition of the credit system, by abandoning the laws which sustain it; a diversification of crops; and attention to new manufacturing, maritime, and commercial enterprises, — these are the material changes that are most needed. They can be secured only through the active and earnest efforts of the whites. The blacks will be found responsive.

(6.) The hope of the negro exodus at its present stage, or even if it shall continue another season, is that the actual loss of the valuable labor that has gone, and the prospective loss of more labor that is anxious to go, will induce the intelligent and responsible classes at the South to overcome their own prejudices, and to compel the extremists, irreconcilables, and politicians generally, of all parties, to abandon agitation, and give the South equal peace and equal chance for black and white.

*James B. Runnion.*

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## RECENT FRENCH AND GERMAN ESSAYS.

NEXT to the joy of sitting down to discuss a neighbor's habits, his moral turpitude, and the way he squanders his income, comes that of reading an intelligent book about a foreign country. This need not be a book of travels, for interest in them is felt by only a few people, while it would be hard to find any one who reads at all who does not care for the full studies certain writers give us about countries not their own. If it is our own land that is written about, our pleasure is apt to be tempered by quicker perceptions or suspicions of inaccuracy and prejudice than when it is our neighbors who are under discussion.

This being the case in general, one's feeling about any particular book depends of course upon the skill and knowledge of the writer; and when France is made the subject of a volume by an author who knows the land so well as does Mr. Karl Hillebrand, we have every cause for gratitude. This gentleman has lived

there twenty years, and he knows France thoroughly. The mere fact of residence in a place does not make a man capable of writing about it, but this author is a trained observer, a careful student, and a good writer. This is the third edition of his Frankreich und die Franzosen,[1] an old book noticed in these columns shortly after its appearance in 1873. He has retained almost all the original matter, and has added enough to make the volume nearly double its previous size.

Besides our interest in France, there is another thing that makes this book valuable, and that is our ignorance of the country. Even Paris is not well known by the majority of travelers, however familiar they may be with one or more of its many sides; yet Paris is but a part of the complex country, although the most important part. Our ignorance of the country is not wholly our own fault. Frenchmen talk a great deal without being communicative. They discuss their private affairs in preference before an interested audience, yet they successfully elude observation whenever they wish to protect themselves. Their domestic life is concealed from foreigners almost as effectually as is that of Eastern ladies. Moreover, they do not tell their secrets in their literature, as the English do. The vast number of English novels photograph, with more or less exactness, the habits of the writer's fellow-countrymen, while the French, for the most part, leave the delineation of real life, and take up a more or less artificial discussion of imaginary beings, playing about what is more a literary puzzle than it is anything else.

Again, no one can fail to be interested in the French. For one thing, they are a most logical race, and in all that they do they try to carry out their convictions without temporizing and without dread of the consequences. They believe in reason, and since there is nothing that cannot be proved to the satisfaction of those who listen to but one side, it would be hard to draw a line which should exclude all the vagaries of the French race on social questions, for instance, and social questions cover a good deal of ground on which they are never tired of experimenting. Where the English modify their plans by doing what seems practicable rather than right; where the Germans form theories and do almost nothing at all, the French act with all the wild inconsistency of logic when taken for a rule of life. For, after all, one might as well try to regulate his deeds by the higher mathematics as by those neat theories which crumble to dust at the first touch of experience.

This desire that the French show to set things right on paper first, and then in action, according to the determined rules, is doubtless one cause of the — contempt would be too strong a word — of the sense of superiority, of amused interest, that some people of other races have in talking about the Gauls. Their intellectual activity often counts for nothing, and foreigners are often as much pleased at their shipwrecks as are conservative farmers, who frown upon new-fangled machinery, when a bold experimenter with steam-plows, or the like, comes to grief.

Now, since hatred implies a certain amount of respect, there is no unfairer way of looking at another nation than with contempt; the French themselves have suffered from doing this. As the French are always regarded as licensed merry-makers, they are continually surprising the world. It has always been one of the stock phrases of those people who, as Paul Heyse says, employ commonplaces to keep the world in its old mistakes, that the French could never have a republic; yet they have one, and their conduct under their new government has surprised every one. As to the elements that have combined to form it and the chances it has of living, it would be hard to find a book with fuller information than this of Mr. Hillebrand's.

The principal part, which is not seriously altered from the first edition, contains a careful and apparently accurate study of many of the peculiarities of French character and French life. This,

[1] *Frankreich und die Franzosen.* Von KARL HILLEBRAND. Berlin: Oppenheim. Boston. C. Schönhof. 1879.

with all respect be it said, is still what is best worth reading in the book, for the simple reason that it is easier to describe the past than the future, and that Mr. Hillebrand's prophecies — while it must be said that he has a noteworthy knack at reading the future — cannot command universal assent. At any rate, reading prophecies is very much like what it would be, if such a thing were possible, to read the history of America if Columbus's ship had foundered when ten days out, or if George Washington and Benedict Arnold had been exchanged in the cradle. We can trust a good many men to tell us whether or not it snowed last Thursday, but we may doubt their forecasting of the weather three weeks hence.

Yet Mr. Hillebrand prophesies nothing very terrible. A sort of enlightened despotism, a liberal Cæsarism, is what he sees in the future, and it may be thus; at any rate Mr. Hillebrand thinks this may be the best thing for the French, all things considered. It will be noticed that he still regards them as children who need discreet encouragement, and, above all, constant oversight: they cannot manage their own affairs. After all, while this view of the country is but one of the most common of contemporary commonplaces, it must not be forgotten that there is at times a great deal of truth in commonplaces.

Mr. Hillebrand puts Renan on the stand as a witness on his side, for the government, it might be said; and surely he would have to go far to find a man of such authority, such learning, and one whose testimony would be more insidiously persuasive. Yet is there not a certain quality which borders on the vice known as priggishness in Renan's somewhat sniffing, disdainful abhorrence of the course events are taking? It is certainly sad to see that the art of conversation is dying out in France; that elegance is giving way to a desire for crude exactness in literary matters; in a word, that the earth is turning; but that everything is going by the board at once is what many old men have feared, and but few of their descendants have seen happen. One cannot help thinking of those times when great changes have begun to show themselves, and there was a general dread of the consequences. How it must have seemed to Frenchmen, at the end of the last century, as if everything that made life valuable was going! Yet this century has been not wholly devoid of charm, especially to those whose business it has been to decry it. Still, there is nothing to show that the old ways will last forever, any more than there is indubitable proof that all change must be for the worse. At any rate, repining cannot help matters.

While it is hard to find any sure footing between despair and hopefulness, it must not be forgotten that Mr. Hillebrand does not look so completely on the dark side of affairs as Renan does. Though this is not the part of the book where he is at his best, what Mr. Hillebrand has to say is well worth reading, like everything he writes. One cannot despair of a country that has recovered from its defeat in the way that France has done in the last eight years.

The Vicomte d'Haussonville has just published a volume containing four essays, — upon Prescott, Lord Brougham, Michelet, and George Sand.[1] These essays are not at first sight exceptionally attractive, on account of a certain lack of novelty in the subject, but on closer examination they will be found intelligent and interesting. What M. d'Haussonville has to say about Mr. Prescott is for the most part exact, — for it is easy to pardon a foreigner for calling Mr. George Bancroft an ex-vice-president, — and it is certainly gratifying, though fortunately by no means unusual, to find a European critic who judges so clearly and describes so accurately good work like that of Mr. Prescott's.

The paper on Lord Brougham may be left unread, for there must be a large number of people who feel that they already know quite as much about that famous man as they wish to know. With

[1] *Etudes Biographiques et Littéraires.* Par M. le Vicomte d'Haussonville. Paris: C. Lévy. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1879.

the last two essays it is different: Michelet is a man whom it is not at all easy to understand, and he is more likely to be set before us properly by a Frenchman than by a foreigner, who might not have patience with his extraordinary ways. While it is true, as Mr. Hillebrand says of the French in general, that they look much more closely at what will be useful to them; in short, that they are, so to speak, without any ideal, yet there are many exceptions to the general rule who are filled with nothing but the ideal, and never touch the practical side of things. Such a man was Michelet, — to whom Charles Kingsley bore a vague resemblance, — and it is curious to read about his lectures at the Collège de France, where his discursive style in course of time brought him into bad odor with his scandalized colleagues. At a formal meeting, called for the purpose of giving expression to their dissatisfaction, he appealed to one old gentleman, who said, "M. Michelet, you are professor of history and morality, but in your lectures I find neither history nor morality." And that anecdote well illustrates the man, who was as unscientific as an ancient prophet, but made up for this by fierce devotion to science and by a sort of poetical force, through which he has left his mark on this generation.

George Sand, again, has been made the subject of a good many essays, and sometimes she has been praised unduly, and at other times criticised with real harshness. On the whole, it may be held with certainty that nothing which can pass for even a short time as the last word has yet been said about her. Mr. Matthew Arnold's essay on her certainly leaves much to be said, and while M. d'Haussonville is in no way startlingly original, he has written what is certainly a very careful study of the famous novelist. Indeed, it might not be too much to add that this is, for information and intelligent criticism, probably the best thing that has yet been written about George Sand; for the main trouble with many other criticisms of her work has been that they were either full of indiscreet praise, or altogether too flippant. What M. d'Haussonville has done is to examine in turn each one of her books, and to show what relation it bears to the others as well as to her own varied course of thought. This is done well.

M. Jules Soury, a gentleman who is on bad terms with Christianity, has laid aside for a few moments his favorite occupation of decrying religions of all kinds, to publish in a small volume a few intelligent essays about some more or less well-known people. Why Schopenhauer should be included in a book bearing the title of Portraits of the Eighteenth Century [1] is not clear, yet the reader need not be deterred by the apparent error from running over a sufficiently agreeable little paper on the German philosopher of this century. Of more value than that book notice is the essay on Restif de la Bretonne, one of those writers who make foreigners wonder what the French mean when they speak of English eccentricity. This is one of the two tolerably complete papers in the volume, and it well deserves the attention of those who care for a painstaking study of a curious writer. The other serious essay is one on Fréron, the critic and antagonist of Voltaire.

M. Soury, besides having something to say, writes well; not with the somewhat uninteresting accuracy of M. d'Haussonville, but with briskness and alertness. In short, he is rapidly winning his way to a very respectable position among the younger French authors. In time he will outgrow his somewhat boyish glee over his freedom from orthodox opinions, — there is no sign of any indecent exultation, by the way, in this volume, — and his information on a number of interesting topics and his literary skill can hardly fail to bring him many readers. On the whole, French authors are generally successful in the essay, — perhaps more successful there than in other branches of literature. Almost every Frenchman writes with ease and grace, and that is more than can be said

[1] *Portraits du XVIII^e Siècle.* Par M. Jules Soury. Paris: Charpentier. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1879.

concerning German and English writers. The essay, being most like talk, should have all the lightness and smoothness of good conversation; yet this is not always found outside of France, although it is common enough there. Still the French, being human, sometimes exaggerate their merits, as when Renan, in his Lettre à un Ami d'Allemagne (Paris: Lévy. 1879) page 2, says, "the world will appreciate you [Germans] exactly, only so far as we shall interpret you," — a statement that limits the world to but one country of Europe.. It is to be remembered, however, that Renan can scarcely be called a representative Frenchman.

*Thomas Sergeant Perry.*

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## WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Since the death of the Hon. Charles Sumner, no event has so stirred the popular heart as the decease of William Lloyd Garrison. In the highest signification of the term, he was preëminently a fortunate man: fortunate in the circumstances of his life, even when they seemed most adverse; and especially was he blessed to fall asleep in the arms of domestic affection, honored by the wise and good, and blessed with the grateful benediction of the poor. All the events of his career seemed to curve naturally toward the completion of a circle; and this because habitual unselfishness was the pivot around which they revolved.

He was fortunate in being early subjected to the rigid discipline of poverty, which developed his energies and strengthened his will, as the muscles of a blacksmith have their power increased by the weight of his hammer and the hardness of the material on which he works. It is not easy to overestimate the blessed results of early self-denial and the necessity to labor. "The good Goddess of Poverty teaches her children the secret of God, of which she knows more than all the doctors and all the bishops. She is their robust nurse, their church militant."

It was another piece of rare good fortune that Mr. Garrison, at an early period, devoted his life to a distinct purpose, — a purpose which exercised his faculties, and at the same time consecrated them to high uses. Intellectually, he was by no means a remarkable man. He had not the profoundness of Emerson, the brilliancy of Phillips, or Whittier's visions of truth draped in poetic beauty. He simply had strong, practical good sense; but this was combined with intense moral earnestness, and the hammer and the fire together molded the hardest materials into the shape he willed.

It was a common charge against him that he used harsh and abusive language; and he undoubtedly had a predilection for strong epithets, which I think was partly owing to his being very thoroughly imbued with the phraseology of the Bible. Believing that the constitution of the United States had deliberately made a compromise with slavery, he called it "a covenant with death." The statement was true, but not considered sufficiently respectful toward the framers of that instrument. It was sometimes said of him that he needed to be prayed for after the fashion of a Massachusetts minister in the olden time, who thus petitioned the throne of grace in behalf of a brother clergyman: "We pray thee to teach him more moderation in his speech; for thou knowest, O Lord, that he will take a beetle to brush a fly from a man's face, when a feather would do as well." This was not, however, strictly applicable to Mr. Garrison; for he was dealing with something more formidable than flies, and weapons stronger than feathers were needed. He roused his audiences as no coiner of smooth and elegant phrases could possibly have done.

Samuel J. May, whom he always stirred to the depths of his gentle nature, after listening to the vehement outpourings of his righteous indignation, exclaimed, "Why, Brother Garrison, you are all on fire!" To which Mr. Garrison replied, with characteristic solemnity of voice and manner, "Brother May, I have *need* to be all on fire, for I have mountains of ice around me to melt." Margaret Fuller, in answer to the charge of hard language, on the part of Mr. Garrison, said, "It is no wonder that he speaks loud, when he has so long been calling to deaf people."

His character, had, undoubtedly, a strong stamp of Puritanism, partly in his organization, and partly the result of being reared in an atmosphere of Calvinism. But, though he was always stern and uncompromising in the rebuke of wrong, those who knew him well were aware of an undertone of deep tenderness in his feelings. It was, in fact, a genuine love for his fellow-men that rendered him so severe in his denunciations of oppression. Any contemptuous estimate of human beings, whether they were women, negroes, or Chinese, kindled his indignation, and he never paused to measure the fashion of its utterance. But when he encountered a reasonable, manly antagonist, no one could be more courteous in debate than he. While traveling on a steamboat, he accidentally fell into conversation with a stranger, who proved to be a South Carolinian. The subject of slavery was almost immediately introduced, for in those days Southerners were even more alert to vindicate their "peculiar institution" than the abolitionists were to attack it. Mr. Garrison, in reply to the statements of his companion, frankly avowed that he was himself an ultra-abolitionist; and he went on to explain why he thought the abolition of so bad a system would prove equally beneficial to the white race and the colored. The Southern gentleman listened with apparent interest, and prolonged the conversation till the steamboat landed. At parting, he said, "I am pleased to have met you. If all the abolitionists were like you, they would not be such disturbers of the peace; but as for that violent fellow, Garrison, who is trying to instigate the slaves to cut their masters' throats, that fellow ought to be silenced." Mr. May, who stood near, now came forward with a bow and a smile, and said, "This is Mr. Garrison."

Our great reformer was not what is termed a cultured man. He had merely shared the common inheritance of good New England schooling. But it was, perhaps, a part of his good fortune that the native freedom and vigor of his soul had never been cramped by the elaborate drilling of what is called a finished education. The highest type of what is styled self-culture fell to his lot. His wide-awake mind gleaned knowledge everywhere, and made it a living power by converting it to immediate use. And he derived constant and healthy mental stimulus from richly endowed minds, whose scholarly advantages had been superior to his own, and who had been drawn into intimate relations with him by the magnetism of his earnest convictions of duty. He was slandered and persecuted for his persistent efforts to right a great wrong; and even his life was sometimes in imminent peril. But, in compensation for all this abuse and danger, his unflinching moral courage commanded the respect of a high order of minds, and gained for him a social position more advantageous than he would otherwise have occupied. This result would not have taken place if he had worked for that end. It is an old saying that "ghosts follow those who look for them;" but it is otherwise with the respect and admiration of mankind. The self-conscious may easily obtain present notoriety, but fame follows him who thinks not of it in his eager pursuit of a noble aim.

Moral directness was the most striking trait in Mr. Garrison's character. It was literally impossible for him to pursue a truth by any crooked or circuitous route. Without reasoning that "a straight line is always the shortest, in morals as in mathematics," the necessity was upon him to steer directly for

any point he had in view. In this respect there was a strong resemblance between him and the Hon. Charles Sumner. A gentleman who was arguing with the senator remarked, "All men do not look upon slavery as you do; they view it from another side." "Sir," replied Mr. Sumner, "on a question like this there *is* no other side."

Merchants might talk of cotton as the mainspring of commerce, and contend that slavery was essential to the production of cotton. Office lovers might urge that discussion angered the South, in whose hands were the reins of political power. Sumner and Garrison scornfully denied that such pleas were the other side of a great moral question. They sturdily maintained that such reasons for silence had no affinity whatever with *any* principle. They saw in slavery a violation of divine law, a criminal infringement of human rights, a shameful contradiction of the professed principles of our religion and our government, and to their minds it had no other side. It was precisely this inflexible moral directness and rectitude which made both of those men such plagues to politicians, and such towers of strength to the popular conscience.

Doubtless minds thus constituted are in danger of becoming dictatorial and exclusive; of being as obstinately tenacious of mere opinions as they are in their adherence to eternal and universal principles. Mr. Garrison, with his Cromwellian temperament and his Calvinistic training, might perhaps have become a bigot, had not his zeal as a reformer brought him into close contact with honest, conscientious people, holding all sorts of opinions concerning theology; in all of them he saw that moral principle had but one side, while opinion had many.

It was impossible to keep theology out of the antislavery conflict. Many were zealous to maintain that the Bible sanctioned slavery. Mr. Garrison denied it; but, with his usual directness, he said, "If you can prove that the Bible sanctions slavery, so much the worse for the Bible." The pathway thus opened proved wider and longer than was at first perceived. To many minds this statement seemed to be a plain admission that the Bible was amenable to the moral consciousness of man, and that its contents were to be received or rejected according as they stood that test. Mr. Garrison knew the venerable volume by heart, from beginning to end. It was an arsenal full of weapons for the defense of the poor and the oppressed, and no man could parry and thrust with them more skillfully than he. He had appropriate quotations ready for all occasions, and his felicitous application of them often imparted to his utterance a singular degree of beauty and power.

But, as a mere matter of controversy, the Bible question, as it was called, became the *bête noir* of conventions. It was unspeakably tedious at the time, and the apparent results were small. It seemed like traveling over a stony road with a lame horse to hear men declare that the curse upon Canaan was divine authority for negro slavery, and in proof thereof proceed to trace the genealogy of Africans from the dim historical spectre of Ham, who was doomed to be the servant of Japheth. But this controversy, so wearisome at the time, and apparently useless, was imperceptibly loosening other rivets than those which fastened the chains of negro chattels; and, without diminishing the reverential tendency of Mr. Garrison's mind, it helped to bring him out upon the high and broad plane of unqualified freedom of thought on all questions of religion. In the later years of his life, his sympathies embraced all the religions of the world.

Indeed, nothing proves the unity of truth so forcibly as the effort to controvert any one truth. It is impossible to present a single ray of light without producing a rainbow, — a bow forever reappearing in the clouds, a signal that God will keep his covenant with the earth, and never allow it to be overwhelmed with a deluge of error.

Carlyle says, "Any road will lead to the end of the world, if you do but follow it;" and antislavery, in its straight-

forward progress through the traditions and prejudices of men, perhaps illustrated the truth of this saying even more forcibly than the reformation by Luther.

As the right to discuss slavery unavoidably introduced questions of religious freedom, it also inevitably involved equality between the sexes. Orthodox clergymen were shocked when Abby Kelly, a modest, sensible young Quakeress, rose to make a remark upon the subject under debate. It was pleaded, in excuse for her, that women had always been accustomed to speak in Quaker meetings; but Garrison rejected any such plea. He maintained that whoever had anything to say had a right to say it, and needed not the apology of Quaker custom. This paved the way for Angelina Grimke, a noble-hearted woman from South Carolina, herself the inheritor of slaves, to make an eloquent protest against the system before the legislature of Massachusetts. The native largeness of soul which led Mr. Garrison instinctively to step over all limitations of color or race, sex or creed, induced him to refuse to take a seat in the World's Antislavery Convention, at London, because English conservatism excluded Lucretia Mott, who was sent from Philadelphia as a delegate. His manner towards women habitually indicated a frank, respectful, fraternal affection and confidence; and this was, indeed, the prevailing characteristic of most of the earliest abolitionists. It had no tinge of that odious thing called gallantry, distasteful to sensible women, because it is obviously a mere veil for condescension and often for profligacy. Mr. Garrison and his comrades simply acted with entire unconsciousness of any question of relative superiority. They consulted with antislavery women, and listened to their suggestions with the same respectful interest that they listened to each other.

The value of this as a means of education for the minds and consciences of women cannot be overestimated. I have seen a picture of the funeral of a German poet, whose pall-bearers were women, in token of gratitude for the respect for women manifested in his writings. If Mr. Garrison had received a similar tribute it would have been well deserved; for he was a veritable Bayard in the cause of women from the beginning to the end of his career.

Again I cannot but repeat what a fortunate man he was! It is not often the lot of mortals to witness the realization of reformatory ideas on which they have expended the energies of their youth. He lived to see negro slavery abolished beyond all chance of restoration, and colored men chosen as members of the legislature of Massachusetts, and the Congress of the United States. He lived to see Jews and Buddhists citizens of the United States, with the legal right to worship God in their own way. In the same community where Abby Kelly's right to make a remark in meeting had been vehemently disputed, he lived to see Mrs. Livermore receive more invitations into pulpits than time would allow her to accept. And when the end came, death was to him merely passing from one room into another, both filled with friends; for his faith in reunion with those he loved was so strong that he called it knowledge.

In the very city where he had been dragged to prison to save his life from a mob, and where his effigy had been hung on a gallows before his own door, the flags were placed at half-mast to announce his decease, and the universal tributes of respect to his memory almost amounted to an apotheosis.

And blessed above all is he in the long train of influences he leaves behind him. Time will never diminish the impulses he gave to human freedom in various directions, because all the orbs of his thought revolved round a centre of fixed principle. Those who hereafter seek to redress human wrongs will derive strength from the proofs he has given that all obstacles must yield to the power of self-forgetful moral earnestness. And those who long to keep their faith in the upward and onward tendencies of the human race will be cheered by the fact that such wonderful revolutions in

public sentiment were produced within the memory of one generation by the exercise of clear-sighted conscience and indomitable will.

The models men venerate indicate the measure of their own aspirations, and the possibility of their realization. Therefore, I look upon the spontaneous ovations to the memory of such men as Charles Sumner and William Lloyd Garrison as among the best guarantees for the stability of this republic.

*Lydia Maria Child.*

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## VESTIGIA QUINQUE RETRORSUM.

### AN ACADEMIC POEM.[1]

While fond, sad memories all around us throng
Silence were sweeter than the sweetest song;
Yet when the leaves are green and heaven is blue,
The choral tribute of the grove is due,
And when the lengthening nights have chilled the skies
We fain would hear the song-bird ere he flies,
And greet with kindly welcome, even as now,
The lonely minstrel on his leafless bough.

This is our golden year, — its golden day;
Its bridal memories soon must pass away,
Soon shall its dying music cease to ring,
And every year must loose some silver string,
Till the last trembling chords no longer thrill, —
Hands all at rest and hearts forever still.

A few gray heads have joined the forming line;
We hear our summons, — "Class of 'twenty-nine!"
Close on the foremost, and Alas, how few!
Are these "The Boys" our dear old Mother knew?
Sixty brave swimmers. Twenty — something more —
Have passed the stream and reached the further shore!

How near the banks these fifty years divide
When memory crosses with a single stride!
'T is the first year of stern "Old Hickory"'s rule
When our good Mother lets us out of school,
Half glad, half sorrowing, it must be confessed,
To leave her quiet lap, her bounteous breast,
Armed with our dainty, ribbon-tied degrees,
Pleased and yet pensive, exiles and A. B.'s.

Look back, O comrades, with your faded eyes,
And see the phantoms as I bid them rise.

[1] Read at the Commencement Dinner of the Alumni of Harvard University, June 25, 1879, by one of the Class of 1829.

Whose smile is that? Its pattern Nature gave,
A sunbeam dancing in a dimpled wave;
KIRKLAND alone such grace from heaven could win,
His features radiant as the soul within;
That smile would let him through Saint Peter's gate
While sad-eyed martyrs had to stand and wait.
Here flits mercurial *Farrar;* standing there,
See mild, benignant, cautious, learned *Ware*,
And sturdy, patient, faithful, honest *Hedge*,
Whose grinding logic gave our wits their edge;
*Ticknor*, with honeyed voice and courtly grace;
And *Willard* larynxed like a double bass;
And *Channing* with his bland, superior look,
Cool as a moonbeam on a frozen brook,
While the pale student, shivering in his shoes,
Sees from his theme the turgid rhetoric ooze;
And the born soldier, fate decreed to wreak
His martial manhood on a class in Greek,
*Popkin!* How that explosive name recalls
The grand old Busby of our ancient halls!
Such faces looked from Skippon's grim platoons,
Such figures rode with Ireton's stout dragoons;
He gave his strength to learning's gentle charms,
But every accent sounded "Shoulder arms!"

Names, — empty names! Save only here and there
Some white-haired listener, dozing in his chair,
Starts at the sound he often used to hear,
And upward slants his Sunday-sermon ear.

And we — our blooming manhood we regain;
Smiling we join the long Commencement train,
One point first battled in discussion hot, —
*Shall we wear gowns?* and settled: *We will not.*
How strange the scene, — that noisy boy-debate
Where embryo-speakers learn to rule the State!
This broad-browed youth,[1] sedate and sober-eyed,
Shall wear the ermined robe at Taney's side;
And he, the stripling,[2] smooth of face and slight,
Whose slender form scarce intercepts the light,
Shall rule the Bench where Parsons gave the law
And sphynx-like sat uncouth, majestic Shaw!
Ah, many a star has shed its fatal ray
On names we loved — our brothers — where are they?
Nor these alone; our hearts in silence claim
Names not less dear, unsyllabled by fame.

How brief the time! and yet it sweeps us back
Far, far along our new-born history's track!
Five strides like this; — the Sachem rules the land;
The Indian wigwams cluster where we stand.

[1] Benjamin Robbins Curtis. [2] George Tyler Bigelow.

The second. — Lo! a scene of deadly strife —
A nation struggling into infant life;
Not yet the fatal game at Yorktown won
Where setting Empire fired its sunset gun.
LANGDON sits restless in the ancient chair, —
Harvard's grave Head, — the same who made the prayer
When from yon mansion, dear to memory still,
The banded yeomen marched for Bunker's hill.
Count on the grave triennial's thick-starred roll
What names were numbered on the lengthening scroll —
Not unfamiliar in our ears they ring —
Winthrop, Hale, Eliot, Everett, Dexter, Tyng.

Another stride. Once more at 'twenty-nine, —
GOD SAVE KING GEORGE, the Second of his line!
And is *Sir Isaac* living? Nay, not so, —
He followed *Flamsteed* two short years ago, —
And what about the little hump-backed man
Who pleased the bygone days of good Queen Anne?
What, *Pope?* another book he 's just put out. —
"The Dunciad" — witty, but profane, no doubt.
Where 's *Cotton Mather?* he was always here. —
And so he would be, but he died last year.
Who is this preacher our Northampton claims,
Whose rhetoric blazes with sulphureous flames
And torches stolen from Tartarean mines?
*Edwards*, the salamander of divines.
A deep, strong nature, pure and undefiled;
Faith, firm as his who stabbed his sleeping child;
Alas for him who blindly strays apart
And seeking God has lost his human heart!
Fall where they might no flying cinders caught
These sober halls where WADSWORTH ruled and taught.

One footstep more; the fourth receding stride
Leaves the round century on the nearer side.
GOD SAVE KING CHARLES! God knows that pleasant knave
His grace will find it hard enough to save.
Ten years and more, and now the Plague, the Fire,
Talk of all tongues, at last begin to tire;
One fear prevails, all other frights forgot, —
White lips are whispering, — hark! *The popish Plot!*
Happy New England, from such troubles free
In health and peace beyond the stormy sea!
No Romish daggers threat her children's throats,
No gibbering nightmare mutters "*Titus Oates;*"
Philip is slain, the quaker graves are green,
Not yet the witch has entered on the scene;
Happy our Harvard; pleased her graduates four;
URIAN OAKES the name their parchments bore.

Two centuries past, our hurried feet arrive
At the last footprint of the scanty five;

Take the fifth stride; our wandering eyes explore
A tangled forest on a trackless shore;
Here, where we stand, the savage sorcerer howls,
The wild cat snarls, the stealthy gray wolf prowls,
The slouching bear, perchance the trampling moose,
Starts the brown squaw and scares her red pappoose;
At every step the lurking foe is near;
His Demons reign; God has no temple here!

Lift up your eyes! behold these pictured walls;
Look where the flood of western glory falls
Through the great sunflower disk of blazing panes
In ruby, saffron, azure, emerald stains;
With reverent step the marble pavement tread
Where our proud Mother's martyr-roll is read;
See the great halls that cluster, gathering round
This lofty shrine with holiest memories crowned;
See the fair Matron in her summer bower;
Fresh as a rose in bright perennial flower;
Read on her standard, always in the van,
"TRUTH," — the one word that makes a slave a man;
Think whose the hands that fed her altar-fires,
Then count the debt we owe our scholar-sires!

Brothers, farewell! the fast declining ray
Fades to the twilight of our golden day;
Some lesson yet our wearied brains may learn,
Some leaves, perhaps, in life's thin volume turn.
How few they seem as in our waning age
We count them backwards to the title-page!
Oh let us trust, with holy men of old,
Not all the story here begun is told;
So the tired spirit, waiting to be freed,
On life's last leaf with tranquil eye shall read
By the pale glimmer of the torch reversed,
Not *Finis*, but *The End of Volume First!*

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

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## RURAL ENGLAND.

WHILE I was in England I saw nothing of its factory life. I kept away from mills and mines and everything connected with them, — from all mills except grist-mills and saw-mills, finding very few of the latter. As to factories, I saw only "the black country" around Wolverhampton, as I passed through it; and the sight tempted me to no closer acquaintance. It looked like the valley and shadow of death, "a wilderness, a land of deserts and pits, a land of drought, and of the shadow of death, a land that no man passeth through, and where no man dwelt." And, like Christian in the midst of this valley, I perceived the mouth of

hell to be there, and it stood hard by the wayside, and ever and anon the flame and smoke would come out in such abundance with sparks and hideous noises, and still the flames would be reaching toward me; also I heard doleful voices and rushings to and fro; and this frightful sight was seen and these dreadful noises were heard by me for several miles together. Poor Christian went through it on foot; I had the advantage of him in being in a railway car, which would have helped him much; but then there would have been no story, and the world would have lost one of the most vivid and stirring descriptions of the terrible and of terror that exists in all literature.[1] Of the grievous blasphemies that the pilgrim, so hard bestead, had whispered into his ears, I heard nothing; but I fear that I supplied that deficiency myself, in my heart at least, at the sight of such dark desolation deliberately wrought upon earth and sky, that else might have been bright with beauty and glad with meadows and trees and fields of corn.

It is impossible not to see that railways and mills and forges and towns are gradually, and not very slowly, destroying rural England. Railways, however, are not so barely hideous there as they are in the United States. All that can be done is done to soften and mitigate their harsh unloveliness. They are carried over the roads or under them; and this precaution against danger does much to preserve beauty and diminish unsightliness. The glimpses of country roads and village streets, undisturbed by the passing train, that are caught from the windows of railway carriages are charming in themselves, and are witnesses of the care that is taken there that those who wish "rapid transit" shall not have it at the cost of the property, the business, the safety, the comfort, or even the pleasure of the neighborhoods through which it suits their convenience or their interest to hasten. The maxim "Sic utere tuo ut alienum non lædas" (So use your own that you injure not that which is another's) seems to be a guiding one in the administration of British affairs — at home. Indeed, as compared with the United States, and with many other countries, England may be defined as the country in which every man has rights which every other man is bound to respect. The rights are not always the same rights, but they may always be enforced even by the humblest and poorest, and they are usually asserted and maintained. In England there is both private independence and public spirit, and both have at their back the two great powers of the land, — the law and public opinion. There are great lords and great corporations in England; but neither can do a wrong to the poorest laborer, much less to a great body of people, with impunity, or lawfully take a penny without restoring it. The remedy lies at hand in the courts, which are incorruptible, and it is always availed of. If any one should by chance suppose that I have in mind the elevated railways, existing and proposed in New York, he is quite right in his supposition.

English railways are banked and sodded, and, if need be, walled, so that as you travel over them it does not seem as if the country had been rudely torn in twain and left at ragged ends for your passage. Even the stations are made sightly, and some of them are very pleasant to the eye. Many of them have little gardens on either side which are cultivated by the station-master's family; and in not a few places I observed that these gardens, containing vegetables and flowers and shrubs and even small trees, were extended many rods either way from the station-house. Telegraph poles, such as those which traverse our roads and even the streets of our cities, looking like posts and lines on which Brobdingnag washerwomen might dry the petticoats of Glumdalclitch, are unknown in England. All unsightly things are kept out of sight as much as possible; all unpleasant sounds are suppressed as much as possible. In the cities manufacturers are not allowed to fill the air four times a day with the shrieks of steam-whistles, simply because it is convenient for them to mark their

[1] I need not tell the reader of Pilgrim's Progress that in the passage above I have borrowed Bunyan's phraseology.

hours of work by turning a steam-cock. They are not permitted to save trouble and a little money by annoying all others who are within hearing. Indeed, as I have mentioned before, even the railway whistle is rarely heard, and when heard it is a very mild and inoffensive creature compared with that which shrieks and howls over the plains and in the cities of our favored country. For generations England has been a manufacturing country, and the manufacturing interest is now the most powerful influence in its affairs; but there even manufacturers are obliged to respect the minor rights and little comforts of other people. It might be so with us if in our so-called "land of liberty" we had personal independence and public spirit. But we have neither; and the peculiarity of our liberty seems to be that it is the liberty of every man, and especially the liberty of any combination of rich men, to get gain at the cost of other people.

But no care or contrivance can make railways and steam-mills and forges other than an offense to all the senses, or cause them to harmonize with a human environment. If we will have what they give us, we must yet accept them as necessary evils. Therefore it is that, there being so many of them in so small a country, they are destroying rural England. By means of the first, and chiefly because of the others, the great towns encroach upon the country. This is true of all the great towns, but it is especially true of London. London not only grows monstrously itself, but like some germs of corruption, it throws out prehensile feelers which draw other objects to it, to be changed into its own likeness, and made in fact part of itself. London town already in reality lies upon four counties, and spreads so rapidly, changing every place to London as it goes, that it seems as if in a not very remote future it will meet the off-shoots thrown out by other great towns, that it will absorb and assimilate them, and that England will become one great London, an island city of trade and manufacture and art, the political and commercial metropolis of a peerless empire, yet dependent for its food and its rural recreation upon other countries, which its imperial people will use as their grain fields and as their grazing and hunting grounds. "Moab is my wash-pot; over Edom will I cast out my shoe."

Enough of rural England, however, still remains to make it the most beautiful country in the world to those who love to see nature humanized, and her spontaneous beauties molded by the hand of man and blended with his work. They who like rugged roads better than green meadows and cultivated slopes, or palms better than oaks and elms and beeches, or who like to live by rivers upon which fleets may sail, may seek their enjoyment of the beauties of nature in other climes. They to whom the blending of castle and cottage and spire with forest and field brings no enhancement of the beauties of unmitigated nature may find the latter elsewhere, or have it "dry shod at home." But the lover of humanized nature may find it in England in a perfection which imagination can hardly surpass. If the climate of England tempts a man into the open air more than that of any other country, the beauty which rural England spreads before his eyes more than doubles the temptation. I expected much; but although I am a man and did not come from Sheba, I was obliged to borrow the words of the woman who did, and say that the half had not been told me. When Wordsworth wrote —

> "One impulse from a vernal wood
> May teach you more of man,
> Of moral evil, and of good,
> Than all the sages can,"

it was an English landscape that he had in his mind's eye. No true brother of the angle, no contemplative man whom any pursuit or taste tempts into communion with nature, even in our raw, rude country, can fail to apprehend and feel, although he may not quite comprehend, what Wordsworth means by his somewhat extravagant utterance; but in England its truth comes home to him with tenfold strength. Nature there is informed with humanity; there the landscape, without being artificial, has been

redeemed from savagery. And this has been done not with purpose, but simply by man's taking nature to himself, to love her and to cherish. It is remarkable that a people so inferior in the arts of design should have been able so to treat nature that art may look to the result as a model, almost as a realized ideal. The beauty of English scenery is a set-off against many acres of painted canvas of which other peoples boast.

In my country walks I was interested not only in the beauty of rural England, which in greater or less degree never failed to delight my eyes, but in the people; and indeed it was in my endeavors to observe them, and in my way to see places and buildings of note, that I found the former. I wished to know something by personal contact of the English country folk, the farmers and the peasants; and I was able to do so. I found them accessible, good-natured, and truly hospitable. A fine afternoon tempted me to a long walk in the country around Canterbury, and as the twilight came on I saw a little cottage in the midst of a great sprout-field. The approach to it from the road was by a narrow path. In this I found a poor man, an agricultural laborer, standing by a plow which he was untackling, and by him stood his little child, ragged and barefooted. The man's face was sad, and his child was sad, too, and silent. He answered my greeting civilly, but so heavily and with such manifest reserve that I did not stop and speak with him, as was my custom. The incident was nothing, even to me, except that it seemed to show how little change had been made in men of his condition by the lapses of centuries. For it brought up at once to me that passage in Piers Plowman's Creed, which even in my boyhood, and before I had pondered the sorrowful problem of life, had moved me to tears, in which the writer tells of his meeting with the poor man who hung upon the plow, whose hood was full of holes so that his hair came out, and whose toes looked out of his clouted shoes as he wallowed in the fen almost to his ankle; whose wife was with him using the goad, barefooted on the bare ice that the blood followed; and their children were there: —

> "And al they songen o song
> That sorwe was to heren;
> They crieden alle o cry,
> A careful note."

And this wretched man, when he sees Piers Plowman weeping, stills his children, lets the plow stand, asks him why he grieves, and says that if he lacks livelihood he shall share with him such good as God hath sent. "Go we, leeve brother."

Passing the poor man and his child, I went to the cottage door, which proved not to be his. It was half open, and at the sound of my step a woman appeared. She was homely of feature, but pleasant of look, healthy seeming, and comfortably clad. She bade me "Good even," which I returned, and asked if she could give me a glass of water, saying that I had had a long walk, and that there was no ale-house near. This I did because I had been told that the peasants were very shy of the curious, and resented sullenly the mere intrusion of their superiors. She answered, cheerily, "'Deed I can, sir, and I will. But will ye walk in, sir, an' sit down. We 're just havin' supper." This was just what I wanted, and more than I had hoped for, and I said, Yes, if she would n't let me disturb them. "'Deed an' ye won't, sir; an' if ye 'd sit with us an' take a cup o' tea, ye 'd be kindly welcome." Then, turning to her husband, who sat munching his supper in stolid but not ill-natured silence, — the usual mood of the inferior man animal here when not under excitement, — she said, "Mate, the gentleman wants a glass of water; step out and draw him some fresh." He obeyed in silence; and while he was out she said, "We 've good water here, sir; sweet an' soft, an' it comes cool from the well." The water when it came was worthy of her praise, and was one of but two draughts of sweet, soft water that I had in England. For there all over the country (as I found it) the water is hard; it does not adapt itself to your thirsty throat; and when you wash, the soap does not mix with it, but forms a patchy scum with eyes, that floats about and looks at you.

I accepted the invitation to sit with them at table, and was pleased, and, after what I had heard and read of the hard lot of the famished English farm-laborer, surprised at the comfort of their meal. The bread was good, better than that which is sold by most bakers in New York; and they had butter (good also), cheese, and tea, which although not very good was still tea, and quite drinkable when concocted with milk and white sugar, both which they had of good quality. They had also a dish of cabbage and potatoes, of which I did not eat. As I took my cup of tea and ate my slice of bread and butter, I talked with them, and asked questions about their life. I say with them, but it was the woman who did all the talking, the man sitting silent, only uttering a few words or a simple "aye" when she appealed to him: "Mate, how is that?" or, "Mate, is n't that so?" I liked her use of "mate" instead of that unpleasant word "husband."

The sum of my observation and information at this visit was as follows. The cottage was of three rooms, entered, after the first, in which we sat, one from the other. These rooms were about ten feet square, and the walls, which were of rough stone plastered, were about seven feet high. The rooms were ceiled, and the roof was thatched. For this cottage they paid half a crown (sixty-three cents) a week. The man earned twenty shillings a week, and the woman got washing and odd jobs to do. They were cheerful, and seemed to think themselves very comfortable. They complained of the odd sixpence in the rent (half a crown is two and sixpence), and thought that they ought to have the cottage for two shillings. If they could but do this and have a patch of ground for a vegetable garden, the woman said they "would be made;" but of the latter there was no hope. To my surprise, I found wherever I went among the peasants this absolute lack of a square foot of ground on which to grow a radish. What is the cause of the universal, or at least the general, unwillingness to let these poor people have the use of a few square yards of land beside their cottages I did not learn, and cannot conjecture. It cannot be the value of the land, for at least as much as they could use is thrown out of cultivation by the very presence of the cottage. I afterwards found that this cottage and the fare and fortune of its inmates were fairly representative of the housing and living of the peasants in such parts of England as I visited; but I was not in the western counties, where, I believe, the peasants fare most hardly. This couple had no children, as, in answer to me, the woman said with a droop in her voice that showed that she had ceased to hope for one. Poor creature! if her natural longing had been satisfied perhaps there would have been less comfort in her cottage and less cheerfulness in her face.

The landlord of the cottager is not, or is rarely, the squire or the lord of the manor. His landlord is the farmer; and my observation and inquiry led me to the opinion that the farmers as a class are disposed to be very hard upon the farm laborers. It is they who refuse them little garden allotments; it is they who exact rents for miserable hovels which are entirely out of proportion to their value, and to the rent of the ground on which they stand. It is the English farmer who is most strongly opposed to household suffrage in the rural districts. I do not mean to say that upon the latter point he is in error, or to express any opinion in regard to the subject; I merely remark upon it as a fact not unsignificant. In truth, the English farmer is an aristocrat. He is willing to take his place in a system of caste, and to look up, if he may also look down. He will touch his hat to the squire, and think it quite right that people should be respectful to their superiors; and he is confirmed in this opinion, or rather this feeling, when Hodge touches his hat to him. To give Hodge a vote would be to take away one of the marks of his inferior condition, and so to level him up, in every respect except money, to the position of his employer. With my limited opportunities for observation, it would not become me to pronounce

upon the social and political feelings of whole classes in England; but I believe the farmers to be the most conservative body in the kingdom, the least disposed to change, and to be the main-stay of the tory party.

The English farmer must be a man of some money capital. It is common for him to have from one thousand to five thousand pounds (that is from five thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars), and some farmers are worth much more than that. As none of his money is invested in the land which he tills, he has it as working capital, as an improvement fund, and as a reserve. This gives him the position and the importance of a capitalist, and brings him a certain consideration even from the great landholders; but it does not make him independent, or, I should say, even aspiring, with extremely rare exceptions. If crops are good, if his wife and his sons and daughters are healthy and do his will, and if the squire is "haffable" when they meet, he is content; and who shall say that he does not wisely? So long as his rent is paid with fair punctuality and his family live decent lives, he may be sure of not being disturbed; and indeed he is not uncommonly living in the same house in which his father and his grandfather lived before him, and his plows are following theirs along the old furrows. And if he cannot pay his rent, his landlord, the son or the grandson of theirs, would be an exceptional English squire if he were not ready to do anything in reason to make it easy for him in the present, and to help him in the future. But however prosperous, he never dreams of such a thing as setting up for a gentleman; nor does he seek to acquire the tastes or the habits of one, although he may be better able to afford them than many of those who have them by birth and breeding. The truth is, they would not suit him; to be obliged to live like a gentleman would be to him a daily affliction. He sometimes hunts a little; but hunting is a rough, out-o'-doors amusement, which may be enjoyed to the full by the dullest and coarsest of human creatures, as well as by their superiors in intellect and refinement. But here the English farmer generally stops in his direct contact with and imitation of the gentry. He reads little, and thinks less. He has his place in the social scale, and with that he is content.

English cottages and farm-houses are generally picturesque objects in a landscape, their forms and colors being almost always pleasing in themselves and harmonious with their surroundings. And the cottages within doors, although they may be very rude and comfortless, have a character which is not to be found in houses of a corresponding or of a much higher class in the United States. Our square, sharp-edged houses, built yesterday, directly on the road-side, of clapboards and shingles, and painted white or lead color, are very unsightly objects in themselves, and compared with English cottages of stone or brick, or beams and plaster, with their pitched roofs, tiled or thatched, their softened outlines and rich color, are very much inferior. But in real comfort and in healthiness I am inclined to think that our flimsy wooden houses are superior. For they are dry and warm. Their shingle roofs keep out the rain, which comes through thatch, or soaks and rots it, and their clapboard sides do not become reservoirs of cold dampness. Rheumatism is not so common among those who live in them as it is among the English rustic folk. In an English village, or along an English country road, you see more old men leaning upon sticks, or sunning themselves as they sit crooked over by their doors, than you do in the farming districts of New England and the Middle States.

Picturesque, too, as the English farm-house is at a distance, and picturesque as it often is within, — made so by old brown beams and red brick and mellow-tinted stone left in sight, and old brown tables and settles that are softened and enriched by the smoke and the use of generations, — when seen close by, it generally bears without, as it does within, the mark of the inferior condition and habits of its occupants. Sight and

smell are offended by objects that are in unnecessary nearness; and there are no indications that the inhabitants are anything more than tillers of the ground, and that when work is done they put it and its belongings out of sight and out of mind, and change their occupation with their clothes. The family live generally in the kitchen, although there is a parlor, or keeping room, which is used on high days and holidays, and sometimes on other days in the evening. I have in mind one in which I was, and which might be taken as a type of its class. The occupant paid two hundred and thirty pounds a year for his farm, quite equal to fifteen hundred dollars here. The kitchen, where I found the family, was paved with large red brick, which is the common flooring of farm-house kitchens. Damp as it must be, it is preferred. Landlords told me that they had offered to put down plank floors, but that the offer had been declined. It might be reasonably supposed that the women would gladly change the bricks for wood; but they have been accustomed to the bricks, and they cling to them. Certainly the advantage in appearance is largely on the side of the old flooring. I remember another farm-house kitchen in which I drank buttermilk, which with its unceiled beams, its old oak window casings and settles, its gigantic chimney-piece of the same, its soft, sombre plaster, its red brick floor, and rows of red flower-pots standing behind the lattice in the deep window, presented one of the richest and most charming combinations of color that I ever saw. And it was a notably home-like-looking place, with individual traits and a physiognomy of its own, to which one might become attached; being in this respect far superior to the possibly more comfortable, but utterly blank and characterless rooms corresponding to it in our country. In the other farm-house I was hospitably offered cider, for which the neighborhood had reputation, and was invited into the keeping room to drink it. Compared with Newark cider, or any of our cider of like grade, it was a dull, flavorless fluid; but the drinking it gave me an opportunity to chat and look about me. In the former way, however, I effected little. It was difficult to extract anything more than monosyllables from my entertainer. Indeed, I found the farmers the most taciturn class in England; and I may say that they were the only people that I met there who as a whole were silent and reserved. The peasantry I found very ready to talk, as I did also the higher classes; but the farmer sat mum-chance. The cause of this of course I do not know, but it occurred to me that it might be his position. He knows little more than the peasant, and can talk but little better; and yet he has a consciousness of superiority which makes him, in the presence of his betters, ashamed of his great mental inequality with them, and therefore he is silent. Certainly, the furnishing of this parlor showed the barest possible condition of mind in those for whom it was prepared. There was a heavy old sideboard, evidently looked upon with great respect, upon which stood some old decanters and glasses, heavily cut and very ugly; upon the walls were three or four colored wood-cuts of the cheapest kind, ugly also; on the table was a large Bible and an almanac, or some book of the sort; and these, with the chairs, one of which was a rocker, completed the furnishing of the room, compared with which the kitchen was cheerful and attractive. The holder of such a farm as this in New England or the Middle States would have taken me into another sort of room, would have received me more on a footing of equality, and would have had more to say in reply to my inquiries. Whether he would have been a better farmer I doubt; whether he would have been a more respectable man, or even a happier, I shall not pretend to decide.

An English village is not at all like one in New England; at least I saw none such, and I walked through scores of them, north, south, and east. Instead of the long, wide street, with its great elms and maples, on which are the churches and meeting-houses, the houses

of the principal farmers, of the clergyman, the lawyer, and the physician, as well as of the minor people, an English village shows a knot of little brick, or stone, or antique beam and plaster houses, very close together, and mostly without grass or trees of any kind. There is an ale-house, which has for its sign and name the head or body of some wild beast of impossible color, or the arms of the nearest nobleman or gentleman, a shop or two, and in the middle, the town pump. These villages generally belong bodily to the bearer of the arms aforesaid, and in some cases they are not more than half a mile apart. It impressed me strangely when a gentleman who was driving me through one of these said, as we passed a group of houses, from one of which a coat of arms hung out, "This is Lord ——'s village." "Then," I replied, "that one we drove through last [it was about fifteen minutes before] was yours." "Yes," he said, with a little smile at my question. He had said nothing of it as we passed through.

One of the remarkable conditions of rural England is this nearness to each other of places regarded as distinct. I asked a little fellow in Essex if he was born in the village in which we were. "Oa noa!" he answered with surprise, almost with resentment. "I were born in ——" (I forget the name). "And where is ——?" "Yon," he said, pointing to a nest of half a dozen little houses, about as far off as the width of Boston Common. Every place, every clump of wood, every little knoll, every hollow, has a name by which it is known to the whole neighborhood. Even the shaws, which are hollows filled with a growth of shrubs and dwarf trees, are named.

The smallest isolated village through which I walked was Speke, in Lancashire. Its utter insignificance may be gathered from the fact that it contained no shop, and not even an ale-house. The absence of this customary place of refreshment (where you may be pretty sure of good beer and good bread and cheese, if not of a good chop) caused me, after I had walked out a few miles into the country around, to look about me for luncheon. Two pretty little cottages at the end of a short lane attracted my attention, and I resolved to try them. As I walked up the lane I passed three boys playing, whose names, oddly enough, were Tom, Dick, and Harry. After a few words, I proposed that each of them should accept a penny. The proposition was received in silence, but with a delight manifested by flushed cheeks and brightened eyes, and, when the pennies had been bestowed, by a mutual exhibition of them, accompanied by that twist of the head which means so much in a boy, and which is of no race or people; or if it be peculiar to Anglo-Saxons, then all boys of English blood may pity the French and German and other boys who have it not. The like sum, however, would have elicited no such signs of pleasure from "American" boys. But in England a penny is a possession to a child, of whatever rank. One day a little lady, some six or seven years old, who was sitting on my knee, while her younger sister sat with mamma, hard by, said to me with an amusing air of importance, "I had a penny yesterday," — the room in which she made this announcement was hung with antique tapestry that was given to one of her ancestors by a king, — "and I had it," she went on, "for reading." Whereupon her little ladyship opposite spoke up, saying, "And I had a penny, too; and I had it for not reading," at which charming *non sequitur* there was a merry peal of laughter from mamma and me that greatly disconcerted the little damsel. I thought at the time how much better this restriction as to money was than that lavish use of it to which American children are accustomed. A young lady whom I knew well was at a famous school on the continent of Europe, where she had not a few titled school-mates. Certain exercises being required which were mere manual drudgery, and a certain orderly arrangement of the toilette table, *et cetera*, my fair friend, being somewhat lazily disposed, was able by her excess of pocket money over that of her noble companions to have her exercise copied by a princess, and her toilette table kept in order by a

countess. As to which I think that as to the end, the discipline of the noble young ladies was of better omen than that of the merchant's daughter.

But I am long on my way to the cottages, where indeed I found little of peculiar interest, not even the thing of most interest to me just then, — luncheon. The one which I entered seemed to have but two rooms, but it may have had three. That one at the door of which I found myself was, as usual, the kitchen and living room. The walls were plastered; the beams and the thatch showed; the floor was paved with flat stones, which were much broken in places, so as to show the ground beneath. This floor must have "heaved," to use the word by which the peasants express the striking up of the wet ground and the dampness in these floors. Nearly opposite the door was a large dresser, on which was a not copious array of crockery. A fire-place as large as that in the kitchen of an old-fashioned New England farm-house stood out into the room.

Notwithstanding the condition which I have described, the aspect of the place was cheerful, much more cheerful than that of many "best parlors" in which I have been. Perhaps this cheerfulness was somewhat owing to the fact that it was a bright, genial day, and that a mellow light and a soft air entered the door with me: perhaps, also, to the fact that one of three women whom I found seated before the chimney (from habit, for there was no fire) was a handsome mother, who was suckling her child, which sweet sight, with charming freedom from shame, perhaps from consciousness of beauty, she did not hesitate to allow me to enjoy. But no small part of the attraction of the room was a flowering vine which climbed up the cottage wall and strayed in through the open lattice. And there, too, in this humble habitation, stood a row of pots with flowers, common flowers, the grandest of them a geranium; but all were well cared for and nearly all were blooming. Nothing struck me more forcibly as peculiar to the lower classes in England, or won me more in their favor, than this love of flowers. It is universal. Go where I would, in the abode of the poorest farm laborer, through the back streets of little country towns, where the houses were hovels grimier and gloomier than any cottage I entered, I saw flowers. Sometimes it was a single flower that could have cost nothing, set in an old broken tea-pot or other shard of earthenware; but it was there, and it was put in the window, and plainly was prized and tended. The beautiful feeling of which this is a manifestation seems to be almost lost to us. For it has absolutely nothing in common with that fashion of cutting flowers off by the head and making them up into huge, artificial masses for decorative purposes at feasts and at funerals, which has prevailed among us for many years. That fashion, on the contrary, is actually at war with this feeling; for it destroys the very beauty which the flower lover so much prizes; it does away with the character of the flower, which is only to be seen as it stands upon its stem and amid its leaves; and it deprives the flower nurse of her tender pleasure. This flower-loving and flower-tending, although of course it has no moral significance, seems to me a very charming trait in the character of English women.

After giving the woman with the child good-day, I asked her (for she plainly was at home) if she could give me some bread and milk, mentioning as my excuse that even if I walked back to the village it had no public house. She replied pleasantly, "No offense, sir, but I 'm sorry I can't give you any milk; we 've no cow." Whereupon there was a consultation between her and the two old crones, who sat with their chins between their hands and their elbows on their knees. One cottage and another in the neighborhood was suggested, but in vain; not one had a cow. And this, by the way, I found very general. If the cottager has a pig he does well; the possession of a cow is a mark of somewhat high grade in agricultural society. At last the name of such an aristocrat was remembered, and I was told how to reach him or her. I had merely to go back through the lane, cross

the road, and take the next by-road, and follow it about a mile.

On my way thither I passed a man doing work that we hear of sometimes, but never see, — breaking stones on the highway. He was an old man, and he sat flat upon the road, with a heap of small square stones between his legs, at which he pegged away with a hammer having a small head and a long handle. I stopped and talked with him. He had on a pair of wire goggles to protect his eyes from the splinters of the stone. They stood well out from his face, and as he lifted his head to answer my greeting he had the look of a large, benevolent lobster set upon end in the road-way. He was not stolid, but talked intelligently, speaking very good English, and seemed cheerful and contented. His wage was eighteen shillings a week; and as he had now no one dependent upon him he was quite at his ease. That at his age, he being certainly sixty-five years old, he should sit all day upon a damp road-way and smite small stones into smaller pieces he seemed to take as the ordinary and inevitable course of things. I learned from him that the wages paid in that neighborhood were, for plowing twenty shillings a week, for harvesting twenty shillings, for digging and piece work eighteen shillings. On my telling him that he would get nineteen shillings that week, and proving it to him, he was very grateful. I turned away and resumed my walk and he his hammering.

I soon found the house to which I had been sent, and the mistress was at home; and a very comfortable body she was to have about a house, ample, healthy, and, without being at all pretty, not uncomely, and very cheerful. I made a hungry man's request. Her reply was prompt and cheery. Indeed I could have some bread and milk, and cheese too, if I would walk in and sit. This I did at once, taking a seat by a small table by the kitchen fire (for it was the kitchen); and while she went off on her Eve's business, just as if I had been an archangel, I looked about me. All that I saw was very homely; but comfort and plenty were manifest on every side, with neatness and order. I got a glimpse of the living room through a half-open door, and it was much more attractive than what I saw in the south of England. Indeed, the farm-houses and even the cottages in Lancashire seemed to me better in every respect than those in the southern and eastern shires.

My hostess soon returned, and set a pitcher of milk (she would have called it a jug, and so would her betters, but it was a pitcher), a loaf of bread, and a big wedge of cheese before me, and bade me welcome. I fell to, and she turned to an ironing table and began to sprinkle clothes that lay in a large buck-basket. As I ate and she worked we chatted; and I learned that her husband was a small farmer, paying for twenty acres of land, this nice stone house, with a stable and barn, twenty pounds a year, if I remember aright. Her goodman was kind to her (I saw plainly that she loved him); they were forehanded folk; and she was "as happy as the queen, God bless her majesty," — with a little courtesy. I slackened the working of my jaws, and stopped, when she pressed me to my food, begging me to eat the whole, for there was plenty more. But although I had not eaten for six hours, and had walked many miles, I was quite inadequate to what she proposed, which gave me an astonishing notion of her goodman's performances at table. Hearty thanks and a shilling at parting were pleasantly received as full payment, and I went on my now aimless way.

I walked straight on into the country, by the richness of which and the fine farming I was strongly impressed. In the newly plowed fields the ground turned up a dark, rich loam, and the furrows across a twelve-acre field were drawn as straight as if they had been ruled. I had observed this highly finished plowing elsewhere in England. In some fields, for a reason that I know not, there was an alternation of four or five furrows with an unplowed green space of about the same width all across the field. The lines were drawn so accurately and the sides of the unplowed spaces were so exactly parallel that the effect was as if a gigantic piece of green music-paper had

been spread upon the earth. The farm-houses and their out-buildings were substantial, comfortable, and in good repair, and I passed some well-trimmed hedges that were quite ten feet high. But as I walked I was conscious of a difference between this country and that in the middle and southern shires from which I had just come. At first I did not see to what the different impression was owing; but all at once it came upon me, — the land was level and there were no trees. As far as I could see, all around me, the land lay flat, or in very gentle undulation, and there was scarcely a tree in sight. The only green was that of the fields and the hedges; and the latter were confined to the grounds just around the houses. This absence of trees and scarcity of hedges deprived the landscape of what we regard as its peculiarly English traits. But the notion that the hedge is the universal fence in England is erroneous. Even in the south, where hedges are most common, post and rail fences are even more common; for the hedge is used chiefly on the road-line, and to mark the more important divisions of property. Elsewhere, post and rail fences and palings are frequently found. The hedges that line the roads are generally not more than three feet and a half high, and are not thick, but grow so thin and hungrily that the light shines through them. Near houses, especially in suburban places, brick walls are common; and I observed in these a fact which seemed significant. In most cases I saw that the walls in such places had been raised by an addition of some three feet. The upper courses of bricks were plainly discernible to be of a make different from that of the original wall, and the joint and the newer mortar could easily be detected. This seemed to show unmistakably an increase in the feeling of reserve, and perhaps in the necessity for it. The walls that would sufficiently exclude the public a hundred years and more ago were found insufficient, and some fifty years ago (for even the top courses were old and well set and mossy) the bărriers were made higher, — high enough to be screens against all passing eyes.

Another change seemed to me to be witnessed by the fields all over the country. I observed not uncommonly trees standing in lines in fields or meadows, but chiefly in the latter. Seen from any point but one, their linear arrangement was hardly apparent, but with a little trouble they might be sighted in line. Now such an arrangement of trees in an open field is almost certain evidence that the line in which they stand was once that of a fence of some kind; and these trees therefore bore witness to the increase of the size of fields in England in late years, — a natural accompaniment of an increase in the size of farms and buildings generally. The Lancashire fields past which I now was walking were free from these trees and from hedges. I cannot but believe that they had been removed for purposes of agricultural thrift; for trees in fields and hedges between them are greedy devourers of the nourishment that is needed for the crops. I found a plowman sitting on a rail fence, but he could tell me nothing about this, although he seemed to be a sensible fellow. "The land was as he had allus knowed it." He gave me the same information as to wages that I received from my old lobster friend, and like him praised the land without stint. I found all the Lancashire country folk proud of their land, and with good reason.

My road soon became very lonely. I had not met one human creature walking since I ate my luncheon; but now no human habitation was in sight. The road narrowed and wound about, following the course of a sluggish little stream, which, with alders and ragged bushes stooping over it, was always at my right hand, and began to be offensive to me. What business had it there, stealing along in noiseless shadow? It was neither beautiful nor useful, but a mere ditch of running water. I began to hate it. The sun was going down, darkened by heavy dun clouds, casting a gloom upon the landscape. As I walked on I thought, Why should not some of these people that I have seen this afternoon, that plowman on the fence, for instance, murder me and throw me into that hateful

stream? The few sovereigns that I have with me, and my watch, would be ample temptation, and if any one or two of them should do it, they would quite surely escape detection. For I should not be missed. The friend that I left in Liverpool, even if I did not return within a day or two, would merely suppose that I was off on some traveler's expedition, and would await letters for a week or a fortnight, may be, before making any inquiry. And if inquiry were made, I might possibly be traced to the farm-house where I took my luncheon, but no farther; for in all this distance of some miles I have not seen man, woman, or child. Such things are often done in England, and this is just the time and place and occasion. The ideas of time and place suddenly suggested to me that to be back in Liverpool that evening I must be at the railway station at a certain hour, and I was miles away from it. I looked at my watch, and found that at my best pace I had barely time to make the distance. I turned, and set off at a swinging gait that I knew I could keep up for half a day. As I went, the gloom vanished from my soul; my quickened pace and my settled purpose almost changed the face of nature to me, and made even the sluggish stream not quite hateful.

As I passed the great field where I had left my murdering plowman on the fence, I saw him whistling behind his plow, half a furrow's length off. At the farm-house, my comely hostess looked out the door and gave me a smiling, cheery "Good-even, sir." Just as I reached the station I heard the little chirp of the steam-whistle on the coming train, and before nine o'clock I was in Liverpool.

*Richard Grant White.*

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## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Among the good things which have been said of Pinafore, I have seen no reference to what is to me its most wholesome service. I refer to the fact that the so-called Moody and Sankey hymns have been by it remanded to their proper place, — light fancies and flippant tongues and frolicsome moods finding it an ampler and more congruous vehicle of delivery than the "revival" strains of former years. This sentiment is put forth timidly, but most conscientiously, and, lest The Atlantic's reputation should not be sufficient to float it, let me hasten to support it by declaring that it has been tentatively exhibited here and there in the most orthodox latitudes with approval. I could even quote the vehemently cordial assent of a most reverend bishop, whom all men, dissenters though they be, delight to honor, did not a story which he told me at the same time (and whoever may doubt his claim to the crosier, none will deny his supremacy as story-teller) remind me that the very illustriousness of such an advocate might ruin my cause in some quarters. Here is the story: Two women were overheard discussing family affairs at a watering-place, last summer. One was a ——ist, and the other's sect the bishop, with pronounced courtesy, declined to "give a name to" in that audience. The son of the ——ist had recently become engaged to marry "a church girl," and on inquiry the nameless sectary found that the prospective mother-in-law approved the match. "Yes, sister Jones, she really does seem to be a nice girl, and I don't know as John could have done better." Silence reigned for some minutes, to be broken finally by sister Jones's voice, demanding in tones deepened and muffled to becoming solemnity, "*Is — she — pious?*" John's mother obviously

winced and writhed under this home thrust, but at last rallied sufficiently to stammer out, "Well — she 's 'Piscopal pious."

So, leaving "the bishop and other clergy, and the congregations committed to their charge," as those who in this life, at least, can never hope to rise superior to a qualified piousness, I betook myself to what they would call "dissenters," to find there, too, only unanimous assent to my Pinafore proposition. The stricter the sect (and this is particularly significant) the more active in Christian service among all classes, and therefore the more sensitive to the incomparable value of spiritual songs at proper times and in proper places, there was found the most hearty rejoicing at the decrease in the use of the so called "revival hymns" as a mere explosive for thought, vacant minds, and exuberant spirits. The only question raised was as to the cause of this decrease, and the interviewed, with scarcely an exception, instantly recognized in Pinafore, when suggested, with its innocent substitutions, a means of grace to be warmly welcomed by every devoutly reverent soul.

There are those by whom the mere articulation of goody words is counted as righteousness, and to them, as to a few wiser souls (and these last it would greatly grieve me to offend, as doubtless I must herein), so happily circumstanced as never to have had eyes and ears opened to the monstrous evil we deprecate, — to all these the least suggestion that such well-meant and often irreproachable hymns can anywhere be objectionable will seem well-nigh blasphemous.

I gratefully acknowledge that the Gospel Hymns have done, and will doubtless long continue to do, excellent service in many localities, and in frequent convocations and conditions of men and women. But when I hear young people in our own church school (or their papas and mammas in the regular services of the same church), who are, or might be, familiar with the music of Beethoven and Händel and Mendelssohn, and with the choicest hymns of the ages, singing, during a single session, twenty or thirty verses of *quasi*-religious doctrine and mushy sentiment, expressed in more or less doubtful rhythm and jerky melody, it seems to me sometimes ludicrous, and always rather pitiful; but this is merely a question of taste. The time and the place and the surroundings may, and we will hope do, induce a mood with which the real intent of the pietistic words is not utterly incongruous. Let them, if they must, sing then and there, "Hold the fort," or "Dare to be a Dan'el," or,

"Have you on the Lord believed?
Still there 's more to follow;
Of His grace have you received?
Still there 's more to follow.
Oh, the grace the Father shows,
Still there 's more to follow;
Freely He his grace bestows,
Still there 's more to follow.
Have you felt the Saviour near?
Still there 's more to follow;
Does his blessed presence cheer?
Still there 's more to follow.
Oh, the love that Jesus shows,
Still there 's more to follow;
Freely He his love bestows,
Still there 's more to follow.
Have you felt the Spirit's power?
Still there 's more to follow;
Falling like the gentle shower?
Still there 's more to follow.
Oh, the power the Spirit shows,
Still there 's more to follow;
Freely He his power bestows,
Still there 's more to follow.

CHORUS.

More and more, more and more,
Always more to follow;
Oh, his matchless, boundless love!
Still there 's more to follow."

But when these same young people are out on a "field-day" of their Natural History Society, or coming home from a picnic of the Archery Club, or resting between the dances of a sea-side "hop," let them sing, to be sure, with all their might, but (as they would keep their lips from speaking guile, their reverent spirits from that vulgar familiarity in handling sacred subjects which breeds contempt and hopeless heathenism, and their hearts ever sensitive to holy influences) let their tongues cleave forever to the roofs of their mouths rather than rattle glibly through the awful verities of Gethsemane, Calvary, and the

last judgment, set to whatsoever infectious jig-tune. Nothing can efface from my memory the horrid blasphemy of a single incident of my last summer, which I fear almost any reader can match from his own observation: —

A large sailing party, promiscuously gathered from the hotels and boarding-houses of a certain watering-place, were scudding home before a stiff breeze. The at first incessant babble of the various cliques had subsided; the conundrum stage was passed; the silences became more and more prolonged, and meantime the motion of winds and waves increased uncomfortably. The self-appointed master of revels, having exhausted his store of expedients for reviving drooping spirits, at last cried out, "For mercy's sake, let somebody start some singing, or I shall be seasick myself!" Various so-called "popular" songs were suggested, and even started, only to be dropped, when, suddenly, the most rollicking belle of the party, whose flirtations and erratic pranks were the sensation of the season, yelled (bear with me, since nothing less could express her manner of utterance) at the top of her voice, and with a grotesque intensity of accentuation,

"Hallelujah, 't is done! I believe on the Son,
I am saved by the blood of the Crucified One,"

to be greeted at first with shouts of laughter, and then voice after voice took up the refrain, and vociferated it dozens of times, with every variety of vocal effect. I have never in any country heard profanity which seemed to me so ominous and abhorrent as this, and the apparent unwittingness of evil among these light-hearted blasphemers was its worst feature.

It goes without showing that on a similar excursion during the present summer a similar challenge, in a similar exigency, would be met, ninety-nine chances to one, instantly with "I am the captain," or "I 'm called little Buttercup," to be followed by the dozens of irresistible nothings with which H. M. S. Pinafore is full-freighted for our deliverance from an incalculable evil.

— Mr. William M. Hunt, in his Talks on Art, second series, in Dwight's Journal of Music, asserts that "Harvard University has not graduated a great man for fifty years."

"A great man" is of course a relative term. I have had the curiosity to look over the catalogues, from 1829, and find the following distinguished names: Dr. O. W. Holmes, Professor Benjamin Pierce, Charles Sumner, John Lothrop Motley, Wendell Phillips, Professor Jeffries Wyman, E. Rockwood Hoar, John Weiss, Professor James Russell Lowell, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, Theodore Parker (who at least graduated from the Divinity School), Mr. William W. Story, Dr. Edward H. Clarke, Mr. Chauncey Wright, Mr. John Fiske, Colonel Robert G. Shaw.

There are many other names which at least bear honorable mention, and the list might be made a long one. We might easily single out twenty, if not more, who, if not *absolutely* great men, would certainly take the precedence, in comparison with the same number of graduates for the last fifty years from any other American college. I think a survey of the Harvard catalogue might incline our great painter to qualify his rather rash assertion.

— I think the writer of the first paragraph of the Contributors' Club for June tells but half of an important truth as to the usage — ill usage as he shows it — of the government departments in withholding information as to debts which it owes. Any man who has, or who represents one who has, or thinks he has, a claim against the United States, and who addresses a note to the head of the proper department, disclosing who and what he is, and what he wishes, will receive very prompt attention. The head, or a responsible subordinate, makes the necessary indorsement, and in due, or *over*due, time he receives such information as the department has.

There are unascertained millions, due to all possible parties, for all imaginable services and things. Until the adoption of the comparatively stringent rules, the facilities for robbery and plunder of the government were such that the most

enormous frauds were successfully practiced. Take an instance which fell under my personal notice: By connivance with inside clerks a party procured the names, descriptive lists, etc., of a great many thousand colored soldiers, to whom bounties in some form and amounts were due. These he took to New Orleans, and procured negroes to personate the claimants, and actually got many thousand dollars, by forgery and perjury, before the thing was detected.

Even when an honest or demi-semi-honest use is intended to be made of the information, the cases fished out are prosecuted in the interest of the attorney or claim agent rather than of the creditor of the United States, who usually contracts to pay the larger share to the discoverer of his case, or who sells it, with the use of his name, for a trifle.

It is to guard against the efforts of these mere speculators that the present stringency of practice has grown up. The United States do not mean to be dishonest or mean.

A long residence at Washington, in the practice of the law in its various forms as connected somewhat with the civil service, enables me to speak confidently upon this matter.

— It is to Mr. W. H. Mallock, a gentleman who has spent a good deal of time in defaming his betters, that public rumor ascribes the authorship of a little squib entitled, Every Man his own Poet; or, The Inspired Singer's Own Recipe Book. By a Newdigate Prizeman. In this valuable volume are to be found various mock-solemn accounts of how to write a poem like Mr. William Morris, or Robert Browning, or Robert Buchanan, the directions given resembling those in cook-books. To illustrate Mr. Mallock's wayward humor, there is, on page 19, a rule given "to make a poem like Mr. Matthew Arnold:" "Take one soulful of involuntary unbelief, which has been previously well flavored with self-satisfied despair. Add to this one beautiful text of Scripture. Mix these well together; and as soon as ebullition commences grate in finely a few regretful allusions to the New Testament and the Lake of Tiberias, one constellation of stars, half a dozen allusions to the nineteenth century, one to Goethe, one to Mont Blanc or the Lake of Geneva, and one also, if possible, to some personal bereavement," etc.

Of course, thirty-two pages are much too little to satisfy most readers, yet there would seem no reason why, the trick having been learned, real humorists should not go on forever in this amusing way.

In a sort of introduction, Mr. Mallock, if he is the ingenious author, says that "some object that poetry is not progressive." Others may also lament that his humor, although delightful, is not "progressive." Any one who will turn to the Guardian, No. 78, will see what this complaint means. In that paper — which was written by Pope, by the way — is "A Receipt to make an Epic Poem. Take out of any old Poem, history-book, romance, or legend (for instance, Geoffrey of Monmouth, or Don Belianis of Greece) those parts of the story which afford most scope for long descriptions: put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one tale," etc. For a Tempest: "Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster, and Boreas, and cast them together into one verse: add to these of rain, lightning, and of thunder (the loudest you can) *quantum sufficit.* Mix your clouds and billows well together until they foam, and thicken your description here and there with a quicksand. Brew your tempest well in your head before you set it a-blowing."

The reader will notice what Mr. Mallock may possibly be willing to explain, the startling coincidence between these two bits of waggishness.

— I have recently been reading, with more amusement than profit, Von Hellwald's Die Erde und ihre Völker, and especially that part of it which relates to the United States. At first, I supposed that the author was writing a burlesque of our political, social, and religious condition; but before concluding the book, it had become apparent that the supposed burlesque was the result

of an almost mediæval ignorance, supplemented by violent prejudice against everything American.

He commences by gravely informing us that in the United States "a new race is being developed, the result mainly of climatic conditions, and especially of the dryness of the atmosphere," . . . "drawing constantly nearer to the aboriginal Indian type." Farther on, he quotes with approval from Pruner Bey the following description of his new race, which, like the hero of Frankenstein, he has manufactured to order: —

"From the chaos of miscegenation now going on in America, there is being formed a new species or breed of men. After the second generation the Yankee already begins to show traces of the Indian caste. Later on, the glandular system is reduced to a minimum of its normal development; the skin becomes dry as leather, the warmth of complexion, the flush of the cheek, vanish, replaced in man by a clayey tint, in woman by a sallow paleness. The head grows smaller, round, or even pointed, while a large development of the cheek-bones and masticatory muscles becomes perceptible. The temples are more sunken, the jaw-bones more massive. . . . The hair assumes the long and lank character of the Indians; . . . the muscles become stringy, and show themselves; the tendons appear on the surface; the body becomes strikingly lean; the neck becomes very slender, and consequently disproportionately long; symptoms of premature decay begin to manifest themselves."

Herr von Hellwald next tells us that the white race, presumably his "fiat" race, is in process of decay, and proves from the figures in Vital Statistics of America, in support of his position, that the birth-rate is annually decreasing, and is now less than it was in France in her most troublous times. Herr von Hellwald is an ingenious statistician. He has in the highest degree, as is exemplified in several places in his book, the power of suiting his facts to his theories, of making his figures conform to his preconceived notions.

And not only is our poor race destined to dissolution in this manner, but its individuals are already showing "unmistakable symptoms of degeneracy, . . . the decay of physical energy," etc. Bret Harte's question is answered. Our civilization, then, is a failure; the Caucasian is played out.

The marital relations between the sexes in this country are very peculiar, and leave man in a deplorable condition. "While in Europe the husband, as a rule, controls the household, the reverse is the case in America. Here the wife assumes the upper hand: in the morning sends her consort, basket in hand, to do the marketing, and at the end of the week relieves him of his earnings, so that he may learn to dispense with his glass of beer, and leave all the more for her personal adornment. In fact, here man is completely the slave of the fair sex, which considers itself as superior to him as it is to all manual work," etc. Our author, in stating these startling facts, forgets to mention the obvious deduction from them, that we are, by our treatment of women, the farthest removed from the savage tribes, and consequently can plume ourselves on being the highest in the scale of civilization.

He finds our children extremely precocious, especially in villainy, and narrates in illustration several impossible stories, probably taken from our lowest sensational newspapers. But the wickedness of the country is by no means confined to children. Indeed, villainy and murder stalk red-handed through our cities in broad daylight. "Scarcely a day passes in New York without risk being incurred from the bowie-knife or the revolver. . . . Murder is of frequent occurrence in all the large towns, but the murderous scenes that take place in the streets of New York are of quite a special character. . . . The universal practice of going about with arms has unquestionably contributed much to the increase of such outrages; but they are mainly due to the ease with which the criminal escapes from the hands of justice."

He finds our public schools vastly be-

low those of Germany, and our colleges, with but the single exception of Cornell, little better than places for the propagation of sectarian beliefs in religious matters. He says, "The majority of the higher institutions have been founded by religious sects, and the chairs are consequently filled by professors bound in conscience to teach scientific subjects strictly in accordance with the peculiar theological views of their patrons. . . . Cornell University is perhaps the only institution of the kind that does not make the office of the teacher dependent on any particular religious profession."

He notes also "an almost total absence of academies of art, polytechnic and mining schools," and by implication, museums of natural history.

In treating of the late civil war, its causes and results, he assumes a strong pro-slavery attitude, repeats the old threadbare arguments used by slave-holders twenty years ago in support of their peculiar institution, and, after describing the present condition of the negro as being deplorable in the extreme, he points the finger of scorn at those would-be philanthropists who, in their mistaken zeal, have set the black man free. No idea of abstract justice or right seems to have entered our author's brain.

These are but a few of the hundreds of blunders and misrepresentations which are crowded into the book. It is amusing to read, but becomes annoying when one reflects that many, especially Germans, will form their ideas of this country from such a work.

— Has not the professional critic undergone a change of heart of late years? The traditional critic, the *bête noir* of unfortunate authors, from whose pen flowed a mingled stream of biting acid and the gall of bitterness, has he not become humane and softer-hearted than of yore? I speak of the critic of fictitious works, — a being whom, if he be conscientious and really read what it falls to him to comment on, I deeply pity. How seldom do we see a novel heartily condemned, or even judged with any uncompromising strictness. Surely this is not because there are no poor novels to abuse. On the contrary, as it seems to me, there never was more necessity for the existence of the old-fashioned stern censor. If a modern novelist could be killed by an article; if by the rigid decree of the whole body of critics, united for the righteous purpose, nine tenths of the living story-writers could be summarily forbidden ever to publish another novel, I think there might be a chance for the public to recover a healthy appetite once more. We have all heard of men who read the Bible and Shakespeare, and may be some one other book, alone, and thought these all sufficient. I do not wish to confine myself or any one else to such a limited library, but every day the necessity of selection in our reading becomes greater.

I do not believe in "encouraging" young or weakly authors by praising poor work of theirs. A good snubbing is the best thing that can happen to them. If there really is decided promise of better things to come, then by all means say so; but do not forget, Mr. Reviewer, to point out exactly, at the same time, the faults. However, the real critic of course knows all this better than I can tell him, and the majority of reviewers are in no high sense critics at all. Women are the greatest readers of novels; the novel is for them what the cigar or the occasional drink is for a man, — a sedative or a stimulus, according to the temperament. And I am sure they get as much of mental injury from the weak trash with which they dilute their intellect as the men get of physical harm from habitual smoking. The chief reason for this demand of mine for more severe judgment from the critics is an unselfish interest in the mental welfare of my reading fellow-creatures; but I have also my own private reason for it, and that is that I am very fond of novel-reading, and cannot get enough good novels to read, and am convinced that one cause of it is that there are far too many novels.

— The affair to which I allude happened, some thirty-five years ago, in a suburban village, now a city. A zealous parson fancied his disciples rendered

listless at morning service by partaking too freely of the old-fashioned dish by which it was once said Sunday was chiefly marked. Pragmatical, if anything, the earnest doctor labored with his flock, and even on one occasion admonished them from the pulpit, especially suggesting that the custom of going to the bake-shop every Sunday morning was manifest Sabbath-breaking, and should be abolished. This, of course, though the parson was orthodox, was gross heresy; and, in a rash moment of honest indignation, a big pot of brown baked pulse with crackling brawn was placed upon the parson's doorstep just before service time, and white beans liberally scattered along his path to the meeting-house. Before the summer was over an abundant crop of vines fringed the churchyard, to the great amazement of the villagers, many of whom, though not of his persuasion, *knew beans*.

— The late "hard times" have developed many undesirable things, and among them not the least is the native American beggar. Does anybody, I wonder, like him better, or think him an improvement on the Old World mendicant? If so, I beg to dissent, and add that the latter's doubtful story, prefaced with "Savin' yer presence," and "With respects to you," finds its way to my pocket in half the time that the former's thankless demand and aggrieved independence are traveling through my consciousness.

If the Club were not such a stickler for brevity, I could adduce proof, amusing and vexatious, in support of an opinion so uncomplimentary to our poor. There is an art in asking alms, as in all other things, and the recipient of your bounty who tells you in effect, if not in actual words, that you are bound to do something for him because he is just as good as you are, if he is poor, has scarcely mastered that art.

And, after all, I 'm not sure that the trouble is n't in the air rather than in our institutions, since the very aborigines display the traits I complain of, — at least such remnants of them as I have seen. Their barefaced asking is always matched by their stolid thanklessness. One of the drollest things I ever saw was a Penobscot squaw, refused by the mistress of the house, walking into a kitchen and carrying off a large ham. When followed by the astonished and irate mistress, and told to bring it back, the squaw coolly answered, "No, no, white sister, me hungry; you get plenty more, me got none. Your people take my people land, me take your meat; all right!" Of course she conquered and carried off the ham.

It seems to me recent events have developed a good deal of this spirit among some white natives, also.

— Of course, this is not the day for the Bonapartists, and Mr. Bartlett has already, in his admirable Dictionary of Quotations, shown that the great Napoleon may have been quoting from the Monday Lectureship's friend, Tom Paine, when he said there was but a single step from the sublime to the ridiculous. For did not The Age of Reason — a book, it may be said, by the way, that has known what it is to be a scape-goat — contain these words: "The sublime and the ridiculous are often so nearly related that it is difficult to class them separately. One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again"? Yet the antithesis had been already written down, although Napoleon gave the final mint-mark that made the saying current. In Joseph Warton's Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope (London: Dodsley. 1782), vol. ii., page 60, is the statement, "Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Ariosto, made very sudden transitions from the sublime to the ridiculous." After all, the saying is more often quoted in this earlier form. Paine's book appeared in 1795.

— Those of the readers of the Wreck of the Grosvenor who, like myself, first read it at the sea-shore, with the accessories of an occasional wild storm and intercourse with some of the finest specimens of sailor character on the Atlantic coast, must have felt in a peculiar manner the photographic reality of the whole story. Striking testimony to the cor-

rectness of what sometimes seemed exaggerated has fallen in my way more than once.

A broad-breasted, manly skipper, in whose company I was thrown last summer, and whose face has caught much of its bronze while rescuing human lives, had an experience identical with that of the heroine and her father on the rolling, deserted hull. A passing ship had taken one boatful from the wreck in a frightful sea; the officer refused to return for the three sailors, of whom one was my narrator, and their lives were saved only by an act of heroism such as is described in the Grosvenor.

And now, in a remote corner of the shipping news in my morning paper, among the sadly numerous disasters of the past month, is a story curiously resembling the circumstances of the crisis which came to the Grosvenor when off the Bermudas. The reader will remember the mutiny of the crew, led by the ship's carpenter; the death of the captain; the placing of the hero, the second mate, in command; the false reckoning which the latter kept; the supposed nearness to Florida, but real proximity to the Bermudas; and the intention of the mutineers to leave the mate and Miss Robertson on board, after having scuttled the vessel. Then came the suspense of the counter-plotters, — the boatswain being hidden below, instead of dead, as the mutineers supposed, — when the carpenter came up from below, after boring auger holes in the ship's bottom, and deserted the vessel with the mutineers. I copy the coincidence from the report, word for word: —

"Brig L'Avvenire, from Messina for New York (before reported), arrived in Five Fathom Hole, Bermuda, March 29, in charge of Capt. Page, late first officer of barque Black Prince, of St. John, N. B. The latter fell in with the brig March 23, lat. 28.40, long. 67. She was drifting about in a crippled condition, with foremast, maintopmast, jibboom with all attached, carried away, and had to all appearances been abandoned. Capt. Tyrell, of the Black Prince, took the brig in tow, and towed her for some time, when he found it would be more judicious to adopt another course. He accordingly cut the hawser, and put his first officer with four seamen on board the brig, and ordered them to bring her to Bermuda. With some spare spars from the Black Prince jury masts were rigged, and the ship reached port as already mentioned. Capt. Page reports that when he went on board the brig, he found eight feet of water in her hold. He and his crew set to work at the pumps, and soon gained on the water. After the water had been lowered, he overhauled the vessel, and found three auger holes in the hull, and two three-quarter inch augers lying near by. One hole was forward, quite low down; a second one was opposite the mainmast; and a third one was near the stern-post. After these had been stopped up, the vessel was perfectly tight, and proved herself an excellent sea boat. The L'Avvenire is built of white oak, is a new vessel apparently, and was well fitted. She is loaded with a cargo of oranges, lemons, and wine, and the fruit appears to be in an excellent condition. The vice-marshal in the Court of Admiralty took charge of the ship and cargo, pending the action of the parties interested in them. The vessel had commenced to discharge cargo, April 4, by order of the Court of Admiralty."

When it is remembered that soon after the date of picking up the brig there followed one of the severest storms (March 30th) known in many years, the parallel is almost perfect. Could there be even the remotest connection between the Wreck of the Grosvenor and the wreck of the L'Avvenire? Had the book been known on board, or had another ill-treated crew evolved from their inner consciousness just such a liberation as had occurred to the author of the Grosvenor?

## RECENT LITERATURE.

One of the most useful things that can happen to a man, and possibly also to a world, is a change in its point of view. In the movement known as the Renaissance the world suddenly changed its point of view. It had been Christian and ascetic; it became practically pagan and self-indulgent. Its attention was directed to the remains of classic antiquity, and it realized what men were capable of under other ideals. Unhesitating faith gave place to curiosity. The Reformation legitimatized curiosity; the Revolution followed, sweeping away in a desperate burst of impatience the impediments which prevented the application of the results of free inquiry to actual affairs. Out of this turmoil issued modern times. When the Renaissance began the world was provincial; at present no one doubts that it is sufficiently cosmopolitan. There is nothing it does not tolerate, doubt, investigate.

It is to an exposition of the evolution of the modern idea out of the mediæval idea that Mr. Symonds, in the valuable work before us,[1] has devoted himself. When the movement began, in the fourteenth century, St. Anthony was the recognized type of perfection; at its culmination, in the sixteenth, it was more nearly the young Antinous.

There had been an infallible theory for every department of life and the arts, deduced from the religious idea. Life was understood as a period of probation. The pleasures possible to be extracted from it were not meant to be extracted. They were temptations, to be resisted in order to establish a claim to a future reward. To yield to them was not simply an improvident choice of the lesser for the greater good, but fatal criminality. The anchorite of the desert, afflicted with every earthly ill, yet resisting the faintest trace of concession to the supremest combination of earthly seductions, was the highest type of perfection and mundane usefulness.

To this, born out of a sudden discovery of the beauty and merit in the long-neglected remains of antiquity, succeeded an intense worldliness. One extreme begets another; the world had been nothing, now it was everything. It is a matter of undoubted record that the cultivated world in the Renaissance period became frankly pagan. It was no longer a question of enjoyment in a problematic future state, but how to get the greatest enjoyment out of this. It was held that beauty was a good in itself. Its pleasures were for actual use, as they seemed, and not for avoidance. The complex faculties of human nature were meant not merely for worship, but to be employed upon objects as diverse as themselves. The body was a noble and lovely creation, its senses to be gratified instead of being repressed and blighted. The Renaissance in its essence was the rebirth of paganism, whose creed is the sufficiency of the purely mortal life, and whose worship the apotheosis of purely mortal beauty and capacity.

This was the changed point of view from the occupation of which arose the immense diversity of modern times.

Opinion did not long remain at this new extreme. The reformation of Luther in the north, and the Catholic counter-reformation in the south, made the artistic paganism into which all, from pontiff to peasant, had lapsed disreputable. But the new ideal was in the world, and could not be abolished. Life has ever since been a struggle between this ideal and that which it superseded. Morality endeavors to find the difficult limit to which the allurements of the world may be pursued, while the mind is kept mainly fixed upon heaven. It would be difficult to dwell disproportionately upon this conflict between the two opposing principles of asceticism and worldliness, which is the essential fact and the surviving impression both of Mr. Symonds's work and of the Renaissance period.

His plan proposes to trace the progress of the revived classic ideas in the threefold departments of (1) governmental and civil life, (2) literature, and (3) the fine arts. A volume is devoted to each. A fourth volume is projected, to cover literature more in detail and to a later period. The volumes are not numbered consecutively. Each is a comprehensive work so far as its own branch of the subject is concerned, and to be read separately with profit. This sharpness of elimination and distribution

[1] *The Renaissance in Italy.* By John Addington Symonds. London: Smith, Elder & Co. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1879.

of each class of subject matter to its own department, although having its advantages in presenting to the special student the part in which he is interested in the clearest form, may be thought to be disadvantageous as giving a less connected view of the whole.

Apart from this, and inside of the order chosen, there is nothing obscure. The arrangement and manner evidence a mind which has a genius for logic and orderly divisions. It is a clear and symmetrical narrative in a very pleasing style.

It must be admitted that Italian history, in English at least, is both less written and less read than any other. The school books, from which perhaps our most lasting impressions are derived, slight it extremely. Our Prescotts and Motleys pass it by to devote their painstaking research and powers of vivid description to matters without a tithe of the innate interest or actual importance of this.

The numerous independent states which in Italy take the place of the single dynasties and clearly defined fortunes of other countries, and some dark stories of peculiarly ingenious cruelties, selected from its annals by purveyors of the marvelous, create about it in the popular mind a repulsion and an appearance of difficulty which it does not really possess. This darkness wherever pierced yields the richest returns; it is an obscurity comparable only to that of a treasure chamber in which the rays of the lantern sparkle back from walls incrusted with precious stones. The complex Italian character is found subtle, ingenious, enterprising, intellectual, scholarly; delighting in art; evolving the ideal of the perfect courtier, which is also the ideal of the modern gentleman; living a life of splendid refinement at a time when the rest of Europe was scarcely emerging from barbarism.

Mr. Symonds's Renaissance in Italy is hardly a history proper, but belongs rather to the philosophical school of Buckle and Lecky. Yet it does much to introduce simplicity into the apparent complication mentioned. Strung along upon the thread of his inquiry, which is kept constantly in view, the seeming tangle of republics, oligarchies, imperial fiefs, and ecclesiastical powers resolves itself into a few classifications and easily distinguished types.

The Italian Renaissance can by no means be regarded as a mere subdivision of the great classical revival. It was *the* Renaissance. It was born, developed, and reached its highest possibilities there. Afterwards it sent its influence and its patterns to France, Spain, England, and the ends of the earth, to be modified according to the genius of each locality. It was an intellectual influence, which seems to increase in intensity inversely as the distance in time. They were patterns which produced chintzes, Watteau shepherdesses, a Louis Quatorze crowned with Roman bays over a full-bottomed wig, Sir Christopher Wren churches, the brown stone magnificence of private life in New York and Boston, and the most orthodox court-house models for New South Wales. It was not till well into the present century that some bold innovators in literature, — Scott in England and Châteaubriand in France (a sort of Mazeppa, according to Sainte-Beuve, after whom the hosts of literature galloped into romanticism), — and Pugin and others in architecture, began to make head against the exclusive predominance of Renaissance ideas.

The period embraced in the culmination of the Italian Renaissance may be included between the fall of Constantinople, in 1453, and the sack of Rome by the Constable de Bourbon, in 1547; but the gradual steps of preparation for this efflorescence date from the Divine Comedy of Dante, in 1308. The Renaissance, according to the striking phrase of Michelet, discovered the world, and discovered man. Now that earthly life was a worthy thing in itself, everything must be done to make it as complete as possible.

The extent of the interest in the classic fragments, manuscripts, and marbles, when attention was suddenly called to them after they had lain neglected for centuries, is something hardly now conceivable. No literary man and no artist can contemplate without effusion and a sense of compassionate kindliness at its enormous self-delusion the god-like honors paid to their craft by this enthusiastic age.

Cimabue's Madonna, the first picture that showed evidences of an escape from archaic traditions, was borne in procession, and made the occasion of a Florentine holiday. The leg bone of Livy was presented by the republic of Venice to King Alfonso of Naples, as a precious relic. This monarch took to his wars a secretary who read Livy to him and his captains in his tent. The birthday of Plato was observed. Nobles and merchants ruined themselves in the purchase of books. Young men left

their wine and dicing and women to listen to a learned teacher of Greek.

The immense superiority of the works of antiquity to any feeble efforts of their own seemed to make blind imitation the highest form of progress. Imitation extended into every department, and matters which could not be treated in classic phrase were not treated at all.

They loved liberty because Cicero and Demosthenes had loved liberty. They retired to their Tusculan farms and loved nature in precisely the turns of expression employed by Horace, Virgil, and Theocritus. There were Heliconian Muses, Pans, Galateas, fauns, and river-gods, but hardly a word, except in the pleasing numbers of a late minor poet, Flaminio, about actual persons or woods, skies or flowers, as they really are. In writing nobody pretended to see with his own eyes. In consequence, an artificial, mannered literature of sounding emptiness grew up. The form was everything, the matter of only the slightest account. To take some trivial subject and play upon it in hexameters of correct Latinism — for it was not till late in the movement that Italian was deemed suitable for any dignified use — was sufficient to gain the applause of courts and predictions of lasting fame from learned academies. Literary talent was esteemed so fine a thing that it was released from all ordinary rules. The greatest obscurities and blasphemies were pardoned to it, judged only according to the verses in which they were couched, and liberally rewarded. Poggio published in his Facetiæ a series of the most scurrilous satires upon the papacy, but notwithstanding was made papal secretary, which post he had for fifty years.

The revival of learning had below it for the Italians, what it could not have anywhere else, the sentiment of patriotism. The greatness of antiquity was in a sense their own. Every exploitation of it was an enhancement of themselves. They were direct descendants of imperial Rome, which had been mistress of the world. The treasures of art they unearthed were not startling new discoveries; they had merely been mislaid a little while. They could be pointed to as evidences of the capacity of the race.

It is curious to note that the more theoretical talk about liberty increased the more fully men were enslaved. The Italian states without exception passed through this period under some form of despotism. They had adopted a conception of liberty which contained the seeds of ruin within itself. They desired freedom for themselves, but enslavement for all others. Ambitious generals were not slow in finding the logic of such a theory. The Washingtons of the period, instead of retiring to private life upon the conclusion of hostilities, made it their aim to seize upon the chief power, and to become despots.

The characteristics of these illegal rulers, and their relation to their times, constitute the first branch of Mr. Symonds's inquiry. He presents them in a few clearly depicted types, from which we divine the whole. The picture is for the most part gloomy, but it is brightened with the splendor of the arts. The despots extended to them a liberal encouragement. Doubtless, it was largely a matter of policy. The trick has not been unknown, either before or since, of dazzling a people into forgetfulness of their liberties with splendid monuments and literary awards. In other cases the interest was genuine. In Gian Galeazzo Visconti, a prince who had a hideous record of assassinations and wanton cruelties behind him, "pure intellect had reached to perfect independence. In the erection of public buildings he was magnificent. The Certosa of Pavia and the Duomo of Milan owed their foundation to his sense of splendor. At the same time he completed the palace of Pavia which his father had begun, and which he made the noblest dwelling-house in Europe. The University of Pavia was raised by him from a state of decadence to one of great prosperity, partly by munificent endowments, and partly by a wise choice of professors. . . . He completed and partly carried out a scheme for turning the Mincio and Brenta from their channels, and for drying up the lagoons of Venice."

The author takes a darker view of the Italian despot than Macaulay, who believed him not to be wantonly cruel, but "on the contrary, where no political object was at stake, soft and humane." His picture at the best is bad enough, and his union with so base a nature of scholarly and æsthetic enthusiasm a psychological puzzle of which we shall have a further word to say.

The professed scholars of the new learning, known as "humanists," who frequented these wicked courts offered no rebuke in the manner of their lives to the profligacy around them. It is rather a matter of record that they were foremost in licentiousness. They revived the worst pagan vices,

and under their new theories of life scorned every restraint. "While professing stoicism," says Symonds, "they wallowed in sensuality. . . . Licentiousness became a special branch of humanistic literature. Under the thin mask of humane refinement leered the untamed savage; and an age that boasted not unreasonably of its mental progress was at the same time notorious for the vices that disgrace mankind."

In the extraordinary union of such traits as these with a genuine passion for intellectual pursuits in this strange period, there seems something discouraging for civilization, — something hopeless for humanity. One is even inclined to doubt the efficacy of the public schools of the present day as an all-sufficient palladium of morality and our liberties. If a polite and accomplished people, with a proficiency in the arts and an interest in learning that have never been equaled, could arrive at nothing more than monstrous vice and groveling servility, one asks, is there no lesson for us? Shall we not pause while it is yet time, and cease encouraging our publishers and clamoring for increased æsthetic facilities?

The problem is one of the most baffling that comes out of history. What is the limit to which a nation may safely advance, and which it may not overpass without going down to destruction? In all the days of decadence civilization is at its highest. The vases and sarcophagi are of the most elegant form; the jewels and tapestries the most exquisite; the writers the most polished and satiric; the people the most defenseless against the rude enemy storming at the gates.

In the matter of art Ruskin attempts a solution of the enigma and an escape from the apparent logic of history in his most characteristic manner, but succeeds only in presenting its conditions more forcibly. He contrasts the simple Highlander, whose only artistic invention is the checker-board pattern of his plaid, with the fertile-brained Hindoo, teeming with rich and ingenious fancies. "Out of the peat cottage," he tells us, as the case in fact is, "come faith, courage, self-sacrifice, purity, and piety, and whatever else is fruitful in the work of heaven; out of the ivory palace come treachery, cruelty, cowardice, idolatry, bestiality, whatever else is fruitful in the work of hell." The possibility of the æsthetic improvement of the Highlander is passed over, but it is asserted that the Hindoo need by no means be so bad as he is — and the rest of us modern nations who are endeavoring to beautify our lives are to take due notice — if, in his ubiquitous ornaments, he had delighted in decoration *not for what it is, but for what it suggests*, and had endeavored to make it suggest natural objects!

We have not even so much of an explanation for the anomaly so far as literature is concerned. But, not to concede that there is no necessary connection between literature in its best development and morality, what has been said of the soulless character of the literature under consideration must be remembered. It was mainly a matter of form without essence. Nothing is more entertaining than the personal sketches of these scholars. Their quarrels and printed invectives are beyond the extremest amenities of the modern provincial press in times of political heat.

Their pedantic learning was valuable as a foundation stone is valuable, — for what was to be set upon it. It did not furnish in itself the ennobling sentiments and ideals which we like to believe make the best modern literature a tangible restraining force and safeguard.

The Italian Renaissance has its features of interest for every taste. In its progress changes were evolved of vital importance to every human interest. But that which gives it its greatest charm, and leads its votary to turn with avidity to the prospect of new details and linger with untiring fondness over the old, is the color and light, the all-pervading sentiment of beauty, in which it is bathed. The historian without artistic feeling has no vocation in its annals. The tone of Mr. Symonds is philosophic, in keeping with the character of his studies, and his air for the most part temperate and discriminating. Yet he is not lacking in warm appreciations, which upon occasion find expression in picturesque and glowing passages. Such a one is his explanation of the supremacy of color in the Venetian school of painting: —

"There is color in flowers. Gardens of tulips are radiant, and the mountain valleys touch the soul with the beauty of their pure and gem-like hues. Therefore, the painters of Flanders and of Umbria, John Van Eyck and Gentile da Fabriano, penetrated some of the secrets of the world of color. But what are the purples and scarlets and blues of iris, anemone, or columbine, dispersed among deep meadow grasses, or trained in quiet cloister garden-beds, when compared with that melodrama of flame

and gold and orange which the skies and lagoons of Venice yield almost daily to the eyes? The Venetians had no green fields and trees, no garden borders, no blossoming orchards, to teach them the tender suggestiveness, the quaint poetry, of isolated or contrasted tints. Their meadows were the fruitless furrows of the Adriatic, hued like a peacock's neck; they called the pearl shells of their Lido flowers *fior di mare*. Nothing distracted their attention from the glories of morning and of evening presented to them by their sea and sky. It was in consequence of this that the Venetians conceived color so heroically; not as a matter of missal margins or of subordinate decoration, but as a motive worthy in itself of sublime treatment."

As a critic of art, and indeed in his work in general, Mr. Symonds is rather an appreciative follower of authority than an originator of striking new reflections or points of view. He consigns nobody to obloquy whose verdict had not already been pronounced, and redeems nobody from it, except it be Botticelli; and this not of his own motion, but to note the singular interest which has lately been shown by the school of Ruskin and Bourne Jones for this hitherto obscure painter of the middle Renaissance. He is thought to be a peculiarly characteristic representative of the subtle moment of transition when the new classic scholarship was making its way into the old traditions of painting, and had not yet fully prevailed over them.

In this irrepressible conflict, the sympathies of Mr. Symonds appear somewhat vacillating, and his uncertainty of feeling leads to minor contradictions. Thus, at one moment we learn that "painting and sculpture were alike alien to the grosser superstitions, the scholastic subtleties, and the ecstatic trances of the Middle Ages;" and, later on, that "the idyllic grace of maternal love in the Madonna, the pathetic incidents of martyrdom, . . . the loveliness of a pure life in modest virgins, and the dramatic episodes of sacred story furnish a multitude of motives admirably pictorial."

His sympathies are with the exuberant worldliness that raised Italy to so great a pitch of magnificence, yet he by no means spares the dissolute humanists, nor withholds his appreciation from Savonarola. These hesitations and reluctances are not more than can be condoned by a public which is itself so far from shore on a sea of uncertainties.

In general, it may be said of this new history of the Italian Renaissance that, without offering novel propositions or curious research, it is a compendium of the best that has been wrought out upon the subject in most of its departments. It renews the picture of Florentine civilization, more graphically presented than anywhere else in George Eliot's Romola; it coincides with Macaulay in his estimate of the typical figure of Macchiavelli; its literary judgments do not differ from those of Hallam. It follows Fergusson — a somewhat flippant guide — in architecture, and it avails itself of the views of Taine, while by no means ignoring those of Ruskin. Its value will be found, we believe, in its collection and presentation at a single view of materials not otherwise accessible without the expenditure of much time and pains.

— Mr. Bishop calls his artistic and pleasing story a romance;[1] and so it is as to motive, but the characters and the incidents — all except the shattering of the mirror in the Palazzo Grazzini — are the characters and the incidents of a novel. The story is, in fact, a rarely successful blending of the two kinds, and is itself of a kind of which there are few examples. We have always thought the motive uncommonly good, and we are glad to testify here to our sense of the poetic insight with which it is managed. Our readers ought all to remember it: that notion of two men plotting a crime for which one voluntarily suffers the whole legal penalty, and transmits to his son the shame and misery of his inexpiable wrong, while the other goes free. Nothing can be better than the study of Detmold's consciousness under the agony of his inherited disgrace, which he hides from every one in a distant city, and under which he is now abjectly hopeless of any good in life, and now recklessly defiant and resolute to seize love and happiness in spite of his unjust degradation. Nor is the father less strikingly portrayed. When he comes out of prison he lives down his crime in the very place where it was committed, and wins the respect, the affection, all but the silence, of his fellow-townsmen, who, after exhausting every other sensation possible from his history, continue to tell it to strangers for the sake of enjoying their surprise, and out of a sort of local pride in a man who could so survive his disastrous past. These are points, as the reader perceives, not only very subtile, but very strong. The situation is

[1] *Detmold: A Romance.* By W. H. Bishop. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

powerfully conceived, and it is pictured with a reserve, a cool mastery, that in the end is profoundly affecting. There can be no hope for Detmold except in the identification of Mr. Starfield's adoptive daughter with the daughter of his father's partner in guilt, which duly happens after he has followed her to Europe for love, and their friendship has deepened throughout those charming scenes in Verona. This conclusion is strictly and rightly in accordance with the romantic idea of the plot, — the romance being, like the poem, at once more elevated and a little more mechanical than the novel.

The story is well balanced, and is most conscientiously wrought out to the end with care that never falters and never visibly becomes anxiety. The interest culminates with the betrayal of Detmold's secret to Alice at the ball in Verona. She does not know her own relation to it, but one feels in one's heart that she is related to it, and that they will marry before the end of the book. Yet if one did not read to the end, he would lose much of the best work. There are everywhere very penetrating touches, — but few better than the final allusions to Detmold's father, and the young man's remorse, when his father is dead, that he should have striven so hard and so long to dissociate himself from a man whom Alice justly "looked upon as cast in a heroic mold." If Mr. Bishop wishes a hint for another story, let him enlarge the sketch of the elder Detmold to the dimensions of a romance. The character here so firmly outlined would bear elaboration, and the story is a pathetic and noble one.

Alice Starfield, the heroine of the present romance, has charm, — that first essential of a heroine. The thought of her lingers in the mind like a delicate perfume, and there is a distinct sense of her maidenliness which we hardly know how the author has contrived to impart. The slow ripening of her friendship for Detmold into love, her gentle reluctance to be other than she is, her sort of bewilderment at his passion, — there is something exquisitely innocent and lovely in all this; and there is something fine in the instant fusion of her regard into a warmer feeling when she believes Detmold slandered. The love-making throughout the book is charming, and the talk between the lovers is real lovers' talk, — not an easy kind of talk to keep going. Let the reader turn to that chapter where Detmold and Alice are sketching at the Museo Civico; or to that extremely pretty episode called The Idyl of an Italian Hillside. At the Museo the talk is light, gay, and on her side unconscious; on the hillside, where they lounge on the grass, it deepens to tenderness and trembles to confession. It is something uncommonly nice where Detmold is suffered to engrave "an imaginary monogram with a pencil upon the stone of a turquoise ring she wore," and there are constantly things to commend them to the reader's recognition as veritable young people, who are none the worse for being "silly sooth." At the Museo, "he placed himself at a little distance, for her to make a rapid sketch of his head and shoulders in a certain position. 'This is not to be regarded as a finished likeness, you know,' said she, regarding him quizzically, as the work drew to a close. 'You are not particular about having the nose in, are you?' 'Not at all, — don't mention it. You might omit the eyes and mouth if it is any object.' 'I have them in already. They are not so hard to do as noses!' Then she showed him a remote resemblance to himself, much flattered." Somehow, this young lady's presence is a tangible affair to the reader; she is not minutely painted, but sketched with an occasional minuteness which is very effective. At other times, Mr. Bishop knows how to employ this art, and, still better, how to spare it. Pages of description could not say so much as the simple phrase, "Detmold turned feebly to depart," in the tragic moment when Castelbarco has betrayed his secret to Alice.

We must pay our tribute to the literary workmanship throughout the book. It is fine without being superfine, and it is delicate without weakness. The subordinate persons are exceedingly well done, especially Hyson; Mr. Starfield, intelligent American business man, is very good, and so is Signor Niccolo, the Italian farmer, whose farm is a hitherto unpainted bit of real value. But Castelbarco strikes us as rather conventional; he is the weakness of a book which has few weak points and many strong ones. We shall be disappointed if its excellent quality, its very distinct and characteristic flavor, is not generally appreciated. It has humor, too, of a fresh and original sort, which agreeably relieves the prevailingly sombre cast of the story. It is in fine a finished achievement of a high sort in fiction, and it gives us the right to expect other good things from Mr. Bishop.

— The Sisters of Charity in the United States numbered at a recent enumeration

eleven hundred and seventy-nine, in charge of one hundred and six establishments for the care of orphans, infants, widows, patients, insane, and school children. All of these institutions, if we read correctly, had their origin in the consecration and labors of one woman. That is to say, Mrs. Eliza Seton, better known as Mother Seton, began in 1808, at Emmetsburg, in Maryland, the formation of a sisterhood in connection with a school, and that was the parent of similar societies, now widely scattered throughout America. The life[1] of such a woman as the foundress could scarcely fail of presenting points of interest, and Dr. White has used freely the materials in his hands for a biography. If he has given more attention to the religious exercises of Mother Seton's mind than to those features which we naturally look to for an explanation of material success, it is because to a co-religionist especially the secret of the woman's career lay in her devotion rather than in her prudence. Mrs. Seton was born of American parents in 1774, and married a physician whose health declined, leading them to make a journey to Italy with one of their children, in 1803. After a few months, Dr. Seton died, leaving his widow and child in the care of friends, who gave them a home, and sent them back in due time to America. Mrs. Seton, who was of a very emotional nature and ardent temperament, had been brought up in the Protestant Episcopal Church, but while in Italy was attracted by the Roman Catholic Church, and after her return to America, in the face of strong opposition from her friends, became a member of that communion. The glimpses given of the Romish Church in America at this time, and of the social sacrifice made by a convert to it, are curious and interesting. For a little while one is permitted by the author to look with a mild compassion upon the misguided people who endeavored in vain to hold back the eager devotee; a half-patronizing credit is given to the religious influences which had helped to mold Mrs. Seton's character, and then the curtain drops on Protestantism, and the reader is bidden to follow the new disciple into the untroubled bosom of the church.

The picture of Mother Seton will seem to many a singular restoration of a mediæval portrait. One reads the lives of European saints and looks at pictures of rapt foreign devotees with a sense of separation, not merely in time and space, but in all the modes of familiar life. It gives one an impression of the continuity of certain forms of life in the Romish Church which had, as it were, disappeared in the community at large, and to find such an example of conventual sanctity in the raw atmosphere of the New World is like discovering a Fra Angelico in the Studio Building. The type of religious life which Mother Seton presents is not easily produced by Protestantism, and we are apt to think the approaches to it more or less affected and imitative when we discover them in Protestant communions. Fortunately for the world, devotion, self-sacrifice, and penances of life still appear outside of the walls of a religious house; if it were not so, we should all despair, and be ready to take Hamlet's fiercely-whispered advice; and it will be found that the form which Mother Seton's devotion took makes but a transparent separation between her life and that of other women who never get beyond the title, say, of aunt. We confess to a little suffocation in reading the rhapsodies of Mother Seton's religion; it is like the enjoyment of half-tropical flowers in a hot-house. It may be a provincial taste, but the flowers that grow in the open air please us better, and the exotics seem never capable of a hardy growth in our soil. America is supposed to be large and tolerant, and capable of maintaining a very diversified life. We look at these things differently from what our good fathers did; still, when we catch glimpses of the alarm mingled with childish curiosity which received the first transplanting upon our shores of religious houses, we hesitate to convict our fathers of an unreasonable fear. They were not afraid of foreigners; they had a healthy feeling that the country could absorb them and Americanize them; but they were uneasy at the appearance of institutions which, however picturesque in the distance, bore a singular likeness to evils which had had a good deal to do with causing the new republic in America. So we watch the expansion of a system in which Mother Seton was so marked a character, with abundant admiration of her unselfishness, but not with entire

[1] *Life of Mrs. Eliza A. Seton, Foundress and First Superior of the Sisters or Daughters of Charity in the United States of America.* With Copious Extracts from her Writings, and a Historical Sketch of the Sisterhood from its Foundation to the Time of her Death. By CHARLES I. WHITE, D. D. To which is added an Appendix containing a Summary of the History of the Sisters of Charity to the Year 1879 Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co 1879.

admiration of that surrender which she made to a mighty image.

— Reading Mr. Anthony Trollope's essay on Thackeray,[1] one is at a loss to know just what portion of the British public is addressed in Mr. Morley's biographies of English Men of Letters. Is it young people, or persons of feeble mind? Or is the average reader in England to be amused or instructed by this sort of thing? With all one's American willingness to think ill of Englishmen, one hopes not. Apparently, however, there is a British public which may be expected to sympathize with Mr. Trollope's feeling that a man like Mr. Trollope may fitly talk down on a man like Thackeray. Or is this only appearance, and is Mr. Trollope singular in his impression? Or is it, after all, the inevitable attitude of a man who is in some sort alive toward a man who is in some sort dead? Whatever it is, the patronage begins almost at the beginning, and is shared pretty equally between the reader and the subject of what Mr. Trollope would call his lucubrations. But the introductory biographical sketch is not so offensive as the special criticism of Thackeray's work with which the book is filled out. Mr. Trollope has not yet struck his triumphant note. This is first heard toward the end of the chapter, where he palliates while he is obliged to condemn the spirit and the language in which Thackeray spoke of the Four Georges. "If we wish ourselves to be high," he says with perfect gravity, "we should treat that which is over us as high. And this should not depend altogether on personal character, though we know — as we have reason to know — how much may be added to the firmness of the feeling by personal merit." Is it possible? The same liberal casuist, however, condones the fault of a brother who happened to be made differently from himself. "Thackeray's loyalty was no doubt true enough, but was mixed with little of reverence. *He was one who revered modesty and innocence rather than power*, against which he had, in the bottom of his heart, something of republican tendency. His learning was no doubt of the more manly kind." After this, no one will be surprised to learn that Mr. Trollope believes Thackeray was morbidly sensitive to the existence of snobbishness, and that, in sum, snobbishness is not so bad. A curious proof of the thickness of the medium through which Mr. Trollope considers Thackeray is his entire confusion of mind upon this point. He finds, after going over the whole matter, that if you do not lie and steal you are not a snob; whereas it was the very essence of Thackeray's effort to show that you might have none of the vices and yet be a snob, if you had not social courage, — if you "meanly admired mean things," if, in other words, you "wished to be high by treating that which was over you as high." Mr. Trollope thinks the snob papers were carried too far, and that their author would better have divided snobs into fewer classes. This may be, but one wishes that he were yet alive to give us a subdivision devoted to the biographical snob.

Generally speaking, Mr. Trollope's discussion of Thackeray's work is as entirely idle and valueless a disquisition as any we know. It does not throw a ray of new light upon Thackeray's methods or motives; it does not analyze acutely; it is without insight. He has indeed the luck to say that Barry Lyndon is not surpassed "in imagination, language, construction, and general literary capacity," by anything else the author did; but he thinks it wonderful that the author should so tell the supposed autobiographer's story as to appear to be altogether on the hero's side. This Mr. Trollope cannot understand, — perhaps because it is a stroke of genius; but he is good enough to assure his readers that "no one will be tempted to undertake the life of a *chevalier d'industrie* by reading the book, or be made to think that cheating at cards is either an agreeable or a profitable profession." "Sir," asked his admirer of Mr. Wordsworth, "don't you think Milton was a great poet?" And Charles Lamb, whom Hunt was trying to suppress, called out from behind the door, "Let me feel his bumps! Let me feel his bumps!"

The commonness, the thumb-fingered awkwardness, of the criticism prevades the language and imagery of the book, and Mr. Trollope talks of "the literary pabulum given for our consumption;" of "the then and still owners of Punch;" of a "doctrine which will not hold water;" of Beatrix, who wished to rise in the world, and whose "beauty was the sword with which she must open her oyster." And Mr. Trollope keeps his family "skeleton," not in the closet, but "in the cupboard."

Mr. Trollope was simply unfit for the work to which he was appointed. When

[1] *Thackeray*. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. [English Men of Letters. Edited by JOHN MORLEY.] New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879.

he does not speak of Thackeray he sometimes speaks very well, and there are certain passages referring to the office and responsibility of the modern novelist which we wish to quote for their truth and suggestiveness. They are not brilliant or graceful, but they are just, and they ought to be read: —

"I should be said to insist absurdly on the power of my own confraternity if I were to declare that the bulk of the young people in the upper and middle classes receive their moral teaching chiefly from the novels they read. Mothers would no doubt think of their own sweet teaching; fathers of the examples which they set; and schoolmasters of the excellence of their instructions. Happy is the country that has such mothers, fathers, and schoolmasters! But the novelist creeps in closer than the schoolmaster, closer than the father, closer almost than the mother. He is the chosen guide, the tutor whom the young pupil chooses for herself. . . . Shall he, then, to whom this close fellowship is allowed — this inner confidence — shall he not be careful what words he uses, and what thoughts he expresses, when he sits in council with his young friend? This, which it will certainly be his duty to consider with so much care, will be the matter of his work."

— The greater part of The Lover's Tale[1] was, as Mr. Tennyson tells us, written in the author's nineteenth year, but was withdrawn from the press through a sense of its inferiority. A few copies, however, were distributed without his knowledge among friends, and these have lately been reprinted without his consent, and without his contemplated corrections. He now hopes to be pardoned if he reprints the poem, since what "he had deemed scarce worthy to live is not allowed to die;" and he reprints it with its sequel, The Golden Supper, which we already know.

The "pirates" who "mercilessly" obliged Mr. Tennyson to this course have done his fame no harm, though they are none the less pirates for that reason. Since the poem existed, its publication was only a question of time, and it will be judged as the work of a very young man. But it is easy to understand why the taste of the young man able to write it might condemn it; for it really was not "worthy to live." It is very prolix; the passion is strained; and the uncertainty which overshadows the narration is not dissipated till the second reading, which the poem requires rather than invites. A young man loves his cousin, and she loves his friend, and marries him. Then the lover, in great darkness and distress of mind, is visited by dreams of her death and resuscitation, which leads up to the sequel founded on the old Italian story of the lover who goes to lament his mistress in her tomb, and finds that she has been buried alive. We think that in the original he marries her, but in Tennyson's poem he necessarily restores her to her husband.

Here is not much inspiration, and the story cannot be said to be managed with great skill. The language is sometimes as strained as the passion; but it is all perfumed with the poet's peculiar spirit, and is as Tennysonian as anything we have since had from Tennyson. He had already mastered certain mannerisms, which characterize much of his latest work. A passage like this, for instance, with its graceful repetitions, and its pretty artifice in conjunctionally running the thought from point to point, might occur in any of the Idyls; it is undramatic enough to occur in the Dramas:

"Then had the earth beneath me yawning cloven
With such a sound as when an iceberg splits
From cope to base — had Heaven from all her doors,
With all her golden thresholds clashing, roll'd
Her heaviest thunder — I had lain as dead,
Mute, blind, and motionless as then I lay;
Dead, for henceforth there was no life for me!
Mute, for henceforth what use were words to me!
Blind, for the day was as the night to me!
The night to me was kinder than the day;
The night in pity took away my day,
Because my grief as yet was newly born,
Of eyes too weak to look upon the light;
And thro' the hasty notice of the ear
Frail Life was startled from the tender love
Of him she brooded over. Would I had lain
Until the plaited ivy-tress had wound
Round my worn limbs, and the wild brier had driven
Its knotted thorns thro' my unpaining brows,
Leaning its roses on my faded eyes.
The wind had blown above me, and the rain
Had fall'n upon me, and the gilded snake
Had nestled in this bosom-throne of Love,
But I had been at rest for evermore."

It will be in following such traits of style from this early growth to their later development that the critical reader will largely find his account. But any reader may enjoy the touches of description which continually occur, and of which we think two of the best are, —

"A purple range of mountain-cones, between
Whose interspaces gush'd in blinding bursts
The incorporate blaze of sun and sea.

[1] *The Lover's Tale.* By Alfred Tennyson Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

> On the other side, the moon,
> Half melted into thin blue air, stood still,
> And pale and fibrous as a wither'd leaf."

But generally even the descriptive passages, when compared with those in the Morte d'Arthur and The Gardener's Daughter, are as inferior as the passionate expression will appear when compared with that of such a poem as Love and Duty.

Nevertheless, it is a pleasure, once in a way, to read the poem. It has at least the magic to recall, if not the master's early greatness, then the delight with which we first read him: it brings back the reader's own youth and freshness, when Tennyson seemed such an important interest of life, and laid that gracious debt upon us which none of us can or would forget.

— Now that archery seems about to displace croquet in the hearts and on the lawns of summer pleasurers, we know no greater favor we can do them than to direct them to Mr. Thompson's manual[1] for both the literature and the practice of their graceful sport. He is himself at once poet and archer, and he writes of the bow with knowledge and inspiration. It has been his companion in Southern glades and Western woods; his arrow has struck the heron on the wing, and caught the hare in his flying leap. Mainly his adventures were in Florida, where his early life was spent, and there are some half dozen delightful chapters relating these, which are full of fresh and original observation; and there is a poem, The Death of the White Heron, which is one of the best of a kind that Mr. Thompson has almost made his own kind, — a sylvan incident narrated with such breath and color that you are under the tropic sky amid the wild savannahs while you read: it is a marvelously genuine bit of poetic realism. Then come some pleasant chapters about Robin Hood and the archery of the ballads; then something about the game of archery, on the lawn and in the woods; then more chapters of adventure and observation; then an appendix, with abundant instructions in the science of the sport, with directions as to the choice of bows and arrows, and all that pertains to amateur archery.

[1] *The Witchery of Archery: A Complete Manual of Archery.* With many Chapters of Adventures by Field and Flood, and an Appendix containing Directions for the Manufacture and Use of Archery Implements. By MAURICE THOMPSON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.

[2] *Canada under the Administration of the Earl of Dufferin.* By GEORGE STEWART, JR., Author of Evenings in the Library, The Story of the Great Fire, etc. Toronto, Canada: Rose Belford Publishing Company. 1878.

— Mr. Stewart's history of Canada under the administration of Lord Dufferin[2] is certainly a valuable book. The subject is one in which most of the inhabitants of this country might fancy that they would take little interest; yet if they open this bulky volume they will find not only that the story is clearly told, but that there is so much in recent events in the neighboring country which bears a likeness to our own troubles that they will be glad to see the machinery of another government at work. Moreover, the history of all parliamentary government, not excepting that of Turkey, is valuable to those who care for the higher side of politics. Even if the reader is indifferent to Canadian history, it is unlikely that he will not find himself entertained and instructed by Lord Dufferin's capital speeches, which are here reported generally in full. These frequent addresses — for the governor-general was always receiving a deputation, or speaking to a school or college, or thanking the people for some courtesy — are excellent reading: they are wise, discreet, witty, and full of tact, and they well deserve preservation. It is easy to see why the Canadians regretted Lord Dufferin's departure, for the only bad turn he has served them has been making the place a very hard one for his successor to fill with similar satisfaction to all.

Besides what we may call its temporary value as a book to lie on every centre-table in Canada, this book will be of service at some future time when the history of Canada will have to be written. The annalist of that day will be grateful to have his work so well done for him, for certainly this volume deserves all praise for its thoroughness and exactness.

— Mr. Drone's title-page[3] is what Bentham would have called a "question-begging" title-page. At the foundation of any intelligent discussion of copyright lies the question whether it is or is not a branch of the law of property. Mr. Drone in his title-page assumes that the question is necessarily answered in the affirmative. But the proof that this is the necessary answer is furnished in the body of the volume, and no one, we think, who examines it can fail to come to

[3] *A Treatise on the Law of Property in Intellectual Productions in Great Britain and the United States.* Embracing Copyright in Works of Literature and Art, and Playright in Dramatic and Musical Compositions. By EATON S. DRONE. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1879.

the conclusion that the proof is very strong. Our space is too limited to permit a detailed analysis of Mr. Drone's argument with regard to the origin, nature, and history of literary property, of which the first hundred pages of his book are made up; nor to do more than refer the reader, whether lawyer or layman, to the book itself, if he wishes to see how an argument which a hundred years ago was placed on a firm basis by Lord Mansfield has been since reinforced and illuminated by the course of judicial decision, of legislation, and the course of public opinion. Mr. Drone has thoroughly covered his ground, and his book is full of evidence of patient research, as well as that still more valuable quality in a legal writer, — the power of extracting *principles* from decided cases. His book is on the whole decidedly the best treatise on copyright in the language, and will undoubtedly have an effect in shaping the action of the courts before which questions of copyright may come in the future. It would probably have a still greater effect in this way if it were not for a single defect, which is also rather a singular defect in a law book, — a violence of language which impairs the judicial weight of the author's opinions. This tendency has not apparently perverted Mr. Drone's statement of what the law actually is, and arises chiefly from an earnest conviction of the wide disparity between the condition of the law and what it ought to be, and a generous eagerness, which even the most hardened practitioner must look upon in a lenient spirit, to do his share in improving this branch of the law.

The copyright question, just before the publication of Mr. Drone's book, had been undergoing in England one of those periodical discussions which at intervals of a generation or so serve to prove that the law is not yet settled on a satisfactory basis. A royal commission was appointed, which submitted its report in June, 1878; and there are some facts connected with its report not generally known on this side of the water, which bring out in a strong light the point that the claims of property in intellectual productions are always strengthened by impartial discussion. The inquiry, however it originated, was made the engine of a most vehement attack on copyright from a quarter in which danger was least to be expected. If we were asked to determine in advance from what class of men we would least expect intellectual property to be attacked, we should most certainly answer from the free traders. That the disciples of the doctrine that every man should be allowed to dispose of the fruits of his labor in the best market should come out as advocates of any theory hostile to copyright would seem *a priori* impossible. The reasoning by which the attack has been supported is somewhat as follows: Books in London cost a great deal more than in the United States. Owing to the absence of a copyright treaty between the United States and Great Britain, and the inherent difficulty of repressing the trade between Canada and the United States, cheap American reprints of English works find their way into the British colonies; so that the British colonist is enabled to buy English works at a far less cost than the native Englishman. Consequently, on the ground of "cheap books," certain English free traders have persuaded themselves that there is some difficulty with the law of copyright, which enables the British book-seller or publisher to place an arbitrary price upon his wares. It seems as clear as anything can be that with a fair international copyright law prices between England and the United States would equalize themselves; though it is undoubtedly a fact that books published for a small but luxurious public will always cost more than books published for a large and poor public, and that as long as American publishers have the benefit of foreign publishers' experience of the market without having to pay for it, they will always undersell English publishers. Why these facts have any tendency to show that authors' rights ought to be curtailed we are at a loss to see, and so in the end was the English copyright commission; for after a careful examination of these extraordinarily novel free-trade theories, and the evidence adduced in support of them, they came to the conclusion that what copyright needed was not curtailment, but enlargement, and accordingly recommended that the duration of copyright be lengthened.

Of course, Mr. Drone has a good deal to say with regard to international copyright, and the reader will find in his volume a very clear discussion of the present condition of the question, the latest contribution to which has taken the shape of a proposal, by a leading publishing house in New York, that authors' rights between England and the United States shall be protected, provided that English authors, to have the benefit of the treaty, shall be required to select an American publisher. This is inter-

national copyright, subject to the application of the principle of protection to the materials which enter into the construction of books, and the proposal is believed to command the assent of most of the leading publishing houses in this country. It is on many accounts objectionable, and it is very difficult to tell in advance how it would work in practice. It would, however, clearly be an improvement upon the present system of legalized piracy, of which, having first reaped the fruits in the shape of unfair gains, we are now beginning to suffer the penalty in the shape of unfair losses.

## MR. KELLY ON MR. LINTON.

To the Editor of the Atlantic Monthly:

Sir, — Mr. Linton, in his article on wood-engraving, does me the honor to devote a good deal of attention to my work. He puts to me a direct question in the following paragraph: —

"Need the instruction be carried further? Shall we look again at Henry Bergh on Duty? I am still speaking to the heathen, — say to some rural purchaser (may the shadows of such increase!) of illustrated works. Dear sir, or madam, as the case may be, be pleased (not too much) to notice that the coat of the driver (page 873, April number of Scribner's, again), the front of the carriage, side in perspective and front of the horse, part (why only part?) of Mr. Bergh's apparel, the sky, the unshadowed parts (again why only those parts?) of the pavement, the perpendicular sides of houses, the more distant figures, the glass lamp, also some trees, are one and all represented by nothing more or less than a series of perpendicular lines crossed by horizontal white ditto. Most innocent purchaser of 'fine art'! do you think you have it here? Look a little on to The Bull-Dog of the Future, at page 880, or at Moran's views of the Stickeen River, in the same number. But I guess these last are altogether by machinery; so there is no one for me to blame. Enough of these abortive popularities!"

If I may be allowed to reply, I will say that the white-lined parts referred to are intended to be shown as touched by sunlight. I have adopted the principle of distinguishing such portions in this way from those in half tint and shadow, as a method adapted to give the greatest force and truth to nature in light and shade. I consider that it corresponds to the practice of "loading" in painting. For my shadows I prefer the simple perpendicular line as giving in the same way most fully the quality of transparency.

In my picture of Bergh complained of elsewhere, the important thing, it seemed to me, was that Bergh was seizing the bit bur. I concentrated attention upon that; if the more remote details were vague in texture, it was because they were of less importance, and ought not be allowed to distract the attention.

In justice to my engraver, I will say that it is not he who is responsible for the method so displeasing to Mr. Linton. He followed the directions above described, which seem the most satisfactory to me after an apprenticeship at engraving preceding my practice as a designer. This is not a matter in which I am more interested than the public at large, but Mr. Linton makes the multiple graver responsible for sins which it is not only not guilty of, but is incapable of committing. The engraver of my works tells me that he does not use it at all, and that any engraver of judgment should know that it is impossible to cut a tint with that instrument.

Respectfully, J. E. Kelly.

New York, *June* 10, 1879.

## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

A Gentle Remonstrance. A Letter addressed to the Rev. F. C. Ewer, S. T. D., on the subject of Ritualism. Being a Review of Dr. Ewer's Recent Lectures at Newark. By the Rev. Aloysius Joshua Dodgson Bradley, B. A.

American Unitarian Association, Boston: Unitarian Affirmations: Seven Discourses Given in Washington, D. C. By Unitarian Ministers.

D. Appleton & Co., New York: Ruskin on Painting. With a Biographical Sketch. — A Rogue's Life: From his Birth to his Marriage. By Wilkie Collins. — An Attic Philosopher in Paris; or, A Peep at the World from a Garret. From the French of Emile Souvestre. — The Historical Poetry of the Ancient Hebrews. Translated and Critically Examined. By Michael Heilprin. Vol. I.

A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco, Cal.: After Death — What? or, Hell and Salvation Considered in the Light of Science and Philosophy. By Rev. W. H. Platt, D. D., LL. D. — On the Verge. A Romance of the Centennial. By Philip Shirley.

A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, Chicago, and New Orleans: An Illustrated Commentary on the Gospel according to St. John. By Lyman Abbott, D. D.

— A Manual of International Law. By Edward M. Gallaudet, Ph. D., LL. D.

Clark and Maynard, New York: A History of Rome. Amply illustrated with Maps, Plans, and Engravings. By R. F. Leighton, Ph. D. — An Analytical French Reader. With English Exercises for Translation, and Oral Exercises for Practice in Speaking. By Jean Gustave Keetels. — A Popular School History of the United States. Fully illustrated with Maps, Portraits, and Views. By John J. Anderson, Ph. D.

Davis, Bardeen & Co., Syracuse, N. Y.: First Principles of Political Economy. By Joseph Alden, D. D., LL. D.

Eden Dell; or, Love's Wanderings, and other Poems. By George W. Warder.

Forest and Forestry. By S. V. Dorrien.

Ginn and Heath, Boston: Guides for Science Teaching. By Alpheus Hyatt. Nos. I., II., III., IV., and V.

Harper and Brothers, New York: Under one Roof. A Novel. By James Payn. — Eothen; or, Traces of Travel brought Home from the East. By Alexander William Kinglake. — Lady Lee's Widowhood. A Novel. By Captain Edward B. Hamley, R. A. — That Artful Vicar. By the Author of The Member for Paris, etc. — For a Dream's Sake. A Novel. By Mrs. Herbert Martin. — A History of Our Own Times. From the Accession of Queen Victoria to the Berlin Congress. By Justin McCarthy. Vols. I. and II. — The Four Georges. By William Makepeace Thackeray. — English Men of Letters. Edmund Spenser. By R. W. Church. — Robert Burns. By Principal Shairp. — Stories of the Old Dominion. From the Settlement to the End of the Revolution. By John Esten Cooke. — The Rise of the Dutch Republic. A History. By John Lothrop Motley, D. C. L., LL. D. In three volumes.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: Wanderings in Patagonia; or, Life among the Ostrich-Hunters. By Julius Beerbohm. — Money in its Relations to Trade and Industry. By Francis A. Walker. — Practical Physics, Molecular Physics, and Sound. By Frederick Guthrie, Ph. D., F. R. SS. L. and E.

Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston: Library Notes. By A. P. Russell. New Edition, Revised and Enlarged. — Locusts and Wild Honey. By John Burroughs. — The Peace Parliament; or, The Reconstruction Creed of Christendom. — The American Bicycler: A Manual for the Observer, the Learner, and the Expert. By Charles E. Pratt, A. M. — Problems of Life and Mind. By George Henry Lewes. Problem the First. The Study of Psychology: Its Object, Scope, and Method. — Hints on Drawing and Painting. By Helen M. Knowlton. With Illustrations from William M. Hunt. — Poems of Places. Edited by H. W. Longfellow. British America. Oceanica.

Henry C. Lea, Philadelphia: Superstition and Force. — Essays on the Wager of Law. — The Wager of Battle. — The Ordeal. — Torture. By Henry C. Lea. Third edition, revised.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: Foreign Classics for English Readers. Edited by Mrs. Oliphant. Montaigne.

A. K. Loring, Boston: A Lucky Disappointment. By Florence Marryat.

D. Lothrop & Co., Boston: Six Little Rebels. By Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods.

MacKellar, Smith, and Jordan, Philadelphia: The American Printer: A Manual of Typography. By Thomas MacKellar

Macmillan & Co., New York and London: Poems by Matthew Arnold. New and complete edition. In one volume. — The Recorder of Birmingham. A Memoir of Matthew Davenport Hill. With Selections from his Correspondence. By his Daughters, Rosamond and Florence Davenport Hill. — The Odyssey of Homer done into English Prose. By S. H. Butcher, M. A., and A. Lang, M. A. — Memoir of the Rev. Francis Hodgson, B. D. With Numerous Letters from Lord Byron and Others. By his Son, the Rev. James T. Hodgson, M. A. In two volumes. — Mixed Essays. By Matthew Arnold. — Notes by a Naturalist on the "Challenger." Being an Account of Various Observations made during the Voyage of H. M. S. "Challenger" round the World in the Years 1872-1876. By H. N. Moseley, M. A., F. R. S. — An Etymological Dictionary of the English Language, arranged on an Historical Basis. By Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M. A. Part I. A–Dor. — Organon of Science. By John Harrison Stinson.

James Miller, New York: Contributions to Natural History, and Papers on other Subjects. By James Simson. — "Do they Love Us Yet?" By Cornelius W. Lawrence. — The Obliviad: A Satire.

John Murphy & Co., Baltimore: Jesuits. By Paul Féval. From the tenth French edition. By T. F. Galwey. — The Faith of our Fathers: being a Plain Exposition and Vindication of the Church founded by Our Lord Jesus Christ. By Most Rev. James Gibbons, D. D.

Nelson and Phillips, New York: Our South American Cousins. By William Taylor.

New England Pub. Co., Boston: Outlines for the Study of English Classics. A Practical Guide for Students of English Literature. By Albert F. Blaisdell.

News Co., San Francisco, Cal.: The Home Doctor: A Guide to Health. By Dr. Bourne.

New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor: Thirty-Fifth Annual Report, for the Year 1878. With the List of Members and Contributors.

New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children: Fourth Annual Report. 1878.

Nicholson File Co., Providence, R. I.: A Treatise on Files and Rasps.

James Nisbet & Co., London: Medea. A Tragedy. By Gillparzer.

North American Indians. Some Common Errors respecting the Former and Present Number of our Indians. (Two pamphlets.) By Brevet Lieut.-Col. Garrick Mallery.

D. Van Nostrand, New York: A Hand-Book of the Electro-Magnetic Telegraph. By A. E. Loring. — Army Sacrifices; or, Briefs from Official Pigeon-Holes. By James B. Fry, Colonel Adjutant General's Department, and Brevet Major-General U. S. A.

Pickering & Co., London: Lantrec. A Poem. By John Layne.

The Pilot Publishing Company, Boston: Songs, Legends, and Ballads. By John Boyle O'Reilly.

Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, Chicago: The Ethics of Spiritualism: A System of Moral Philosophy founded on Evolution and the Continuity of Man's Existence beyond the Grave. By Hudson Tuttle.

Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year 1876. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1878.

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO.'S

LITERARY BULLETIN

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., Publishers, Winthrop Square, BOSTON.

*** *The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of the price by the Publishers, MESSRS. HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., Winthrop Square, Boston. Prices are given on page 8.*

## SUMMER BOOKS.

Good books are good always, but not equally good at all times. One's mood or circumstances, the weather, the season, — a dozen things, aid to determine one's mental appetite; and a wise reader respects this. In summer one appreciates more fully and reads more sympathetically books that treat adequately out-door subjects. We think we shall do our readers a service by bringing afresh to their notice some such books on Houghton, Osgood & Co.'s list.

**Agassiz' Seaside Studies in Natural History** ($3.00) Prof. J. D. Dana pronounced "an admirable companion for the seaside resident or tourist, especially for all who are capable of pleasure from looking at or studying the like of the sea." It describes the polyps, jelly-fishes, and star-fishes of the New England coast, and has many excellent illustrations.

**John Burroughs's Books**, "Wake Robin," "Winter Sunshine" (which is full of pleasant *summer* reading), "Birds and Poets," and "Locusts and Wild Honey" ($1.50 each), are the perfection of out-door books. They record careful observations of nature and animal life, so as to make the reader see and keenly enjoy the growth of trees and plants, the habits and employments and pleasures of birds, foxes, squirrels, trout and other rangers of forest and field and air and water. His skill in description matches his subtle faculty in observing, and the result is a series of books which charm everybody who is fortunate enough to read them.

**Alice Cary's Pictures of Country Life** ($2.00), is a collection of stories describing the country and life in its freedom. The *Nation* says "it is healthful, entertaining reading, and the pleasure it is able to give is as pure and honest as it is great." One might fitly commend, for reading at all seasons, any of the Cary books, their tone and spirit are so cheerful and brave, so tender and inspiriting.

**Channing's Poem "The Wanderer"** ($1.25; paper (75 cents), treats of the Wood, the Hermit (Thoreau), the Mountain, Henry's Camp, the Island, the Cape, and Hillside. Mr. Emerson remarks that "the lover of words and hillsides, and the true philosophers, will search with increasing curiosity records of nature and thought so novel and sincere."

**Cozzens's "Sparrowgrass Papers"** ($1.50), which so humorously describe living in the country, are, as the ATLANTIC'S critic once said, "very pleasant reading indeed," with "a good appreciation of the comical side of life, and that suggestion of feeling for its seriousness, without which the other is of small account."

**Emerson's "Nature"** (50 cents), is an essay which lovers of nature and admirers of Mr. Emerson need not be urged to read. It treats Nature in its relations to commodity, beauty, language, discipline, idealism, spirit, and prospects; and treats it with an insight, a penetration, a suggestiveness, and a beauty peculiar to Mr. Emerson. In "Society and Solitude" ($1 50), the essays on "Domestic Life," "Works and Days," and "Farming," can be read perhaps with special appreciation in vacation days. All Mr. Emerson's writings, prose and poetry, have so much intrinsic vitality, so manifest a reason for being, and are pervaded by so lofty and serene a spirit, that whoever reads them "finds it summer the whole year round."

**Barry Gray's Books**, "Out of Town," "Cakes and Ale at Woodbine," "Castles in the Air," "Matrimonial Infelicities," and "My Married Life at Hillside," are emphatically *light* literature but not flippant, humorous, describing in an amusing style life in the country and the thousand and one happenings, doings, accidents and incidents, by which that life is diversified. ($1.50 each.)

**Miss Larcom's "Roadside Poems for Summer Travelers"** and "Hillside and Seaside in Poetry" ($1.00 each), are two "Little Classic" volumes full of the best out-door poetry. Of the first named the New York *Christian Intelligencer* very justly remarked: —

There is scarce a phase of nature — its sights and sounds by brook or river, on the mountain or in the plain, by the roadside or in sequestered and shady nooks — but is described by some one or other of the sweet singers of these later days of English song.

And the Boston *Transcript* said: —

In these two volumes nearly all the great songs of the hills are contained, and in the last very many of the best things which have been sung of the sea.

**Lowell's "Moosehead Journal"** and "My Garden Acquaintance" (50 cents each), are two as delightful little books of their kind as one can find. The enjoyment of nature is keen, the descriptions are simply perfect, and a most delicious humor pervades the whole. Mr. Lowell's "Under the Willows, ($1.50), is pronounced by the London *Saturday Review*, one of the most admirable bits of idyllic work done in our generation."

**Principal Shairp's "Poetic Interpretation of Nature"** is a book which thoughtful readers will find very attractive. It is based upon the truths that "the beauty which looks from the whole face of Nature, and is interwoven with every fibre of it, is not the less, because it requires a living soul for its existence, as real a truth as the gravitation of the Earth's particles or the composition of its materials, — that careful noting and familiar knowledge of this beauty reveal a new aspect of the world, which will amply repay the observer, — and that the poets are, in a special way, kindlers of sensibility, teachers who make us observe more carefully, and feel more keenly the wonders that are around us." ($1.25).

**Miss Thacher's "Seashore and Prairie"** ($1.00), is a series of bright essays, mostly on out-door themes connected with the New England Coast and the Mississippi Valley, showing, as Colonel Higginson well says, "a great deal of delicate observation, a clear and fine style, a good deal of quiet humor, and a fair amount of graphic imagination."

**Thoreau's Books** are preëminently *the* American books of observation and sympathy with nature.

"Walden," the record of Thoreau's experiences and observations while he lived alone by Walden Pond, is one of the classics of out-door literature. The "Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers" moves the New York *Tribune* to say: "If any would steal into the regions of perpetual summer, let him take the proffered hand of Thoreau, and by the side of a slender New England river, walk with the sages and poets of all ages. He cannot help but learn, and cannot choose but admire." His "Excursions in Field and Forest," said Mr. Geo. W. Curtis, "is the most original book we have lately had, as well as the most valuable record of exact observation of nature." "The Maine Woods" describe the scenery and the various attractions of Mt. Ktaadn, Chesuncook Lake, and the Allegash and East Branch. "Cape Cod" depicts the "arm of Massachusetts" so excellently that, as the Boston *Advertiser* remarks, "no one who cares for the ocean and its beauty can read these sketches without being thoroughly delighted." "A Yankee in Canada" contains Thoreau's view of Montreal, St. Anne Falls, Quebec, and the St. Lawrence ($1.50 each).

**Colonel Waring's Books** are delightful summer reading, whether we listen to the praises of his horses or the story of an English fox-hunt, in "Whip and Spur" ($1.25); or follow him in "A Farmer's Vacation" ($3.00), through Holland, Normandy and Brittany, and the Channel Islands, where Jersey cows and thrift and comfort and picturesqueness abound; or accompany him, in "The Bride of the Rhine" ($1.50), two-hundred miles in a Mosel row-boat, through what the Hartford *Courant* pronounces "a record of one of the most fascinating journeys we have ever read"; or hear him unfold his plan for making farm and village life more profitable and enjoyable, in "Village Improvements and Farm Villages" (75 cents).

**Mr. Warner's Books** seem made for summer reading, and when any other season comes, they seem specially charming just then. Their good sense, variety, and humor lend to them a constant and unwearying charm. "My Summer in a Garden" ($1.00; with 12 pictures by Darley, $1.50) is so good from beginning to end that the New York *Tribune* says "you cannot open the book without lighting on something fresh and fragrant." His "Saunterings" ($1.25), which describes scenes and incidents of a tour in England, France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Bavaria, and Italy, is so *uncommonplace* and engaging that the New York *Mail* justly pronounced it "a perfect book of travel." In "Backlog Studies" ($1.50), which has twenty-one illustrations by Hoppin, many of the subjects discussed are in-door subjects, but they are discussed in so fresh and breezy a way that whoever reads it will be ready to affirm that it is the most seasonable of books, whenever read. "Baddeck and that Sort of Thing" ($1.00), is the story of a summer trip to and in Cape Breton, "told with sprightliness and the most charming abandon." "In the Levant" ($2.00), is a story of Eastern Travel, in which keen observation, careful description, and delightful humor are blended to produce a most readable volume. "In the Wilderness" (75 cents), is of peculiar interest to Adirondack tourists, actual or prospective, but as the Philadelphia *Bulletin* well says, "it is as fresh and fragrant of the woods as anything that Thoreau ever wrote," so that it is very attractive reading to all lovers of nature and of good literature.

"Being a Boy" ($1.50), has no claim to be regarded as a summer book aside from the charming fact that it is one of the most fascinating books Mr. Warner has written, and — like "My Summer in a Garden," or "Backlog Studies," — is a book of a thousand for reading aloud in a pleasant circle at the seaside or in the mountains.

**Mrs. Whitney's Stories**, "A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life," (mostly among the White Mountains) "We Girls," "Real Folks" ($1.50 each), "The Other Girls" ($2.00), and "Sights and Insights" (2 vols. $3.00), a story of European travel, — all these show so deep appreciation of Nature, both in its outward aspects and in its interior suggestions, that they come very rightfully within the category of summer books.

**Whittier's Poems** are full of out-door attractions. "The Tent on the Beach," "Among the Hills," and scores beside, which will suggest themselves to the many readers of Whittier, are eminently suited for summer reading. His prose works contain not a few charming essays and descriptive pieces, which some of his admirers may not be aware of.

**Miss Woolson's "Castle Nowhere"** ($2.00), a series of lake-country sketches, is of peculiar interest to those who live in the region of the great lakes, but the admirable descriptions and the engaging stories cannot fail to enlist the hearty attention of whoever reads them.

## BOOKS OF PLACES.

In addition to the preceding list, and having an interest peculiarly their own for summer tourists, are the following books, which possess a special attraction for those who visit places that poets or novelists or travel-writers have described.

**New England**, comprising the six Eastern States, is described very comprehensively and faithfully in Sweetser's guide-book, which with six maps and eleven plans contains all the information tourists wish ($2.00). "New England," two volumes of Longfellow's "Poems of Places" ($1.00 each), contain almost every poem of importance or interest written about or inspired by any locality in these States.

**Maine Woods, Lakes, and Seaport Towns**, which attract a host of summer wanderers, are very effectively and winningly described in Lowell's "Moosehead Journal" (50 cents); Thoreau's "Maine Woods" ($1.50); Mrs. Stowe's "Pearl of Orr's Island" ($2.00); J. Emerson Smith's "Oakridge: an Old-Time Story of Maine" ($2.00); Miss Jewett's delightful "Deephaven" ($1.25); and Miss Howard's widely popular story, "One Summer" ($1.25, with Mr. Hoppin's entertaining illustrations, $3.00), all Maine books, and though good to read anywhere, they can be read with special zest in the places from which they derive their local color and charm.

**The Isles of Shoals** are treated historically in Mr. Jenness' book of this name ($1.50), which besides containing a description and the annals of these famous islands, has cuts and maps. Mrs. Celia Thaxter's little book, "Among the Isles of Shoals" ($1.25), has a peculiar charm, coming from one whose life has mostly been spent on the islands, and who writes of them with a deep and poetic enthusiasm as sincere as it is delightful. Mrs. Thaxter's "Poems" and "Drift Weed," a recently published volume of poetry ($1.50 each), are so full of the life and spirit of the ocean, that all who visit the Isles of Shoals or the seaside should not fail to take with them these engaging volumes.

**The White Mountains** are minutely and admirably described in Sweetser's White Mountain Guide-Book, which gives all the information tourists can desire and, in addition, all that the most inquisitive can wish to know of the topography of the White Hills, their history, traditions, and poetry. It has six Maps and six Panoramas, which add greatly to its value ($2.00); Whittier's "Among the Hills" ($1.50), and Mrs. Whitney's "Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life" ($1.50), both named before, are specially adapted for reading among the White Mountains. So are "Tales of the White Hills" by Hawthorne (50 cents), comprising "The Great Stone Face," A Story of Profile Mountain; "The Great Carbuncle," a mysterious tradition of the Crystal Hills; and "The Ambitious Guest," a story of the Notch.

**Portsmouth**, under the name of Rivermouth, has been made a charmingly classic place by Mr. Aldrich, in "Prudence Palfrey" (paper, $1.00; cloth, $1.50); in several of the short stories in "Marjorie Daw" (paper, $1.00; cloth, $1.50); and in "A Rivermouth Romance" (50 cents).

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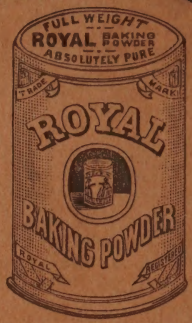


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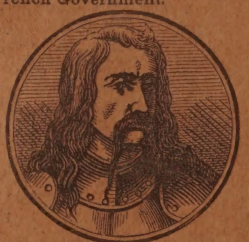

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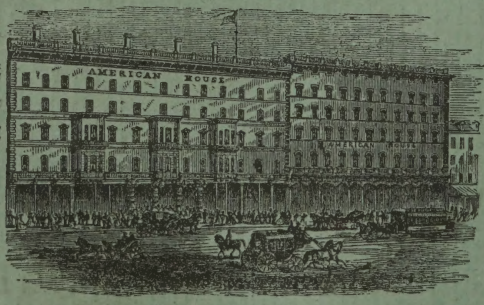


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| 4000 Ex. Cashmere, per suit, | 5.00 | 5.25 | 5 50 | 5.75 | 6.00 | 6.25 | 6.50 |
| 3000 Cashmere, " | 4.50 | 4.75 | 5.00 | 5.25 | 5.50 | 5.75 | 6.00 |
| 1000 Merino, " | 3.50 | 3.75 | 4.00 | 4 25 | 4.50 | 4.75 | 5.00 |
| 73 " cut & seamed, " | 2.25 | 2.40 | 2.55 | 2.70 | 2.85 | 3.00 | 3.15 |

| MISSES'. Sizes, | 18 | 20 | 22 | 24 | 26 | 28 | 30 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 529 Merino, per suit, | 2.25 | 2.40 | 2.55 | 2.70 | 2.85 | 3.00 | 3.15 |
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FIG. 4.

FIG. 5.

FIG. 4 Shows what we call our Regular Corset, which has the most complete chest-expanding shoulder-brace ever made on any Corset, and which is daily growing more and more popular. Made in drab and white, in Ladies' sizes 18 to 34; Satteen, $1.50; London cord, $2.50; Misses, 19 to 27, Satteen only, $1.25.

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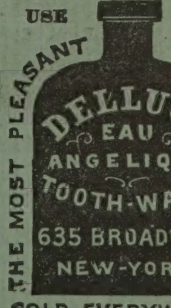


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THE

# ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

*A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND POLITICS.*

VOL. XLIV.—SEPTEMBER, 1879.—No. CCLXIII.

## CÆSAR'S ART OF WAR AND OF WRITING.

IT is a very remarkable fact that one of the four preëminent generals of all time should have nearly reached middle age before he ever commanded an army, or even witnessed a regular battle.

Alexander, Hannibal, and Napoleon were students of war from childhood, and were prominent actors and leaders in it while still mere youths. But Julius Cæsar, their equal and sole equal in military ability and fame, saw only some trifling combats in his early days, and then waited for his thirty-ninth year before he headed legions in Spain, and for his forty-third before he commenced his astonishing career in Gaul. To many Romans of that day it must have been a great surprise to learn that this lated scholar in a most difficult art had gained decisive victories over the dashing Lusitanians and the stubborn Helvetians.

It is still a marvel. Very few cases at all like it are recorded in history. Cromwell, indeed, was forty-three years old when he became a soldier; and Marlborough was fifty-two when he first commanded a large army. But Cromwell was three years in growing up to leadership, and never once had to wrestle with a really able captain; while Marlborough was aided in his opening campaigns by the abundant experience and brilliant talents of Prince Eugene. Here, moreover, our list of parallels with Cæsar in this particular must end. All other eminent generals have seen much military service in early life, and the majority of the most eminent have come early to command. We need only to remember Alexander, Hannibal, the Scipios, Pompey, Gaston de Foix, Don John, Spinola, Maurice of Nassau, Gustavus Adolphus, Condé, Prince Eugene, Charles XII., Hoche, Prince Charles, and Napoleon to see how wonderfully Mars favors the young. In war, the moral qualities are at least as potent as the intellectual; in war, hope and confidence and audacity and pugnacity are very mighty; and these are the virtues of boyish heads rather than of gray ones.

Yet here is a novice in warfare, well on toward unpliable and cautious middle age, who exhibits every military quality. How could it be so? Of course he had drawn some soldierly education, both moral and intellectual, from the circumstances of his time and race. The human breed of which he sprang was eminently martial in history and character. Nearly every young Roman felt bound to be more or less of a soldier, and nearly every young gentleman of Rome sought to fit himself for an officer. Cæsar, like Lucullus, had no doubt studied the campaigns of great commanders, and had also, no doubt,

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learned something from his intimacy with military leaders. But for all that, when he entered upon his life as a general he was little more than a civilian. Pillow at Fort Donelson and Butler at Fort Fisher had seen at least as much of war as the greatest of Romans when he set forth to arrest the Helvetic avalanche. How is it that he was instantly able to show himself a mightier chief than the world had seen since the days of Hannibal, or than the world was destined again to see until the days of Napoleon? The only possible reply is that every now and then nature makes a man who is a marvel and can do anything.

### A SPECIMEN CAMPAIGN.

In his very first operations he exhibited that instantaneousness of decision and swiftness of execution which mark the great commander, and without which a great commander is impossible. For the sake of showing clearly how inborn these talents were to the man, I shall sketch as briefly as possible his earliest well-known campaign, the famous struggle with the Helvetians. Western Europe was threatened with a formidable return of some of those fierce Celtic tribes who, centuries before, had conquered a position in Central Europe. Tired, at last, of fighting the still more savage Germans, they decided to seek the comparative peace of ancient Gallia. From Northern Switzerland, and from Bavaria or Bohemia, there streamed toward the passes of the Jura a host of three hundred and sixty-eight thousand souls, of whom one fourth were warriors.

Cæsar arrived on the scene of action, as he always did arrive, "by the greatest possible journeys," and instantly planned a stupendous system of defense. There was only one legion in the transalpine province. To this he added such small bodies of troops, probably colonial militia and auxiliaries, as could be levied at once. It was but a feeble array, yet in a fortnight the country between Geneva and the Jura bristled with earth-works, and the passage of the Helvetians by surprise had become impossible. Next, he flew back to Lombardy, drew three legions out of their winter quarters in Venetia, enlisted two more among the Roman colonies along the Po, led his twenty-five or thirty thousand men across the Graian Alps, routed the wild tribes of those mountains in several combats, and reappeared like magic on the scene of peril. It all reads like a fable, and yet we have Cæsar's word that it was done, and there is no good reason to doubt it. It would be an amazing performance for speed, even in these days of railroads and telegraphs. Only a great genius, a man who can decide and order on the spur of the moment, a man who can infuse into other men his own intelligence and impetuosity, — only a natural ruler and handler of men can get things accomplished with such dizzying swiftness.

Then came new difficulties for this beginner in "great warfare." The Helvetians wheeled northward, and entered Gaul far away from Geneva. Cæsar must follow them, or the province would be turned, and the republic perhaps imperiled. He had an insufficient supply of food at hand, and probably but few corn-carts and sumpter-horses, while the Gallic corn-fields were still hardly sown, so that foraging was out of the question. But he collected boats on the Saone, loaded them with what stores there were, summoned his allies, the Æduans, to send him grain on the march, and set forth into regions which no Roman army had ever traversed. It must be remembered that he had a great host to feed: there were six legions, amounting to thirty or thirty-six thousand men; there was also a considerable force of auxiliaries. No doubt, every man had his haversack, containing twenty-five pounds of corn; but this allowance would last only twelve days, and then he might have to face starvation. Already, at the very first field movement of this citizen general, it was evident that he had full enough of enterprise and audacity.

One is tempted, indeed, to say that he was overbold. But in this case, as in so many other cases of the chanceful

game of war, the result must justify the commander. On the eastern bank of the Saone he overtook and destroyed the rear-guard of the Helvetians, a famous and valiant tribe called the Tigurini. Then in one day he bridged and crossed a river which had detained the main body of the barbarians for twenty days. It must be observed that in this feat, as in countless others, Cæsar was greatly helped out by the superior quality of his soldiers, who were not less thoroughly drilled as engineers, mechanics, and laborers than as fighting men.

The energy, audacity, and skill of the pursuit already began to win a moral victory, foreshadowing the physical one which was to follow. The Helvetians asked for peace, and offered to settle where Cæsar should designate. He demanded that they should make restitution to the plundered Æduans, should return to their own country, and should furnish hostages. The brave barbarians rejected the terms, and continued to flow westward. Their cavalry, only five hundred strong, showed what Helvetians could do by entrapping and beating the whole of Cæsar's Gallic horse, though eight times as numerous. Then came a slow pursuit of fifteen days, with never more than five or six miles between camp and camp, yet no opportunity for favorable combat. It is probable enough that the inexperienced general really dreaded his heroic foes, and was determined not to fight unless he could give his own men some great tactical advantage.

Meanwhile, almost lost in strange regions, and far away from the storehouses of the province, he was worried by shortness of rations. The Helvetians had diverged from the Saone, and he had been obliged to follow them, thus leaving behind his supply train of barges. No corn came from the Æduans; only promises on promises. Presently he discovered that there was a powerful faction among that fickle people which meant to starve his army and give the victory to their brethren in race. He exposed the plot, forgave the ringleaders on pledge of good behavior, but still got no supplies. Driven by necessity to decisive measures, he sought to force a battle. Some time before dawn, Labienus was sent, with two legions, to gain a height in rear of the Helvetians, and three hours later Cæsar, with the other four, took the road which would bring him upon their front. It seems to have been a hazardous manœuvre, and we know that it was never repeated by the great general, though he speaks well of it in his first Commentary. It had two faults: it dislocated the army in presence of a numerous and brave enemy; secondly, it depended for success, and even safety, upon the consentaneous action of isolated columns. It was the same over-hopeful plan which nearly ruined Frederick at Torgau, and quite ruined Custer in his last fight. It is a curious reflection that, had it been carried out, Cæsar's first great conflict might have been a great defeat. Fortunately, its own inherent defects kept it from working at all; there was not *rapport* enough between the two columns to bring about even a skirmish. A blundering, or perhaps wisely timorous, officer reported that Labienus had failed to reach his position, and the barbaric host, unconscious, perhaps, of all these manœuvrings, was permitted to roll tranquilly away.

Cæsar was now at his wit's end for a means of arresting the Helvetians. They carted with them supplies for a year, while he had only two days' rations left, and the half-hearted Æduans brought in nothing. But Bibracte (Autun), the Æduan capital, was only eighteen miles distant, and there he might fill his haversacks, to resume the pursuit later, if it might be. With an anxious and wrathful heart, doubtless, he turned his back upon the foe, and made for Bibracte. Then the "fortune of Cæsar" came to Cæsar's assistance. The Helvetians decided to pursue him, and give him on his own ground the decisive struggle which he desired.

It is well worth while to glance at Cæsar's tactics in his first great conflict. He fought what is technically called a

defensive battle with offensive returns; that is, he delivered as well as received assaults, and promptly followed up the retiring masses. It is the only defensive system used by first-class generals when they have troops capable of manœuvring. At Torgau, Daun tried the simple defensive, and was beaten, notwithstanding Frederick's vicious plan of attack. At Gettysburg, Meade relied upon it, and gained only an indecisive advantage. At Waterloo, Wellington used the mixed system, and held his ground against the ablest of modern commanders. As for the preliminary dispositions of Cæsar, the posting and drawing up of the troops, they were entirely cautious and methodical, as was usual with the Romans. He seized an isolated hill, and secured his baggage on the crest. In front of the baggage, and apparently also in rear of it, he formed his two new legions and his auxiliaries. Some distance down the slope were his four veteran legions abreast, each marshaled in three lines, the first entire line consisting of sixteen cohorts, and the two others of twelve each. As Cæsar tells us that the whole mountain was covered with troops, there was no doubt the usual interval of one hundred and fifty or two hundred paces between the lines. He says nothing of archers and slingers, but they of course must have been there, posted in advance of the legionaries. In the van of all, struggling to impede the progress of the enemy, were the four thousand Æduan and Allobrogian horse.

It will be observed that there was no recklessness and no forgetfulness. Including cavalry, the lines were six in number, and the flanks and rear had been seen to as well as the front. However audacious Cæsar may sometimes have been in his plans, he was always remarkably minute and thorough in his preparations, and in fact took more precautions than many less enterprising generals. There came a time, indeed, when he acquired more confidence in his troops, and no doubt also in his own improvisations; there came a time when he dared to draw up legions in a single line of cohorts, with no reserve but his own ready brain and unshakable spirit. Probably his wild victory over the Nervii, snatched from the very jaws of defeat, was what revealed to him all the steadiness of the Roman soldier and all the power of his own genius.

I do not propose to make a picture of the battle. There was a front attack by a huge phalanx of brave barbarians, and it was repulsed by the far better armed and better handled legionaries. There was a flank attack, and that too was beaten back, probably by the reserve. There was a gigantic rally of wild heroes, and a general advance of drilled Romans. At last the Helvetians slipped back in blood to their wagon circle, not one man of them showing his back to the victors. The fight in the field lasted from noon till evening; the fight amid the wagons howled on till far into the night. Less than one third of the defeated army, if we may believe Cæsar's terrible statement, marched away from the scene of conflict. Three days later they surrendered, and were sent back to their own country, to hold it against the Germans for the good of Rome.

The entire struggle against this horde of ninety thousand warriors, the levying and concentration of troops to meet them, the pursuit through strange and unfriendly regions, the overthrow, and the final disposition of the remnant still left Cæsar two months of summer. He marched upon the Germans, who had settled in Franche Comté and made themselves the rulers of Eastern Gaul. The conflict which ensued was in several tactical particulars a noticeable one. Cæsar forced the barbarians to fight by planting an advanced camp close to their position, and he used this work as a part of his line of battle by drawing up his auxiliaries in front of it. A turning movement against his left was defeated by wheeling his third line in that direction, and this manœuvre was directed by young Publius Crassus, commandant of the cavalry, Cæsar himself being occupied elsewhere. The host of Germans was routed with immense

slaughter, and Gaul delivered for centuries from their marauding tyranny.

Then, as Cæsar tells us in his brief way, "having concluded two very important wars in one campaign, he conducted his army into winter quarters among the Sequani, a little earlier than the season of the year required." In the next sentence we learn that he at once set out for Gallic Italy "to hold the assizes." He was judge, it appears, as well as civil ruler and general. In these days we do not expect one man to do so many things. Let us suppose Grant beating Lee, and then presiding over a district supreme court, besides writing a brilliant history of his last campaign, and devoting spare time to preparation for the next. It is almost too much for one's imagination.

TACTICAL SWIFTNESS AND MOBILITY.

Such was Cæsar's first important campaign. It exhibits vividly his amazing promptness of decision and rapidity of execution. Everywhere throughout his wars we find these two qualities, so necessary to a commander. It was to them, probably, more than to anything else that he owed his almost unchecked success. Obviously, too, he knew their value, for he records their exhibition. Over and over in the Commentaries we meet such phrases as "forced marches," "marching night and day," "marching without cessation." He prevents Ariovistus from seizing Besançon by a "forced march." He obliges the Remi to join the Romans by "arriving among them unexpectedly." He describes his clearing of the Menapian forests as a thing done "with incredible speed." To attack the Usipetes and Tenchtheri, he performed a march "in a short time." His wonderful bridge over the Rhine was built "within ten days after the timber began to be collected." His first descent upon Britain was accomplished during "the short part of summer which remained" after defeating the Usipetes and Tenchtheri and invading the Suevi. In advancing to relieve the besieged Cicero, he "places the only hopes of the common safety in dispatch, and enters the territories of the Nervii by long marches." Another inroad upon the Nervii is made "unexpectedly," and "the business is speedily executed." In an attack upon the Carnutes, he "seeks to gain success by rapid marches and the advantage of the moment." To reach his main army, during the campaign against Vercingetorix, he leads a light column over the Cévennes in winter, clearing the roads of six feet of snow, and thus "surprises those people." Then he "marches to Vienne by as long journeys as he can, arriving when his own troops did not expect him." Next, taking a body of cavalry, and "marching incessantly night and day, he advanced rapidly through the territory of the Æduans into that of the Lingones, where two legions were wintering." Once there, he "sends word to the rest of the legions, and unites all his army before his coming was announced to the Arverni."

I have not space more than to allude to the surprising rapidity of his invasions of Italy, Spain, and Africa. But one of his feats of dispatch, accomplished during the siege of Gergovia, is remarkable enough to demand narration. Vercingetorix was endeavoring to relieve the city, and Cæsar had sent to the Æduans for reinforcements. They marched, but when about thirty miles from Gergovia they were persuaded by one of their leaders, Litaviccus, to strike for Gaul and attack the Romans. This alarming news was brought to Cæsar by a fugitive "a little before midnight." Without hesitation, he left two legions in his widely extended works, drew out the other four in light-marching order, with all his cavalry, made a continuous push of twenty-five miles, and surprised his faithless allies. They tried to fly, but he intercepted their retreat, captured nearly all of them without bloodshed, listened kindly to their plea for pardon, and sent them home friends of the Roman people. After three hours of rest, the return march of twenty-five miles commenced, and was completed before the following sunrise, just in time to deliver the camp from an overwhelm-

ing sally. In less than thirty hours he had traversed fifty miles of evil roads, captured one army, and relieved another. It reminds one of Napoleon abandoning the siege of Mantua in a night, and getting far out of sight before morning, on his march against Wurmser. No wonder that the Gauls, the Germans, and everybody else eventually had to give way before Cæsar's "diabolical activity." Making all allowance for his endless stratagems, and for the superior character of the soldiers whom he trained, his swiftness of decision and movement seems to have been the chief cause of his constant triumphs. There is no danger that any one will acquire the tremendous quality by reading about it. *Nascitur, non fit.*

In one respect Cæsar was the superior of the great modern commander with whom we most naturally compare him. His method of war was more various than Napoleon's, more pliable to the unstable chances of warfare, and less open to the guesses of an opponent. The Corsican had a system, — the system of a great discoverer and genius, to be sure, but still a somewhat too constant system. He was quite irresistible only so long as his enemies failed to divine his leading principle of bringing, at some important point, a large force against a smaller one. Cæsar had no fixed system; he had the unforeseen. His artifices and contrivances were multitudinous, always suited to the passing situation, and almost always a surprise. The generals of the Holy Alliance learned at last to calculate what would be Napoleon's manœuvres, under given circumstances. But the Gauls, the Germans, and the Pompeians never could guess with any salvatory certainty what Cæsar would do. He might assault their front, or he might move on their rear, or he might entangle them in field-works. If occasion demanded, he might bury himself in fortifications; and then, if chance favored, he might leap out like a tiger from his jungle. He attacked the vast host of the Usipetes and Tenchtheri suddenly and by surprise, if not with real perfidy. On the other hand, he patiently and ingeniously and delicately amused himself with manœuvring the powerful army of Afranius into a surrender without fighting. There have been few offensive campaigns so audacious as that of Pharsalia. There has perhaps never been a defensive campaign so near to a miracle of patience and precaution as that of Alesia. In each case Cæsar was enormously outnumbered: in the one he conquered by field tactics and a bold initiative; in the other, by such intrenchments as no other general ever conceived.

In short, there is little doubt that Cæsar was the most various and incalculable of all great commanders, not even excepting Hannibal. His opponents had some such intellectual task on their souls as if he had been at once the most cautious of generals and the most audacious, — as if he had been in one person Fabius Maximus and Pyrrhus, the Duke of Parma and Charles the Twelfth. To a military leader this many-sidedness is a terrible advantage, as uniformity of policy may easily be made a disadvantage. When Sherman heard that Hood had replaced Johnston, he instantly decided to cover his front with breastworks, and await assaults; and the result proved that he had correctly judged the temper and divined the tactics of his new antagonist; the assaults came and were repulsed. But there was no making any such calculations as to this amazing Roman, who had begun to practice the art of war at the age of forty. He had no characteristic method; his plans were the children of circumstances, and not of his own humor; he drew on the inexhaustible, and brought forth the unimaginable.

### BATTLE FORMATIONS.

In one circumstance of warfare Cæsar's mobility seems to have been overruled by the methodical character of his countrymen. His dispositions for combat were noticeably uniform, compared with the great variety of modern battle formations. Once, indeed (in the African war), confiding in the steadiness of his veterans, he drew up his little army in a single line of cohorts, with-

out supports or reserves. But such novelties were of rare occurrence in his tactics. The general rule was, four cohorts of a legion in the first line, three in the second, and three in the third, with the archers, slingers, and darters in front of all, and the cavalry on each wing of the army. The intervals between the lines varied from one hundred and fifty to two hundred paces, making a total depth of, say, ten or twelve hundred feet; there were also narrow intervals from right to left between the cohorts, and wider ones between the legions. The depth of each cohort was usually four ranks,[1] though it might be eight. The men might be in close order, with shield lapped over shield, but they were more frequently in open order, standing three feet apart. In the latter case, a line of eight legions, with its front of thirty-two cohorts (averaging, say, four hundred men each), would cover at least sixteen thousand feet, or about three miles.

The contest began with a skirmishing of light troops. When these had done their utmost, the front line of legionaries advanced, at first slowly, but finally on a run, throwing their heavy javelins, and then closing with their swords. Sometimes, as in the battle with Ariovistus, one wing of this line charged alone, while the other was withheld. If there was danger in flank or in rear, the cohorts of the third line wheeled, or faced about, to meet it. In smaller combats, or in the confusion and *melee* of a long struggle, charges of individual cohorts were often made. A successful cohort would be supported, or a damaged one disengaged, by the assault of another. In general, however, the four cohorts of a legionary van, and frequently all the cohorts of the whole battle front, made a simultaneous attack. If beaten, they retreated as they could, and reformed in rear of the second line, which now advanced rapidly to check the triumphing enemy. So the battle went on, as methodically as it could be made to go, and with constant supervision of mounted officers, until it was won or lost.

These regular and carefully-supported engagements were sometimes quite protracted. The battle of Pharsalia lasted through a whole forenoon; the victory over the Helvetians cost an afternoon and evening. It must be noted that the *pilum*, with its long, thin, and pliable point, was not a very effective weapon for killing; as Cæsar observed in his Helvetic fight, and as others had observed before him, it was chiefly useful in cumbering the hostile bucklers. When the combat came to close quarters, moreover, the legionary had his corselet and huge shield to cover him, so that he might really tire himself out before he got a scratch, or gave one. No doubt, too, there were many partial recoils, many pauses to glare at each other, many almost bloodless fluctuations, in these hand-to-hand scufflings. Nearly all the slaughter occurred after one army or the other broke, and was overtaken by the paralysis of panic, suffering itself to be butchered without resistance.

An ancient battle differed from a modern one in two important characteristics: first, it was fought with hand weapons, and oftenest at close quarters, instead of with missiles thrown by mechanical forces, usually at long range; second, there was generally continuous fighting all along the line, without much regard to the nature of the ground, instead of seemingly isolated (though really interdependent) attacks, dictated by the ground. We rely less on minor tactics than Cæsar, and more on large, distinct movements. The soldier counts for less now, and the general for more; formation for very far less, and topography for more. At Ligny Napoleon left the left wing of the Prussians entirely alone, and assaulted only their right and centre. At Waterloo he pounded the British right for two hours before he struck at any other part of their line. At Austerlitz he pounced upon the centre of the allies, while they were trying to march

[1] Authorities differ on this point, some giving as high as ten ranks. Napoleon, in his Memoirs, says three, and calls this the "natural order." Later German investigators have settled upon four, with power of doubling.

around his right. At Leuthen Frederick brought nearly his whole army to bear upon the Austrian left. At Rossbach he threw himself suddenly across the front of the French, while they were moving in column of march to turn his left. It must be admitted that such manœuvres are a great deal more artful and striking than Cæsar's uniform line of battle, almost always parallel to the enemy's.

To find among the ancients anything like the modern tactical mobility and dexterity in handling large masses, we must look to Hannibal alone. At Thrasymene he engaged his right for a long time before he even revealed the rest of his array. At Cannæ he advanced his centre, and forced the Romans to concentrate most of their troops against that, before he brought his wings forward upon their flanks. But while Hannibal, Frederick, and Napoleon were sometimes beaten in set battles, Cæsar never was. Why? It is not easy to say: partly, perhaps, because he saw to it that his men should be better than other men; partly, because he overlooked minor movements with minute and sagacious oversight, like Wellington at Waterloo; partly, too, no doubt, because chance is mighty in war, and he was favored by it. It may be that, with such excellent troops as he had, a methodical disposition was safer in the long run than a variable one. It left less to accident, and less to the skill of subordinate officers, always an uncertain quantity. It enabled his soldiers to see more clearly what they were about, and to feel more confident that they would be supported. If result justifies a general, Cæsar stands abundantly justified, for his result was always victory.

### COMMISSARIAT, ETC.

With all Cæsar's swiftness and artfulness, there was no lack of forethought, no defect of preparation. The Commentaries show us that his warfare was scientific throughout, and that the means to carry it on were carefully calculated beforehand. No other great general who has written the history of his own campaigns gives us so much information concerning his methods of covering, moving, and supplying troops. In modern armies these duties are assigned entirely to special officers. But among the Romans a commander seems to have been his own chief engineer, quartermaster, commissary, and even paymaster. His powers for collecting stores and money were great, and his responsibility for using them was undivided. If Marcus Antonius was treasurer for the army in Gaul, it was because Cæsar made him treasurer; if other lieutenants collected beasts of burden and magazines of grain, it was because Cæsar appointed them to that duty.

It is extraordinary that many modern writers should have supposed that the Greek and Roman armies depended for food on foraging, and had no regular commissariat. Aside from the plain improbability of this theory, there is distinct evidence against it. In the Anabasis we find constant mention of sumpter animals, which must have been used to carry provisions, for nothing else was so necessary. The warfare of Alexander was remarkably methodical, careful, and even prudent, notwithstanding the popular impression to the contrary. After the battle of the Granicus, he spent a year in reducing Asia Minor and in strengthening his army, before he advanced upon Syria. After the battle of Issus he passed another year in conquering, organizing, and garrisoning Syria and Egypt. After Arbela, he was busy for a like period with the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates. He was seven years in conquering Persia, including the Bactrian provinces. At each forward step he left no enemy behind him; only settled government, depots of troops and sources of supply. Is it likely that such a leader had no rations besides what his hoplites could pick up from day to day? The supposition is gratuitous and ridiculous.

As for Cæsar's haversacks, and the storehouses and trains from which they were filled, we know a great deal about them, thanks to the Commentaries. We learn that he lived mainly on subjugated or auxiliary communities, but that this

was done only in small part by means of the daily foragings, and chiefly through contributions or enforced harvestings of corn, which was carefully garnered in fortified camps or cities, and regularly issued. It was largely a commissariat of plunder and exaction, but still an official, orderly, and calculated commissariat. In the Helvetic campaign he demanded supplies of the Æduans, but got none, and subsisted entirely, so far as we know, out of his *bateau* train, which was no doubt filled from the government magazines in the province. In the Ariovistan campaign he seized Besançon, and halted there a few days "on account of corn and provisions." Before marching against the Usipetes and Tenchtheri he "provided corn." In savage Britain he lived somewhat by foraging, like Sherman on his march to the sea, but he also exacted breadstuffs of the conquered tribes. In his fifth Gallic campaign he dispersed his legions for winter quarters, "to remedy the scarcity of corn." After the overthrow of Vercingetorix he stationed two lieutenants among the Æduans, "to procure supplies of corn."

Over and over Cæsar has to cut short some expedition, in order that he may get back to some fortified camp and issue rations. Now and then we hear of great collections of sumpter-horses, meant, no doubt, for the carriage of food as well as other stores. In the first Spanish campaign, we are informed that the Afranians had "laid in a great stock of corn long before," that "a large quantity was coming in to them from the whole province," and that they had "a good store of forage." Meantime Cæsar was expecting "convoys from Italy and Gaul;" and a little later we learn that these were "great convoys," with a long train of baggage, *more Gallico;* for the escort consisted of Gauls, and they had their usual swarm of beasts and wagons. As food remained scarce with Cæsar, he continued to send out foraging convoys, and also demanded of his allies "cattle in lieu of corn." When more states submitted to him, he "required them all to assist him with corn," and received from them "all the cattle in their country." Later on we hear of a forced march, "without wagons or baggage," showing that in the usual movements the army had wagons. Another passage reveals the fact that the Afranians carried their baggage in packs on sumpter cattle.

The story of the Pharsalian campaign has equally interesting references to the question of food supply. We learn that Pompey's men were abundantly furnished from maritime convoys, while the Cæsareans, for lack of a fleet, and being on hostile territory, were reduced to live on cattle. Wagons and sumpter-horses appear again as means of transportation; and what could a starving army have needed to carry so much as provisions? In the narration of the field-work struggle around Dyrrhachium we discover what was the main purpose of that foraging which so many writers have regarded as the only source of the legionary rations. Among various reasons for investing Pompey, Cæsar wanted to "prevent him from foraging, and thereby render his horse ineffective." Pompey endeavored to counteract this trick by inclosing in his lines fields of corn lately sown, and eventually by feeding his beasts on leaves and twigs mixed with barley. Other passages in the Commentaries confirm this explanation of the object, or at least the principal object, of the daily forage. It was a duty done by the legionaries and camp followers for the benefit of the cavalry and baggage horses, and for the sustenance of the commissariat droves of cattle. If the reader will remember that the Roman horsemen were originally gentry, and that the plebeian foot-soldiers were largely their clients, he will understand the origin of the service.

It must be added that the haversack played a much more important part in Cæsarean warfare than it does in our era of abundant roads and railways. The usual ration issued was twenty-five pounds, and this was expected to last twelve days. In the first Spanish campaign, however, the Afranians received at one time a ration for twenty-two days, which must have been at least forty-six

pounds. This ration was grain; if the soldier wanted aught beside, he gathered it; the foragings gave him frequent chances for that. Mills for grinding were carried by the legionary wagons or beasts of burden, and pans for baking by the men themselves. Metallic ovens may have been wagoned, also, or temporary ones masoned as they were needed. Such was the legionary's outfit in the matter of food supply. Napoleon, whose authority is very great, judged it a better system than ours, and declared that the soldier was incomplete till he could ~~back~~ his corn and make his bread. Davoust, during the Russian campaign, carried out this idea to the letter. As a result of it, coupled, doubtless, with his severe discipline, he reached Borodino with fifty thousand men left out of eighty thousand, while no other corps commander had more than thirty thousand.

After all our boasting, then, over the immense and complicated machinery of the modern commissariat, it may be that we should do well to revive the Roman grain-sack, hand-mill, and bake-pan. An army furnished with Afranian rations, and with two burden mules to each company for extra cartridges, would carry its own "base" with it for at least three weeks, and during that time could manœuvre with absolute freedom, an advantage of inestimable importance. On the other hand, the load would certainly be a heavy one, and even discipline might fail to make our men bear it well and faithfully. One cannot help pausing to marvel over the toughness of the Roman infantryman. How could he possibly march under forty-five, or even twenty-five, pounds of rations, besides his very considerable weight of weapons and armor? Niebuhr may be right in asserting that the southern European is stronger than the northern one. The Turkish porters carry burdens beyond the force of any other men known to us. Lieutenant Shipp, in Constantinople, was surprised to see a Turk whip with ease one of his burliest sailors. In Italy, Hawthorne observed a slender peasant shoulder and bear off the trunk of a considerable tree. The Italian organ-grinder travels with a load which reminds one of the Afranian haversacks. Colonel Baker, in Soudan, discovered that his black troops could march all day under packages of seventy and even ninety pounds. But, in the case of the Romans, habit no doubt went for a great deal. Cæsar tells us that, while the Afranian legionaries had plenty of food, the men of the Spanish and other auxiliary cohorts were starving, "because their bodies were not accustomed to bear burdens," — from which we may infer that they had thrown away their rations.

### VALUE OF THE VETERAN.

As we have already noted, Cæsar's theory of war differed in one foundation principle from that now in vogue. Napoleon's first rule was that two men will beat one; Cæsar's was that one good man will beat two inferior ones. This diversity of principle arises, of course, from the difference between the ancient and the modern method of combat. In our style of fighting almost exclusively by machinery, success depends more on the number of missiles projected than on the character of the projectors; so that the veteran and the recruit are more nearly on a par than when they fought hand to hand. It is one of the foremost proofs of Napoleon's genius that he first took full note of this fact, and devoted both strategy and tactics to the problem of concentrating two machines (guns) upon one. It may be observed, too, that he failed at Waterloo, partially, because he did not carry his principle far enough; because he clung to the old Gallic preference for phalanxes, and sent narrow-fronted columns against the broad sweep of English file-fire. To understand the entire folly of this attack of the column against the line, let us suppose that both armies had been composed of archers instead of musketeers. Who would think of forming bowmen into a deep phalanx, where four fifths of them could not bend their weapons, nor see to take aim? Who would advance a corps of arbalests, or of artillery, in column? Modern warfare tends entirely toward the use of the line, and even of the skirmish line.

But the Roman battles were decided at close quarters, man against man; and there the experienced soldier was really a match for two or more novices or bunglers. He had coolness and manual skill; he was a sagacious fencing-master, — a practiced duelist; he expected to kill his man without getting hurt. Moreover, as the Romans frequently attacked in open order, a style of formation which requires long and severe drilling, he could charge or manœuvre far better than the recruit. Finally, he had learned to bear great burdens; he could dig earth-works every day, and build a bridge or a ship; he knew how to feed and even to arm himself, including the making of military engines; he was a good forager, baker, mechanic, and engineer, as well as swordsman. There was no question of his immense superiority over the novice in every branch of war, from commissary duty to fighting. Hence, Cæsar's first principle, that one tried soldier would whip two new ones, and might be used with confidence for that purpose. It was with his old legions mainly that he fought his battles; he used his freshly raised ones to guard baggage, dig trenches, and hold posts. Over and over, in his succinct but emphatic way, he expresses his admiration for the veteran. In the Gallic war he tells us how three hundred scarred invalids fought their way through the Germans, while five cohorts of a young legion flinched from the charge, and were nearly annihilated. In the Civil war we hear of two hundred old soldiers saving themselves by their obstinate valor, while two hundred and twenty recruits surrendered only to be massacred. "Here it might be seen what security men derive from a resolute spirit," moralizes the great general.

Every Roman commander, however, and even every Roman citizen, recognized this mighty difference between the tried and the raw soldier. The thirteenth legion was not one of Cæsar's oldest; it was headed by a general who, even when he crossed the Rubicon, was less famous than Pompey; yet the clank of its swift coming scared the patrician party out of Italy. At Pharsalia Labienus sought to strengthen the souls of his comrades by asserting that the conquerors of Gaul were no more, and that their places were filled by novices. Pompey, who knew the falsity of this tale, had no hope of winning the battle with his infantry, and fled in despair as soon as he saw the repulse of his great flank movement of cavalry. In the Commentaries and in Tacitus there are many passages which show that even the disbanded veteran was held to be a noteworthy man, and that in troublous times his opinion and preference carried weight with the public.

Meantime, the real veteran was a *rara avis:* it took no small service to make him; it took years and years of service. In Hirtius' book of the Gallic war there is an extremely curious passage on this point. "Cæsar," he says, "had with him three veteran legions of distinguished valor, the seventh, eighth, and ninth. The eleventh consisted of chosen youth of great promise, who had served eight campaigns, but who, compared with the others, had not yet acquired any great reputation for experience and bravery." Eight years of fighting under Cæsar, — more than twice the time of our great civil war, — and not yet veterans!

So precious, indeed, was the pure metal of old soldiers in Cæsar's eyes that he would not mix it with recruits. If he wanted more troops, he raised new organizations, and kept the old ones as they were, enfeebling them by no padding of inexperience. The normal or paper strength of a legion was either five or six thousand men. When Cæsar marched to relieve Cicero, in the fifth year of the Gallic war, the two legions which he had with him "numbered scarcely seven thousand men," or an average of 3500 each. At Pharsalia the average strength of his eight legions was but 2750. The two which he carried to Alexandria amounted to only 3200 present for duty, or 1600 apiece. Later on, we find the sixth "reduced, by its many labors, the length of its marches and voyages, and the frequent wars in which it had fought, to less than a thousand men." Yet all this time Cæsar was raising multitudes of men in Italy and the colonies,

while after Pharsalia he had Pompey's troops to call upon, many of them old soldiers.

At first thought, one marvels that organizations never recruited could continue to exist at all through ten or fifteen years of incessant fighting. But the well mailed and drilled Romans, if they were only victorious, suffered little in battle. Cæsar's men were nearly always victors, and so had few killed outright. The battle of Pharsalia cost them only 230 dead, though many were wounded. At Gergovia a list of 700 slain really shocked the great general, and caused him to lecture his legions smartly for their indiscipline and recklessness. At Dyrrhachium a death-roll of about a thousand temporarily dismayed the whole army, and brought from Cæsar a second oration, in which he mingled reproof with words of cheer. Imagine Grant issuing an advisatory and consolatory general order because a corps some 25,000 strong had lost 960 killed! In short, Cæsar's legions could keep their organization without being recruited, because they fought only successful battles, and in those suffered small mortality.

### NATIONALITY OF THE TROOPS.

It is an interesting question, considerably debated of late, as to what race furnished these marvels of toughness and soldierly cleverness. There was no debate about it in Cæsar's time. Everybody knew then that they were Roman citizens, born either in Italy or in the "colonies." Eighteen hundred years or so after the last of them was sepulchred, certain scholars of modern Celtica discovered that they were not Romans, but Celts. It is curious to note the confidence with which a French historian or an Irish reviewer will state that "the famous tenth legion was composed of Gauls," and that "Cæsar, at the head of an army of Gauls, subdued his own country." I must frankly admit that I do not know where this information is picked up. It surely is not to be found in the Commentaries.

Cæsar's original legions were the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth, three of them quartered in Gallic Italy, and one in the province of Further Gaul. The tenth was early his favorite; probably, therefore, it was the one which first served under him, — the one which he found near Geneva, and used in fortifying the frontier against the Helvetians. Now it was certainly a fact that the troops which garrisoned a province were sometimes raised in the province itself, and hence, perhaps, the modern Celtic inference that Cæsar's three senior legions were Cisalpine Gauls, and the tenth Gauls from ancient Gallia. This same inference also covers his four subsequent legions, the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth, all of which were raised in Northern Italy, or, as he sometimes phrases it, "the country beyond the Po."

But, if we read the Commentaries carefully, we shall find that at this period legions were not recruited among the aborigines at large of a province, but only in the Roman colonies. If Cæsar's men had been foreigners, would Labienus have failed to mention the fact, when he undertook to depreciate them in his speech previous to Pharsalia? He merely says that the old soldiers had disappeared, and that their places had been supplied by "recruits from Hither Gaul, and the greater part from the colonies beyond the Po." One might go so far as to infer from this passage that the original troops were not even colonists, but Romans of Italian birth. If the men of the thirteenth legion had been foreigners, would Cæsar have talked to them as he did (Civil War, I. 7th) concerning innovations upon the republic, suppression of the intercession of the tribunes, the fate of Saturninus and the Gracchi, and the secession to the Aventine? What would a pack of Gauls and non-citizens know or care about such matters? Fancy a British general trying to fire the hearts of a division of Sepoys by discoursing of Magna Charta, the right of petition, and the death of Hampden! If we cannot imagine such idiocy in Sir Eyre Coote, we surely cannot impute it to the great Julius.

The legion was a peculiarly Roman institution; it was connected with the earliest history of the holy city; it was a re-

vered and almost sacred thing. Down to the time of Cæsar, and for some time later, it was not considered proper to embody in that form any but Roman citizens.[1] Afranius and Petreius had eighty Spanish cohorts, but no Spanish legions. Varro, seeking to defend Bætica, raised thirty Spanish cohorts, and also two legions: but one of these was the *vernacula*, or natives, meaning natives of Italy resident in the province; the other was the *colonica*, meaning citizens of the colonies. The nine legions with which Pompey began the Pharsalian campaign were, as Cæsar tells us, made up of Roman citizens. One of them, "raised in Crete and Macedonia, was composed of veterans who had been discharged by their former generals, and had settled in those provinces." His legions from Asia, Cilicia, and Syria, and his recruits from Epirus and Greece, were probably of a similar character. From the Alexandrian War we learn that Cassius Longinus, proprætor in Africa, "instituted a levy of Roman citizens from all the municipalities and colonies." In the African War we find Scipio's Getulian horse claiming to be descendants of the fourth and sixth legions of Caius Marius. Later on, Roman citizens appear at Zama, serving in arms against Cæsar. Everywhere the colonists take personal and manful part in the war.

It was not until both parties had become greatly exhausted that legions of foreigners were embodied. During the final struggle of the Pompeians (Spanish War, xii. and xx.), we read for the first time of "Spanish legionaries." Cæsar himself raised one Gallic legion, the Alauda, but at his own expense, as if it were an unlawful thing to draw on the public treasure for such a purpose. This, so far as we know, was his only legion of Gauls, and it was certainly not one of his veteran organizations. It is noteworthy that the Alauda was not allowed to bear the eagle of Rome as an ensign, and that the irregularity of levying it was expiated, as it were, by granting citizenship to its soldiers when they were disbanded.

In fine, it appears that all of Cæsar's earlier legions were enlisted either in Italy proper, or in the "colonies beyond the Po." What the Roman colonies were we know well enough. Originally they were establishments of citizens, organized outposts of the republic, little Romes. From the time of Sulla onward they were in many cases settlements of discharged veterans. "The members of a Roman colony preserved all the rights of Roman citizens." They were warlike communities; the military spirit there was aboriginal and hereditary; soldiers and sons of soldiers naturally flowed into the legions. The Transpadane colonies were among the oldest and most flourishing outside of Italy proper. Aquilea, for instance, at the period of the Helvetic war, had existed for a century and a quarter. That any large number of Cisalpine Gauls had acquired citizenship in those municipalities is, considering the jealousy of Romans on this subject, exceedingly doubtful. At all events, the great majority of their burghers must have been of Italian stock; and this fact settles the ethnic descent of Cæsar's earliest and most famous troops.

Another item of evidence in the same direction is the nature of the legionary rations. In several passages of the Commentaries we learn that the legions must have bread, or they suffered what they considered destitution. At the siege of Avaricum "the soldiers were for several days without corn, and satisfied their extreme hunger with cattle." In Spain Cæsar levied supplies of cattle only because he could not possibly get grain. At Dyrrhachium, being without wheat, the troops "refused neither barley nor pulse, and held in great esteem cattle," and furthermore made bread out of roots, for all which Cæsar praises them, as if it were something wonderful. Imagine an army of Gauls going very hungry, rather than live on beefsteaks and mutton-chops. Bread was specially an Ital-

[1] This had changed by the time of Nero, a hundred years later. It is clear from Josephus that Vespasian's legionaries were more or less Asiatics; from Tacitus that the Vitellian legionaries were largely Germans

ian staple of food, and was comparatively little used by the Celts.

But while Cæsar's regular infantry was Roman, his light troops and cavalry were undoubtedly foreign. We read constantly of Numidian darters, Balearic slingers, Cretan and Syrian archers, Spanish targeteers, and troopers of all strange peoples. The Cæsarean horse was always either Gallic, or Aquitanian, or German. Of Italian mounted men we find no trace on either side. Plutarch's story, to the effect that the Pompeian cavalry was composed of young dandies, presumably Romans, is not borne out by Cæsar. He shows that it was a wonderful medley of mercenaries and auxiliaries, including freed slaves, Gauls, Germans, Cappadocians, Thracians, Egyptians, Galatians, Syrians, Dardanians, Bessians, Thessalians, "and troops from other nations and states." Not one Roman appears, not even an exquisite of an officer, the very chiefs being foreigners. It is probable that the easy defeat of these seven thousand troopers was owing largely to their mixed composition, and consequent lack of mutual confidence and of unity in action.

### CHARACTERISTICS OF THE COMMENTARIES.

We are indebted to Cæsar for something more than a lucid and vivid history of his military operations. A sharp-eyed man, and interested in everything human, he sketches with great liveliness the strange countries which he traversed and the strange peoples whom he vanquished. No ancient historian has given us more shrewd and seemingly truthful accounts of such matters. Unlike the author of the Germania, who at times appears to be lecturing the Romans on morals instead of furnishing them accurate information, Cæsar evidently wants to tell only the actual facts. And how very acute he is, as well as honest! In his pictures of the Gauls we get the very Irish of to-day, and not a little of the French, too, made over as they have been by much foreign mixture.

That Gallic reverence for parents which he notes may still be found beautifully vigorous in France. Nor has the old martial spirit died out of the breed, nor, altogether, the liking for more women than one. Nothing can be more Irish than this: "The nation of the Gauls is extremely devoted to superstitious rites." Or this: "Their funerals, considering the state of civilization among the Gauls, are magnificent and costly." Or this: "Throughout Gaul there are only two orders of men of any rank or estimation: one is that of the priests, and the other that of the gentry." Here is an Irish panic, or a French *sauve qui peut:* "The van, because they were out of danger and restrained neither by necessity nor command, broke their ranks at the first uproar and sought safety in flight." Here we have the gossiping sociability, the credulity, and the inconsiderate vivacity of the race: "It is the custom of this people to compel travelers to stop, even against their inclination, and inquire what they may have heard concerning any matter. Often, induced by these reports and stories alone, they engage in the most important enterprises, of which they must necessarily, erelong, repent, since they yield to mere unauthorized rumors." Again: "The nature of this people is such that they are full of credulity, and accept an unaccredited report as an authentic fact." And again: "The Gauls themselves add to the rumor, and invent what the case seems to require." One is reminded of Thackeray's remark that "if the Irish do tell a great many more fibs than the English, on the other hand they believe a great many more." We could hardly decide, from these judgments alone, whether the Roman general lived in our time, or the English satirist two thousand years ago.

Cæsar seems to have been particularly struck by the clan devotion and the political insubordination of the Gauls. "Litaviccus," he tells us, "fled to Gergovia with his vassals, who, after the Gallic fashion, held it a crime to desert their patron, even in extreme misfortune." When Orgetorix is to be tried for treason by the Helvetian magistrates, he gathers all his following, his "tail,"

and breaks up the court. We learn also that Vercingetorix, the great leader of the Auvergnats, was not the legal chief of the nation, but only the head of a party which had risen against the elder nobles, and that his first rising was made at the head of his personal dependents alone. In another place Cæsar explains that "in Gaul there are factions, not only in all the states and in all the cantons and their divisions, but almost in every family." The result of such a state of society, as well as of the credulity and vivacity of the race, was a constant ebullition of political passion and fluctuation of political purpose, such as we still often see in Celtic lands, when they are not ruled by military force. Here we have the modern French: "The Gauls are easily prompted to take up resolutions, and much addicted to change." Also here: "Others of them, from a natural fickleness and instability of disposition, were anxious for a revolution." And revolutions there were everywhere: now the foreign party in the ascendant, and now the home rulers; now the seniors handing over insurgents to the Romans, and now the youth and their followers murdering the seniors; armies marching to help Cæsar, deciding to attack him, and before night becoming his allies again; plottings and risings against the Germans, the Sequani, and the Æduans, as well as against Rome, — such a perpetual facing about as never was seen except in a population of mere tribes and clans.

We cannot marvel that Cæsar should thrash and crush such a people with severity, to end the countless, fruitless, noxious uproars arising from their character and institutions. We cannot wonder, either, that the contest ended as it did. The Gallic communities were established, like the Italian communities which Rome had beaten in its youth, upon the narrow and enfeebling idea of blood relationship. The principle that if a man is your tenth cousin you must stand by him, right or wrong, and that if he is not your cousin you may rob and kill him, is obviously incapable of producing a quiet, industrious, populous, and civilized community. In the Gallic wars a nation founded on the broad idea of contract encountered a host of states founded on the limited idea of cousinhood. The former was sure to crush the latter, and mankind should be thankful that it did so.

### THE STYLE OF CÆSAR.

Concerning the literary merits of the Commentaries, one dares say but little, after all that has been said thereupon by so many great scholars and critics. Their famed lucidity of style is rather a clear and logical arrangement of matter than a perfectly perspicuous arrangement of words in a sentence. Not even a good Latinist can read Cæsar at sight without discovering that he must pay close attention, or he will understand but incompletely. Aside from certain dislocations and entanglements of inversion, the periods frequently contain a good many words, and each word is meant to express a great deal. Details to which we would assign a paragraph are crammed into an adjective or a participle. A sentence is like memoranda, tied together by juxtaposition, and closing with a verb (*jubet*, for instance) to show what was done about all those matters. No translation into our modern uninflected languages can give any adequate idea of this density. Considering how much is told in few words, the diction of the Commentaries *is* lucid, but only in that sense.

This dense style is quite common in Latin, and must have been suited to a Latin public. One reason, perhaps, was that manuscript was expensive to both the writer and the reader; another, that books were addressed not to the million, but to a class of high intelligence. Cæsar could well be concise, for he wrote only for the eye of statesmen and soldiers and scholars, men who would comprehend him at a word. Officers and gentlemen did not need long-winded explanations to make them understand military movements and political measures. It is noticeable, moreover, that this compact, lucid, business-like way of writing is characteristic of great soldiers. In the Mem-

oirs of Napoleon and the Despatches of Wellington you will discover the same logical order, unfailing selection of causative facts, indifference to uninfluential particulars, and apparent scorn of mere diction which you find in the Commentaries. I have no doubt that Napoleon's rapid Summary of the Campaigns of Frederick would have delighted military Romans, and that Wellington's two-page dispatch concerning Waterloo would have seemed to them abundantly long enough. I also believe that if we had commentaries by Alexander and Hannibal, we should find in them this same crystalline statement, without a wordy paragraph. The constant composition of orders and instructions teaches a general to be lucid and short, and leads him to look upon the contrary qualities with distaste. Moreover, the great soldier is by birthright a clear and quick thinker, and his literary utterance is naturally a reflex of his mental operations.

Extreme simplicity and naturalness of manner is another characteristic of the style of Cæsar. Nothing could be more high bred, more thoroughly like the speech of a finished gentleman, and less given to points and artifices of rhetoric. It has naught of that balancing of clauses and that sedulous modulation of closes which mark the writing of our so-called classic authors, the imitators of Isocrates and Quintus Curtius rather than of Xenophon and Cæsar. Translated literally into English, and somewhat expanded, as in English it must be, it reads more like Bunyan or Defoe than like Addison.[1] Nor is there ever the slightest attempt at impressiveness, or what the French call *emphase*. Cæsar never "bears on" and never struts, not even when he is relating sublime deeds of heroism, — not even when he is explaining wonderful strokes of genius. At first it strikes one with complete astonishment that any human being who had taken a leading and passionate part in such great performances could write about them in a tone of such entire simplicity. We can understand it only when we remember that here was a very extraordinary man, who necessarily looked upon his extraordinary labors and achievements as the most natural things in the world. On the whole, taking into consideration the professional value of the matter in the Commentaries, and the perfectly perspicuous and gracefully simple manner in which that matter is presented, we must allot to Cæsar the singular distinction of having produced the best military narrative that ever was written.

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## MISS MAGDALENA PEANUTS.

"Did I hear the bell ring?" said my sister. "I hope not, for I hate to be interrupted at my work, — just, too, as I had commenced my second sleeve."

Now I have never known the hour or minute that my sister did not hate being interrupted, or the moment that she was not beginning, or rounding off, or finishing some part of a knitted garment. As far back as I can remember, there rested a hank of loosely circled yarn upon her lap, a pair of knitting-needles in her hands, and some article composed of a succession of loops in process of incubation or development into different shapes. There were mysterious incantations attending the development of these woolen forms, — a low muttering, and, when listening intently, one could catch the numeral abracadabra of one, two, three, add six, reverse ten, and knot; and any question asked at that time would pass unnoticed, or be treated with utter contempt. At intervals the work would

[1] Not in the original; there one might liken it to Defoe condensed and finished by Montesquieu.

cease suddenly, and the great magician of the steels would seize an end, and, drawing out increasing lengths of yarn with a rippling sound, leave whole rows of defenseless little loops, apparently turning up their eyes, imploring for pardon for some sin of omission. How much vitality was daily, weekly, and yearly knit into those fabrics, I cannot compute. We are all subject to fancies that control us eventually; for when they become passions they bear down everything before them.

But the gate had really swung back to admit a visitor. Not a fashionable silk-and-velvet caller, as my sister feared, for no pasteboard announcement appeared; but first came a decided tap at the sitting-room door, and, hardly awaiting any answer, a very pretty figure walked in, — a perfect shepherdess; not the Watteau style, but the familiar figure presented to our eyes fifty years ago, when our fathers and mothers took just such a model for their first efforts; and when you went to pay your respects to *their* fathers and mothers, you were proudly shown, hanging upon the wall, the counterpart of this dainty figure, surrounded with sheep, white as they never are, and a crooked tree behind, a little taller than the sheep. A young girl of sixteen stood before me, attired in a pale blue calico dress, of entire simplicity and Grecian scantiness, with a real shepherdess hat adorned with flowing pink ribbons, floating almost to her feet. Her eyes were blue as her dress, her cheeks as pink as her ribbons. As pretty as a peach gives a better description of her than any other combination of words. Extreme delicacy of skin; little white teeth, even as young corn; and the happiest, sweetest of smiles seemed the habitual expression of her dainty lips. She was round and lithe and strong. Her golden hair hung unconfined far below her waist; and her limpid eyes and lovely complexion combined to chase away the few evidences of a life of hard work that her rough, but well-formed hands and arms disclosed.

She had opened the door, and commenced instantly to make known the object of her visit, my sister's knitting-needles clashing a soft accompaniment to her running talk, like a pair of small castanets.

"How do you do, Mizz Dudley, and how are Mizz Janey's headaches and Mizz Josephine's back? I believe they warn't quite well when I last was here, and I hope they are better. And how is this lady?" turning to me. "I never saw her before, but suppose from the likeness to the family as how she is your sister, particularly as you were expecting her when I was last here, — yes ma'am, yes, that was the day I brought the sour cream. I hope she came all right, and you were not disappointed. I 've brought you another quart, yes, ma'am, and you must n't pay more nor half price for what you got last. Yes, Mizz Dudley, — yes, ma'am. I gave the cook a pair of young turkeys, as I stopped at the gate, and a pair of ducks. The turkeys are three dollars a pair, and the ducks, being as how you don't eat ducks, are only a dollar and a half" —

This was said in such a rapid way, without pause, or even the drawing of one single breath, that no interruption appeared possible; but ducks were an abomination in the nostrils of my sister, and this was too much for her patience to stand.

"Why, Magdalena, did n't I warn you never to bring me ducks? I do not want any poultry now. The kitchen is supplied with everything needed for some days, and the weather is so very warm" —

"Yes, ma'am, — yes, Mizz Dudley. I know it 's warm, and so I told the cook to roast them ducks right off, for they would n't keep a day. If you could try to fancy them, I assure you they have been cooped up for a week, and fed on rice, and they are real nice. Perhaps this lady likes them," she added, with sudden inspiration, — "this stranger lady. I forget her name; please tell it to me. Yes, ma'am, — thank you, ma'am."

I could see that "Mizz Dudley" was getting impatient over the base of a triangle she was setting up, so I came to

the rescue, and asked the fair vender how she came by such a fine name.

"My father gave it to me," she said. "His name was Franzy Peanuts, and he was born of good people, — yes, ma'am; and as he had a good name himself, he wanted me to have one, too, that sounded well."

"Where are the things you have brought?" said my sister. "Have you walked all the way from your house loaded with cream and poultry?"

"Oh, no, ma'am. I gave the things to the butler, and I brought them in on the wagon. I wanted to give mother the fresh air and a little exercise, so I drove her in. There is the wagon at the garden gate. I have turned it round across the street, so that mother can see the flowers and have a bit of the sunshine. She is very bad to-day."

I glanced over the window-sill, and there was the small covered Tennessee wagon, to which was attached a rather well-fed horse, but in the last stage of decrepitude, and apparently without one well-conditioned leg. Lying at the bottom of the wagon, on a bed of clean, sweet straw, was a middle-aged, delicate-featured woman, who seemed to be dying of consumption. At the head of the horse stood an older and haler woman feeding him with bunches of grass she picked from the side of the walk, while between times she worked away at a thread glove she was knitting into shape with a broad bone instrument ending in a hook. There was evidently displayed before me the whole family, three generations of the Peanut race. However, Magdalena was taking leave, and my attention, which had wandered away from her voluble communications, caught her last words: —

"Thank you, ma'am. Never mind paying me now. The money is quite safe; yes, ma'am. And, please, we don't want any more sugar at present; so if you don't object, I will tell Sam to take it out of the package you had ready put up for me, and to change it for some more wine. Madeira, ma'am, if you please. Mother does like wine in what she takes, and Mr. Rosen says madeira is the best kind; and if you can give me half a lemon and a nutmeg, — yes, Mizz Dudley, yes, ma'am. And I brought back the calico dress you were so kind as to send me, please, ma'am, as I want you to change it" —

"I think you are very hard to please," said my sister, with a slight inflection of anger.

"Oh, no, ma'am. Yes, ma'am. It ain't that. Indeed, I had a hard cry to give it up, it is such a lovely blue. But it is just like what this was, and this is hardly three years old, if you 'll believe me; and them light colors take so much soap and starch; they have to be washed so often to keep clean. When I used to come to town every Sunday, it was just what I wanted; but mother is too sick now for me to leave her, and you know it is too pretty for me to wear at home, where I have to curry the horse, and drive up and milk the cows, and churn the butter, and feed the poultry, and hoe the garden, and scour the house, and clean up, and cook, and everything else, too, Mizz Dudley. No, ma'am, I want a brown one."

She hardly ever drew breath, or paused a moment to collect material for conversation. Her volubility was wonderful, and the carmine tints of her cheeks had gradually deepened, till her lovely eyes shone like blue forget-me-nots. A slight cough from the wagon startled her, and, making a deep and unconsciously stagey courtesy, she was gone.

I watched her stop at the opening at the bottom of the wagon, to smooth and kiss her mother; then she helped her old grandmother in with a strength of arm that hardly accorded with its delicate molding; at last she mounted into her seat and assumed the reins, the oval top framing as pretty a picture of health, strength, beauty, and helpfulness as I had ever seen.

"Well," I said, "she seems a very well-balanced and composed young lady. Does she often come with wares that she sells you against your consent, and is she in the habit of ordering your butler to give her what she wishes from your pantry? I had no idea that you

would allow such high-handed proceedings on the part of your poor!"

"You don't understand," said my sister, placidly. "She is one of the best girls in the world. Works like a man. Is devoted to her grandmother and mother, supports the whole family, and never asks for or takes the smallest comfort in clothes or food that they can do without. What her sick mother does not need she returns. You will find it a pleasure to help them when you know them better."

"But what a name! Where did she get it?"

"Her father was a Frenchman, named François Pinotte, and as you may suppose, the country people abjured such a foreign appellation, and called him by the most familiar sound that would assimilate with his French cognomen. So in time he became Franzy Peanuts, then French Peanuts, and at last Fresh Peanuts. Maggie clings to the first name. He died many years ago, and then when the widow became so ill the grandmother came to stay a while with her. They have farmed about five acres of land, out on the creek road, for many years, saving and putting up a little each year to build a more decent house than they live in now. I believe Maggie does all the work."

Just at this moment the door opened again, and Maggie reappeared, breathless: —

"Please, Mizz Dudley, yes, ma'am, if you don't want them ducks, at least both of them, I have found a lady, — Mizz Montgomery, ma'am, — round in the lane, who will take them, at least one of them. I stopped in the kitchen and made the cook take one off the fire. It ain't warmed through yet" —

But my sister had commenced a square collar, which at the moment absorbed her energies, and she ordered her visitor to let the ducks alone and to go, with but scant ceremony.

We followed our usual occupations for over a week, hearing nothing further from Miss Peanuts, when one morning the wagon, the white horse, the grandmother, the mother, and Miss Peanuts all stopped again at the garden gate. In a few moments the fair Maggie had made her usual abrupt entrance, and without waiting for any salutation immediately started the conversation: —

"How are you, this morning, Mizz Dudley, and Mizz Janey, and Mizz Josephine, and this strange lady? I hope quite well. I've brought chickens instead of ducks this time, and some cream which I don't want any pay for. It's a present. And we are in trouble, yes, ma'am, please. The rail-car ran over our red cow last week, and killed it; and I walked six miles yesterday to see the superintendent about it, and he allowed that we ought to have fifteen dollars for it, but he can't give it unless I get an order from the president of the road. I don't know the president, or where to find him, and I thought that you might get it for me."

"I cannot do that," said my sister. "I am in deep mourning, and do not see anybody out of my own family."

"Then, perhaps, this lady here," turning to me, — "I forget her name, yes, ma'am, please, — will get it for me. You see we have built a little house, and have paid for it all, but we have no more money to get a chimney; and the builder says that this fifteen dollars, yes, ma'am, that this lady will get for me, will just be enough. I don't think mother could stand the weather when the cold comes on without a chimney; and I know this lady can get it if she will."

I had felt for some time that my hour was coming, so I succumbed at once, and then and there pledged myself to secure the equivalent for the cow. And then Maggie requested that a stove which had lain in the cellar for some months, and of the whereabouts of which she had gained much occult information, should be lent to her *ad interim*. It was forthwith placed in the wagon, in the space that had been occupied by the grandmother, who walked home in consequence as briskly as Maggie might have done herself.

In the course of a couple of weeks I secured the fifteen dollars. And one fine morning my sister proposed that I should

drive out to the new house to carry Mrs. Pinotte some flannel, some brandy, and the much-needed money. The place was only four miles from the city, and as I drew near the first object that attracted my eyes was the fair shepherdess, — blue dress, pink ribbons, and all. She was armed with a weighty hammer, had a box of tremendous nails near at hand, and had nearly finished a picket fence she was building around her cattle. The cows gazed at her with melancholy interest, rubbing their heads at intervals against her back. The old horse, tied to a tree, stood on three feet, with his head turned completely round, and also watched the business going on. Two sows had their noses poked under the board that supported the fence, while from the grocery shop across the road a substantial Dutchman, mounted on a barrel of beer at his door, smoked the pipe of peace, and gazed with appreciative eyes at the attractive picture opposite. The mother was lying on a mattress on the floor of the little veranda in the full rays of the sun, while on the edge of the woods that skirted the garden fence the grandmother was busy at the wash-tub. The two houses stood quite alone, opposite each other, with shady forest glades extending for miles behind them, and the broad, white, sandy road separating them and stretching either way.

I did not receive very exuberant thanks for the money. The fair Magdalena evidently thought I had done my duty, and nothing more. The possibility of failure in trying to collect it had never formed part of her calculations. The grandmother had wiped her arms upon her apron and come forward, as I descended from the carriage. One of the sows, the most intelligent of the two, cantered to the scene, followed by her interesting family; the horse made as close a connection as the length of his halter would permit; and the Dutchman, after a little pause of consideration, added the presence of his pipe and himself. They all had an opinion, I could see, about the chimney (the subject of discussion), but only Maggie expressed the general views. She was the house of representatives, the speaker, the chairman of the committee on internal imments, the *vox populi*.

The position, altitude, and cost of the chimney having been settled, the sick mother claimed my attention; so we all adjourned to her bed. She was evidently a better educated and more refined woman than either daughter or mother-in-law (the latter being the mother of Mrs. Pinnotte's first husband, and therefore no relation to Maggie), or perhaps long illness had thrown a veil of delicacy over her air and manner. She spoke sadly of her approaching end and her dread of leaving Maggie unprotected (at this stage I really thought I detected some expression in the Dutchman's lack-lustre eyes), as her mother-in-law was obliged to return very soon to the up-country, to her old home and her idiot son, and Maggie had determined not to go with her. She had appointed a guardian for Maggie, with the girl's consent, "one of the best of men," and as she felt her end near she would like the comfort of a minister of religion to talk with her. She also said that she had requested one of the charitable ladies who came out to see her to attend to this, but that she had not done so. I promised to go immediately for her pastor, and expressed my surprise that any one should neglect so sacred a duty. After bidding her good-by I was followed by Maggie to the carriage door, who then made some explanations: —

"You see, Mizz, — I really forget your name; yes, ma'am, yes, thank you, ma'am, — I did not tell the lady when mother asked me to do so to send a parson, for I was afeard that he might frighten her. She was n't so low then, and the doctor told me to keep up her spirits; but now, if you will send him out, I think mother will be better satisfied. It don't make any difference what kind he is, for father, he never went to church, and mother was always too delicate, and when father died I was too little to go anywhere alone; since then, too, I have had so much to do that I am just glad to have Sunday to fix and straighten up things."

I had been thinking so intently over the peculiarities of Maggie's life, and puzzling my mind so deeply to fathom some points of her character, that I hardly listened to her, or remembered her remarks as I drove away.

On reaching the city, my first desire, however, was to seek some reverend gentleman, and acquaint him with Mrs. Pinotte's request. It was not necessary to go far, as my neighbor across the street, Mrs. Knox, was a strict Presbyterian; and as she was then visible working in her garden, I stepped over to her, told my story, and begged her to send her pastor, whom she was in the habit of seeing every day, to the sick woman.

"Is Mrs. Pinotte so very ill?" she asked. "Why, Maggie was at the house yesterday to know if I would speak to the butcher to induce him to buy the calf she expects to have on her hands next week, and to ask him at what age he would take it. Yes, certainly, I will attend to the matter, and send Mr. Goddard out early to-morrow morning. I am glad you came to me."

"It is too far for a walk," I said, — "more than four miles. Has he any conveyance?"

"No; but I can supply him with a buggy," she answered. "I had no idea that they were Presbyterians."

I did not think it necessary to inform her as to the extent of the family's latitudinarianism on religious matters, but continued on my way down the street to the principal drug store, to buy some cough mixture for the invalid, and to make inquiry of the druggist (by desire of my sister) in regard to the immediate disposition of Maggie in case of her mother's sudden death. Some remarks dropped by Mrs. Pinotte had led us to suppose that his unvarying kindness and charity to the poor family had emboldened them to make him the guardian of the desolate girl. My sister had empowered me to say to him that if this were the case she was quite willing to give Maggie a home until he could provide a proper place for her. She could take her meals with our children, and have a bed in one of their rooms. On my way I met a friend, whom I joined, — a young married woman, — and among many subjects of conversation I mentioned my pleasant drive that morning, and Mrs. Pinotte's illness, trusting she would feel interested. She had known and assisted the family for some time back, and after we had discussed Maggie's future and my sister's arrangements for her safety I spoke of the mother's wish for a clergyman, and my requesting the sacred offices of Mr. Goddard.

"You certainly took a great responsibility upon yourself," said my friend, rather sharply. "I have known all about these people for years, and I can assure you they always were Episcopalians. I shall go immediately and request our pastor, Mr. Bentham, to attend Mrs. Pinotte in her last moments. I am quite sure it is he she wants to see."

"Perhaps so," I replied, peaceably. "She can take her choice."

"I do not think," said my Episcopal friend, warmly, "that your manner of speaking of such an important matter is in very good taste. Had you been brought up in the blessed privileges of a church like ours, you would not speak lightly of its sacred ministerings."

"I meant no offense," I said meekly, determined not to get involved in any ecclesiastical discussion, such arguments generally making disastrous chasms in private society. "I apologize. If my remark was disagreeable, it was unintentionally made."

But she left me in hot haste, making a straight line for Mr. Bentham's house, while I continued my walk towards the druggist. The prescription was filled, and the remuneration was refused when I stated for whom the medicine was intended; but for the first time since I had known him I saw that Mr. Rosen was very much fretted, and that he listened to me with less than his usual courtesy concerning Maggie's future.

"Are your family quite well?" I asked. "Pray excuse the liberty I am taking, but has any misfortune happened to you?"

"Nothing has happened," he answered, more pleasantly, "and all are

quite well, but I am much worried about these Pinottes. The mother cannot live, I hear, many weeks, and she has left me guardian to that pretty girl. It places me in a very awkward position, as my family are all at the North; so how can I dispose of her in case of any sudden call upon me? Besides, my household is large, and the responsibility heavy, for she has a decided will of her own. If all these complications could be removed, there are still other annoyances, for I would not know where to place her; she is not a servant, and not a lady. I told her mother all this and more. I laid before her the difficulty of taking her to a home where I and my family are all Israelites, — keep a different Sabbath and observe different laws."

"What did she answer to this?"

"Well, she said that if her daughter kept good and straight, she did not care what religion she professed, and that she would rather trust her with me than any one else, for she had never heard of a Jewess going astray. The truth is the poor women is almost wild at the necessity of leaving so lovely a girl unprotected."

Here he was called away, and I waited while he talked long and seriously with a very angry man, who came in hastily, and whose gesticulations showed the excitement he was laboring under. His voice grew louder as the conversation continued, till I could not help hearing Mr. Rosen's last remarks before leaving him and joining me again: —

"Do as you please, Mr. Frankland. Mrs. Pinotte is entirely conscious and sensible, although she thinks she is dying. I did not seek this trust, and will be willing to give it up to you, if the mother consents, most gladly. But I must keep faith with her. If the girl, as you say, belongs to your people, satisfy them all, and whatever conclusion they arrive at will suit me. If I eventually have the charge of her, I will take good care of her and the little she inherits. Her form of belief I have no interest in, and shall not interfere with. The Jewish church desires no proselytes. Our faith is in our birth and our blood, and I could not, even if I wished, make her a Jewess any more than I could make her a Scandinavian."

After Mr. Frankland had left, I inquired what was the nature of the discussion.

"Why," said Mr. Rosen, "Mr. Frankland is the Baptist minister, and Mrs. Pinotte's mother-in-law belonged at one time to his church. Some one met him and told him you were seeking a clergyman to go and see her dying daughter. He wishes me to meet him there to aid him in influencing Maggie to go with her grandmother to the upper part of the State, where the old woman owns half a dozen acres of corn land; but I shall not harass the poor mother by any more discussions on the subject. She has been a correct, hard-working, grateful woman, and I will serve her and carry out her views, if possible. Mr. Frankland intends to drive out to-morrow morning, and give the dying woman the consolations of his church; so make your mind easy upon that score."

I silently took the package of cough mixture, and left, a wiser and sadder woman than when I had risen that morning. I certainly had only fulfilled a humane duty, and yet, as matters had arranged themselves, I was likely to meet, when I delivered the medicine to the invalid the next morning, the Presbyterian, the Episcopal, and the Baptist minister, all apparently dispatched to her house by my agency, — I at least having been the innocent bearer of the message so zealously and so liberally distributed through so many channels. I had but little doubt that Mr. Rosen might feel it his charitable duty to be there also, to lighten the poor mother's anxiety about her child's future, or perhaps in the hope of surrendering her to a fitter guardian. So, rather oppressed by the turn events were taking, I turned homewards.

I reached the house in time for the pleasant reunion at tea. Miss Janey was entirely free from her headaches, and Miss Josephine equally well, so the circle was in its normal state of brightness. I recounted, half dolefully and

half jestingly, my comedy of errors, and thereby ran the gauntlet of the clever attacks usually incurred by the unlucky members of witty families.

We had just settled ourselves in the parlor, and commenced our usual occupations, when visitors were announced; and very unusual ones they were, — husband and wife, who seldom left the shelter of their own vine and fig-tree. The lady's air was alert and business-like; the gentleman, evidently, was only an auxiliary power. He immediately came over to our side of the table, — by courtesy I will say the young side, although I have no right to the full meaning of the term, — and the conversation opposite between my sister and the wife became so voluble, at least on the visitor's part (for my sister said but little), that my curiosity was strongly excited as to what could be the cause for this visit at such an unaccustomed hour. Now and then I could just catch a mere fragment of the subject under discussion, but not enough to give me any clue.

My sister had, as usual, her knitting in her hands, but the needles were careering wildly in the near vicinity of her visitor's nose. That lady had her face in close proximity to them, not heeding her danger in her excitement. Her concentrated whispers hissed sharply and continuously, and her fan, spread to its fullest extent, was held aloft as a screen between her busy lips and our intrusive ears. She was the very head and front of the Presbyterian church! Was that fan the banner of the church militant, and could she have come on business connected with it? My spirit, after the day's events, was sorely troubled.

There are some natures that are given (not for a reward, but a punishment) a sixth sense, something more than instinct and less than reason, that makes them feel, without good cause for so feeling, occult disturbances that affect them personally. And so, thus gifted, I knew — and I quailed under the knowledge, although I proudly kept up the light strain of conversation going on at our side — that Mrs. Pinotte and my unhappy self, and the right man to smooth her path to another world, had everything to do with this visit.

At last, words of my sister's more audible voice in answer did reach me. She had evidently been on the defensive from the first. "I do not think it makes much difference," she said, placidly. Then a pause to listen to further argument, and then another sentence, just as placid: "What object could they have?" And then, "Well, suppose they do; I am sure I have no objection. They will take excellent care of her, and that is, after all, the most important duty."

The lady arose at last and pronounced her valedictory. "I am rather astonished and disappointed," she said, "at hearing your views on the subject. I shall do what I consider my duty, and call to-morrow, after dinner, for your neighbor, Mrs. Knox, to drive out with me and see Mrs. Pinotte ourselves. She quite agrees with me as to the propriety of our course of action. The proper place for Maggie is in our home, should her mother die."

So, after all, I was not uncomfortable without reason. The ball had been set in motion by me, and in justice I was more or less responsible for all the damage it might do. The door had hardly closed upon the callers, when we all eagerly and instantly assailed my sister.

"What is the matter?" came with one simultaneous burst.

But she was not to be hurried by our anxiety into any unusual excitement. There had been claims upon her that had been disregarded during the time the important communications had been progressing. The many recalcitrant loops that had dropped had to be taken up one by one, and restored to regimental order; but at last, without giving a single glance in our direction, she merely said, —

"Mrs. Pinotte."

"Certainly, Mrs. Pinotte!" I cried; "but what about her?"

"Well, they are all in a great state of excitement. Such nonsense!" ejaculated my sister. "The Dutchman told Mr. Goddard something she repeated, and which I could not hear. She whis-

pered it in such a horror-struck tone, I was really afraid to ask her to tell me again what she said. Why should she come and worry *me* about such trifles?"

"But you must know the drift of her conversation. Why must she call for Mrs. Knox to-morrow afternoon, and where are they going?"

"To Mrs. Pinotte's, I tell you. They are afraid the Catholics will get her."

"*The Catholics!*" I shouted, in astonishment at this new phase. "What should the Catholics know about her?"

Then, as we reviewed the situation, we all began to laugh. Poor Mrs. Pinotte! And here let me anticipate the *dénoûment* of my story, even if its interest be broken, by declaring that if Mrs. Pinotte were not alive and tolerably well at this moment I certainly could not amuse my readers with her death-bed experiences.

The next morning I attempted to bribe that much overestimated, faithful individual, the old family coachman, to get the carriage ready earlier than he was in the habit of doing, thereby hoping to execute a flank movement, and get through my promised visit to Mrs. Pinotte before other people arrived. He assented to my request quite eagerly, I thought; received very amiably the plate of breakfast I carried him from our own table, hoping thereby to facilitate operations; pocketed the added bribe, and was just an hour and five minutes later than the usual time. The reason for this delay I heard from my maid that afternoon. "If Miss Lizzie [meaning me] had choose to tell me what de debbil she mean by a-hurrying me to git de carriage ready so early, I might hab inconwenience myself," he said, sententiously; "but if she hab her ways, and keeps tings to herself, why, I has mine!"

However, about twelve o'clock I came in sight of the new chimney, which the proceeds of the dead cow had erected. The next turn of the road and my heart gave a great leap, and then threatened to stop. The only human figure visible was the Dutchman, leaning against the side of the house; but oh, hitched to Maggie's new fence, were absolutely four buggies! I have never stormed intrenchments, because I am only a woman, but the female sex are capable of great heroism under exceptional dangers. I felt my peril as then and there I descended from the *fifth vehicle* standing before that humble door, and entered the house.

An apparent masterly inactivity prevailed on all sides, except on the grandmother's, who seemed to hold more of the position of an armed neutrality. The Episcopal and Presbyterian clergymen were seated amicably, side by side, on an improvised settee arranged by Maggie, — a smooth board, with either end resting on a half-barrel. The Baptist minister was farther off, but not alone, as the old mother-in-law held a supporting position near him. Standing up, with folded arms and harassed expression, was Mr. Rosen, holding a legal document in his hand. The sick woman, clean and quiet, lay on her bed. What was the meaning of this fraternization among the Protestant element, where I had expected strife? Lo, the cause stood revealed, for by the side of the bed, with placid face and folded hands, representing the wolf of Rome, sat a Catholic sister of charity. I looked round for Maggie to relieve the awkwardness that attended my entrance. There she stood, alert, vigilant, lovely as a cherub in appearance, commonplace and unimaginative as a peanut in soul, skimming her milk-pans on the back piazza, and passing the results to the Dutchman to sell at market, before she came forward to welcome me.

Whatever had been the nature of the discussion, the results appeared satisfactory, for the gentlemen arose with marked serenity of manner, as I entered, to take leave. One of them said something about the bad influence of Rome, but in a very low voice, glancing at the sister. A pale pink flush stole into her cheeks, and flickered there a moment, but she only meekly crossed her hands and took up her beads. It was the intrepid Maggie who came to the rescue.

"We never did like Rome," she said. "Father told mother, when I was born, that it was a poor place, very damp and cold; so we moved away to Lagrange, in the middle of the State, and then to Opelika before we came here."

Then the Baptist clergyman came forward and shook hands with the old lady, and said a few words in a sonorous voice about total immersion being necessary if Mrs. Pinotte desired to renew her affiliation with his church; and again the alert Maggie decided the matter.

"It would be the death of mother," she said, "to dip her in water in her present health; and besides, Mr. Frankland, she never *did* belong to your church. So with many thanks for your trouble, gentlemen, I think you had all better go, for mother is tired, and we can settle who she wants another time, unless you will stay a moment and witness Mr. Rosen's papers as my guardine [so she pronounced guardian]. You see yourselves that mother is all right in her mind, and I only want you to see her sign."

No objection was made to this, and the document was read and witnessed. The sister said something in a low voice in Maggie's ear, which appeared to have no effect upon that young lady. "I am very glad they have all gone," she remarked, irreverently, as the buggies started homewards; "and what is more, I don't think that mother is so very bad, after all. Many thanks, Mr. Rosen, for the medicine. I am sure we could not have got on but for your kindness. I am going to put a couple of quarts of cream in your buggy for you. We sell it cheaper than we did last month, for the grass is coming up, and we don't have to feed the cows so much. Yes, sir, please, we 'll take it out in cod-liver oil for mother."

There were a few words exchanged in an undertone between Mr. Rosen and the invalid. The little sister, with cast-down eyes, kept telling her beads, but I am quite sure she heard every word spoken. I made a few kind remarks to her about her charity in nursing a stranger, but they seemed to make no impression; then I offered my humble little eulogium on the liberality of her church in allowing her to give her services, and that time the pretty little flush mounted again to her cheeks, and then I left, seeing that all had gone before.

That afternoon at four o'clock, a handsome open carriage drove up to Mrs. Knox's door, and receiving another occupant, the two Presbyterian ladies, side by side, started off on their pious mission. I called to Miss Janey and Miss Josephine to see them go, and we indulged in our harmless laugh at the zeal which prompted them to hurry away from their dinner, when, whirling into sight came the carriage, already returned, anger stamped upon the features of the occupants. They stepped out, dismissed it, and seemed, from our point of vantage, to be organizing a small indignation meeting on the sidewalk.

I lost no time in joining the irate pair, and begged for information, which I received in full; and then, as they entered the house together, to discuss the points in all their bearings, I suppose, I returned to my own curious group, who were waiting for me. My nieces, who hardly knew what the word curiosity meant, were standing almost breathless, like statues of Expectation, and my sister's knitting had fallen from her lap, while her forgetful fingers only grasped a long, raveled strand of yarn, that meandered away across the carpet, terminating in a ball under the fender. She had unconsciously struck the attitude and expression of a fisherman awaiting a bite, and alert to take advantage of it.

I was mistress of the situation, and I felt my power; so I began to retail my information with slow circumspection, taking advantage of an attention so seldom accorded to my rhetorical powers.

"Ahem! Well, they drove to the forks of the road, and crossed the stream murmuring over the white pebbles, where the late Cherokee roses mingle their snows with the clustering bunches"—

"Oh, come!" exclaimed a voice, "we don't intend to stand *that* sort of thing; *that 's* a little too much!"

"Don't interrupt me," I retorted, "or

I will tell you nothing. Well, when they crossed the pebbly brook, — stop, don't go! — they met them! Met all of them!" I paused; composedly.

"Which all? What all?" were the ungrammatical exclamations that assailed my ears.

"They met a procession. First came the Tennessee wagon and horse, with Miss Peanuts holding the reins, and her mother laid upon her mattress at the bottom of the wagon. Then came the grandmother leading the two milking cows; then the Dutchman driving the other cows, and his boy driving the hogs; then a buggy, with two sisters of charity, and, following, another buggy, with a Catholic priest; then Mr. Rosen in his buggy; and lastly a wagon loaded with the Lares and Penates of the Peanut household. In the memorable words of our irate friend 'the Catholics have got her'!"

And then and there my sister, for whom I blush, enunciated the first, the last, the only expression she ever gave of her opinion on this subject. "I am glad of it," she said, and the accent was more vicious than the words.

A few days after these events I went to the Catholic asylum, to revive my interest in the ultimate fate of the Pinotte family, and to learn the reason of their unexpected arrangements. I found Mrs. Pinotte comfortably domiciled in a large, airy, scrupulously clean room, improved much in health, and Maggie as fair as dawn, was learning from a sister the first rudiments of embroidery. The grandmother had gone home. I sat down by the invalid, and asked her openly why she had concealed her intention of joining the Catholic church and claiming its care.

"Because I had no positive idea of taking such step," she replied. "The ladies of the different churches came to see me, and kindly gave me food and clothing, indeed, everything I needed. They came in their carriages, and sat with me in their beautiful silks; but Mrs. Delande brought the Catholic sister to relieve Maggie, and she stayed all day and night with me, and washed and dressed me, all the time whispering comforting words. I got to depend upon her and love her. Mother, being a Baptist, was against my coming here; but at last even she gave in, and said she would be better satisfied in leaving me in such hands; And so I made up my mind all of a sudden, and told the sister to take me; and here I am, — oh, so comfortable and happy!"

But here Maggie struck in with her incisive, determined intonation: —

"Besides, it makes a great difference to *me*. Your sister was very good to offer to take me, if necessary; but what would she do with me, yes, ma'am, yes, and those ladies who promised to put me in the Protestant home? I am much obliged to them, but they could only have me taught housework and washing there, so that I could go out to service. Even if mother dies — and I don't think now she will — I have thirteen cows and our little place out there, and I would rather not be a servant. The sisters say they will teach me to embroider and preserve, and I can stay with them as long as I make myself useful; and I can learn any trade I please, and altogether I am very glad I came, yes, ma'am, yes, and Mr. Rosen he is still my guardine."

I bade them all adieu, and, going home made my report. At different times I met the representatives of the churches who had struggled so unsuccessfully for Mrs. Pinotte's soul. They had naturally combined against the powers which had secured her. I listened to the conflicting charges made without coming to any definite conclusion in my own mind.

"What object can these people have, save a charitable one?" I said. "The Pinottes are a poor, obscure family; so what is to be gained?"

"The thirteen cows and the house and lot," said the narrowest-minded.

"No," I answered, as temperately as the circumstances would admit. "Mr. Rosen has entire control of all, as guardian for Maggie, on whom the property is settled."

"Well, they want to make a nun of her, or a sister of charity."

"Suppose they do; there is no wrong

done her, if she desires such a life. You all intended to make a lady's-maid, or a hair-dresser, or something in that line of life, of her. The office of a sister of charity is a noble career."

I said this, but I really doubted if Maggie had one grain of the sentiment or sensibility that would be the moving spring for a life of self-abnegation.

Time passed on. The spring melted into summer, and I took my flight northward. At intervals, when I looked into the heart of a lovely half-blown pink rose, or on the soft tinge of a sea-shell, the fresh beauty of Miss Peanuts would rise before me. Insensibly, the flower-like beauty of her face would often appear framed in my imagination by a sister's spotless white head-gear, the dimpled wrists concealing themselves shyly in the folds of the wide sleeves, till I never thought of her in any other guise.

Three years passed away, and again I sought my Southern home. Newer subjects of interest had effectually driven the Pinotte family from my mind. Coming out of a side door to a fruit shop, one day, I found my sister listening to a loud, voluble talker, — a very stout woman gaudily dressed, very pink and very comfortable looking, and with some claims to rather full-blown beauty. Dim recollections came struggling into my mind, as I scanned her face, but before my tardy thoughts took shape she accosted me: —

"Oh, you are Mizz Dudley's sister, who was with her when we thought mother was dying. Yes, ma'am, yes, I remember you, although I forget your name. I am real glad to see you. Mother is not dead yet, but grandmother is, and has left us a nice little place up the country, that I sold. To be sure, I have to take care of the idiot, but I don't mind that, and I make him useful, for I have no children. I suppose Mizz Dudley told you I had married the Dutchman who lived opposite. Me and mother did not trouble either the sisters or Mr. Rosen long. His name is Hans Droust, and he said if I would marry him he would take mother too, and he had a nice lot, yes, ma'am, yes, of turkeys and chickens and other things, and he has made us right comfortable. I am glad that I married him. Indeed, I am. Yes, ma'am."

"I am pleased to hear that you are so satisfied, Mrs. Droust," I said. "What church do you attend now?" I confess I was very curious to know.

"Well, ma'am, they were all so kind to me that I did not know which to choose, but the sisters they thought it awful that I should be so indifferent-like, and they tried to explain; but indeed, ma'am, yes, Mizz Dudley, — I always forget this lady's name, — while I was with them I tried to listen and make up my mind; and then I married, and what with the mother and the house and the cattle and the poultry and the idiot, and more than all, Hans's beer, that he likes me to attend to myself, I have n't time to think it over. Thank Heaven," continued Maggie, touched with the first gleam I had ever seen of the existence of a soul in her body, "that I have a nice home for mother, and that she is getting well again after so much suffering. Me and Hans are going to join the Thomasites. Hans likes their ways, and saw a great deal of them in the upper part of the State; and it was about them that the minister was talking that time we thought mother was dying, for they live around Rome, just above the railroad. They are a poor lot, yes, ma'am, but they don't expect you to learn a great deal of religion, and their adviser comes once a year, and stays with us, and makes everything right, and we don't trouble ourselves about all that other talk, and we get on well enough without it."

Mrs. Droust would have continued talking until Ascension Day, if we would have waited to hear her, but, satisfied that all is well that ends well, we left her; and the only reason I do not tell you more about her is that I have never seen her, or heard of her, from that day to this.

*Phœbe Yates Pember.*

## ON LATMOS.

### A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

With hunting nymphs, a starry train,
I lead the chase o'er heaven's plain;
Through many a lair of fog and rain,
Through clear-washed azure space again,
With beamy darts, each night's surprise,
Flung down in lakelets' fringèd eyes, —
Earth's Argus watch, that see the hours
Whose dark we streak with silver showers.

Now on we chase through clear, cold heights,
Far, far above earth's twinkling lights,
Dissolving fast in midnight darks.
Out, out! ye puny, smoke-hued sparks!
Our laughter of immortal glee
Rewards your pigmy mockery.
Through cloud, through snow-drift, and white fire,
We hunt through heaven, nor pause, nor tire.

Hark! from below a flute's sweet strain
Sets tiptoe all my huntress train;
My silver-sandaled feet move slow.
A magic flute! now loud, now low,
Now piercing sweet, now cadenced clear,
Now fine as fay-voice to the ear,
Till my divining goddess-eyes
The stirred air's wake trace down the skies,

To see on Latmos' barren peak
The music's soul! What, shepherd, speak!
For thy flute's sake, and for a face
Lit pale with strange, appealing grace,
I 'll hear, — though scarce such open look
This haughty virgin heart can brook.
Thy name seems known to me; 't is one
A flute might breathe, — Endymion.

The music mute? Nay, forward, chase!
This mood 's not mine! A shepherd's face
With mortal sorrow written there,
In mortal guise, however fair,
Can ne'er have held me. 'T was the tune
Drew back my silver-tripping shoon,
Accordant, spell-bound! In this hush
Is space for breath, — then on we rush.

What binds my feet and chains my eyes,
Unwilling thus? Whose daring tries
A strength immortal born above?
Shall Dian stoop to human love?
Can this cold breast, Caucasus snow,
With aught of mortal melting glow?
On, — on! What holds me? Like a wind,
Sweep, sweep me hence, my virgins kind!

'T is vain! Those eyes so pleading bright
Compel my own, as light the light;
One name storms fast my soul upon, —
Endymion, Endymion!
A snow-bright statue, bow half drawn
To slay, I stand wrapt i' the dawn
Of some new sun, whose sweet fire thaws
My heart and purpose in their pause.

Is love, of human suffering born, —
That love, my haughty spirit's scorn, —
So all-victorious that it tries
To scare me through a shepherd's eyes?
What! is 't so mighty? Does it gain
Its potency through human pain?
Hence, hindering fancies! Feet, begone!
Pursue me not, Endymion!

My strength dissolves like morning dew;
His eyes' magnetic lightnings through
The night draw swift. From rift to rift
Of clouds, a shining shape, I drift,
And touch bald Latmos' peak upon,
Beside thee, O Endymion!
I yield me to thy grief's demand,
I feel the clasp of mortal hand.

I know the thrill of heart to heart, —
No more as world and world apart
In orbits separate to move;
For heaven and earth are fused by love.
Has Dian stooped, by this one kiss,
To forfeit all her goddess-bliss?
O wind, that sighs this hill upon, —
Endymion, Endymion, —
Make answer: "Never so before,
Immortal now forevermore!"

*Miss L. W. Backus.*

# MOUNTAINS IN LITERATURE.

It may be fair to wonder whether the people who spend the summer in the Adirondacks, or what used to be called, unadvisedly for purposes of advertisement, the White Hills, or who corroborate or contradict the affirmations and implications of Daisy Miller, in Switzerland, understand precisely with what a novel emotion they dilate when they gaze at mountains. Do they know that a little more than a hundred years ago our ancestors, who had their own opinion about their taste, looked with very different feelings at all extraordinary elevations of the earth's surface? It would naturally seem as if the love of mountain scenery were but the survival of a primitive feeling which was shared by all who had any admiration for the beauties of nature, but on examination it seems like something of very modern growth.

Without going back now to Homer and Virgil, to the rich stores of Hebrew poetry, or even to Milton and Marvell and Chaucer and Spenser, to see how those writers looked at mountains, it may be sufficient to notice how calmly some later authors have spoken about certain scenes, where even unsentimental travelers have learned from their guide-books to stand still, gaze, and give expression to what are doubtless sincere raptures. Travelers in the Middle Ages looked at mountains with very different eyes. The Crusaders made their way through the Tyrol with nothing but dread of the lofty peaks, which they called *horribiles*, and it was only the cultivated valleys that they called *amœnæ*. Many examples of this way of regarding natural objects may be found in a little monograph by Professor Friedländer,[1] a book from which I shall draw freely. Thus, he has quoted one remark from a book by Stephen Münster, published in 1544, to the effect that when he stood at the top of the Gemmi his bones and his heart quivered, while all the less awful places he calls pleasant and agreeable in contrast with the terrible cliffs and mountains.

Even Addison, superior as he was to many of his time, who was an admirer of Chevy Chase at a period when the love of ballads was not wide-spread, and who exercised very great influence on German literature by his Saturday papers in the Spectator on Milton's Paradise Lost, has but cool praise for the natural beauties of Switzerland. Speaking of Thonon, a town on the south shore of the Lake of Geneva, he says: "There are vistas in front of it of great length, that terminate upon the lake. At one side of the walks you have a near prospect of the Alps, which are broken into so many steeps and precipices that they fill the mind with an agreeable kind of horror, and form one of the most irregular, misshapen scenes in the world." Again, in speaking of the view from Berne, he says: "There is the noblest summer-prospect in the world from this walk; for you have a full view of a huge range of mountains that lie in the country of the Grisons, and are buried in snow. They are about twenty-five leagues' distance from the town, though by reason of their height and their color they seem much nearer." The shores of the Inn he calls "a fine landskip." There is no Cook's tourist who would not say more than this nowadays.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague describes crossing Mont Cenis, in 1718, as follows: "The prodigious prospect of mountains covered with eternal snow, of clouds hanging below our feet, and of vast cascades tumbling down the rocks with a confused roaring would have been entertaining to me, if I had suffered less from the extreme cold that reigns here."

In Sir Charles Grandison, in the letter No. CLIV., from Mr. Lowther to John Arnold, the same expedition is de-

[1] Ueber die Entstehung und Entwickelung des Gefühls für das Romantische in der Natur. Von Ludwig Friedländer. Leipzig. 1873.

scribed, and this account may probably be called a fair example of the general opinion of the time concerning the sort of scenery it describes. "There [at Pont Beauvoisin] we bid adieu to France, and found ourselves in Savoy, equally noted for its poverty and rocky mountains. Indeed, it was a total change of the scene. We had left behind us a blooming spring, which enlivened with its verdure the trees and hedges on the road we passed, and the meadows already smiled with flowers. The cheerful inhabitants were busy in adjusting their limits, lopping their trees, pruning their vines, tilling their fields; but when we entered Savoy, nature wore a very different face; and I must own that my spirits were great sufferers by the change. Here we began to view on the nearer mountains, covered with ice and snow, notwithstanding the advanced season, the rigid winter in frozen majesty.

"Overpowered by the fatigues I had undergone in the expedition we had made, the unseasonable coldness of the weather, and the sight of one of the worst countries under heaven, still clothed in snow and deformed by continual hurricanes, I was here taken ill. . . . Every object which here presents itself is excessively miserable."

Gray, the poet, when he wrote his account of this trip, under date of November 7, 1739, had already expressed himself in very much this way. He said, "The winter was so far advanced as in great measure to spoil the beauty of the prospect; however, there was still somewhat fine remaining amidst the savageness and horror of the place." Again, a few weeks later, December 19, 1739, he speaks of the Apennines as "not so horrid[1] as the Alps, though pretty near as high." Yet these passages are more than outweighed by what he wrote about the Grande Chartreuse. In a letter of October 13th, of the same year, he describes at length the excursion he took thither: "On the one hand is the rock, with woods of pine-trees hanging over-head; on the other, a monstrous precipice, almost perpendicular," etc., — all of which may be found put into Latin in the Alcaic Ode he left on the books of the monastery when he visited it again in August, 1741: —

> "Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
> Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem."

And again, a week after the passage of the Mont Cenis, November 16th: "I own I have not as yet met anywhere those grand and simple works of art that are to amaze one, and whose sight one is to be the better for; but those of nature have astonished me beyond expression. In our little journey up to the Grande Chartreuse, I do not remember to have gone ten paces without an exclamation that there was no restraining: not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry. Mont Cenis, I confess, carries the permission mountains have of being frightful rather too far; and its horrors were accompanied with too much danger to give us time to reflect upon their beauties."

While Gray came nearer expressing the modern feeling than the other writers from whom quotations have been taken, many travelers of different times were far behind even the coolest of these. Thus, Montaigne, in his Journey into Italy, speaking of the mountains near the Lago di Garda, — in which, it will be remembered, was Catullus's Sirmio, — says that the mountains belting "the lake are the most rugged that our gentlemen had yet seen," and that they found the neighboring road "the roughest they had as yet traversed, and the scenery was wild and forbidding in the highest degree; both of which circumstances were owing to these same mountains, which here abut on the road." Of the Apennines he says that they were, "almost without exception, wild and barren."

The Président de Brosses, who entered Italy by way of Toulon, the Riviera, and Genoa, after speaking of the beautiful prospective made by the mountains at a distance from the Rhone, has nothing to say about the beauty of the maritime Alps; all that he finds to praise is the abundance of well-built and well-

[1] Of course, here, as in the other quotations from writers of the last century, *horrid* has its older meaning, like Latin *horridus;* not, as now, disagreeable.

peopled towns and villages. But then it is to be remembered that few travelers have his gift of describing a city.

Now, in the face of the quotations given above from Gray's Letters,[1] to affirm that no one before Rousseau enjoyed mountain scenery would be very much like saying that there was no love of liberty in this country before the Declaration of Independence. Yet the writer will endeavor to show that it was Rousseau who first said in a memorable way what we have learned to repeat so glibly; who first put into precise language what others had doubtless felt more or less, but had failed to express clearly, and that on this account he may be fairly credited with the distinction of enlarging to a considerable extent the sympathies of mankind. And it must not be forgotten that, to put it crudely, no mountains were too high for Rousseau. Even Gray, in his genuine enthusiasm, did not get above the line of vegetation, and the others who preceded Gray did not rise very far from the plain.

Haller, who is better known as a scientific man than as a poet, had finished, in 1729, a poem, Die Alpen, which some one or two German writers have taken to be the cause of the modern interest in Switzerland; but this opinion would seem to be the result of excessive patriotism, for the poem, which is only a very short one, contains no real description of Alpine scenery. It was Thomson who really introduced the description of nature at a time when the usual epithets had become very vague and inexact. Dryden had written such lines as these:

"All things are hush'd, as nature's self lay dead.
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head,
The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
And sleeping flowers beneath the night-dews sweat."

This passage had been much admired in its time, as we know from Mrs. Piozzi, who speaks of it as equal to Shakespeare's description of night, and from Wordsworth. Yet in Thomson there was a very different way of writing about nature. To be sure, he was much overweighted by ponderous imitation of classical models, and Johnson did a fair thing when he read a passage aloud, leaving out every other line, but yet securing his hearer's praise of the extract. But in spite of his faults, Thomson saw clearly and frequently described well many natural objects. He was a stranger to the glow we find in later poets, and his thoughts move in a circle that was limited by contemporary fashion; yet, though he nowhere rises to the level of those who, besides enjoying and expressing the beauty of earth, sea, and sky, were able to show their elevating influence upon man, he introduced into English literature a wave of fresh air, which made the way easier for Cowper and Burns and Wordsworth. As Leslie Stephen has said of the Seasons, "there are few poems in which we can more distinctly hear the wind stirring the forests, and feel the sun striking upon the plains."[2] His influence over both France and Germany would be an interesting subject of study.

He did not overlook the mountains: Thus, in describing the sunset, Spring, l. 192, he says: —

"The rapid Radiance instantaneous strikes
The illumined mountain, through the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods."

Again, l. 957: —

"To where the broken landscape, by degrees
Ascending, roughens into rigid hills;
O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
That skirt the blue horizon, dusky, rise."

In Autumn, l. 711, he calls the mountain "horrid, vast, sublime." Winter, l. 389: —

"By wintry Famine roused, from all the tract
Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps
And wavy Apennines and Pyrenees
Branch out stupendous into distant lands,
. . . . . .
Assembling wolves in raging troops descend."

And other similar passages might be quoted, but these are sufficient to show with what keen eyes Thomson looked on

[1] The Rev. Norton Nicholls, in one of his letters to Gray, written from Bath, November 27, 1769, about their friend Bonstetten, says, "I have a partiality to him because he was born among mountains, and talks of them with enthusiasm." And see Gray's Tour in the North, especially the letters to Dr. Wharton, No. IV., October 18, 1769.

[2] History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century, vol. ii. p. 360.

the landscape at a period when poetry was mainly used as a vehicle for ethical argument. John Dyer's Grongar Hill and Country Walk, 1727, show, too, a similar love of nature, and there can be but little doubt that alongside of the admiration of Pope's study of man there ran a genuine love of such a poet of nature as Spenser. Against the very frequent gross caricatures of his verse we can set many proofs of the way he was read by Thomson, whose Castle of Indolence was an open imitation, by Gray, Steele, Shenstone, Collins, and even by Pope. Yet while the love of nature probably never died, even in the most artificial period, the discussion of its exact extent would carry us too far. It is the mountains that alone concern us here.

Rousseau it was who first fairly brought them into literature; and yet this is but one of the minor changes he wrought in subsequent literary fashions. In the Nouvelle Héloïse, he gave expression to a genuine love of his native country. The book contains many passages of eloquent descriptions of the scenery of Switzerland. In his Confessions he describes what it is that he thinks a fine country: "I must have torrents, rocks, pines, black forests, mountains, rough roads running up and down, precipices on each side that shall make me really frightened. Near Chambéry I had this pleasure, and I enjoyed it to the utmost." And he goes on to paint the scene and the pleasure he had in growing giddy as he looked down the chasms. He may be said to have been the first to sing the beauties of the Lake of Geneva. Thus, in Partie IV., Letter XVII., after describing the view of the two shores from the lake near Meillerie, he speaks of a certain spot: "This solitary place formed a savage and desert retreat, which was full of those kinds of beauty that please only sensitive souls, and appear horrible to others. Twenty paces off, a turbid stream, formed by the melting snow, was rushing noisily by, carrying with it mud, sand, and stones. Behind us, a chain of inaccessible rocks divided the plateau on which we were from that point of the Alps which is called Les Glacières, from the enormous icy masses that have stood there, continually growing, ever since the creation of the world. Forests of dark pines threw a black shadow on our right. On our left, beyond the torrent, was a great oak wood; and beneath us that vast expanse of water which the lake forms in the bosom of the Alps separated us from the Pays de Vaud, where the summit of the majestic Jura completed the picture."

Here, too, is Rousseau, speaking in the person of Saint-Preux, who is supposed to be returning from a journey round the world: —

"The nearer I came to Switzerland, the more were my feelings moved. The moment when from the heights of the Jura I descried the Lake of Geneva was a moment of ecstasy and rapture. The sight of my country, that so-beloved country, where torrents of pleasure had overwhelmed [*inondé*] my heart, the wholesome, pure air of the Alps; the soft air of home [*de la patrie*], sweeter than the perfumes of the East; this rich and fertile soil; this unrivaled landscape, the most beautiful that human eye has ever seen; this charming spot, of which I had never beheld the like in my journey; the sight of a happy and free people; the softness of the season; the gentleness of the climate; a thousand delicious memories that recalled all the emotions I had felt, — all these things threw me into transports that I cannot describe." [1]

There are other passages in this as well as in some of his other works that might be quoted, but these may serve as examples of Rousseau's affection for nature, and especially of his feeling about the grand scenery of Switzerland. Of the interest that was felt at the time in the Nouvelle Héloïse, those of us who remember the excitement over the appearance of the first volumes of Victor Hugo's Les Misérables can probably form an accurate idea. The book was let out by the circulating libraries for the sum of twelve sous an hour, and was read and admired in spite of Voltaire's sneers. Those who take it up now (and it cannot be recommended to all readers) will have

[1] Nouvelle Héloïse, Part. IV., Let. VI.

no difficulty in seeing why it was popular. Rousseau's eloquence has not lost its charm in more than a century, and his eagerness and evident sincerity could not fail of an effect upon readers who asked nothing beyond the kindling of their emotions. In spite of what seems to us its excessive length, it must have appeared like one of a half-hour series to those who read Richardson without yawning. As has been said, the praise of nature that the story contained is but one of its minor merits; more complicated social questions — entirely outside of the one the book was written to establish — were discussed with great freedom, but they do not belong here. The curious reader will find them treated at due length and with remarkable skill in an excellent book, Erich Schmidt's Richardson, Rousseau, and Goethe (Jena, 1875).

It would be unwise to say that Goethe's Werther was but the result of Rousseau's novel, yet it is impossible not to see the enormous influence the French writer's work had upon the young German. Rousseau introduced into literature an element that had been lacking heretofore, and Goethe lent additional impulse to the general excitement. We find in Goethe many traces of the French model; as Mr. Morley says, in his book on Rousseau,[1] "We may be sure that Werther (1774) would not have found Charlotte cutting bread and butter if Saint-Preux had not gone to see Julie take cream and cakes with her children and her female servants; and perhaps the other and nobler Charlotte of the Wahlverwandtschaften (1809) would not have detained us so long with her moss hut, her terrace, her park prospect, if Julie had not had her Elysium, where the sweet freshness of the air, the cool shadows, the shining verdure, flowers diffusing fragrance and color, water running with soft whisper, and the song of a thousand birds reminded the returned traveler of Tinian and Juan Fernandez."

The direct effects that Rousseau's eloquent words about nature had on French literature are sufficiently clear when we think of Paul and Virginia, Atala and René, and Obermann. It is the last-named book that most concerns us here in the discussion of mountains. Obermann is perhaps better known through Mr. Matthew Arnold's poem than for itself; and while it is true that, as Sainte-Beuve says of the hero, by being so *ennuyé* he at last runs the risk of becoming *ennuyeux*, there are passages in his Confessions (for such they were) that are, to speak mildly, sufficiently striking. We may be unable to sympathize with the enthusiasm of an older generation of French readers about the book, yet no one can fail to notice how Rousseau had taught its author to find companionship in mountains.

In English literature we shall find it harder to discover precise traces of Rousseau's influence. The truth would seem to be that in this case, as in so very many others, it is almost impossible to put our finger on any one man and say that he was the first to give expression to any particular thought. Just as with inventions there are half a dozen inventors who are forever discussing the priority of their claims to the distinction of originality, until mankind, growing weary of the discussion, settles the matter once for all, and refuses to have the question reopened, so it is with many literary matters. To adopt a phrase of Chauncey Wright's, there would seem to be a sort of intellectual weather, the laws of which we cannot detect, that controls the apparently disorderly succession of the movements of thought, that produces apparently unrelated movements of almost the same kind, at wholly remote places. Merely to enumerate the attending circumstances is not to give a satisfactory explanation of the underlying causes, and to put down all that later English poets have uttered concerning nature to Rousseau's credit would be a great mistake. How many points of resemblance there are between Cowper and Rousseau has often been shown, and we can have no doubt that the modest English poet was to some extent influenced by his more famous contemporary. But it would be hard to indicate a line that

[1] Vol. ii. p. 37.

one would be safe in assuming owed direct inspiration from Rousseau. The movement was in the air, and while in their glorification of family life they both were moved by like feelings, it is hard to see how Cowper, who, we know, read Rousseau, could have withstood his charm, or could have escaped being much moved by him.

Perhaps the one of Rousseau's predecessors who most nearly anticipated the modern enthusiasm about mountains was Beattie, in his Minstrel. And it is not to be forgotten that the feeling for nature never quite died out of English poetry. Even Akenside, whom no future times will ever mistake for a poet of this century, brought into his Pleasures of Imagination many references to nature, although they were principally of an academic sort. For example: —

> "'T was a horrid pile
> Of hills, with many a shaggy forest mixed,
> With many a sable cliff and glittering stream.
> Aloft, recumbent o'er the hanging ridge,
> The brown woods waved," etc., etc.

It is no wonder that he said, what indeed few would deny, that

> "The spacious west
> And all the teeming regions of the south
> Hold not a quarry, to the curious flight
> Of knowledge, half so tempting or so fair
> As man to man."

While Addison, backed by one quotation from Horace and one from Virgil, affirmed in the Spectator, No. 414, that "tho' there are several of the wild Scenes, that are more delightful than any artificial Shows; yet we find the Works of Nature still more pleasant, the more they resemble those of art," others knew simpler joys. And it may be said, by the way, that in this very number of the Spectator Addison anticipated Rousseau by abusing artificial gardens. "Our British gardeners," he observes, ". . . instead of humouring Nature, love to deviate from it as much as possible. Our Trees rise in Cones, Globes, and Pyramids. We see the Marks of the Scissors upon every Plant and Bush. I do not know whether I am singular in my Opinion, but, for my own part, I would rather look upon a Tree in all its Luxuriancy and Diffusion, than when it is thus cut and trimmed into a Mathematical Figure." And he compares these artificial arrangements and the little labyrinths with the wilder beauty of French and Italian gardens, just as, half a century later, Rousseau complained of the artificiality of these in comparison with the naturalness of the English parks.[1]

Doctor Johnson did not anticipate the taste of the present day in regard to natural objects. In his Journey to the Western Islands, he has more or less to say about mountains, and he speaks of them with calmness: "They exhibit very little variety, being almost wholly covered with dark heath, and even that seems to be checked in its growth. What is not heath is nakedness, a little diversified by now and then a stream rushing down the steep. An eye accustomed to flowery pastures and waving harvests is astonished and repelled by this wide extent of hopeless sterility. The appearance is that of matter incapable of form or usefulness, dismissed by Nature from her care, and disinherited of her favours; left in its original elemental state, or quickened only with one sullen power of useless vegetation.

"It will very readily occur that this uniformity of barrenness can afford very little amusement to the traveler; that it is easy to sit at home and conceive rocks and heath and waterfalls; and that these journeys are useless labours, which nei-

[1] Pope was an ally of Addison in the denunciation of artificial gardens; and he wrote a paper in the Guardian, No. 173, in 1713, a year after Addison's in the Spectator, in which he attacked the "various tonsure of greens." He says: "We run into sculpture, and are yet better pleased to have our trees in the most awkward figures of men and animals than in the most regular of their own," giving grotesque examples of the fashion which the two men between them succeeded in abolishing. The change in England was immediate. Horace Walpole judged that Bridgeman, the leading gardener of that day, was "struck and reformed" by that Guardian. In France artificiality would seem never to have gone to such lengths as in England, where the Dutch taste had done harm, but it is not till after Rousseau had written that we find symptoms of a change to greater freedom than before. Loudon says (Encycl. of Gardening, p. 76), "The English style of gardening began to pass into France after the Peace of 1762, and was soon afterward pursued with the utmost enthusiasm." Perhaps it is through gardens that we have found our way to the wider appreciation of nature.

ther impregnate the imagination nor enlarge the understanding. . . . Regions mountainous and wild, thinly inhabited and little cultivated, make a great part of the earth, and he that has never seen them must live unacquainted with much of the face of nature, and with one of the great scenes of human existence." And a few lines further, he describes a place where he rested: "Before me, and on either side, were hills, which, by hindering the eye from ranging, forced the mind to find entertainment for itself. Whether I spent the hour well I know not; for here I first conceived the thought of this narration."

Goldsmith, too, had written about the same country in a letter dated September 26, 1753: "Shall I tire you with a description of this unfruitful country, where I must lead you over their hills all brown with heath, or their valleys scarcely able to feed a rabbit? Man alone seems to be the only creature who has arrived to the natural size in this poor soil. Every part of the country presents the same dismal landscape. No grove nor brook lend their music to cheer the stranger, or make the inhabitants forget their poverty." And later, in writing from Leyden, he says, "Scotland and this country bear the highest contrast. There, hills and rocks intercept every prospect; here 't is all a continued plain." In his poems, too, and notably in The Traveller, the descriptions of scenery, though accurate, are quite untinged by emotion.

Yet Beattie is not to be forgotten meanwhile; Johnson and Goldsmith were two of his friends, but he belonged in feeling to a later generation. In his Minstrel he describes a youth who came to poetry through lonely communion with nature:

"Concourse and noise and toil he ever fled,
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps; but to the forest sped,
Or roamed at large the lonely mountain's head,
Or where the maze of some bewildered stream
To deep, untrodden groves his footsteps led."
(Book I., xvii.)

And I., xix:—

"Lo! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice, o'erhung with pine,
And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine,
While waters, woods, and winds in concert join,
And echo swells the chorus to the skies.
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
Ah, no! he better knows great nature's charms to prize.

XX.

"And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain gray,
And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn:
Far to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while."

And liii.:—

"Oft when the winter storm had ceased to rave,
He roamed the stormy waste at even, to view
The cloud stupendous, from th' Atlantic wave
High-towering, sail along th' horizon blue;
Where, midst the changeful scenery, ever new,
Fancy a thousand wondrous forms descries,
More wildly great than ever pencil drew,—
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,
And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise."

And lviii:—

"Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful or new,
Sublime or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,
By chance or search, was offered to his view,
He scanned with curious and romantic eye."

In these extracts we have certain sides of nature sung by one who both knew them and loved them; to set Goldsmith's somewhat frigid enumeration of the objects of the landscape above descriptive poetry like Gray's, Collins's, and Beattie's, as Mr. Stopford Brooke has done in his Theology in the English Poets, because Goldsmith "freed the landscape in his descriptions from the burden of human feeling," which the others and Thomas Warton "had imposed upon it," — to do this is something like arranging the facts to suit a theory. The only prospect the Traveller really saw was not that of hills and fields and rivers, but, as the second part of the title runs, a prospect of society. The Alps were, in Goldsmith's eyes, nothing more than a sort of natural bulwark, which protected the Swiss against the dangers of civilization.

To speak of "creation's charms," and "woods over woods, in gay, theatric pride," can hardly be called with justice an advance over the way in which Beattie sang of the scenery he loved.

In fact, The Minstrel has a very modern sound, in spite of its slight artificiality, and there is a passage from Beattie's Retirement that has a quality many

of our contemporaries have struggled for in vain. This is it: —

"Thy shades, thy silence, now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme;
My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
Waves o'er the gloomy stream.
*Whence the scared owl, on pinions gray,*
*Breaks from the rustling boughs,*
*And down the lone vale sails away*
*To more profound repose.*"

It will be noticed that the two poets who, in a time when artificial poetry was most popular, broke away into open praise of nature, namely, Thomson and Beattie, were both Scotchmen, as were also Logan and Michael Bruce, who followed more or less in their footsteps, to say nothing of Burns; and this love of describing nature had been a trait of Scotch poets from the earliest times. Yet even they were not alone; besides Gray, Collins, and T. Warton in England, we occasionally find traces of the same feeling among the Germans. Klopstock, to be sure, had no eye for the scenery of Switzerland, — and one may say this in the face of his ode to Lake Zürich. Indeed, he was hardly more alive to it than was St. Bernard, of whom the story is told that, having one day journeyed along the shores of the Lake of Geneva, he was asked what he thought of the lake. "What lake?" was his answer. He had not noticed the view at all. Yet Winckelmann, in describing his journey to Italy in the autumn of 1755, spoke with real enthusiasm of the part of it that ran through the Tyrol. "I was happier," says one of his letters, "in a village, in a ravine between the snow-covered mountains, than even in Italy. No one has seen anything wonderful or astounding who has not seen this land with the same eyes with which I viewed it. Here mother Nature appears in her astounding grandeur." And a few lines further on he speaks of the "awfully beautiful [*erschrecklich schöner*] mountains."

After all, while there were many who felt more or less distinctly a love for mountain scenery, it was Rousseau who was the first to give expression to it in what must have seemed to his contemporaries the final way. To what had been a latent, undefined, vague emotion he gave such life by the force of his eloquence and the contagion of his example that those who felt his power at once followed in the new path he opened before them. He did not create the feeling, but he stamped it with his genius, and it became current coin. To suppose, for instance, that Rousseau was in any sense the intellectual father of, say, Wordsworth's love of wild scenery would be most rash. As we have tried to show, there were many things leading to the same end, yet Rousseau doubtless aided Wordsworth in defining his ideas, as he surely aided the poet's readers to the appreciation of his work.

Of one direct result, the increased interest in Switzerland, there are many proofs. Not only are there in the letters of that time frequent references to the Alps and their newly discovered beauty; travelers, too, turned their steps in that direction. Among the first was Goethe, who, in 1779, visited Switzerland with the Counts Stolberg. The Briefe aus der Schweiz, Zweite Abtheilung,[1] contain many full descriptions of the objects he saw and studied, and there are occasional references to the fact that the country was becoming a place of frequent resort. Thus, under date of October 27, 1779, he says, "Here and there on the way much was said about the interest of the glaciers of Savoy, and when we reached Geneva we heard that it was becoming more and more the fashion to visit them, so that the count became extremely anxious to go there," in spite of the lateness of the season; and thither they went. They found a lodging-house opened some years before "in honor of the visitors," and, more than this, they came to a hut belonging to an English resident of Geneva, Mr. "Blaire," — may he not have been a mountain-loving Scotchman? — with a window in it overlooking the whole glacier. One of the guides told Goethe that he had accompanied strangers about the mountains for twenty-eight years; in which

[1] Goethe's sämmtliche Werke in dreissig Bänden, vol. xiv. p. 133.

case he must have been one of the earliest of the Chamouny guides, for it was in 1741 that two Englishmen, Pococke and Windham, may be said to have discovered the valley of Chamouny. It is curious to read that they made their way into what they took for a haunt of robbers armed to the teeth, escorted by an armed band, and that they passed the night in tents, with watch-fires burning and sentinels on guard against an attack. Saussure says that twenty or twenty-five years later the place was seldom visited, and then almost entirely by Englishmen, who were attracted there as much by Saussure's account of Chamouny as by anything else. Goethe's father could not understand why his son turned back on the top of the St. Gothard instead of going down into Italy. "He was especially unable to evince the smallest sympathy for those rocks and misty lakes and nests of dragons."

Coxe, who, between 1776 and 1785, published several editions of his Travels in Switzerland, a book that is full of information, spoke of the awful "sublimity of the falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen." Elsewhere he says, as if in reference to those of an older generation who agreed with Goethe's father, "Those who are pleased with an uniform view may continue in the plain; while others, who delight in the grand and the sublime, and are struck with the wantonness of wild, uncultivated nature, will prefer this road [from Appenzell to Salets] to the smoothest turnpike in Great Britain."

Yet even he had feelings of reaction, as when he says, "The traveler may be disappointed whose imagination has been previously filled with turgid description, or who applies to the valleys of ice that sublimity and magnificence which are principally due to the Alps above and around them." [1]

But quotations must stop. It will be noticed that as there were brave men before Agamemnon, so there were mount-

[1] Perhaps as marked an instance as any that readily suggests itself of a modern writer totally, or very nearly, indifferent to nature is Charles Lamb. It is true that Coleridge wrote of him, —

"My gentle-hearted Charles! for thou hast pined
And hungered after Nature, many a year
In the great city pent."
(This Lime-Tree Bower my Prison.)

Yet Lamb disowned not only the epithet of gentle-hearted (vide his letter to Coleridge, August 6, 1800), but also all love of nature. For instance, in his letter to Wordsworth of January 30, 1801, he says, "I have no passion (or have had none since I was in love, and then it was the spurious engendering of poetry and books) for groves and valleys. The rooms where I was born, the furniture which has been before my eyes all my life, a book-case which has followed me about like a faithful dog (only exceeding him in knowledge) wherever I have moved, old chairs, old tables, streets, squares, where I have sunned myself, my old school, — these are my mistresses. Have I not enough without your mountains? I do not envy you. I should pity you did I not know that the mind will make friends of anything. Your sun and moon and skies and hills and lakes affect me no more, or scarcely come to me in more venerable characters, than as a gilded room with tapestry and tapers, where I might live with handsome visible objects. I consider the clouds above me but as a roof beautifully painted, but unable to satisfy the mind; and at last, like the pictures of the apartment of a connoisseur, unable to afford him any longer a pleasure. So fading upon me, from disuse, have been the beauties of nature, as they have been confinedly called; so ever fresh and green and warm are all the inventions of men, and assemblies of men in this great city." And in an undated letter to Manning, he speaks of "enchanting (more than Mahometan paradise) London, whose dirtiest drab-frequent alley and her lowest bowing tradesman I would not exchange for Skiddaw, Helvellyn, James, Walter, and the parson into the bargain," referring more particularly to Wordsworth's poem, The Brothers.

One is reminded of the story about Lady Mackintosh, told by H. C. Robinson (Am. ed., vol. i. p. 251). She was mentioning to Coleridge her indifference to the beauties of nature, and he quoted from Peter Bell: —

"A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

"Yes," said Lady Mackintosh, "that is precisely my case."

Lamb's letter to Manning, 24th of September, 1802, describing his trip to the lakes, is too long to quote, as it deserves, in full. He says, "In fine, I have satisfied myself that there is such a thing as that which tourists call *romantic*, which I very much suspected before; they make such a spluttering about it, and toss their splendid epithets around them, till they give as dim a light as at four o'clock next morning the lamps do after an illumination. . . . After all, I could not live in Skiddaw. I could spend a year, two, three years, among them, but I must have a prospect of seeing Fleet Street at the end of that time, or I should mope and pine away. Still, Skiddaw is a fine creature."

The reader of Lamb will remember many other even more striking instances of his rapturous praise of London. See, also, Launcelot Cross's Characteristics of Leigh Hunt, pages 50, 51, where this trait in Lamb is fully discussed.

ain lovers before Rousseau, yet that he was the first to give his beloved Alps, and, indeed, mountains in general, the place they now hold in literature.[1] Imlac, the poet in Rasselas, had said, to be sure, that mountains, like everything else in nature, ought to be studied by all who followed his profession, who should "be conversant with all that is awfully vast, or elegantly little;" but Rousseau, in his hatred of the society he saw about him, saw what he supposed to be an uncorrupted race, living in a region where one might forget what the inhabitants never knew, the vices of the town. The love of his native land and the memory of his long-lost innocence were associated with Switzerland, and there he placed the ideal household of the Nouvelle Héloïse. Among its mountains, in its grand scenery, he could forget what he hated; he read in them his own detestation of worldliness; and while we have learned to look at civilization in a different way, we have not lost that view of nature which he was the first to open to us. Even if we gaze at the mountains or at plains with other emotions, it may be that in the complexity of civilization we have grown accustomed to finding whatever we please in the landscape, and that we read in it what we have in our own hearts. Perhaps, to take an example, the expanse of ocean, which, from association or emotion, expresses despair to one, and may express calm joy to another, is like a great mirror which images but what gazes at it. And so it may be with nature in general. Is it not possible, too, that our present enthusiasm about it is closely related to the modern feeling about music, of which very much the same thing is true?

*Thomas Sergeant Perry.*

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## IRENE THE MISSIONARY.

### XXIII.

A MONTH passed away, — for Irene a month of study and conversational practice in Arabic, of constitutionals about the rugged crest on which the village stood, and of little more.

The walks were usually to the spring, nearly a quarter of a mile from the village. There was some amusement in watching the sunburnt maidens, who filled their enormous water-jars and skipped away with them on their heads, or perhaps washed to resplendent whiteness the broad-tailed, corpulent sheep which was to provide the winter meat of a household. Sometimes, with Saada and Rufka in company, she pushed on to a huge precipice which overhung a neighboring wady. Or she climbed to the crown of the Bhamdun ridge, and obtained a far-away view of the Mediterranean. Mr. Payson rode once to Abeih, but Irene could not accompany him, for there was the rejected doctor.

It was still life, truly Oriental in its extreme tranquillity, and seeming to her at times wofully ineffective. Judge, there-

[1] Doudan has some interesting remarks on this subject. "You are right in finding the Pyrenees wonderful. Those beautiful green-clad mountains are not generally to be found in the South, and in Switzerland they lack the brilliant crown that the sun gives them. Yet the poor, somewhat arid Apennines and the barren rocks of Greece say more to the imagination. The roads over which Homer and Dante have passed are always the most beautiful. As you stroll through the paths in the Pyrenees, you will meet only pretty Parisian ladies, riding wretched steeds. In time these ladies pass away, but Helen is always beautiful on the road to Argos, and Francesca di Rimini on the shores of the Adriatic. Why are there charming countries on which poetry takes no hold? Lord Byron wrote in beautiful verse about Portugal, but the verse is forgotten. Those he composed about Greece are no finer, and every one knows them by heart. Examine this at your leisure, and see if it may not be with countries as it is with people, that too faultless beauty becomes a trifle insignificant by its very faultlessness." (Vol. ii. Let. lxxxii.)

fore, of the joy and excitement in the Payson household when, one May afternoon, Hubertsen DeVries rode up to its door. Irene, startled out of her usual staidness, fairly ran into the street to greet him.

"What has become of your Amalekite?" she asked. "I want my crown and bracelet."

"You will have to wear a millstone," he said. "I found nothing more elegant than millstones."

"What, nothing? Nothing Philistine?" She was nearly as disappointed as himself, and looked much more so. It is all nonsense to say that young ladies cannot sympathize with antiquarians, providing these last are not themselves antiquities.

"I shall try Ashdod next," he replied. "Old Askelon was pretty certainly built of unburnt bricks. I ought to have gone to Ashdod. There must be something there, — Egyptian, at any rate. But how are you? You are looking wonderfully well."

Here came in the other greetings and felicitations, too numerous to recapitulate. Presently, DeVries turned to Irene once more, and surveyed her with an air of approbation.

"I never saw you looking so well," he said. "You remind me of a certain British drink which I have tasted and found very fortifying."

"A drink?" queried the young lady, unfamiliar with potations, and unable to guess.

"Brown stout," smiled Hubertsen.

"I am *not* so fat!" declared Irene, laughing and coloring. "Of course I am sunburnt. What an outrage to find fault with me about it!"

"I was n't finding fault; quite the contrary," said the young man; and the whole company could see in his eyes that he spoke the truth. Saada, a meek admirer of DeVries, and of Miss Grant also, looked from one to the other, and smiled gayly. Mrs. Payson, remembering her beloved doctor, wanted to change the conversation.

"We must get you established in your room," she observed to the guest. "Do you think that you can sleep with horses under you?"

The question was appropriate to the moment, for Hubertsen's steed and Mr. Payson's kadeesh had just met in the stable, and were squealing at each other like two locomotives.

"I 'll put a stop to those war-whoops to-morrow," said the young man. "Achmet is looking up a house for me in the village, and if he does n't find one I shall pitch a tent on the hill. You won't object, I suppose, to my spending the summer in Bhamdun."

Everybody was delighted, excepting thoughtful Mrs. Payson, who could not help saying something about Abeih being prettier.

"It would be, no doubt, if you were all there," said DeVries, with a glance at Irene and Saada, which seemed to express a tranquil satisfaction in looking at them.

The lady of the house did not take a particle of this compliment to herself, and went off hastily to oversee the fitting up of a bed in the parlor, feeling the while that matters often go wrong in this life.

"Yes, I shall stay in Bhamdun, — mostly," Hubertsen continued; "I must have a cool retreat during the hot season. That coast climate has been a little trying. Miss Grant, what pretty things your girls said about my small presents; and how very considerate it was of you, Mr. Payson, to translate them for me! I sent that letter to my mother."

"Did you, indeed!" smiled the missionary, rejoicing in the young man's dutifulness, as he rejoiced in all signs of good everywhere. "I am glad that I wrote out the children's prattle. It was Irene's happy thought."

DeVries looked at the girl in surprise, and studied her face with a curious calmness. He was obviously pleased that she should have thought in his absence of giving him a pleasure. Seeing that his gaze made her color, he turned away, and spoke of other subjects. It was a singular instance of considerateness in so young a man, and showed better than

almost anything else could how graciously he had been nurtured.

"What a view!" he said, gazing out through one of the Saracenic arches which opened toward the west. "It must be half a mile across this ravine. Is that the song of those muleteers on the other side? One can't help wishing that it was better music. I hate that quavering squall."

"Syria is like a beautiful bird which has a bad voice," put in Saada.

"Well, it *is* beautiful," he replied, glancing down upon the girl with manifest approval of her cleverness. "I don't wonder that this part of the world was first inhabited by civilized men. It deserved the honor. I am saying this partly because it is true, and partly to please you, Saada!"

"I am much obliged to you for saying it, howaja, and also for your present to me. You encumbered us all with your goodness, and there was too much for our hands to carry. I wish you many blessings, and repose to your fingers."

The Arabic phrases were of course meant in part jocosely, and Hubertsen laughed as he replied, "You are very welcome."

"Oh, howaja, I am frightened," added Saada, who had something in her hand, and was blushing magnificently. "I knit a purse of Treblons silk to give you in return for your bounty, and now I am ashamed to offer it, because it is such a poor little thing."

DeVries rose from his chair and extended his hand, as if he were about to receive the gift of an empress.

"May it always be full," said Saada, laying the purse across his palm with trembling fingers, and looking up at him with gratitude for accepting it.

For a moment the young American gazed down into the dark, brilliant Oriental eyes with an expression of fascination. It is barely possible that, if Payson and Miss Grant had not been standing by, he might have done something injudicious. Even as matters were, he expressed his thanks very warmly, and promised to keep the purse forever. Saada smiled shyly, and then quietly withdrew into the background, brimful of throbbings and blushes. I doubt whether Irene, good and magnanimous as she was, enjoyed the scene one half as much as the other two. For a minute or two Hubertsen was absent-minded; he looked over his shoulder after the young Oriental; he seemed hardly aware of his pretty countrywoman. There is a magic at times in a little bit of personal attention from an unexpected quarter.

"What is to become of your Syrian girls?" he presently asked of Mr. Payson. "I would like to send that one home to my mother."

"She had better remain here, and be of service to her own people. In America, how little she would amount to! But here a fairly educated woman may be of inestimable value. What Syria most wants is a benefaction of intelligent, conscientious wives and mothers."

"Still, I should like to send her home," insisted DeVries. "My mother would make a perfect plaything of a Syrian Protestant with such eyes."

Irene listened with a feeling of depression which she could not rule. *Her* friend, who once had such kindly wishes for her, and whose return she had looked forward to with such eagerness, seemed to care less for her than for Saada. Under this neglect, she became humbly anxious to please him, and pondered how she could do it. Should she learn the Deir el Kamr embroidery, and work him a pair of crimson and gold slippers? Would he care for them when they were done? She feared not. Her eyes were not as brilliant as Saada's, and she was not, like Saada, a Syrian and a curiosity; she was only a poor American minister's daughter, and not suitable for a pet and plaything. Right as it all was, of course, it was considerably saddening, and had a tendency to turn one's thoughts toward the path of duty.

"I wish Saada might go to America," she said magnanimously, and thinking that the girl would go with DeVries. "Don't you think, Mr. Payson, that she would interest people in Syria?"

"The idea had not occurred to me,"

he returned. "It may be as you say. And yet I can't quite desire to interest people in that way, — by sending home comely damsels."

"She would draw a full house," smiled Hubertsen.

"I do not like it," said Payson, really hurt by the light-minded way of viewing mission affairs.

"Mr. DeVries was n't thinking of exhibiting her," observed Irene, anxious to exculpate her friend, though he seemed so careless of herself.

"I was n't thinking much about it," he replied languidly; and the tone of indifference brought her some satisfaction.

"I don't think very hard about anything, just now," he went on. "I am jaded and out of sorts, and want utter idleness. It was a smart pull of work, that digging in the hot flats of Askelon; and I feel a little fagged by it, and very glad to get here. And glad to see you both!" he added emphatically. "How have you passed your time, Miss Grant? Have you studied like a German doctor, as usual?"

"Irene has done exceedingly well," affirmed Mr. Payson. "She has made really surprising progress in Arabic. The great gift of tongues was a part of her portion."

DeVries gave the young lady a smile of approbation, which filled her with content.

"E l'italiano?" he queried. "Ha continuato a studiare l'italiano?"

She answered him fluently enough in that language to surprise and please him.

"Very good," he said warmly. "Do keep up the Italian. There is a vast deal of culture — to speak the language of Canaan, I mean Boston — in knowing and using a tongue which possesses a great literature."

Irene made a resolution that she would talk Italian at every opportunity, and would read it aloud to herself at least half an hour every day.

"We 'll practice it together," added DeVries, as though he had divined her thoughts. "We will write themes in it, and get Mr. Payson to correct them."

By this time Irene had forgotten her late moment of depression, and was quite light-hearted again. It is to be feared that her happiness was increased to an almost perilous extent by the fact that during the remainder of the interview the young man's gaze frequently sought her own, or dwelt contentedly upon her face. A terrible amount of talking can be done by two youthful persons with their eyes, even when they do not purpose it. This interchange of views, once begun, is as irresistible as wine to a drunkard. Over and over discretion says, "I will *not* look again," and presently breaks her resolution. Before she is quite aware of her risk, she has a feeling that she has laid herself open to an outspoken tenderness, and is bound by the honor of womanhood to receive it graciously. How can she ever get back to where she was before they two commenced floating toward each other on the wings of those glances? Something seems to be already settled, and quite beyond her feeble undoing.

As for DeVries, he had stumbled by surprise into this voiceless amity, and found himself liking it before he had reflected upon it. It must be understood that he had come up to Lebanon in a frame of mind to fall in love with somebody, if opportunity favored. He was jaded in body and disappointed in soul, and sorely needed a comrade who would nurse and pet him. For months he had been deprived of the converse and sight of women, excepting the wild and haggard daughters of poverty-stricken Philistia. It was a bewitching experience to meet a girl who was clean and civilized and really handsome. His first impulse had been to seize upon Saada; then came a still stronger desire to appropriate Irene.

Why not? She was poor, but he had wealth for both, and that was better. She was certainly pretty enough, and lady-like and clever enough. As for accomplishments, what young lady of his home acquaintance could speak better Italian, or could speak any Arabic at all? With her gift for tongues, she could develop into an accomplished linguist, and receive the learned company which

he loved in a way to gratify his pride. And then Arabic! Why, Arabic was an immense thing! He foresaw that he should have to learn that language himself, if he meant to go to the bottom of Philistine mysteries; and how helpful it would be to him to have a Semitic scholar in the family! All these judicious and commendable thoughts flitted through his mind while he sat talking in the clay-floored hall, now gazing down among the vines and mulberries of Wady Bhamdun, and now exchanging glances with our young missionary.

He was proposing a family trip to the mysterious ruined temples on the slopes of Jebel Sunneen, when Mrs. Payson took charge of him, and led him away to the improvised guest-chamber.

"I like the lad much," said Mr. Payson. "His hands are always full of work. Very few children of the rich are thus incessantly busy with matters which do not pertain to mere pleasure. May the Guide of his mother be his guide also!"

Mrs. Payson, who had returned to the hall, threw an anxious glance at Irene, and wished that Mr. Payson would not praise the "lad" so openly.

"He never thinks of such matters," she sighed to herself, almost bemoaning her saint's excessive spirituality. "I shall really have to tell him that he *must*. What if Irene should take a fancy, and Mr. DeVries should n't offer?"

## XXIV.

The next morning Hubertsen's mind was a good deal less occupied with marrying than with malaria.

The change from the hot air of the coast to the comparative coolness of Bhamdun, four thousand feet above the sea, had brought upon him his first attack of ague. There were two hours of shaking, and then several hours of fever and *malaise*, all miserably depressing to the mind of a novice in the malady, and calculated to make him think chiefly, though meanly enough, of himself.

Scarcely was he about again, with somewhat of the vivacity of youth in his face and soul, when a subject of the bomb-shell order exploded in the family, and engaged its entire attention. A letter from Mr. Kirkwood announced that it seemed best to the mission that some American should join the native preacher in Damascus, and suggested reasons why none of the "brethren" in Abeih could meetly undertake the enterprise.

"We remember the heat of the summer on the plains," the epistle concluded. "But, on the other hand, there will probably be no fighting there, and in the mountain there may be. Do not understand, dear brother, that this work is urged upon you, or commended to you as a duty. Whoever shall adventure it will do so voluntarily. Our doctor is very anxious to go, but he is not fit in health, and he is not a clergyman. Let us know your judgment and desires in this matter, and believe that we shall surely approve of them, whatever they may be."

"Yes, they shall approve of them," said Mr. Payson. "I shall go to Damascus."

"Oh, dear!" groaned Mrs. Payson.

"My child, shall I be less ready to offer my labor than the consul is to offer his money?" he returned, very gently. "Why, it was I who suggested the enterprise. As for the heat, there are English missionaries there, and the houses of Damascus are suited to the climate. I will not ask you to go."

"I am *going*," returned the wife almost indignantly; and the satisfied husband smiled on her very kindly.

"Our children here must be watched over," he continued. "No doubt some one will be spared from Abeih for that purpose."

"I hope it will be the doctor," said Mrs. Payson. "He needs the Bhamdun air, if any one does."

Irene looked up with a startled glance, and then fell into deep meditation. Meantime DeVries said nothing, understanding perfectly that he could not volunteer to take charge of a family of young ladies, though he was thinking that there would be a chance for a pleasant

sort of protectorate, or at least an *entente cordiale*.

"The doctor would be a very proper person," observed Mr. Payson, who knew nothing of the emotional entanglements between Macklin and Miss Grant, and who, in his guilelessness, was not accustomed to consider the possibility of such things.

"I should like to go with you to Damascus," said Irene, raising her eyes from her broodings. "Mrs. Payson may be taken sick. There ought to be a third person; and why not I?"

Mrs. Payson did not look as grateful as her husband thought she ought to. The excellent lady's instant suspicion was that Irene wanted to evade the doctor, and that she would only too easily allure the doctor's rival after her to the new station. There was a certain amount of truth in this truly feminine divination. Irene undoubtedly did want to escape the daily companionship of a respected friend who would persist in trying to be a lover. But as to DeVries, she had no hope of being pursued by him to the hot plain of Damascus, and what trouble there was in her face arose largely from the thought that she might see him no more.

"Really, I don't admire that plan," the young man himself broke in. "Miss Grant is n't acclimated. Of course, I don't want to interfere in mission affairs."

"I think Irene has judged well," said Mr. Payson, quite unsuspicious of the little asides of feeling in the other three, and speaking solely from the mission point of view. "The new-comers bear Syria better than the old hands. She is in good health, I believe."

"You called me brown stout yourself," Irene laughed, or tried to laugh.

"It was ironical," said DeVries. "I was struck by your pallor and feebleness."

"Why, it 's impossible!" replied the young lady, who often failed to understand humor. "I was a little ailing in Beirut, but I have been very well since I came to the mountain."

Then Saada changed the conversation by asking anxiously if she and Rufka were to go.

"No," decided the head of the family. "You younglings will abide in the fold."

Saada glanced sidelong at DeVries, with such a sparkling of joy in her wonderful eyes that Irene, who observed the tell-tale radiance, felt a momentary pang. Hubertsen, who also caught this glimpse of a Syrian soul, wavered between a noble desire to go to Damascus and a temptation to remain in Bhamdun.

"She is a pretty plaything," he thought, or something like it, as he studied the deepening color in Saada's cheeks. "I wonder if I shall ever be really taken with anything but a plaything. I wonder if she could develop into anything more than a plaything."

"How would Damascus suit my case?" he judiciously asked, at the close of these reflections.

Payson replied that it would not do; that the young man needed an entire summer of Lebanon air; that he must break up his ague, if he wanted to resume his excavations with comfort and safety.

"Then I shall travel a good deal about the mountains," said Hubertsen, with the lofty air of one who paves a certain torrid locality.

Irene could not help feeling grateful, or, more accurately speaking, gratified. She was shamefaced about it, however, and did not glance at him with the child-like simplicity, the Oriental fervor, of Saada. Perhaps it would have been no worse for all concerned if she had had less of Occidental staidness and self-command.

"When shall you go?" was DeVries's next query. "I don't see that you need hurry. Damascus has been there quite a while, and will be there next week."

"The King's business requires haste," said Payson. "To-morrow is the best of all days, except to-day. Perhaps I am wrong," he added with a grave smile. "I sometimes think that yesterday is the best, because that we have had, and

in that we have finished some labor, if indeed we are of the laboring sort."

"It 's like the money a man has spent," was the youth's answer. "I don't set much store by yesterday. I have n't yet been happy enough for that."

"If you are not satisfyingly happy, how futile this world must be!" said Payson. "Well, it agrees with my opinion of it. Life has granted me none of its shining prizes, and I have not greatly desired them, thanks be to the chief source of content!"

"And you might have had them, I think," observed DeVries. "And here you are going to Damascus to preach to half a dozen Arabs! Well, all I have to say about it now is that you make people want to help you. What can I do for you? Don't you want one of my horses?"

"Thank you, but Mahjoub will answer my purpose, and I think Mrs. Payson will abide surest upon a mule."

"Then, suppose you take a lot of my pots and pans. I have cooking utensils enough for a tribe of Bedoween."

This offer was gratefully accepted, in order that the Bhamdun kitchen might not be left too bare.

It was now late in the afternoon, and there could be no packing at present, for the camp-bedsteads, bedding, etc., were in constant use. Irene therefore took her usual stroll to the fountain, and Hubertsen walked by her side, with Saada and Rufka following. The narrow and rough footway, strewn with limestone scales and splinters, led along one of the many artificial terraces of the spur, with the low walls of other terraces rising in a gentle acclivity on the right, and the grain and mulberries of a vast slope streaming downward on the left into the wady. Many of the yellow slabs under their feet were chased all over with petrifactions, — the sarcophagi, so to speak, of an innumerable multitude of spiral sea-shells, all minute, and most of them microscopic. Petrified clams, oysters, and ammonites lay about, sometimes singly, but often in surprising numbers. The Mediterranean was not visible. The red sun was descending behind the bare ridge which faced Bhamdun on the western side of its deep ravine. To the north rose huge rounded crests and mounds, portions of the great backbone of Lebanon. It was a noble prospect, and yet they could not see the loftiest peaks, and could only think of the long drifts of eternal snow.

"I hate to bid the mountain good-by," murmured Irene, after a long gaze in all directions.

"And I hate to have you," said Hubertsen, in the same low tone.

She felt a slight tremor within her, and did not look at him for a moment. It must be distinctly understood that she did not expect a word of love from this wealthy young gentleman, nor even desire one. It would have been a great perplexity to her to get such a word from one who in her eyes was a "worldling," and at the same time a valued and charming companion. When they did glance at each other, she forced a pitiful smile, and he gravely answered it by saying, "I wish you would go home."

"Oh, that I can't do!" she gasped. "How can I abandon these dear friends? It would be so unfeeling and dishonorable! And how can I turn my back on my work? I wish — oh, you mean to be kind — but I wish you would n't talk of that."

It sounded to him like a repulse. She would not speak of going to America, although that might mean going with him, and perhaps remaining with him always. Of course she should have divined thus much, and probably had divined it, he vaguely said to himself, and had willfully rejected the amiable possibility.

"Well, it is no use to argue," he replied, coldly. "Oh, of course, I don't blame you. You want to do your duty, and you don't want to accept my kindness."

"You must n't think that I am ungrateful," she pleaded, deeply hurt by the change in his voice. "I know you mean to be good to me, and I thank you with all my heart."

"Ah, well! that repays me," he

smiled. "I value your thanks. Well, if we are to part company, we can still remember each other. What can I do in your absence that will be a pleasure to you?"

"I wish you would write a book about Syria, and send me a copy. I want to see your writing in print, and your name to it."

"You shall see it before it goes into print," declared Hubertsen. "You shall see the manuscript. Look here: I will make the book; but I must make it in my way. I will make it out of letters which are to be written to you. I shall be the more sure to do it, and I shall do it the better. I will write about my expeditions, my daily life and small observations, everything that interests me. You shall keep the letters. Oh, of course you may lose them, and small blame to you; but, if they are not lost, I will take them and put them together for my book. What do you say to my plan? Do you like it?"

Of course Irene liked it, and so declared frankly. It was surely a very artful way of opening a correspondence with a clever young lady, who loved literature, and thought it a great thing to write a book, or to aid in any humble manner toward the writing of one.

"And could n't you help?" the young man went on. "Why not send me some material? — any queer or funny incident; scraps of dialogues which you overhear; compliments, proverbs, superstitions; every odd and end that you come across. It will be the most curious part of the book, and the most valuable in the opinion of the critics. I shall be ashamed to rob you of it."

"I shall be proud to have you," said Irene, smiling with satisfaction over the thought of being useful to him, and of doing something a little bit memorable. "And where shall I send my notes?" she asked. "And when?"

"Send them here," he smiled. "Send them whenever there is a chance. It is the only way to be sure to do it," he added, seeing that she looked up at him doubtfully. "If you don't write and send me something every fortnight, say, you will soon forget to do it at all. You think that I am trapping you into a correspondence," he smiled again. "Well, so I am; and what of it? It won't do you a bit of harm, and we shall make a very curious book."

"I will do it, if you say so," promised Irene, with a confidingness and obedience which pleased him greatly.

Just then they reached the fountain, and were overtaken by Saada and Rufka, and the *tête-à-tête* ended.

## XXV.

Two days later, the Rev. Samuel Pelton and Mrs. Pelton, a pair of missionaries who have not yet appeared in our story, arrived in Bhamdun to take charge of Mr. Payson's household and duties during his absence.

Mr. Pelton was a tall, meagre, silver-gray, leather-complexioned man of fifty-five, apparently much worn by his thirty years of exposure to Oriental climates and his many victorious struggles with the complicated wilderness of Semitic tongues. A little petulance of nervousness appeared in his manner, and a good deal of austerity in his deep-set, iron-gray eyes.

Mrs. Pelton, who was a second wife, and some twenty years younger than her lord (as second wives are apt to be), was a slender, sallow, pleasant-faced, lively lady, with large, eager eyes, excitable action, a ready laugh, and a great fondness for conversation. De-Vries, who was chiefly interested just now in Miss Grant, and occupied, moreover, with getting into his own house, noted only thus much concerning this couple.

The day following the Pelton advent, the Paysons and Irene were up at daybreak, and on the way to Damascus. Payson rode his Mahjoub, the two ladies had each a mule, and two more mules carried the small luggage. The pace was a walk, as it always is in Eastern travel, and must be on Mount Lebanon roads. The stumbling mule-path rambled with untutored freedom through a

desert of stony ridges and stony wadys. DeVries accompanied the party for miles, until it reached a famous point which reveals the tender verdure, the variegated carpet of flowers, the supernatural, deep, dim beauty of the great valley of Hollow Syria, lying like an Eden between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon. There he pressed all their hands fervently, and halted while they wound slowly out of sight. Then he drew a long sigh, turned back upon the mountain desert, and rode pensively homeward.

His first business on reaching Bhamdun was to make a call of courtesy on the Peltons. He found Pelton a prodigiously learned Orientalist, but disposed to handle his erudition for purposes of combat and chastisement, questioning a fellow-talker with dreadful thoroughness, and mercilessly laying bare his ignorance. On moral subjects, also, as indeed on all sorts of subjects, he was equally critical and austere. DeVries spoke of the sweetness of Payson's ways, of the alluring gentleness of his religious belief and feeling. Mr. Pelton shook his silver-gray head with an air of doubt approaching to disapprobation.

"Brother Payson is a lovely man," he said. "But I question if he treats men just as they need to be treated. He is, in my opinion, too tender with the human heart. He preaches nothing but love and forgiveness. Now that is all very well in its place and at the proper time; but first should come the terrors of the law, — the lightnings and thunders of Sinai. My plan is to bring the sinner fairly on his knees, and roll him in the dust of humiliation and despair, before I let him see the first glimpse of possible mercy."

DeVries was reminded of medical practitioners, men of the heroic method of treatment, whom he had heard describe their manner of treating disease. He bowed courteously, and glided away to other subjects. It was evident to him that he had stumbled upon a man with whom he could keep the peace only through discreet silences.

Mrs. Pelton, who perhaps discerned this speechless disagreement, now joined in the dialogue with great vivacity and gusto. She was one of those many women who are determined to please every one, and who are pleased easily. She criticised nobody, and bristled not with views. She exhibited great interest in the Philistine explorations, and in everything else that the young man seemed to care for. He found it facile work to talk with her, and just a little unsatisfactory. But then he was thinking much of Irene, and so Mrs. Pelton was at a disadvantage.

About noon, the next day, as he was writing the first letter of that promised book about Syria, he was startled by a nasal call from the street, and, looking through his open door, beheld Mr. Porter Brassey on horseback.

"Hullo, DeVries!" repeated the consul. "Is this Payson's house? I want to see Payson. He hain't gone, has he?"

"Come in," answered Hubertsen. "But you are too late to find Payson. He must be near Damascus by this time."

"Thunder!" growled Mr. Brassey; and then quickly added, "Gone alone?"

"Wife and Miss Grant with him."

"Good thunder!" repeated the consul, in a tone of enhanced disgust. "That man did n't take Miss Grant along, did he? I thought he had more sconce. By George! I 'm amazed at Payson. I thought he had more humanity. Can I catch 'em? How far is it to Damascus? Two days' journey! And here I 've got to be back in Beirut to-morrow! Confound the whole stupid business! Confound the church in Damascus!"

In fact, Mr. Brassey used some very bad language, — so bad that it will not be reported on these pages. Then he suffered himself to be brought into the house and spread out at ease on a mukaad, while dinner was prepared for him.

"Did n't know you were here," he said. "Why could n't you stop and see a fellow as you came along?"

DeVries explained that the Philistine heat had worried him a little, and that he had come to Lebanon by the upland

route, through Judea, Samaria, and Galilee.

"Got a mountain house of your own, hey?" continued the consul. "Only two rooms, I see. Well, that 's enough for a bachelor and his man. I 'd come up and take one along-side of you, only I expect a rush of business this summer. A tearing old rush of business!" he repeated, with disgust. "By George! what a mess this is of Payson's going to Damascus, and taking Miss Grant with him! It ain't my fault. I allow that I was pushing a little to get that church well started. I s'pose you know about my church?"

DeVries smiled and nodded.

"You think I 'm a rum customer to endow a church," grinned Mr. Brassey. "Well, I had my reasons. But I did n't expect Payson to be harnessed into it. My plan was that Dr. Macklin should be the man to start it; and here they harness in Payson, and he harnesses in Miss Grant! By George! I 've a great mind to take my contribution out of the box, and smash the whole arrangement. You see there 's going to be a war — a Druze and Maronite war — in the mountain. I 've just had positive news to that effect. A war right away, — within a fortnight, — within a week, may be."

"But Damascus is some distance from the Druze region. It may be safer for them than the mountain."

"Yes, but Damascus is a long way from *me*. If there *should* be trouble there, how can I lend a hand? Damascus, probably, don't know much about the American eagle. It 's a pretty fierce old Mahometan town, ain't it?"

"Very bigoted, I believe, and has a bad rabble."

Both men remained silent and gravely thoughtful for a few moments.

"You see, I 'm fond of that girl," resumed the consul, unable to keep his pathetic secret any longer, so keenly did he need sympathy.

DeVries did not speak, but his stare expressed immense astonishment, and his face flushed deeply.

"That 's it," continued Mr. Brassey, with a profound sigh. "A man who 's in this kind of trouble wants to tell somebody, and I reckon always does tell somebody. The complete fact of the case is that I 've proposed to her, and she, as I understand it, has the thing in consideration. Of course, I 'm all the more interested because it ain't quite settled. I 'll be square about it; it ain't quite settled."

The veteran politician — a sanguine man, remember, and accustomed to triumph over difficulties — really felt that he had told the whole truth, or what was sufficiently near it. He talked of his love-suit exactly as he would have talked of a suit for an office, which had been refused him, to be sure, but which he still expected to obtain by dint of pertinacity. It was his nature and his custom, not only in politics, but in all other matters, to discourse with confidence of his prospects. The policy had a comfortable effect on his own mind, and it seemed to exert what he called a "good influence." I think that he was at least worldly wise in this last opinion. If a man positively claims a certain boon, nine fellow-creatures out of ten assent instinctively to his demand, and feel that to interfere with it would be assailing the rights of property. It is only with the tenth fellow-creature that the claimant has to struggle.

In the present case DeVries was disposed to be that tenth fellow-creature. He was stunned by the consul's tone of security, but he was also exceedingly disgusted thereat, and that helped him to be incredulous. His first feeling was that he must put a veto on all possibility of such a sacrifice of this lovely girl by galloping after her to Damascus, and engaging her to himself. His next idea was that there could be no danger, and that nothing decisive need be done yet awhile.

"Now you understand why I feel so anxious about her," continued Mr. Brassey. "By George! I feel as uneasy as a fellow with a bumble-bee up his sleeve. I could mourn like a pelican of the wilderness."

DeVries could hardly help laughing at

the situation. Here was a possible rival making a confidant of him, and casting himself on his bosom for sympathy. Should he tell the consul that he too was fond of Miss Grant, and had thoughts of making her an offer? Well, on reflection, was it really so? He could not positively say yes, and therefore he must say nothing at all.

"She is a very lovely girl," he did make out to mutter. "And a very noble-hearted and intelligent one," he added, warming with his subject. "She has a real talent for languages, and already speaks Arabic pretty well."

"Just the person for a consul's lady, ain't she?" said Mr. Brassey, with pathetic enthusiasm.

"It was her own choice to go to Damascus," continued DeVries, not caring to answer that query. "She would n't leave her good friend Payson, and would n't shirk her work."

"I knew she was a trump!" declared the consul, ready to weep with admiration. "The finest girl at this end of the Mediterranean!"

"She is easily that," said DeVries, who had forgotten the humor of the situation, and was much in earnest. The two men were eulogizing to each other the girl whom they were both fond of. It was a scene which has been many, many times repeated in this queer planet. I wonder if even our shy and guileless heroine would not have laughed, could she have overheard the whimsical dialogue!

After a while the two actors in this pleasant comedy had dinner. A circular table, eight inches high, was placed before them, and they sat up to it, cross-legged, on cushions and Turkish rugs. DeVries opened a flask of Mount Lebanon wine, a bright and golden liquor resembling sherry, and very nearly as potent.

"This ain't bad, except for the knees," grinned the consul, much comforted by the Syrian vintage. "Sometimes I feel a heap like settling in this blasted country. A man gets all there is for a very little filthy lucre. If I had a wife, and she took to the diggings, I would settle here. DeVries, I want you to join me in a toast to Miss Grant."

Hubertsen smiled with a mysterious expression, but they drank a bumper to the lovely missionary.

"And here 's to the Philistine diggings," continued Brassey. "May they pan out no end of giants."

Then DeVries proposed the church in Damascus, which he irreverently called the church of draw-poker, much to the consul's entertainment.

"I want to drink that standing," said Brassey, rubbing his knees, and then slowly getting up and stamping his feet. "I tell you that kind of table was n't made for six-foot Americans. I don't believe Goliath ever sat at such a table. Well, here 's to the church in Damascus; long may it stay there!"

Once on his legs, and having stamped the stinging out of his slumbering feet, the consul said he must be traveling. He would not stay over night; he must be back in Beirut for the morning. There was going to be business, — too much business.

"As for our friends at Damascus," he observed, "I don't see that anything can be done. Probably, old Payson would n't come back unless he was hauled back. But if there is trouble there, — if you hear of the least threatening of trouble, — let me know before you 're a day older. I 'll get them out of it."

"And I 'll help you," said DeVries.

"That 's right. You 're a trump; I always said so. Come and see me whenever you tumble down the mountain. Good-by."

As Mr. Brassey reached the door-way, a small, feminine figure entered it, and he looked curiously down upon the blushing face and superb eyes of Saada.

"I wanted to see Mr. DeVries," she stammered, much startled by coming upon a stranger. "I had a message for him."

The consul pointed within, turned a knowing glance upon the young gentleman, put his tongue into his leathery cheek, strode swiftly to his charger, and rode away.

## XXVI.

Saada raised her dark eyes to DeVries with an expression of admiration which it was impossible not to note and understand.

The blonde young fellow, it must be remembered, was six feet high and unusually pleasing of countenance, and all the more radiant just now through the flushing of that Lebanon wine. The girl was so agitated by the proximity of what seemed to her an almost supernatural beauty as to be hardly able to explain to him audibly that she had been sent to invite him to tea with the Peltons.

"I will come," said Hubertsen, taking her by the hand, though his gentlemanly conscience told him that he ought not. "Is it possible that you walk out alone, Saada? I thought that was not *shickel Araby*" (Arabic custom).

"I am not alone," murmured Saada, blushing crimson, though not withdrawing her hand. "A servant-girl is with me; but she is of Abeih, and did not know your house, and so I was sent to show her."

Her color and the sparkling of her eyes gave her dark, regular face something like splendor. What youthful Frank would not have longed to touch his lips to such a brimming vase of Oriental beauty! But Hubertsen had only lately held converse with the high-minded Irene, and, moreover, he cultivated lofty notions of what was honorable and becoming. "It can't end in anything," he said to himself; and then he thanked her for bringing the message, and nobly let her escape.

Saada lingered an instant, as if paralyzed, and slowly rejoined her comrade at the corner. Had DeVries followed her, he might have seen her look wistfully at the hand which he had taken, and then, under pretext of adjusting her veil, press it passionately to her lips. Meantime, he was saying to himself that he was a fool; that he wished that girl would n't look at him as she did; that it would be well if he were married to Miss Grant, and out of temptation.

And yet, that very afternoon, in the solemn Pelton parlor, there being only they two present, something worse happened than a pressure of fingers. Hubertsen's excuse to himself was that Saada accidentally stumbled against him. As if that were a sufficient reason for bending over a confiding, helpless little Oriental, and placing the kiss of a gentleman and a scholar on her quivering cheek!

It was the only notable event that signalized that tea. Mr. Pelton catechised his guest sharply as to the Philistine excavations, and had the air of asking him if he knew in the least what he was about. Mrs. Pelton poured forth such a continuous deluge of universal prattle that her listener thought of the rain which fell forty days and forty nights, and prevailed exceedingly upon the earth. Saada, all the while, was so flushed, and her eyes were so preternaturally bright, that Mr. Pelton charged her with having a fever, and would not take no for an answer. DeVries was so disturbed by her emotion and the talk about her color that he became conspicuously rosy, also, and was questioned sharply as to his own ague. In short, his peccadillo had found him out, and he had cause to wish that he had behaved himself.

Next morning he saw Saada pass his house, and observed that she was pitifully pale. The fact was that this child (only fourteen, but that is eighteen in Syria) had so thought of him during the night that she had scarcely closed her eyes. But he could not imagine that, and so inferred that the positive Pelton was right, and that Saada had had a turn of fever. Accordingly, he joined her, and walked with her to the hill-top, there being no harm in it, he said to himself, for Rufka was of the party. The result was that in five minutes the Syrian cheeks were all aflame again, and the Syrian eyes marvelously bright with gladness.

"There was no fever about it," the young man said to himself. "It was all because I flurried her. Of course she is n't used to it."

But all the same he took her by the arm to help her up a terrace. One of her little yellow slippers lost its hold on a smooth stone, and she fell back against his shoulder with an Arabic exclamation, followed by a burst of girlish laughter. With her filmy white veil rolling back on either side of her rosy brunette face, and the variegated darkness of her eyes sparkling up into his, she was a lovely picture of excitement, merriment, and happiness.

"The little witch!" thought Hubertsen. "She is irresistible."

All the rest of the way, wondering by times if she made that slip purposely, he talked with her alone. It amused him, meanwhile, to notice that Rufka seemed to concede that he belonged to Saada, and kept at a little distance from them, occasionally stopping to gather wild flowers, just as he had seen young ladies do in America. It struck him as inexpressibly odd to find such feminine intelligence and magnanimity and management in Mount Lebanon.

On the night following this walk it was our young gentleman's turn to lie awake and do much pondering. The result of his vigils and meditations was that he decided on an immediate trip to Northern Lebanon, and made things ready for a start in the afternoon. Of course, however, he must leave his good-by at the Pelton house; and there, by accident, he came first upon Saada, sewing alone in the comandaloon.

"Oh, howaja!" she said, with a suddenly pallid face, when he announced his departure. "Why are you going? I thought you would be here many days."

"I shall come back," he promised. His idea was to break off his flirtation gently; to have various absences, each longer than the last; and so, finally, to separate without pain. "I shall only be gone a few days," he added, trying not to look at her. "Then I shall be here a few days. We shall meet frequently, Saada."

"Oh, howaja!" she repeated, and the tone was a very sad one, expressive of dark forebodings. She was already looking, woman-like, toward the final parting.

He had a terrible temptation to say something comfortable, but just then Mrs. Pelton came out of her bedroom and saved our weak hero, much as Venus used to deliver Æneas when the Greeks were too much for him. The good-bys were uttered, and Saada's hand was squeezed unintentionally; and then the flower of chivalry went his unengaged way, feeling a good deal as if he were no gentleman. Yet, on the whole, was he not more delicate than most men, and, for his age, rather surprisingly severe with himself?

To the north of Bhamdun there is a strange mountain region, lofty and rocky, yet bursting with great, crystalline fountains; a region where spring-time sees the oleander blooming in vast thickets, side by side with decaying snow-drifts; a region now as uninhabited as the bare slope of Sunneen which towers above it, and nevertheless teeming once with population; a region where, amid masses of stony débris and forests of limestone needles, stand ruined temples, whereof no man knoweth the builders. Thither went our youthful antiquarian, purposing to ponder over these vestiges of the unknown by-gone, and to unravel what he might of their mysteries.

In sight of one of these temples, and by the side of a fountain which flung up a little river of ice-cold water, he sat down to finish his first letter to Irene. The task was commenced in the laggard spirit of a conscious criminal. He felt much as men do who pray to a divinity whom they have offended, and who, they fear, will not hearken to them. Already it seemed to him that Miss Grant had an ownership in him, and could rightfully rebuke him for his infidelities of sentiment and deed. But a man is magnanimous with himself, and easily forgives his own peccadilloes. The letter, once begun, rapidly became fluent, and erelong Hubertsen wrote eloquently of his day's exploration; and by the time that he laid down the pen he had nearly forgotten Saada.

We must not copy his clever epistle

its matter has not sufficient connection with our story; the only important fact about it is that he wrote it, and liked to write it.

It is more essential that we should follow the trio who journeyed to Damascus. Of course they traversed the luxuriant verdure and variegated bloom of the Bukaa, and camped for the night amid the venerable sublimities of Baalbec. There Mr. Payson talked of Phœnicians and their unknown predecessors, while Irene stared at the monstrous masonry, and wished that DeVries were with her. Next day, onward through Anti-Lebanon, a widespread and rugged and arid upland, with one winding valley of moderate fertility and one thread of crystal river. At last they stood on the bare, rounded knoll where one looks down from the desert of mountain upon the desert of the great ashy plain of Damascus, with its stripe of startling green marking the course of the Barida, and, half hidden therein, the gray city of Hazael. By night-fall they were housed in a mansion which looked to Irene's wondering eyes as if it had been taken out of the Arabian Nights.

"I think that Aladdin must have built it," she wrote in her first letter to DeVries. "Outside it is nothing but shapeless, unburnt brick, daubed with gray slime; but inside it is all marble, fountains, wood-carving, stained glass, fresco, and painting. The great court (for it is a hollow square) is paved with white and black marble, and has a marble fountain of bubbling water in the centre. There is another fountain in an alcove, and a third in the principal saloon. This saloon consists of four rooms, each over twenty feet square, and opening into each other by Saracenic arches, twenty-five feet high. The arches and the walls are decorated with an infinity of kaleidoscope figures, in the richest of colors. The beams and cross-slats of the ceiling are richly carved, gayly painted, and lavishly gilded. The ceiling of the centre room (around which the other three are clustered) cannot be less than forty feet above the marble pavement.

"The floors of the outer rooms are slightly elevated, and have each their mukaad running along the wall, covered with broad mattresses and cushions. The very simplicity and scantiness of furniture make the great fourfold apartment seem the larger and more magnificent. I never in my life saw or imagined anything so deserving of the word palatial. Do you wonder what right a missionary has to such a mansion of glory? Well, in the first place, the saloon will serve for a chapel; in the second place, the rent is only one hundred and thirty dollars a year. Mr. Payson shakes his good head over our native helper for having taken such a palace; but we women believe that it was a wise step, and have so told the poor man in my poor Arabic.

"Of course *you* will see Damascus; no book about the East would be complete without a Damascene chapter; you must be *sure* not to miss it. Perhaps you might find a Philistine skeleton here; the bones of a giant, perhaps, who was caught for exhibition; or the honored remains of an ambassador from King Achish. Of course you would know it at a glance from the skeletons of all inferior races. There would be the classic profile of the Hellenic countenance. By the way, I am neglecting, you see, your distinction between Philistines and Anakims.

"But I must stop this feeble joking; it is n't what you wanted of me. Meantime, what you do want — scraps of Syrian talk and thinking — is very hard to get. I see far less of the natives than in Beirut, and very far less than in the mountain. The Moslems we shall of course never meet at all, and the Christian Damascenes still know nothing of us, or dislike and avoid us. Mr. Payson says that it may be months before we shall make the familiar acquaintance of one respectable family, unless we are assisted by a hakeem. It seems that doctors can get a foot-hold where doctrines can't. I asked him if he did not think that an apothecary's shop, with big red and green vases in the windows, would do more for us than a chapel. It made him

laugh, but I believe he has had compunctions since, and I am sorry I said it.

"I am really afraid that Dr. Macklin will be sent on here. He ought not to come; the heat will kill him. I wish with all my heart that it need not be. [DeVries did not understand this passage at all, and supposed that she was tenderly anxious for Macklin's health, and was just a little annoyed about it.] But Mr. Payson is constantly mourning because he cannot reach the people, and has already written the mission that he can do almost nothing without a hakeem.

"I am ashamed of this short and empty document," was the concluding passage of the letter. "It won't help you one bit toward your book. But it must go just as it is, for a muleteer is about to start for Bhamdun, and such chances are rare. Please accept it as an acknowledgment that yours was gladly received, and as an earnest that I mean to fulfill my promise. In my next I will surely send you some Syrian scraps and items, if I have to pump them out of my busy and anxious friend, — your friend as well as mine, Mr. Payson. Yours very truly, IRENE GRANT."

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## MARRIED BOHEMIANS.

OH, Meta, quit the prosy task that frets,
With seams and hems monotonous of hue,
Your two dear eyes, those timorous violets
That never yet have lost their morning dew!
For now the city spires are tolling nine,
And low the elastic night-wind breathes of June,
And lengths of dusky avenues weirdly shine
In murmurous life below the summer moon!

Take down that blossomy bonnet I adore,
And let us ramble among the sombre streets.
This embryo manuscript that floods my floor
May dry at leisure its chaotic sheets.
I leave my heroine hard-beset by fate,
(What merciless torturers we scribblers are!)
But then I have promised her to sit up late
And end her miseries with my last cigar!

How gladdening, now the open air is gained,
To feel in mine your soft arm rest and cling!
Thank Heaven, its dimpled roundness has not waned
Since first your white hand wore my wedding-ring!
For though precarious days have hurt me sore,
Through fears for that sweet wife I would protect,
The stealthy wolf that prowls from door to door
Still treats our own with amiable neglect!

How many a favored lord, or lover true,
Walks with the woman of his choice, at ease

Below this tender sky's more liberal blue,
  On spacious lawns, to-night, by whispering seas!
For them the illumined sward that sinks or swells!
  The breeze that wanders over meadowy miles!
For us the sleepy treble of street-car bells,
  And street-lamps glaring in long fiery files.

And yet the ardor of something to attain
  Far deeplier than attainment may delight!
With all our stately castles off in Spain,
  We still possess them by signorial right!
We dine each evening on no sumptuous fare,
  Yet while the imposing future fails to frown,
Across indifferent claret both declare
  That my new tragedy will storm the town!

Ah, lovelier to my soul than speech may frame
  Is the fond thought that if our stars allow
We two shall walk the flowery paths of fame,
  Joined arm in arm together, just as now!
But if the austere old gate shall never let
  Our envious feet those welcome gardens win,
Secure from discontentment, we shall yet
  Have all Bohemia to be happy in!

*Edgar Fawcett.*

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## THE USE OF NUMBERS IN SOCIETY.

THERE is a greed for numerical superiority among all associations of men. The average American citizen, for instance, cannot tell you the population of his town or State without an error of excess, which experience shows to be from ten to fifty per cent. Ask him if he would rather double the population, or halve it, the wealth remaining the same, and his instincts lead him at once to take the more unhappy but the bigger alternative. In the Old World of to-day, as well as in the older world of history, the same desire to have too many mouths to feed is a prominent characteristic of all peoples; so that it is hardly amiss to call it a human instinct.

In the lower states of human life, during that enormous time in which the foundations of civilization were being laid, while man's hand was getting its cunning and his brain its capacities, numbers had a value that they do not have with us now. The very existence of the tribe might depend upon a few warriors more or less; so the first considerations of personal safety coöperated with the motive of pride in keeping up this desire to be one of many rather than one of few. Now, however, when war no longer means destruction to society, when only the remoter interests of man are in any way connected with the numerical superiority of nations, and each generation makes that interest less, it is worth our while soberly to consider this impulse to numbers-worship, and to inquire into the principles that should determine our opinions in the matter.

The greatest happiness to the greatest

number seems at first sight a truism. If life is good, if its having is the great aim of nature, then the more that have it the better. If the world had no other possibilities than its present realities, if its present share of sunshine was all that could be expected in the ways of life, this principle might be accepted as the rule for our guidance; but there is here, as in other conceptions of life, a correction, which comes to us from life's history, that materially changes our ideas as to the goodness of numbers.

The one quite unmistakable fact in all this maze of nature is that there has been a constant progress along the line leading up to man. There is no doubt that regressions occur in nature, — little doubt that a considerable part of organic life, as we now find it, has fallen from higher estates; but along that succession of creatures which we may call the human line, the advance, particularly during its last stages, has been made with a rapidity which has no parallel among other animals.[1] It is almost equally evident that the transitions now going on are as great as at any time of his past history. Man is at this moment the most profoundly elastic animal; his movement in advance is perhaps a thousand times more rapid than that of any of his kindred in the state of nature. The limitations which confine his development are certainly attained in some lives, but as a whole he is far from having attained his summit as an animal or as a mental creature.

In the order of nature, the individual is little, the race is everything. Whether consciously or not, the movement of life is like that of an army in its effort to carry an important position; individuals go swiftly to their death, companies and regiments are swept away, but the column is closed, and the survivors move on toward their object. When man comes to interpose his conscious intelligence in this movement, he can do no better, at least not until he is sure of what he is doing, than to see that his course conforms to the advance that has brought him so far on the great journey. As the end of life is practically advancement, we should at the outset of our conscious relation with the world endeavor to assist the onward going. When we come to consider the function of selection in society, we will be brought into relation with this question in its full extent; for the present, we need only call attention to the fact that above the doctrine of the greatest happiness to the greatest number we must set the doctrine — far more true to the scheme of nature — of the greatest good to the race. That there should be pleasure scattered by the wayside in this great journey is to be reasonably expected, for it is a world where life has been coaxed on by pleasure, as well as driven by the whips of pain; but that pleasure is to be the main end is a doctrine that gets little countenance from the shape of the world as it is. Whoever will consider the dreadful incompleteness of man's mental and physical nature will be forced to allow that between what is and what is possible, in the way of perfection, there is a gulf that it is our first duty to traverse, — a duty that comes before enjoyment. To lift the average man of our race to the level of its best is a task that the most obdurately practical humanitarian must deem our duty. Unless we shut our eyes to the modes in which the advance is made in nature, and figure to ourselves some fanciful conception of a means of keeping humanity well on its way, we shall be compelled to give up happiness as an end, and be driven to take it as the slaking of the hunger and thirst that come in endless travail. If we give up the doctrine of the greatest happiness for the greatest number, we give up thereby the only accepted argument for the rapid peopling of the earth, even though we hold the somewhat doubtful doctrine that life is now, on the average, more pleasurable than painful to the mass of those called to its different offices; but it does not follow that the true value of numbers may not be found in other things than the mere enjoyment of life. It scarcely requires a glance at nature to show us that there is a prodigality of life which at first sight

[1] This is shown by the want of an extensive fossil record. As a general rule, the slower the advance, the more complete the record.

seems mere waste; an insect cares for ten thousand eggs with the most exquisite skill, yet but a fraction over one comes to maturity; certain species of aquatic animals inundate the shores with their offspring. A closer view tells us that these wastes are the most skillful economy; the creatures that seem the mere waste-gates of a spendthrift life are seen to be in the midst of a struggle so ceaseless and intense that the reduction of their progeny by a few per cent. would probably lead to their annihilation. As in our best ordered battles, with intelligence behind every musket, it takes one thousand balls to attain their object and wound a man, so in the struggle of the species these eggs are its ammunition that must be expended to hit the mark at all. As rapidly as possible, by contrivances of surprising ingenuity, these seeming wastes are diminished. While the average progeny of an invertebrate may be perhaps hundreds of thousands, and among the lower fishes nearly as many, with the sharks it is possibly not above a few thousands; in the reptiles it descends still lower. With the mammals it is never over a hundred, and in man it is under five, so steady and determined is this diminution of infantile waste, if we may so call it. With the progress of civilization, this waste, by the saving of life through care, tends to still further diminution, until full half the progeny of the race attains the adult condition. So we see, without detailed inquiry, that there is evidence of what we may call an ordered, purposeful waste of life in nature; great at first, among the lower forms, but steadily diminished by the advance in organization. But all this diminution of expenditure is so arranged that the first object of rapid increase shall not be lost. It is accomplished only as the artifices of economy are increased. The pressure arising from selective action is never lessened; the births always so far exceed the possible positions open to the occupancy of a species that the worthless may be rejected, and the race maintained in its unimpaired efficiency. We see, moreover, in nature that a species can never maintain itself with very limited numbers; as soon as a great decrease of numbers occurs, the species to which they belong is at once hastened to its end. This, as has been suggested, is doubtless due to the absence of the remote cross-breeding, which seems necessary to the maintenance of a stock, and to the frequency of overwhelming local disasters; where all the eggs are in one basket, they are all likely to be broken by one fall.

Along with the progressive reduction in the number of the individuals produced by the higher animals, we notice an increase in the diversity of the progeny, so that the amount of variation offered to the agents of natural selection is probably as great, or greater, in the higher than in the lower animals, despite the enormous reduction in the numbers sacrificed in the perpetuation of the species.

In the savage state of man, although the fecundity is, on the whole, probably fully as great as among the civilized races, the absolute increase of the tribe is always very slow. The death-rate of the weaker progeny is so large that only those who come into the world with sound bodies can be reared, and even among adults disablement brings death in its train. It is evident that in this state of man there is an accurately adjusted ratio between the rates of birth and death. There is reason to believe that the rate of increase among races diminishes with progressive culture: thus, in Massachusetts there are five children born, on the average, to each Irish married woman, and but three and one half to each native married woman. Yet, notwithstanding this difference, there is reason to believe that the greater survival of native children makes the number descending from the two races in the end about equal. It is therefore likely that the natural course of events will bring about such a check in the rate of increase that, so far from finding the evils conjured up by Malthus to be the great danger of the state, we are more likely to find its greatest danger in a fatal loss of fecundity. These considerations may fairly be taken as a basis for an opinion as to the value of the birth-rate to society. The old

pressure of numbers seen by Malthus is already abating in many states, and is sure to become less and less as time advances. The question now arises, How far does the remaining part of this pressure affect the advance of man? This question is easily perceived to be many-sided.

For the purpose of our inquiry we may divide it into the following heads: —

(1.) The influence of numbers on the subjugation of the earth and its preparation for the use of man.

(2.) The influence of numbers on the domination of races.

(3.) The influence of numbers on the duration of a race by the development of genius.

It has been held, in accordance with the early ideas of the relation of man to nature, that he was in some fashion a heaven-sent creature, coming into a wilderness with a special mission to subjugate the earth. To the considerate naturalist man is an organic form which has suddenly taken on a very remarkable extension of habits, that bring him into singularly complicated relations with the organic and inorganic events of our earth. The naturalist's first question is, How far is this disturbance brought about by man to go; what are its effects on the economy of the earth to be; how far is the steady march of life, as shown in its millions of years of history, to continue, in face of this appalling and ever-increasing change that man is bringing about in the world? The primitive savage in his wilds was scarce more efficient as a destroyer than any other animal of his bulk: creating little, destroying little, the world found in him but one more hungry creature, probably affecting its economy less than many another. But each successive enlargement of man's progressive desires has made him more and more an agent of change, until now his most advanced races are causing more change in the ways of the earth than all the other organic agents put together. Volumes could be written, indeed have been written, on this subject without more than beginning the history of man's interference with the usual processes of nature. Yet we may fairly deem this influence but begun; each generation will doubtless add much to its powers.

The first result we find from man's occupancy of any region is a reduction in the number of species of vertebrates living in a state of nature. As soon as any district is fully occupied by civilization, the natural interaction of animals and plants is reduced to a minimum; so when the world has become possessed by civilization in all its broad fields, we must expect a great reduction in the energy of those selective forces which have done so much for its advance. In place of the selection of nature will come, perhaps, the selections of intelligence, more efficient causes of variation, but, as we know from experience, widely differing in their action from the older selective force. Whoever fully conceives the history of life in the past, the slow-moving course of the ages, the hesitating, proving steps by which life goes on advancing under the guidance of the old natural laws, may fairly doubt whether the unorganized aims of human society will work as well for the world. The idealist, it is true, may look forward to the time when the world, fairly dominated by its highest intelligence, shall become the seat of a progress ordered by this intelligence, and moving with ever faster step on the road that leads to the fittest life. But there is nothing more sure than our hope to warrant this roseate view; from our knowledge and our probable means of prediction we get little that is worth considering. We see man, at his present rate of increase, seriously interfering with the ways in which our earth has won its greatness, and promising each year to break up the old order of things, that has brought himself out of nothingness to his high estate.

There is one element of this waste brought about by man that is not in the least remote in its effect, but calls at the outset for the most immediate action as well as consideration. It is the waste of the slender store of food-giving power contained in the earth. It is easy to overlook the importance of this question,

and the magnitude of the danger it involves. Our soils represent the waste of an enormous period of time, during which the decay of the rocks has slowly built them up, including the subsoil. It is not too much to say that to form them anew would require a longer time than has elapsed since our oldest civilizations began to exist. In most regions they represent the waste of great thicknesses of strata mingled with the remains of an inconceivable succession of organic generations. This commingled waste of organic forms and rocks makes the life of the land possible; the soil is the common reservoir whence life comes, and to which it returns by death. There is no doubt that the course of civilization has led, and is still leading, to a steady and increasing waste of this precious heritage. Old lands, such as Persia and Mesopotamia, Greece, parts of Italy, etc., have had their production steadily lowered by the waning fertility of their once rich soils. America is using, or rather misusing, in a year the treasures that a thousand years have been preparing. Parts of Europe, it is true, hold their fertility, or even gain something in richness; but it is at a great cost, and often at the expense of the resources of other lands, through importation of manures, or the use of manures made of the foreign soil products. Year by year, however, a vast amount of this store of possible life contained in our soils slips from our grasp into the depths of the sea. It has been suggested that we may recover it thence by means of marine animals and plants used as fertilizers; but though we may thus regain a part of the waste, the depths of the sea will permanently claim the largest share of the materials taken from our soil. The rapidity and destructiveness of this process can be appreciated only by those who have carefully watched its operations.

Except under cultivation, our soils hardly waste at all. Until man seizes on them, they constantly gain in depth and fertility. On any of our American rivers it is possible to learn the extent of tillage by the amount of soil waste in their waters. For instance, on the French Broad, a river of some size, that gathers its waters in part from streams that drain cultivated areas, and in part from others flowing through districts not yet invaded by the plow, the ferryman and fisherman can tell, during flood time, from which tributaries the waters come, as the tide goes by. From the forest-clad region the streams send water with little trace of sediment in it; from the cultivated valleys come waters yellow with a mass of wasted soil. The peculiarly large amount of sediment in the Missouri River is due to the general absence of forests within its basin; the want of woods in that region, though it has but a limited rain-fall, causes its soils to waste with singular rapidity. This question is too extensive to be considered in detail, but whoever will follow it in the fields of Europe and America will be convinced that a progressive lowering of fertility in the soils of the earth has attended, and must attend, the continued advance of man.

A similar waste attends the use of the more limited stores of metallic wealth of the earth. Of the readily attainable stock of coal, iron, etc., we have probably at this outset of our career consumed at least the one hundredth part, and in the time to come we may not unreasonably conjecture that each century will demand even as much of this limited store. So that in metals, as in soils, man finds himself with a limited store, from which to supply a demand of which he cannot see the bounds. Man without cheap means of winning the resources of the earth, such as coal and the metals, would probably be still far from his end; but he would be so restricted in his activities that we cannot look forward to such a change with satisfaction.

It is evident that if we regard our race as in migration from a lower to a higher estate, and if we set more store by the life to which it is to attain than the life it has at present, we must be of the opinion that numbers, in so far as numbers are not necessary to this advance, are a positive damage to the race by wasting the inheritance of the better times to come.

The question then arises how far the existence of a large population on the earth is necessary to the action of those forces which serve to carry man onward. To this question it is impossible to give a full answer; nevertheless, there are many practical experiments in the use of numbers which serve to throw some light on the matter. In the first place, it is clear that the great successes of this world have not been in dense or numerous populations. By whatever standard we measure the success, — by the general elevation of the masses, by the number of able intellects, by the physical well-being of successive generations, or by the combination of these various elements of greatness and success, — it is clear that the victories have been won by the non-numerous peoples. If, with the conditions that gave England the Elizabethan age, we could have had the population of China, we might have had many Shakespeares at once; but all the men of the very first order have come from the small, but highly wrought, populations. China and Hindustan and other massive aggregations of men show us that an intensified struggle for mere existence cannot help man to the higher life of body or mind; the controlling intellects, the perfect bodies, have come from the small societies, where the average estate is high, where there is time and room for culture. Judging by their fruits, we must pronounce against the massive states, and give the palm to the smaller, thoroughly vitalized communities. A multitude does not necessarily bring greatness into the world. It will compel us to the opinion that it is better to take a city of thousands, or a state with a few hundred thousands, and lavish on their people the wealth we might vainly waste on hundreds of millions without helping the cause of human advance.

There is one aspect of the numbers question that we must consider before we shall be in a position to pronounce judgment on the matter. The function of numbers in securing the dominance of a state has already been noticed. Providence is said to be ever with the strongest battalions, but it is not numbers alone that make strength; the fecundity of any race, their capacity to crowd every position as soon as it is open, is the basis of all success in dominating the earth. Even at the present time this effect is clearly seen. Take the case of the French colonies: their failure is often noticed, but the extent to which this is due to the slow increase of the French population is not sufficiently considered. It is the English fecundity that gives success to their colonies, and promises dominance to their race and language in the world. France has failed in colonization, because she never needs to colonize; her reservoir of population is never filled to overflowing, ready to pour its tide over new lands.

While our race-pride, and within certain limits our reason as well, makes us grateful for the rapid extension of our race into fields whence it drives all antagonists, we must not be blind to the fact that there is a limit, perhaps now nearly attained, where this progress must cease. The Teutonic races are already brought, in this process of extension, into difficult conditions in many different regions. From quite one half of the earth they are debarred by climate. We may, with reason, be permitted to doubt whether an English-speaking and an English-thinking world would be as good as the world infinitely varied in race and language, in hope, thought, and action, — as it would be but for the overwhelming power of our overriding race. It seems better that all the several experiments of man should each go the way to its possibilities than that a world of one fashion should come from the rapid extension of our race, nature, means, climate, and the other peculiarities of place, to be the factors of race peculiarities. The future of man will be the more assured if it is left in the hands of many races, rather than in the hands of but one.

Among the greatest evils we may reckon from the rapid increase of population is the bar it puts in the way of all efforts to lift the successive generations by the influences of education. It is hard to imagine the difficulties that be-

set the effort to educate a generation, or the extent to which this work taxes the energies of the time. Each step onward increases the magnitude of this burden; even now the burden is hard for the race to bear. It will soon come to the point where the sharing of wealth with the rising generation will be greatly limited by the cost of training the youth. Political economists have expressed the relation of labor to capital by the fiction of a "wages fund;" we may represent a similar relation between the earnings of a people and the expenditures for education by terming the amount fairly appropriable to the culture of a generation the education fund of society. It is an axiom of political economy that every increase in the amount of the labor seeking employment lowers the *per capita* it gains; now, each increase in population not attended by a corresponding increase in wealth lowers the per capita of the education fund in the same way, and so tends to lower the level of education. In countries like Great Britain, where there is a large emigration, the outflow helps to diminish the evil by a means of relief that at best is only temporary. A few years will certainly cut off this resource, and compel each state to deal with its own population as it best may.

The crowding of great numbers of people into a small area necessarily brings about the twin evils of excessive wealth and crushing poverty, — conditions greatly opposed to the production of able men. The contrast between the rather evenly distributed wealth of France and the far less uniformly shared wealth of England is in good part the result of the lower birth-rate in the former country. Each generation in France is much better endowed with all the substantial elements of prosperity than that of any other country. Costly and ruinous wars, maladministrations of government, and a scanty supply of those mineral resources to which nations now look for the greater part of their gains have been more than counterbalanced by the fact that her wealth has not been wasted in the export of men, — the costliest product of the earth, — who have been driven in a great tide from the more northern states by the excessive growth of population. Fifty years of this conservatism of population has restored the waste of her land during the revolutionary period, and has laid the foundations for a great and stable future.

If the system of our modern society left the forces of natural selection in vigorous operation, there would be something to say for the continuance of this reckless increase of man. If the strongest alone survived, if the selection of combat or disease took away the weak, and left the strong and the skillful alone to continue the race, there might be some reason found in it. But the dictates of that humanity which must be reckoned as the most precious acquisition of the race preserves the weak along with the strong, the vicious with the virtuous, the fool with the philosopher. Education must in a good degree replace the ruder ancient training, and in order to educate effectively we must limit the number to be trained. We must educate highly, in order that the greater elevation of the few may give us in an economical way what nature might win in her more wasteful way. Such education demands a high standard of comfort, and a great increase of the wages fund. It cannot be accomplished in poverty, but only in a condition of society where it is lifted to the level of self-sacrifice, and fortified by the influences of inheritance and tradition.

It seems to be thought by some that war in our modern day acts in the room of the displaced force of natural selection; but this is a mistaken view, as a little consideration will show. Certainly in the old day, when war was the frequent occupation of all able-bodied men, when the fight was personal, and the weaker vanquished were always destroyed, war did act to annihilate the weak and preserve the strong. But in modern warfare the system does not work to preserve the strong at the expense of the weak; the victors of battles do not in the least tend to survive or to propa-

gate to better advantage than the vanquished. On the contrary, the selection for the battle-field tends to favor the breeding of the weak, the cowardly, the superannuated, or the immature by the more or less permanent separation of the strongest men from society.

There is another important point on which there are some dangers of a considerable popular misapprehension. It is boldly asserted that the diminution of the birth-rate is in some way connected with the lowering of the general vital conditions of a people. This is a fallacy, based on the assumption that the number of the progeny in a race is an index of the vital force. We have already seen that the number of the progeny of animals is subjected to a steady decrease with every advance in the grade of the organization, and has been directly connected with the gain in individual power. The force that formerly went to the multiplication of the species now goes to the making of a higher individuality. The growth of the individual and the multiplication of the race are opposed uses of the organic forces. The individual seems always to have gained by the reduction of numbers in its progeny, and there is no reason to fear that the reduction of the birth-rate in man has yet gone beyond the point where it is advantageous to the race.

In the great conservatism of nature, pain and death hold a place, — a place that their results quite justify; but it may be doubted if nature is really wasteful. In the agony that marks every step of this progress, we see everything done to save the waste of life wherever the saving is possible. In no other way is this economy so plain as in the sparing of numbers wherever they can be spared. By far the greatest amount of suffering that now exists in the world comes in the lives of those who have no place in the advance of the race; so far from aiding in the advance of man, such lives are indeed a hindrance to his efforts to rise. It is in the order of nature that this unnecessary agony should cease to be through the limitation of reproduction to the true needs of the race.

Last, but by no means least, we must consider that nothing so debases our conception of life, our understanding of the ends and possibilities of existence, as the wasted life that clogs every step of our way. We turn with horror from the ancient amphitheatres, with their contending gladiators; we easily see how debased and debasing they must have been; yet our system of crowding two mortals where there is but room for one makes the world an arena, in its way as debasing as the spectacle of the gladiatorial combat.

*N. S. Shaler.*

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## THE RACE, AND WHY YALE LOST IT.

The race between Harvard and Yale at New London, on the 27th of June, differs from most boat races in one essential particular: there is no room for dispute as to the cause of the defeat of the losing boat. In tolerably close races, any one of a dozen explanations of the result may often be correct. It may be the stroke, it may be the steering, it may be some such accident as a "crab;" if the interval which separates the boats at the finish is only a length or two, it is impossible to disprove with conclusiveness any particular explanation. All that can really be said is that one boat made better time than the other. But when one boat comes in after a straight-away four-mile race one minute and forty-three seconds behind the other, it is clear at the outset that there must be some single and simple reason for the phenomenon. That reason in

the case of the New London race was merely that Yale's rowing was seriously inferior to Harvard's in every way that the rowing of one boat can be inferior to the rowing of another. If there could be a doubt about this in the mind of anybody who saw this year's race only, the result of last year's contest would remove it; for the races of the two years were precisely identical in character, except that the defeat of Yale was less overwhelming in 1878 than in 1879. In both cases the race was over before it was fairly begun; and in both cases, too, the result was known in advance by all the rowing men who cared to know it. Although an impression prevailed in New York before the race that it was going to be a close one, and bets were made on Yale in that supposition, it was perfectly well known in New London all along that the chances were heavily in favor of Harvard, and bets on the race were in consequence almost an impossibility. It may be worth while, by the way, as the world is given to betting on races, to throw out a hint here for the benefit, let us say, of the parents of those about to bet. An amateur boat race differs from almost all other athletic contests in the fact that, if there is any marked difference in the competing crews, expert rowing men can almost always predict with great accuracy the result. This cannot be done in a horse race, because there are moral influences at work in horse races which produce the most surprising and unexpected results. The man who should undertake to predict the result of a six-day walk for the Astley belt would be pretty sure to be wrong. (If any one doubts these statements, let him look at the odds against the winning horse in the last Derby, and against the winning man in the walk in Agricultural Hall, in last June.) But with a fairly rowed boat race (as all amateur boat races may be expected to be), a trained rowing man who understands the "points" of a crew can, after seeing two rival crews row a few times, tell with wonderful certainty which will be successful. Every year this happens in England, where the result of the Oxford-Cambridge race is predicted with a confidence usually completely justified by the event. The advice which we would therefore give to the parents of those about to bet would be that they should early instruct their children, with regard to those athletic events which are likely to play such an important part in the life of every young man now entering upon life, that they ought never to risk money on a boat race on the strength of information obtained at a distance. On the ground they will always learn what the chances really are. Of course we do not offer this advice to such youthful enthusiasts as bet on their favorite college without regard to the chances. On such persons, though their honest zeal may be admired, advice is wasted.

To return to the race: the arrangements of the authorities at New London are almost as good as arrangements which have not behind them a strong physical force can be. For an ideal boat race, it would be necessary that the police power of the local committee should be absolute. The water ought to be kept entirely clear of craft of all kinds, and power sufficient to accomplish this end ought to be lodged somewhere. But no method has yet been discovered, at least in American waters, of attaining this ideal. Most races are managed as the Harvard and Yale race now is at New London, by a volunteer local committee, which makes regulations, but cannot, in extreme cases, enforce them. Bearing this inherent difficulty in mind, the success of the arrangements this year for a clear course was really remarkable. None but official boats were allowed to come upon it, and over the last part of it a lane was made by a double line of row-boats, which prevented interference very successfully. It must be said, however, that the finish is attended with a good deal of confusion and danger to the eights. Round this point are collected an immense number of vessels and boats of every shape, size, and description, — yachts, steamers, sloops, schooners, and lesser craft; and the moment the race is over

there is a very strong tendency to crowd down upon the racing crews. In such a race as that of this year, the tendency is diminished by the lack of excitement among spectators who have known from the first what the result was going to be; but in a closely contested race, the danger and confusion would be considerable. There is no way, probably, of preventing this short of the exclusion of all boats from even a distant approach to the finish, — an interference with the liberties of the high seas which, perhaps, would not be endured.

There is one minor improvement in another branch of the arrangements, however, which might be made; and indeed we are surprised that, after the experiment of last year, it was not insisted upon this year. It is one of the traditions of American boat races that the press should have a boat from which to see the race. This boat follows the eights the whole length of the course, and is supposed to afford to journalists a magnificent opportunity of seeing it. This opportunity would in fact be afforded if the press boat went alongside of the racing boats, but following behind, and at a considerable distance, furnishes no opportunity at all. It is often impossible, from this point of view (provided the race is a close one), to tell which boat is ahead; and it is never possible to form any clear idea of such matters as the stroke, or the style and "form" of the crews. Of course, if there were no better place to see the race from, not a word could be said; but there is at New London a far better place. The moving grand stand, consisting of a train of cars propelled along a railroad running nearly parallel with the entire course, is such a place. From this train every part of the race is distinctly seen — very much as a play is seen at the theatre — with the exception of the finish; and any newspaper which wishes to obtain an accurate account of the race has only to station one expert reporter in the train, and another at the grand stand. Why the press allows itself to be placed on a boat, from which it must get altogether distorted and erroneous views of any closely contested race, is one of the mysteries of the local management, or of journalism, which we do not understand.

The race of June 27th is easily described. The hour fixed was 4.30, but, owing to a light breeze, the boats were not ordered into line by the referee till much later; and after coming out they were ordered back again, to enable Yale to repair a "crack," as we understood the matter at the time, made in her boat. In order to get a correct notion of the New London race, it must be remembered that the river Thames runs north and south, and that the start is four miles above the town, the course being straight from this point down to the finish. The grand stand, consisting of some twenty-five open cars, with awnings and very comfortable seats, is moved out from the station to a point exactly opposite two small scows anchored at the "start," in which two little boys are visible, waiting to discharge their responsible functions as starters. When the time comes, each little boy will firmly hold the stern of his respective boat in place, until, at the word "go," the race begins. These boys were eagerly watched on the 27th of June, for their appearance was held by the passengers on the moving grand stand to justify the inference that there was not going to be a postponement. Nearly three hours were consumed in waiting, before it was absolutely certain that there was going to be a race. These delays, however, invariably occur on any water which is exposed to the action of the wind, and at New London must be expected. Finally, between seven and eight o'clock, as the day was fast beginning to fade, and the shores and waters of the beautiful Thames River were growing more and more picturesque in the mysterious twilight, the two boats got into line, and lay at "ready" just under the west bank of the river, not a stone's-throw from our movable stand. If the truth must be told, it was impossible to see the crews paddle up to the starting boats without forming an unfavorable conclu-

sion as to Yale's chances. Appearances of this sort, however, are very deceptive, and the only sure test is the racing stroke in full play. At last, the referee gave the word, and the crews were off. Yale appeared to have the advantage for a period of time which it would be safe to estimate at a second and a half. After that the race was over, Harvard pulling steadily away from her to the finish, increasing her distance at each mile, and winning by the extraordinary difference of one minute and forty-three seconds. The winning boat did not make remarkable time, for 22.15 over a four-mile course, with the tide aiding, is nothing to boast of. But as far as could be judged by appearances, Harvard made no attempt at good time. At the finish, a very pretty spurt showed what might have been done at a pinch; but except for this half minute, or minute, no effort seemed to be made by Harvard at all.

It would be a mere waste of time to go into the details of the rowing of the two crews. The difference between them was that one rowed well, and the other did not row at all. This is no exaggeration, for it is perfectly clear to any one with the slightest knowledge of rowing that as long as Yale continues to use its oars in the way it did at New London on the 27th of June it will, barring accidents, always be beaten. To point out the faults of its method of rowing would simply be to enumerate every one that can exist. The stroke is not "pulled through;" in other words, the oar is taken out of the water before it has done its proper amount of work. In saying this we have no intention of reviving the old dispute as to two different styles of rowing, supposed to represent respectively a Harvard and a Yale theory of the art; the Yale stroke is nothing at all, and no perseverance in it can bring it to anything. Besides this, the rowing of Yale was all at loose ends. At a distance of half a mile you could see men "hanging" and "meeting." In fact, the Yale boat at the start looked as a crew might be expected to look at the end of a race in which they had pulled themselves "to pieces."

The statistics of the crew this year are given as follows by the official Bulletin: —

HARVARD UNIVERSITY CREW.

| | Name. | Class. | Age. | Height. | Weight. | Residence. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bow. | Richard Trimble. | 1880 | 21 | 5.11½ | 160 | New York City. |
| No. 2. | Nat. M. Brigham. | 1880 | 23 | 5.10½ | 178 | Natick, Mass. |
| No. 3. | Francis Peabody, Jr. | L. S. | 24 | 5.10 | 166 | Danvers, Mass. |
| No. 4. | Martin R. Jacobs. | 1879 | 23 | 5.09½ | 170 | Brownsville, Penn |
| No. 5. | Van Der Lynn Stowe. | 1880 | 20 | 6.01 | 185 | San Francisco, Cal |
| No. 6. | William H. Swartz. | 1879 | 23 | 5.09½ | 185 | Bangor, Me |
| No. 7. | Frederick W. Smith. | 1879 | 21 | 5.10 | 190 | Worcester, Mass. |
| Stroke. | Wm. A. Bancroft. | L. S. | 24 | 5.09½ | 162 | Cambridge, Mass. |
| | Totals | | 179 | 47.00½ | 1396 | |
| | Averages | | 22.5 | 5.11 | 174½ | |
| Cox. | Frederick H. Allen. | 1880 | | | 110 | Honolulu, S. I. |

YALE UNIVERSITY CREW.

| | Name. | Class. | Age. | Height. | Weight. | Residence. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bow. | John B. Collins. | 1881 | 20 | 5.10½ | 160 | St. Joseph, Mo. |
| No. 2. | Teran H. Patterson. | L. S. | 21 | 6.00 | 160 | Georgetown, Ky. |
| No. 3. | Charles B. Storrs. | 1882 | 20 | 6.01 | 167 | New York City. |
| No. 4. | Oliver D. Thompson. | 1879 | 23 | 5.10½ | 169 | Butler, Penn. |
| No. 5. | John W. Keller. | 1881 | 22 | 6.02 | 187 | Paris, Ky. |
| No. 6. | George B. Rogers | 1880 S | 21 | 6.03 | 178 | Lexington, Mass. |
| No. 7. | Harry W. Taft. | 1880 | 20 | 6.02 | 167 | Cincinnati, O. |
| Stroke. | Philo C. Fuller. | 1881 | 22 | 6.01 | 155 | Grand Rapids, Mich |
| | Totals | | 169 | 48.06 | 1343 | |
| | Averages | | 21.2 | 6.01 | 168 | |
| Cox. | Augustine Fitz Gerald. | 1882 | 18 | 5.03 | 95 | Litchfield, Conn. |

From these statistics it will be seen that the average weight of the Harvard oars was six and one half pounds greater than that of the Yale crew, while the weight was more evenly distributed in the boat; the average age was more than a year greater, while the average height of Yale was two inches above that of Harvard. Taking these facts into consideration, in connection with the appearance of the men as they sat in the boats, it is safe to say that the material of the Harvard crew was appreciably better than that of Yale, apart from all question of the method of rowing.

The intercollegiate rowing "record" of this country nominally covers a period of twenty-eight years, but this is in reality a great exaggeration, as the facts, when examined in detail, at once show. A record of this kind, to have any value as such, should be one relating to the same college, the same sort of boats, the same length of course, and the same system of rowing. But in all these respects there has been, during the twenty-eight years from 1852 to 1879, a radical and serious want of uniformity. From 1852 to 1860 there were six races. Of these, the first (1852) is described as a "two-mile straight pull to windward in eight-oared barges," and took place on Lake Winnipiseogee. The time is given as "about ten minutes." The second (1853) was at Springfield, on the Connecticut, "one and a half miles down stream and return in barges;" the boats (Harvard and Yale) being eight-oared, four-oared, and six-oared, with eleven seconds handicap per oar. The time of the winning crew was twenty-two minutes. Afterwards there were two races (1859) between Harvard and Yale on Lake Quinsigamond, at Worcester, "one and a half miles up the lake and return;" the Harvard shell winning in nineteen minutes, eighteen seconds, on July 26th, and the Yale shell winning on the next day, in nineteen minutes, fourteen seconds. The next year, over the same course, Harvard won in eighteen minutes, fifty-three seconds. In 1860, over the same course, there was a race between Freshman and Sophomore lap-streaks, which can hardly be included in our record. From 1852 to 1860, therefore, there were exactly two years in which the conditions of the university race remained the same; and if the races had continued, no doubt there would have been in a short time a standard of comparison furnished as to races between six-oared shells on inland waters, over a three-mile course with a turn, by which subsequent racing might have been tested. Unfortunately, the outbreak of the war in 1861 brought college racing to a stand-still, and for three years there was an interval during which no races were rowed. Between 1864 and 1870 there were seven contests between Harvard and Yale, of which Yale won two and Harvard five. This was followed by a period of six years, from 1871 to 1876, which witnessed the substitution of a straight-away three-mile course for the old course with a turn, while the annual Harvard-Yale race was magnified into a general intercollegiate regatta, in which, in one year, no less than thirteen colleges took part; the place of rowing being meanwhile shifted to Saratoga. Down to this time it should be remembered that the system of having the steering done by the bow-oar with his feet was persisted in. After 1876, Harvard and Yale withdrew from the Rowing Association of American Colleges, and reintroduced the old college race; but this was again modified into a four-mile straight-away race between eight-oared boats, with a coxswain. In the four races which have since taken place the water has been changed once, so that the record as to time is as yet rather more unsatisfactory as to eight oars than it once was as to six oars. In 1876 Yale beat Harvard at Springfield in twenty-two minutes, two seconds. In 1877, Harvard won on the same course in twenty-four minutes, thirty-six seconds. In 1878, at New London, Harvard won again in twenty minutes, forty-four seconds, which time was lengthened this year to twenty-two minutes, fifteen seconds. Looking at this history from beginning to end, it is difficult to deduce any certain conclusions whatever from it. It will need several

more years of races of the sort now rowed — and of closely contested races, too — before it will be possible to fix upon any standards of eight-oar college races as normal. What can be said at present is that, in all human probability, as long as Yale persists in her present method of rowing Harvard will continue to beat her four times out of five.

The withdrawal of Harvard and Yale from the Rowing Association in 1876, after a series of races in which the prestige of both colleges had been lowered by being beaten by universities not hitherto looked upon as rivals, was bitterly criticised at the time. The withdrawal was justified by its advocates on various grounds. Harvard and Yale, it was said, are, and probably always will be, the two great universities of the country; they are the oldest, most popular, and by common consent the best. There is consequently a great rivalry between them, which makes a contest between them on any common ground interesting to the public. To put the matter in another way, the number of people interested in the rivalry between Harvard and Yale is vastly greater than the number of people interested in the rivalry between any other colleges. Consequently, Harvard and Yale base-ball matches or races have always been looked upon as the most important college athletic contests of the year. It is not that the public or rowing men look at the time made by the winning crew as a test of good rowing time; for it is a well-known fact that the best time cannot be got out of under-graduate crews. Other colleges, such as Williams or Columbia (*pace* their respective corporations), do not occupy the same place in the public imagination that Harvard and Yale do. Moreover, the regatta at Saratoga had grown to such gigantic proportions that it was unmanageable, and so many colleges were entered that the race could not be properly seen or enjoyed. Besides this, colleges were admitted, such as the Massachusetts Agricultural and Cornell, whose material for crews was of an altogether different sort from that of ordinary colleges. All these arguments would have come with better grace from Harvard and Yale at any other time than in 1876, when they had just suffered repeated defeats at the hands of colleges to which no objections of any kind applied. But the withdrawal, to have been justified by the result, should at least never have been followed by such performances as those of the last two New London races. It will never do for Harvard, at least, to confine itself to contests with a college which will not row, or to boast of victories like that. It was on this account a great pity that the proposed race with Oxford fell through. Harvard has unquestionably a very fine crew (all but two of the men were in last year's boat), — perhaps the best college eight ever seen in American waters, — but to be interesting, or even creditable, there must be a contest; and the public interest is kept alive only by the existence of a real doubt as to which is to beat. If Yale cannot row, and will not learn how, the New London race might as well be given up; for very soon no one will go to see it. It would not only be far better, were the present condition of affairs likely to continue, but it would become absolutely essential, to let some other reputable college enter the race (say, for instance, Columbia, which has proved itself a dangerous competitor to both Harvard and Yale), in order to make the race a real one.

We take it for granted, however, that this sort of thing is not to continue. Yale probably contains as good material for a crew, taking year with year, as Harvard, and there is no reason why it should not in the future, as in the past, give Harvard a great deal of work to win. If it means to persist in its present slovenly and ridiculous style, it had far better withdraw altogether. We say this quite as much in the interest of Harvard as of Yale. What time can be made by Harvard no one knows, and no one will know until there is a real race. No worse thing could happen for rowing in any college than to beat as easily as Harvard has in the last two races. Successes of this kind take away every motive to improvement.

The thing most to be desired for American college rowing in the future seems to us to be that there should be some fixity and regularity about it. The remarkable process of evolution through which it has passed would show that in the eight-oar, four-mile, straight-away race, with coxswains, we have reached a finality. It is to the last degree improbable that we shall ever go back to six oars, or to the old system of steering, or to the old three-mile course with a turn. In fact, we have, after much vexation and trouble, practically adopted the English system of rowing, as we have their stroke; and in all human probability the system which has stood the test of experience so well in England will stand it equally well here. The main thing now is to stick to the same course. In this respect, the Thames offers probably greater advantages than any other place. The course is straight, the movable grand stand of itself constitutes a strong reason in favor of New London, and the chances appear to be in favor of smooth water. But the precise place selected is of much less importance than the selection of some permanent place. With perpetual changes, the result must mean little or nothing. With the same course, we shall in a very few years know what can be done by crack American universities, just as well as it is now known in England what can be done by crack English universities.

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## AMERICAN FINANCES FROM 1789 TO 1835.[1]

### II.

The sinking fund act of 1795, while it made assured and ample provision for reimbursing the six per cent. stock, failed to extend a similar provision to every part and description of the public debt. This omission proved a defect in that important measure; and it was so speedily brought to light that its disturbing influence was at once felt in all the estimates of the year following the one which saw the passing of the act.

Early in the year 1796 intelligence reached this country that the creditors in Amsterdam and Antwerp had rejected the proposal to convert the foreign debt into a funded domestic stock; and it was also known that the unsettled position of affairs in Europe, caused by the war then waging, would in the interim preclude any further loans being obtained there. Funds would therefore have to be transmitted abroad, to meet reimbursements on the foreign debt, as stipulated for in the contracts. This unforeseen necessity was of itself sufficiently embarrassing; but it chanced to be further aggravated by a request made about the same time by the directors of the United States Bank, to the effect that the government would take measures for paying the loans already due the bank, and would also provide against any loans falling due in the course of the current year.

Here were sudden and unlooked-for demands upon the treasury, which raised the expenditure for the year 1796 to the extent of several millions of dollars. Yet no provision whatever had been made for discharging these obligations.

The loans made to the government by the Bank of the United States amounted, on January 1, 1796, to $6,000,000. Each of these several loans had been obtained on a pledge of the revenues, with the sole exception of a balance of $1,400,000 yet due on the stock loan of $2,000,000. During the recent troubles, when expenses were mounting up rapidly, any appropriation that called for immediate payment was compelled to be made

[1] See Atlantic for September, 1878.

against newly-levied revenues, which themselves were already subject, on their collection, to credits running from six to twenty-four months. In order, therefore, to procure the money at once, loans designed to be no more than temporary were obtained of the bank, in anticipation of the actual receipt of taxes. As, however, the revenue properly belonging to each year was being kept tied up by reason of the long credits given on the outstanding bonds, the pledged taxes, when they reached the treasury, were all absorbed in defraying the current expenditures. Under these circumstances, the government found itself compelled, in order to keep on hand sufficient cash funds, to renew the temporary loans, when once they were made; and so it went on, until the debt owing to the bank grew at length to be so enormous as even to paralyze its operations, depriving it, as the fact proved, of nearly two thirds of its capital.

When, therefore, the payment of this debt came eventually to be insisted on, some method of raising the money had to be devised different from that of taking it from the receipts for the coming year, 1796; for these receipts, although already appropriated to pay the bank, were clearly not available.

In this conjuncture a proposal was submitted to the bank to commute the entire debt into a funded domestic stock, to bear interest at six per cent. This plan met with failure, inasmuch as the bank declined to receive the stock at its par value. The next move was an attempt to negotiate a sale of the stock; but the terms offered were so disadvantageous to the government that the loan was withdrawn. Out of this new stock, not redeemable until after the year 1819, only eighty thousand dollars' worth were sold, for seventy thousand dollars in cash.

As a fresh resort toward responding to the more urgent demands of the bank, 2780 shares of the bank-stock, at $400 a share, were sold at a premium, realizing thereby $1,384,260. The proceeds of this sale had the effect of satisfying the bank; and indeed the relief it produced was such as to allow a postponement in discharging the balance of the loans. These were by degrees subsequently paid out of the current revenues. As to the Dutch debt, the installment of $400,000 due upon it the government found itself enabled to pay by an unexpected increase in the revenue from imports and internal duties.

The annual addition to the revenue which would be required, in order to ward off the necessity of having recourse to new loans, was found on computation to be $1,229,000. For the purpose of commanding this amount, duties were laid, under the act of March 3, 1797, on certain imported articles. These duties consisted, in the main, of an increased specific duty on sugar, tea, and molasses, and of an extra *ad valorem* duty of two and a half per cent. on cotton goods. This increase, combined with an addition of fifty per cent. to the tax on carriages, brought the annual revenue up to nearly $7,500,000. Out of this sum, not only the current service was provided for, but also the interest on the entire debt; and it was found adequate, beside, for paying any installments of the principal that might fall due from the year 1797 to the year 1801. By special appropriation, all proceeds arising from the new tariff duties were set apart for the payment, first, of the principal of the foreign debt, and then of the principal of the debt due to the Bank of the United States.

Scarcely had these arrangements been entered upon when the government found itself on the point of a serious difficulty with France. The spoliations of this power upon our commerce had aroused a determination to protect it. Discretionary powers were conferred on the president in an extra session of Congress, which, in the event of an actual outbreak, were to be employed in such preparations for the conflict as his judgment might deem necessary. In anticipation of this possible expenditure, additional duties were imposed; but as the contingent expenditure was not created, the receipts of the year 1797 produced a surplus of upwards of $1,900,000, which, in accordance with the law, was applied to the reduction of the public debt.

In the year following, the need of giving greater security to American commerce compelled the government to submit to heavy cost, both for military and maritime armaments. Stamp duties were now laid upon printed and written documents of various kinds; and at the same time there was also placed upon dwelling-houses, lands, and slaves a direct tax of two millions of dollars, which latter tax was apportioned among the States, according to the constitutional rule. A loan of five millions of dollars was likewise authorized; and this loan went to supply the deficit in the current expenses for the years 1798 and 1799, which was caused by the outlay for defensive operations by land and sea.

This loan of five millions of dollars is noteworthy as being the first in the United States that was negotiated of its individual citizens. The times looked unpropitious for its success; there was a near prospect of war, and no reason to look for any but the most limited assistance from the banks. In spite, however, of this untoward outlook, stock, redeemable after fifteen years, was issued, bearing eight per cent. interest, which was the market-rate at the time. It was all readily disposed of at par. Additional stock on the same terms was issued to the amount of $1,481,700. This latter was for the current service of the year 1800, and its sale realized an average premium of 5.6 per cent. Besides these two loans, certificates of indebtedness (known in the treasury records as "navy six per cent. stock") were issued for $711,700, in payment of a number of war vessels furnished to the government in the year 1798. To secure the interest upon these new debts a further increase of the tariff duties was resorted to.

The restoration of peace to Europe, coupled with the settlement of our own difficulties with France, relieved the government of further financial embarrassment. A speedy reduction was made in public expenditures, especially in those connected with the military and naval establishments. The expenditure for the current service, including in the term all payments excepting those for the public debt, was reduced from $9,972,248, in the year 1800, to $4,958,228, in the year 1802; while, owing to the same causes, the receipts from customs rose from $9,080,932, in 1800, to $12,438,235, in 1802. This last-named sum exceeded by $1,200,000 the aggregate up to that time that had been collected in any one year from the customs and internal revenue both together.

Congress profited by this prosperous condition of the finances of the country to redeem the pledge given at the different times of contracting the public debt. By the terms of this pledge, every deficiency which might occur as to the provisions for paying the interest and principal, Congress had bound itself to supply. How very inadequate the sinking fund act of 1795 had proved needed no further demonstration than recent events. Its operation had been from the first limited to the debts existing on the 3d of March, 1759; and this restrictive feature in its scheme necessarily excluded from its provisions all subsequent debts. The Dutch debt also was placed in an equally improvident condition; for by their refusal to modify their contracts, or to make new loans, the foreign creditors had thereby defeated the sole provision made in behalf of their debts by the sinking fund act. As a consequence, a permanent and effectual enactment covering the whole of the public debt did not at this time exist. Nevertheless, the annual interest had been properly met, as also such portions of the principal as were absolutely demandable. And yet the mode under which these payments were made was irregular and unauthorized.

These irregularities, and others of greater moment, were the direct result of not ingrafting upon the original plan of the sinking fund such supplementary legislation as the public exigencies demanded. The auxiliary revenues, for instance, which had been especially created for the interest and principal of the new public debt, had never been pledged on the faith of the United States, as was the case with the other revenues; nor were they vested in the commissioners of the sink-

ing fund, under whose direction the law required that all payments on account of the principal should be made. Even this positive injunction came to be continually disregarded, by reason of large payments having at times to be made out of moneys independent of the sinking fund, and charged to the year in which they occurred. Furthermore, no imperative clause directing their payment accompanied the recent appropriations for the debt; and since these appropriations were not bottomed on any specified source of revenue applicable solely to the debt, they could claim no priority over appropriations for the civil, military, and naval expenses of the government. In common with these latter, they too simply rested upon any moneys in the treasury. It is clear, then, that these recent provisions were not in the nature of a contract with the creditors; and besides, like other ordinary enactments, they were liable to repeal at the pleasure of Congress, without involving any breach of faith. Nor was any security afforded by the appropriation of the surpluses of the revenue, even though vested in the commissioners, since nothing else was needed to defeat this provision than to make appropriations for other objects than the public debt.

The Dutch debt fared like the others, notwithstanding the duties of the year 1797 were expressly appropriated in payment of it. What these duties amounted to was not easily ascertainable; for, under the existing mode of ascertaining them, it was not practicable to separate, in the annual total, these particular ad valorem duties from the other proceeds of similar duties. Taking, however, a liberal estimate, the former were set down at $500,000. This sum, when added to the revenue from the sale of the public lands, which was to be applied to the same object, produced no more than $900,000. But it was now that the heaviest installments of the Dutch debt were beginning to fall due: they varied for the year 1802, and for the five years thence ensuing, from $920,000 to $2,220,000; averaging for each of these six years nearly $1,600,000. The actual provision for these installments was therefore not only uncertain, but inadequate. As for the duties of the year 1800, any appropriation of them to the newly-made debts was rendered nugatory by the fact of those duties having been made applicable to the payment of interest on any part of the public debt. The duties of 1797 were limited in their appropriation to the Dutch debt and to the debts of the Bank of the United States, the appropriation to cease on their extinction.

To remove this conflict and confusion in the provisions relating to the public debt, the government enacted a new law on the 29th of April, 1802, which was designed to remedy the defects and supply the omissions of the sinking fund act of 1795. The fiscal resources of the country were now subjected to a clear and definite survey, and a like scrutiny was applied in ascertaining the actual nature and extent of the national obligations.

Just previous to this reorganization of the sinking fund, the prosperous condition of the revenue had justified a repeal of all internal duties. These duties were peculiarly obnoxious, and had all along been regarded as hostile to the genius of a free people. Their tendency to multiply offices and to increase the patronage of the executive was another cause of objection to them. Besides, the established policy of the government was to abstain, whenever practicable, from exercising the right of taxation on subjects over which the individual States possessed a concurrent right.

The revenues which continued in force were the duties on tonnage and imported merchandise; the proceeds of the sale of public lands; the duties on postage; and the incidentals arising from fines, fees, and penalties, from repayments into the treasury, and from sales of public property other than lands. These several sources were estimated to yield yearly $9,950,000. There were, besides, resources of a temporary character of over $4,000,000; these consisting of the balance due on the direct tax, of outstanding internal duties, of the sums derived from the sale of public vessels, of the

shares of the Bank of the United States, and of the disposable balance of specie in the treasury.

Taking as a basis the estimate of appropriations, the annual permanent expenditures, leaving out those relating to the public debt, were found to require the sum of $2,650,000. Deducting these expenditures from the annual revenue left a remainder of $7,300,000. Now, to make all the payments actually due, during the years 1802, 1803, and 1804, on the interest and principal of the foreign and domestic debt would demand a sum equal to the above surplus. And no less a sum could be furthermore absorbed were the government to provide for all the payments for the eight years ending in April, 1810, which, according to its reserved right, it was at liberty to make. But the prospective employment of so great a fund as $7,300,000 was in some measure, dependent upon the price at which purchases of the outstanding stocks could be effected. Considering, however, that the ability of the country to bear taxation was now increasing with its rapid growth in wealth and population, thus making the burden lighter year by year, the provision deemed necessary for the first three arduous years was accordingly extended to the term of the full redemption of the public debt.

Against every ordinary contingency to arise out of a possible fall in the current revenues below the estimates on which the appropriation for the public debt was based, the treasury was effectually provided. Certain eventual demands against the United States, arising under treaties with foreign powers, and amounting to several millions of dollars, were made a contingent charge upon the sinking fund. But, circumstances permitting it, these demands, together with the temporary bank loans, were payable as well out of any other moneys at the command of the treasury. The four million dollars of temporary resources were by this arrangement set free, to be drawn upon, if necessary in aid of the current revenues. As an additional precaution, authority was conferred on the commissioners of the sinking fund to extend, by means of re-loans, the terms of payment of the Dutch debt, so as to equalize over the eight ensuing years the payments which fell principally on the first five years. This expedient, if made effectual, would go to reduce the payment in Holland from about two millions a year to one million. A million of dollars would in this way become disengaged, and might be employed in payment of the bank loans, or of any other part of the debt held and payable here in America.

The sum of $7,300,000 was thus annually and permanently appropriated to the sinking fund, and vested in its commissioners, who were directed to apply it, whether by payment or purchase, to the further and final redemption of the public debt. Not only the reimbursement of the principal was placed under their superintendence, but also the payment on account of the interest and contingent charges. And it was made the duty of the secretary of the treasury to pay over this sum to the commissioners, in such amounts and at such times as a faithful and punctual compliance with the engagements of the United States might demand.

The sinking fund act of 1802 was a marked improvement upon that of 1795, in that it simplified a hitherto very complicated system of finance, thus making it fully adequate to its specific object. Not a single appropriation, not a payment belonging to the old fund, was either deranged or altered by its action. The reform was accomplished by kneading together into one consolidated mass the scattered and special funds already established, and then by adding to this total sum, out of the duties on tonnage and imported merchandise, sufficient to make up the designated amount of $7,300,000. The actual appropriation added to the permanent and vested revenues of the old fund was about $1,800,000.

By the act of November 10, 1803, six per cent. stock to the amount of $11,250,000 was created, and made redeemable after the year 1817. This was in pursuance of a convention with France for payment in part of the purchase of

Louisiana. Upon this new burden being thrown upon the sinking fund, its resources became augmented to the extent of $700,000 annually.

At first, there was no little misgiving as to the prudence of devoting so large a sum as $7,300,000 to the use of the public debt. But this misgiving was speedily dissipated when it was considered that as for several years now the revenues were in excess of the estimates, the payments made upon the public debt were accordingly far beyond the amount of the appropriation. The rapid extinction of the debt ensuing thereupon hastened the arrival of the time when the application of the full amount of the fund would have to depend upon purchases.

In anticipation of this state of affairs, the laws relating to the purchase of the public debt were revised in the year 1806. All the previous acts had authorized purchases at the market-price, if this did not exceed the nominal value of the stocks. This authority, however, from the nature of the debt, proved to be nugatory. The three per cent. stocks, for example, were selling below their nominal value, but still at a comparatively higher and less profitable rate than the eight per cent. stocks, which were held above their nominal value. Now, however, the maximum price which the commissioners might in future give for the different species of stocks was absolutely fixed by law. For six per cent. stocks no more was to be paid than the nominal value of their unredeemed amount. In fixing the rate for the eight per cent. stocks, they were regarded as consisting of an annuity of six per cent. worth its par value, and of an annuity of two per cent. a year, which latter was to cease on the stock becoming redeemable. A premium was accordingly offered for them, equal to one half of one per cent. for every quarter remaining unexpired from the time of purchase to the 1st of January, 1809; this being the date when the eight per cent. stocks were payable at their nominal value, at the pleasure of the government. The purchase price of the three per cent. stocks was fixed at sixty-five per cent. of their nominal value. Every other limitation upon the powers of the commissioners, whether as to the time or the manner of making purchases, was set aside, thus leaving them free to judge and act for the best interests of the public.

With a view to testing the efficiency of these new provisions, a proposal was shortly made for the purchase of the debt. The experiment did not prove successful. Of the old six per cent. and deferred stocks only $17,517.61 were purchased; all other offers, amounting altogether to $91,956, were made at rates above the market-price of the stocks. In the course of the years 1806 and 1807, somewhat over one million dollars' worth of eight per cent. stocks was bought; but the bulk of it was held back, notwithstanding the premium offered, until called in for redemption at maturity. The hope of hastening the reduction of the public debt by purchase was therefore soon abandoned, since the direct tendency of this policy was to raise the price of the stocks. It thus became necessary to find employment for more than three millions of dollars of the appropriation to the sinking fund, which in each successive year would otherwise remain unexpended.

The plan adopted was set forth in the act of February 11, 1807, by which it was enacted to change the terms of the six per cent., of the deferred, and of the three per cent. stocks. A proposition was submitted to the holders of the six per cent. and deferred stocks to exchange the unredeemed amount thereof into a common six per cent. stock, redeemable at the pleasure of the government upon public notice being given six months previous. It was stipulated, however, that the total amount of every new certificate should be reimbursed in a single payment. In thus having an investment not subject to partial payments on account, as was the case with the old stocks, there was an advantage in the view of the government. A more favorable offer was made for the conversion of the three per cent. stock, as its value was regulated to some extent by the obligation of the government ultimately to

redeem it at par. By this fact there was likewise conferred upon it somewhat of the character of a perpetual annuity, the principal of which was never to be redeemed. For these reasons, the three per cents had always been worth more, relatively to the interest received, than a six per cent. stock, the former never selling for less than sixty per cent. of their nominal value, when the latter was at par. Accordingly, the three per cent. stock, at the rate of sixty-five per cent. of its nominal value, was made convertible into a six per cent. stock, not redeemable until after the whole of the eight per cent. and four and a half per cent. stocks, as well as all the stock which might be created in exchange for the old six per cent. and deferred stocks, should have been reimbursed. Under the supposition that the plan of exchanging old stock for new was generally to be adopted by the public creditors, there was thus offered to the holders of the three per cent. stock at least eight years' immunity from redemption. The realizing during these years of a double rate of interest was, in the opinion of the government, considered equal to a redemption of more than seventy-two dollars, a price far above the highest this stock had ever reached.

To the foreign creditors — and these held over eleven millions of the three per cent. stock, and about fourteen millions of the unredeemed amount of the six per cent. and deferred stocks — was given the option of receiving their interest either in London, at the stipulated exchange of four shillings and ten pence sterling on the dollar, or at Amsterdam, at the rate of two guilders and a half current money of Holland for every dollar. Interest was not due abroad, however, until six months after the date it became payable in the United States; and it was also subject to a deduction of one half of one per cent., as commission to the bankers paying it. But the stocks bearing foreign-paid interest were convertible at any time into others, with the interest payable in the United States.

Subscriptions were received, both at home and in Europe, from July 1, 1807, to March 17, 1809. Within this period, $9,376,439.62 (nominal value) in six per cent. and deferred stocks were surrendered, for which were given $6,294,-051.12 in new stock denominated "exchanged stock;" and $1,859,850.70 in new stock known as "converted stock" were issued in lieu of $2,861,309.15, subscribed in the three per cent. stock. Of the exchanged stock $168,464.90 were taken in Europe, and of the converted stock $464,494.74.

Although the conversion of the old debt could show but this limited success, it enabled the commissioners of the sinking fund to do that which otherwise they could not have done, namely, to apply, from the year 1807 to the year 1812, the entire appropriation of eight million dollars to the redemption of the public debt. Before the year 1811 the whole issue of the exchanged stock was reimbursed, and during that year and the early part of 1812 the converted stock was redeemed. Meanwhile, all the other parts of the debt, both foreign and domestic, which the government was at liberty to discharge according to the contracts had been paid off.

We must here recur to the old revolutionary debt, which, liquidated and funded as it was under various acts of Congress, amounted to $76,781,953.14. In this total is found included the funded interest, which had been suffered to accumulate from the date of the organization of the new government to January, 1791. As, however, this new government, not to speak of its want of a system of finance, had to begin its career without revenue or funds of any kind to meet the demands of even the ordinary civil list, it would seem impossible for it to have made an earlier attempt to pay regularly the annual interest.

Although the natural result of this delay in paying the interest in question was to increase the public debt, still there are several considerations which suggest an offset to this increase. The large arrears of interest, which had accumulated at the rate of six per cent. upon the old revolutionary debt, were of right demandable by the creditors in

cash. By the terms, however, of the new contract with them, that interest was now converted into a capital stock, bearing an interest of only three per cent.; and therefore the difference between the nominal value of that stock and an actual settlement in cash represented the gain to the government. Also, on the principal of the debt there was a reduction of interest from six per cent. to a rate equivalent to four per cent., according to the basis upon which the debt was readjusted. And again, owing to the fact that the interest on the debt did not begin to accrue until the year 1791, a large surplus of revenue was enabled to be collected up to that date, which, under a judicious law of Congress, was applied to the redemption of the principal of the debt, by means of purchases on the part of the government. As the public stocks were then selling below their nominal value, a saving of nearly fifty-four per cent. was effected upon a capital of $957,770.65 invested. Furthermore, in so far as the purchased stocks consisted of six per cents and three per cents, they yielded an immediate annual interest of $38,000, and a prospective interest upon the deferred stock of the same amount; all of which every year as it accrued was used in additional purchases.

Of the original revolutionary debt, $33,825,188.86 remained unpaid on January 1, 1812. The whole of it might readily have been paid but for the internal disorders, as well as foreign entanglements of a warlike aspect, and but for the government's consequent inability to apply to its reimbursement all revenues over its ordinary expenditures. From this combination of untoward occurrences, a large increase of the original debt had become a necessity. And yet there were sums, if they could have been applied to the extinguishment of the old debt, whose total would have thereby reduced it to quite small and manageable proportions. There was, for instance, the item of new stock created to the extent of $18,525,400, and none of it going to reimburse the old debt. Again, under the provisions of a convention with Great Britain of January 8, 1802, in relation to revolutionary debts known as "British debts," large payments, not appearing in the statement of the public debt, had been made out of the current revenues; these payments amounted to $6,356,053.47, together with certain claims of American citizens upon the French government, which, in conformity with the Louisiana convention of 1803, the United States undertook to pay in addition to the direct payment to France for the territory itself. These items were adequate to reducing the old debt by January 1, 1812, to $8,944,735.41.

There must, besides, be taken into account the assets of the government on the 1st of January, 1812, in cash or its equivalent, which were applicable to the face of the debt. These assets amounted to $13,500,000, and consisted of the cash balance in the treasury, of outstanding unpaid revenue bonds, and of sums due on public lands sold to private individuals. The government was furthermore possessed of other property, which might be considered as additional items in the general account of debt, such as light-houses, fortifications, military and naval arsenals, with their stores and supplies, and more than one hundred and eighty-five sail of ships and armed vessels. The balances, also, which were rightfully due to the government from the debtor States should not be overlooked in this connection.

Notwithstanding the great enlargement of the public debt in the period from 1789 to 1812, the whole amount of it on January 1st of the last-mentioned year had been reduced to $45,120,304.53, or less by $31,661,648.61 than it was at the outset of the new government. The principal part of this reduction was effected after the year 1802; nor from that date was there any increase of taxation for the purpose. In fact, the prosperous condition of the permanent revenues permitted, in the year 1807, the repeal of the duty on imported salt.

The temporary revenues, however, were augmented in the year 1804. The piratical operations carried on by the

Barbary States brought our government, in that year, into hostile conflict with that power for their suppression, and a considerable fleet was dispatched to the Mediterranean. To defray the expenses of this expedition, an advance of two and a half per cent. was placed upon all existing ad valorem duties on imported goods; and an extra ten per cent. was chargeable against foreign bottoms. These special duties were known as "Mediterranean duties," and they were not to be removed until the ratification of a peace with the regent of Tripoli. In the year 1806 (when they were to expire by limitation), Congress voted two millions of dollars to enable the president to open negotiations for the purchase of territory belonging to Spain lying east of the Mississippi River. In order to meet this large appropriation, the Mediterranean duties were to continue in force for two years longer; and even before the expiration of this term it was found necessary to add to it, on account of threatened difficulties between Great Britain, France, and the United States, growing out of the position and claims of neutral commerce. The extension to the United States of the British orders in council, and of the Berlin decree of the Emperor Napoleon, compelled Congress, on the 22d of December, 1807, to pass an act laying an embargo upon all vessels of those two powers in the ports of the United States. This act was succeeded by another of March 1, 1809, interdicting commercial intercourse on the part of the United States equally with Great Britain, France, and their respective dependencies.

The warlike preparations necessarily accompanying these measures largely increased the expenses of the government, while the suspension of commerce following on the embargo and the non-importation and general non-intercourse acts caused a great falling off in the revenues. For the year 1808 they were not materially impaired, and for the reason that, from the long credits given, the receipts of that year arose from the revenues belonging to the year preceding. But for the year 1809, the actual receipts of the treasury fell short of the current expenditures alone by upwards of $2,507,000. To make up this deficit, and to provide as well for payments on account of the principal of the debt, recourse was had to the surplus revenue of other years, which had accumulated as a balance in the treasury. In the years 1810 and 1811, the receipts of the government, owing to a reduction of expenses in the naval department especially, once more rose above the expenditures.

At the close of the year 1811, the country found itself on the eve of its second war with Great Britain. This unfortunate but unavoidable event not only put a stop to the further rapid extinguishment of the public debt, but added to it enormously. The great reduction, however, which had up to this time been effected proved a seasonable and important advantage to the government in the coming struggle. Excepting the annual reimbursement of the six per cent. and deferred stocks, no further payments were due on the principal of the debt till the year 1818. Every portion of the debt which was redeemable before that year had already been paid off. The sum required for paying the interest and the reimbursement amounted to $3,792,382; any surplus over this amount was by the sinking fund act of 1802 left applicable to the current expenses of the government. Of the eight million dollars' appropriation, more than $4,200,000 had been liberated; and this amount constituted, therefore, a positive increase of revenue at the disposal of the national defense. The importance of this fact can be fully appreciated only in the light of subsequent financial difficulties, which of themselves sorely tested the energies and strained the resources of the country during the war of 1812.

*John Watts Kearny.*

## GENESIS.

High on the cliff that framed the shore
I clambered, — on the cliff that bore
Upon its naked crest and sides
The signs of early chafing tides;
Where sculpturing icebergs deftly made
The pictured mountain peak and glade.

The dull refrain of restless waves
With echoed chords filled crags and caves,
And symphonies that rose and fell
With flow and ebb of ocean's swell.
On high, a cloud majestic swept,
Athwart the sea its shadow crept.

Beneath the cliff, dividing land and bay,
In deep repose the darkened forest lay.
The noisy waters rolled in tuneful sound;
The voiceless woods were still with calm profound,
Save when a louder wave's impetuous rush
Came faintly swelling to the inner hush.

No human foot had ever trod
That still, secluded, distant sod;
No human voice had ever rung
Those wild and silent trees among.
The stranger isle, by man unknown,
Pillowed in waves, had slept alone.

Descending from the sunburnt height,
I sought the cooler, mellowed light
That lay within the verdant shade
And with the timid sunbeams played.
Here e'en the fierce sun's boldest rays
Entered abashed the leafy maze.

Upon a mossy mound, in thoughtful mood,
I lay reclusely shut within the wood.
The teasing winds the sleeping leaves awoke,
And through the dell their drowsy murmurs broke,
That fainter grew, and fainter growing died
As sped the winds to fret the distant tide.

I, gazing, lay, — my senses lulled
With odors sweet the air had culled,
And carried on her laden breast
As incense to her earliest guest, —
And saw, throughout, one breathing thing,
A butterfly on tinted wing.

The little monarch of the isle,
Flitting here and there awhile,
Poised on its purple throne, — a flower
Beneath the fern leaves' shelt'ring bower.
"Did Providence then mold," thought I,
"All this to feed a butterfly?

"This sinless Eden but for that prepare?
These harmonies to die on empty air?"
"To form this spot no special plan was laid,"
The answer came from sea and cliff and glade;
"God sowed the seed of law in chaos' gloom,
One seed fell here, — the isle burst into bloom."

*Ernest Dale Owen.*

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## SONGS AND ECCENTRICITIES OF BIRDS.

I OFTEN think how dreary the face of nature would seem, though the landscape abounded in all things that captivate the sight and the imagination, if it were not inhabited by birds, or if these birds were without songs. Yet it is not the melody of their voices that charms us, so much as their power to enliven the pleasant solitude of our woods and fields without disturbing our meditations. While there is sufficient melody in their songs to lull and amuse the mind, they have nothing, except in a few cases, of the formality of artificial music, which would fix our attention and interrupt our thoughts. The reader has undoubtedly observed, when employed in study, or in any pursuit that requires close attention, that there are certain sounds and combinations of sound that harmonize with our thoughts, and others that distract them.

We are seldom discomposed by the songs of birds; but this cannot in general be said of artificial music. If it is bad, while it is within our hearing we find it impossible to fix our attention upon our task; and if it is good, it disturbs the mind nearly in proportion to its formality. But if it is of such a character as we expect in a well-composed voluntary for the organ, having no very conspicuous theme, and without symmetry in its modulation, though perfectly harmonized, we may pursue our task while hearing it even more fixedly than in perfect silence. Let the organist, in the midst of it, strike a measured strain full of expression, and our attention is diverted at once from our task to the music. All bad music is disturbing; but of good music that only distracts the attention which is extremely rhythmical or expressive.

If we carefully examine the subject, we shall discover this fact: that the music which occasions no disturbance of our thoughts, if good, is of a character similar to that of the warbling of birds. It agreeably fills the ear by a sort of running melody that has but little expression, and is yet without monotony. There is a certain style of eloquence that produces a similar composing effect, though not persuasive or convincing. A sermon must have considerable merit to operate as a tranquillizer; for nobody except a child or a dull person could sleep while hearing a bad sermon or bad music. A pleasant harmony of thoughts and style marks the sermon that puts men into a quiet slumber. If we were present while a pulpit orator and a good reader was delivering

a finely written discourse, without giving utterance to sentiments that were very tangible, we might pursue almost any train of thought while he was speaking. But let him occasionally make either a foolish or a keen remark, and our attention would be immediately diverted from our own thoughts. These quieting sermons are like a good bird song, or an organ voluntary.

All bird music, however, is not composing. There are some feathered songsters whose notes are rhythmical, and form an exception to the general warbling of birds. Everybody admires the song of the whip-poor-will; especially if no more than two or three are heard at the same time, and are widely separated. The whip-poor-will's notes are rhythmical, — they are measured music. Though they are delightful partly on account of this formality, yet on the same account they fix our attention, and like any other precisely measured tune would soon become wearisome. It is no paradox to assert that those tunes and those notes which are the most expressive soonest tire upon the ear. It is a happy circumstance for the lovers of nature that birds and insects and winds and waters are sweetly modulated without rhythm.

A part of the interest that attaches to the chickadee, the most noted and familiar of our winter birds, is proof that a song is not necessary to make the voice of a bird agreeable. All his notes are pleasant, and there is a great variety of them, but they are not measured or continuous. Their principal charm is derived from their association with the cheerful habits and sylvan habitats of this bird, his lively motions and interesting ways. The call note, from which he derives his name, is one of the most animated sounds that can be imagined. Chickadee-dee-dee is sure to be uttered, at irregular intervals of two or three minutes, by each individual of any small scattered flock that may be assembled near our windows.

Chickadees do not forage in compact flocks, like the sparrows and other granivorous birds, whose food, consisting of the seeds of grasses and other herbs, is distributed profusely over almost every open field. The food of the chickadees, being wholly of insects and their eggs and chrysalids, which are lodged upon the wood and bark of trees, is not abundant in any place, and can be obtained only by diligent search. Chickadees are therefore obliged to scatter, like woodpeckers, because their food is scattered. We very rarely see more than two or three of them upon a tree at the same time. Their dispersion, however, is not the result of any concerted arrangement among the birds. They naturally pursue that course which is attended with the most success. But so invariable is this instinct that if a spot were covered with their food it would probably be visited by only two or three at a time.

Yet, though never associated in large companies, they do not like to be alone. While busy in their search for insects, they frequently utter the cry of chickadee, as boys will halloo, when a party of them are scattered over a whortleberry pasture. This cry, if heard, is immediately answered by other birds of the scattered flock. These calls and responses serve to notify them of each other's presence. If there should be no answer, the bird immediately flies to another tree, and repeats his call, until he hears a reply and is assured of the nearness of his comrades. Woodpeckers are much less noisy. They do not need so many notes of greeting and assurance, because their frequent hammering upon the trees answers a similar purpose. Nature bestows on birds and other animals only just such an amount of language as their wants and circumstances require.

The chickadee occasionally utters a plaintive strain, for which I have not been able to assign a motive. It consists of two notes, the first about a third above the second note in the musical scale. I am obliged to confess that I have not learned whether this strain is uttered in all seasons, or only in the spring and summer; but I suppose it to be the love-song of the male. Though it seems too feeble and wanting in ani-

mation for a love-song, who can say that the chickadee may not be a sentimentalist, and prefer to woo his mate with a plaintive note, instead of teasing her with volubility, like the bobolink?

We can seldom watch the chickadees, day after day, in summer, without hearing another strain, very different from either of those I have described. It consists of a low, subdued warbling, full of chattering notes variously modulated and rapidly delivered, without sufficient distinctness to deserve the name of a song. I cannot imagine what instinct or sentiment prompts the little bird to warble this peculiar medley. It seems to be a kind of soliloquy; for whenever I have heard it, the bird was alone, and half concealed among the branches of the trees. We might fancy him to be amusing a lonely hour, as a boy whistles when walking alone on a road. These several utterances of the chickadee entitle it to the character of a highly musical bird; and as it is a constant resident with us, and is in winter very familiar and vocal around our dwellings, I believe there is no songster in the woods that would be more painfully missed if its species were exterminated.

It is seldom that we hear the notes of the chickadee anywhere near the woods without discovering the downy woodpecker somewhere in the vicinity, distinguishing him by his speckled plumage, his scarlet crown, and his sudden and rapid movements. This little bird seems, as it were, a companion of the chickadee, though the two birds have probably no particular acquaintance with each other. In the lonely season of winter, birds of similar habits have a general inclination to associate, for mutual protection; they are cheered by hearing the voices of others around them. But there seems to be a sort of affinity between the small woodpeckers, the creepers, and the chickadees. They do not join company, but they keep within hearing of one another from a sociable feeling, of which they probably have no less than the gregarious species.

A singular habit of the downy woodpecker, and one with which all are familiar, is that which has gained him the name of "sap-sucker." He bores little round holes just through the bark of the tree, usually an apple-tree, not penetrating into the wood of the branch. These holes form a complete circle round the branch of the tree, about half an inch apart. No theory has yet been advanced that explains satisfactorily the object of the bird in making these perforations. The theory that they are made for the purpose of sap-sucking is after all the most rational one. Admitting this to be the true explanation, the cause of their arrangement in a circle is still a mystery. Our farmers were formerly very jealous of these little sap-suckers, considering their practice injurious to the health of the trees. A long series of observations has proved its harmlessness.

The gregarious habits of certain species of birds, and the more solitary habits of others, are the necessary consequence of their different ways of feeding. The insect-eaters among land-birds are seldom associated in flocks; but they are fond of company, and do not like to be alone. The granivorous birds, on the other hand, with a few exceptions, are gregarious. Such are the English sparrows and our snow-buntings; and it is remarkable that the bobolinks, which feed on insects during their breeding season at the North, are never seen in flocks until the autumn, when they are changed into rice-birds, and feed exclusively on seeds. During the time between early autumn and May they forage in flocks.

Compare in this respect our common robin and the red-winged blackbird. The robin is exclusively insectivorous; for the fruit he consumes is his *dessert*, not his subsistence, and he swallows no kinds of seeds. The red-wing, on the contrary, is omnivorous, and a greedy consumer of every kind of grain. Hence, robins are never seen in large or compact flocks. Seldom is a gunner able to shoot more than one or two of them at once, so scattered are the members of their small assemblages. Blackbirds, on the contrary, especially in spring and

autumn, are rarely seen except in compact flocks. They are so numerous that four and twenty blackbirds have often been baked in a pie, which were obtained by a single charge of shot. The cause of this difference in their habits is that robins, on account of their exclusive diet of grubs and insects, are obliged to forage singly; while blackbirds, who are voracious of every eatable substance that lies upon the ground, sometimes glean a whole field by marching in companies.

It is not every species of seed-eaters that assembles in compact flocks. The American goldfinch, or thistle-bird, and nearly all the finches are examples. Here it should be remarked that goldfinches are choice and dainty of their food, and do not look for seeds that are scattered upon the ground. They peck the seeds directly from the plant that bears them, and take off the shells, like a canary, before they swallow the kernels. In grass fields that have not been gleaned, a large flock of buntings would find ample forage for any single repast. But goldfinches must scatter, because the hemp, thistles, and other compound plants that afford them subsistence are distributed unequally, and seldom cover a whole field. The goldfinch hunts for his cereal food in the same way as the chickadee hunts for grubs and insects.

The goldfinch does not tarry with us all the winter, but he is often seen in the beginning, and is likewise an early comer in the spring. He stays as late as he can obtain a good supply of food. A snow-storm in the early part of November would drive all his species to the South. He is noisy, like the chickadee, and all his notes are musical. After the breeding season is over, the goldfinches continue to utter several melodious notes, and seldom pass from one place to another without piping a lively strain, evidently a sort of call note, like *pe*, *pè*, *pe*, accenting the middle syllable on every descent in their undulating flight. These notes have probably the effect of keeping the scattered flock together, or within hearing distance of one another. They produce to my ears all the effects of a song, when numbers of the birds are assembled in a field, busy in pecking seeds from thistles, asters, and golden-rods, and constantly chirping as they fly from one plant to another.

The song of the goldfinch is very melodious, and deserves a higher rank than is usually assigned it. He is not an inveterate singer, and forfeits some of his reputation by singing fragments of tunes. He does not persist long enough to show us the extent of his capacity. We seldom hear him finish a tune, and he never devotes his time exclusively to song, nor sits, like the red thrush, on the same branch, singing half an hour without cessation.

The goldfinches have a singular habit of singing as it were in concert. An account of this peculiarity was first published by Mr. Augustus Fowler, of Danvers. The concert takes place only in the spring, before the birds have built their nests, — probably before they have mated. While chattering together upon a tree, where a company of them have assembled, as soon as they perceive the approach of a new-comer, especially if it be a female, they raise a simultaneous shout of song. This habit makes it probable that a feeling of rivalry inspires the males before they are mated, and that their shouting proceeds from the eagerness of each to attract the attention of the new-comer to himself. Out of this rivalry among the goldfinches springs a concert that seems like a premeditated performance.

These birds wait till the last of June before they build their nests. Their first broods of young, therefore, appear when the robin and song sparrow are bringing out their second family. Nuttall says, "This procrastination appears to be occasioned by a lack of a sufficiently nutritive diet, the seeds on which they principally feed not ripening before July." But no species of bird that carries food to its young in the nest feeds them with ripened seeds of any kind. Mr. Fowler's explanation is probably the correct one. He says they defer the building of their nests so that the young shall come

out just in time to be fed upon the seeds when they are soft and milky. Other species of seed-eaters feed their offspring upon larvæ, and the young birds do not use a diet of seeds until they begin to take care of themselves.

This delay in building their nests seems to be attended with some impatience on the part of the males. On this supposition only can I explain another of their peculiar habits. In my academic years, my study windows looked down upon a row of Lombardy poplars. These trees have a dense growth of the little upright branches which are very convenient for the nests of small birds. At that period, on different occasions, I have observed a male goldfinch, who, after building a nest in one of these poplars, has pecked it to pieces and built another nest with the same materials in its vicinity. The nest that was destroyed was not occupied in any instance; and the second one sometimes remained vacant. Perhaps the male bird amuses himself by such labors while his mate is sitting on another nest; or perhaps he is impatient to begin housekeeping, and prepares for it while he is not yet mated.

I have not seen any mention of this habit in our ornithological works; but I am happy to confirm my own observation by quoting an account of a similar fact which was related to me in a letter from Mr. Charles Mortimer, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He writes, "I discovered the nest of a yellow bird (goldfinch) in the upper branches of a brier willow, containing one egg. The bird appeared to be in the act of pulling the nest to pieces, which surprised me very much; and, pleased at the chance of procuring a specimen so easily, I at once concluded to remove the nest and egg, although they were somewhat dilapidated. The nest is exceedingly light, being built chiefly of thistle down, and outwardly of some coarser stuff, such as fibres of bark, flax, etc., to give stability and strength to the structure."

I believe it is a general opinion that the song of a bird is a disinterested effort on the part of the male to comfort his mate and assure her of his presence while sitting on her nest. Certainly, the song produces this desirable effect; but this does not seem to be the motive of the songster. On the contrary, it is an outpouring of his impatience on account of her absence, and an effort to call some other female to join him. Though the male bird often takes his turn in sitting upon the nest during incubation, he is impatient while thus employed, and spends only a small part of his time in performing this duty. While his mate is sitting, he is evidently dissatisfied with her absence, and sings more loudly at that time than after the young appear, when his time is more or less employed in procuring food for them. Even in this respect he is not so diligent as his mate. If we watch a pair of robins when they have a brood of young to feed, we shall see that the female provides the greater part of their subsistence.

This disposition on the part of male birds to carry on a flirtation with some other female, while their mate is sitting, may be observed by watching one in a flock of common tame pigeons. While his mate is employed in her maternal duties, her lonesome partner resumes the same loud cooing that was heard while he was choosing his mate. The delight which he always expresses when some young, unmated female, hearing his call, alights on his standing place is very evident. That constancy for which doves have been proverbially celebrated is a trait of character which belongs only to the female.

The cries of all birds, as well as of other animals, serve undoubtedly a definite purpose in their economy. They do not, like boys, utter their cries to be amused at the noise they make. I have my doubts whether a bird ever sings or a cock ever crows for amusement. There is a purpose in all their notes and cries, though they may not be conscious of it. The cackling of a hen always disturbs the male bird; and the drumming of a partridge excites the wrath and jealousy of every male of his own species that hears it, and frequently ends in a fight. Birds in general utter very similar cries when they are captured; and it is re-

markable that courageous animals make a louder noise, when they are seized, than those of a timid species. There is no quadruped more courageous than the hog in its wild state. The instinct of this animal causes the whole herd to run to the protection of any one of its species when it is in danger, and the instinct of self-preservation causes the victim, when captured, to yell and make the loudest outcries. Sheep, on the contrary, when one of their number is attacked, do not turn to protect it, but run for their lives. The poor creature, therefore, though it makes some moans, utters no loud cries, which would fail to bring its fellows to its aid. Nature has therefore given to the sheep no propensity to disturb the forest with their yells, which would be of no avail to them.

Birds in general are more resolute in defending any one of their number, when attacked, than quadrupeds, and are consequently more vociferous when they fall into the clutches of a foe. But there are exceptions. I never saw a pigeon fly to the defense of another pigeon. When one is seized, the others fly about and show some interest and alarm, but make no attempts to relieve it. In accordance with my theory, a dove, when captured, makes but little noise, resembling the sheep in this particular. Almost all the gallinaceous birds, which utter the loudest screams when taken, are ready to risk their lives in behalf of any of their species. Indeed, it would not be far from the truth to say that the courage of any species of animals, at least of those which are gregarious, may be estimated as in a direct ratio to the noise they make when captured.

In the New England States there is no bird that sings regularly in the winter; but certain species may be heard occasionally in any month of the year. On the first day of October, 1876, I heard song sparrows in several different places, and a warbling vireo in the grounds near the Harvard Museum; and I once heard, during remarkably pleasant weather, a purple finch singing loudly on the 18th of February. Great Britain has several winter songsters; but the inhabitants of New England would be surprised to hear the song of a wild bird after the first day of November. But when the autumn leaves are whirling around us, the lively call of the chickadee, the twitter of goldfinches, the scream of jays, and the shrill voices of woodpeckers are hardly less agreeable than the melodies of June.

Among the enliveners of winter I must not omit to mention the English sparrows, which have been very generally naturalized in this country. I looked upon the little strangers with great jealousy on their first appearance, and I cannot say that I am at present reconciled to them, except as an evil, like the white-weed and the wood-wax, that cannot be extirpated. To all except very young persons their noisy chattering wants the charm of early association to make it agreeable. Their notes are harsh and deficient in character, being only a garrulous chirping that indicates neither cheerfulness nor passion. I have often wanted to silence them when their unmusical voices have prevented my listening to some little musician high up in the elms.

I can see no good reason why these birds were brought into this country, especially when it was well known that they were considered a pest in Europe; nor can I imagine what advantage was expected to accrue to the public from the introduction of a granivorous species that consume insects only during their breeding season. I should have some respect for the enthusiasm with which they were received, if they had been English robin redbreasts; and I still believe that if, before their importation, a similar enthusiasm had been awakened for the encouragement of native birds, several useful and interesting species might have been multiplied in every garden and orchard, and in all our public grounds.

As it happened, the popular enthusiasm was simply ludicrous. After our bluebirds, wrens, and martins had for many years diminished in numbers, from the want of boxes for their nests and homes, no sooner were these vulgar sparrows introduced than millions of boxes were supplied for their use, until every tree in our cities and their suburbs

was deformed by them. When I first observed all this my indignation was such as I should feel if some sentimental person had introduced a breed of prolific wood-rats to multiply and take the place of our squirrels. I predicted that our native birds that nestle in boxes and bird-houses would soon be extirpated by the sparrows; for, being winter residents, they would preoccupy all the boxes that would otherwise be used by wrens, bluebirds, and other interesting species of our own land. This misfortune has not yet happened, at least to any great extent. The species which have been most severely annoyed by them are the little fly-catchers that are so musical in our elms and other roadside trees.

My prediction failed to come to pass, because the enthusiasm which greeted the new-comers induced our people to furnish a greater supply of boxes for the sparrows than their numbers required. Our native house birds, therefore, which had always been neglected, were now more fully accommodated than at any time since our provident aborigines supplied them with hollow gourds. Consequently, these interesting birds have multiplied since the advent of the sparrows. For a few summers past the numbers of wrens, bluebirds, and martins have sensibly increased, if my observations are correct, in Eastern Massachusetts. I still fear that, as the sparrows multiply, my prediction may be fulfilled, when the boxes will be only sufficient to house the sparrows.

Their presence is certainly a bar to the multiplication of several admired and important species of our small birds. This is the opinion of those who have had the best opportunities, combined with an accurate knowledge both of insects and birds, to make correct observations of their habits. The public should not overlook the fact that *all our ornithologists entertain this opinion, and that there is not one who does not despise the sparrows as a pest.* The little vireos, of which there are two species that make their homes in the elms by our roadsides in preference to their native wood, are exceedingly annoyed by the sparrows. They are entirely insectivorous, and are among the most useful birds that can be named. They are also charming songsters, and their singing season continues until the last week in August, after nearly all other singing birds are silent. Their notes are constant and delightful; but the sparrows allow them no peace, and will eventually drive them all away from our parks, gardens, and roadsides.

The horticultural services of the sparrows have been greatly overrated. Like almost all other species of small birds, they destroy a few canker-worms. If all the birds in the land fed exclusively on canker-worms during their season of depredation, they could not extirpate them. A hundred birds to every tree could hardly consume them. But no single species is known to make an entire meal of canker-worms. They all pick up a few, but never eat them greedily. The only times when these insect pests can be destroyed to any appreciable extent, by bird or man, are late in the autumn and early in the spring, when the perfect insects are crawling up the trees to deposit their eggs. But just at these favorable times, if my observation is correct, the sparrows do not touch them. They are seen then only on the highways, getting seeds from dirt heaps.

The greatest objection to the sparrows is not their direct agency in driving away our native birds. This is a trifle compared with the evil arising from their presence, which prevents our people from petting and encouraging our native species. There are several of these, some remaining with us all winter, that would multiply around our homes, and delight us with their notes and their interesting ways, if they should gain half the attention that has been given to the sparrows.

To save our native house birds from their encroachments, it will be necessary to construct some of the boxes in such a a way as to exclude the sparrows. The holes should be made, in order to protect wrens and swallows, of just sufficient dimensions to admit these small birds, so that the sparrows, which are larger, cannot enter them. This expe-

dient would not help the bluebirds or purple martins, which exceed the sparrows in size. But the bluebird is a bold, pugnacious little fellow, and would be able to keep possession of a box, if he should once obtain it. The same may be said of the purple martin. Yet I am not sure of the ability of either bird to eject a pair of sparrows.

I think all attentive observers must have seen that the English sparrows are surpassed by our native kindred species in alertness and activity, and that they are less sleek in their plumage and graceful in their shape. This is, in a measure, the result of their partial domestication. But it is a fact that the seed-eaters in general are not so trim and beautiful in their form as the insectivorous birds. Let any one compare, for example, the English sparrow with the vireo, as these two birds stand in opposite extremes in all respects. Observe how cylindrical the vireo is in his shape, and how lithe and graceful in his movements. When he flies he moves without apparent effort, while the sparrow flits as if his feathers were not sufficiently compact. It is a pity that we have exposed these elegant and graceful birds and sweet singers to the danger of extermination by a race of European scavengers.

*Wilson Flagg.*

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## A TENNYSONIAN RETROSPECT.

It must come with a shock of surprise to most readers to learn that on the 5th of August of this year Alfred Tennyson reaches his seventieth birthday. Some of us can remember when The Two Voices and Locksley Hall and In Memoriam struck a sympathetic chord in our fresh souls, and placed their author, for us, on the highest pinnacle of fame; and it seems as if it were only yesterday that this impression was made. He has led his own and our generation with such success, he has so voiced its moods, he has so imparted to men his own moral conquests and spiritual victories, that we cannot think him old, or easily estimate our indebtedness to him. No poet of the age has been so intimately associated, recluse as he is said to be, with the thoughts and feelings which throb in the life of the time. He has interpreted the nineteenth century on its social and spiritual side, with sufficient breadth to take in its many-sided activity, and with sufficient sympathy and insight to give a manly tone to its spiritual character.

Looked at from his seventieth birthday, Tennyson has survived many reputations which for the moment were as brilliant as his own. It is not necessary to dwarf others to make him great, but some who began with him have already disappeared. Alexander Smith and Philip James Bailey awakened expectations which they did not fulfill. His friend, John Sterling, has utterly faded out of sight as a poet, and lives only because Thomas Carlyle wrote his biography. Algernon Charles Swinburne, though a much younger man, has so divided his strength between prose and poetry that his fame is at a stand-still; and much as we delight in Browning, he has never mastered his idiosyncrasies sufficiently to give us the full strength of what is in him. Clough and Arnold are rather the exponents of a phase of thought than the inspired interpreters of life. When compared with his contemporaries, Tennyson may be said to have failed again and again in what he early aimed at, but with every new volume he has shown a clear advance upon what was his best before. His genius was at first as wayward as Browning's, but he has had the patience and industry to overcome the obstacles which stood in

the way of success, and has shown himself worthy to be not only the first among his peers, but the poet laureate of his time.

Yet the growth of his reputation has been slow. He was a poet from his eighteenth year; he is the third of seven brothers, all or nearly all of whom have written poetry; indeed, he inherited the gift: his father, Dr. George Clayton Tennyson, the rector of Somersby, a small village of less than a hundred inhabitants in Lincolnshire, where Alfred was born August 5, 1809, was something of a poet, painter, architect, and musician, and also a considerable linguist and mathematician. Dr. Tennyson believed in home education, and for the most part prepared his brilliant son for Cambridge at the rectory. He died in 1830. The poet's mother, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Fytche, herself the daughter of a clergyman, died in 1865, in her eighty-fourth year. Early in 1827, when Alfred and his brother Charles were at the Louth grammar school, they prepared for the press a volume of juvenile poems, written from the age of fifteen upwards, which was published at Louth, in the spring of that year, under the title of Poems by Two Brothers, for which the book-seller in the town gave them ten pounds. The title-page bore the modest motto from Martial, *Hœc nos novissimus esse nihil.* The poems were one hundred and two in number, written in all kinds of metre and on all sorts of subjects, — classical and modern strangely alternating. The youthful authors duly loaded nearly every poem with footnotes, and headed them with quotations from Latin and English authors. There was a trace of Byronism in the volume, and the preface declared that the pieces "were written, not conjointly, but individually, which may account for their difference in style and matter." The Tennysonian touch is traceable here and there, but the poems have wisely been excluded from the later collections. Soon after the publication of this anonymous volume the two brothers matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where, in the summer of 1829, they formed a friendship with another young student of the same college, Arthur Henry Hallam, the son of the historian. Hallam was a year younger than Tennyson. In 1829 they both competed for the chancellor's gold medal, each writing a poem on Timbuctoo. Tennyson won the medal, though the story goes that the prize fell to him by a blunder, a mark intended to express wonder being taken to denote approval. The poem was in blank verse, and was the first production to which he set his name. Thackeray, his fellow-collegian, was then editing a small satirical paper called The Snob, in which he was testing his strength for satire, and wrote a burlesque of Tennyson's poem.

John Sterling and Frederick Denison Maurice had barely left Cambridge when Tennyson took up his residence at the university. They belonged to the famous debating society called the Union, in which Tennyson and the kindred spirits he drew about him found a congenial sphere for airing their opinions, and it was nothing extraordinary when the chancellor's prize poem appeared, to find an appreciative notice of it in the Athenæum, with which Sterling and Maurice were connected. They said: "We have never before seen one of [these prize poems] which indicated really first-rate poetical genius, and which would have done honor to any man that ever wrote. Such we do not hesitate to affirm is the little work before us." The poem is well worth studying as a step in the development of Tennyson's genius, and is easily accessible. His university life was marked by much jollity at times, by considerable earnest study, and by pleasant communion with men afterwards great. His companions were John Mitchell Kemble, well known for his Anglo-Saxon researches; the late Charles Buller, to whom Carlyle was once tutor; Richard Monckton Milnes, now Lord Houghton; Richard Chenevix Trench, the present Archbishop of Dublin; James Spedding, the biographer of Bacon; the late Dean Alford, of Canterbury; the late Rev. William Henry Brookfield, in whose memory Tennyson has written a touching sonnet; and Charles Merivale, the

present Dean of Ely and the historian of the Roman Empire. As a college pastime, Lord Houghton used to have charge of private theatricals, in which Hallam and Kemble sometimes took a part, and at which Tennyson was doubtless present. On Friday, March 19, 1830, they performed Much Ado about Nothing, with Milnes as Beatrice, Kemble as Dogberry, and Hallam as Verges.

Up to this point Tennyson had put his name to almost nothing. The anonymous productions of a school-boy of eighteen and the prize poem of a Cambridge under-graduate had been his only ventures into print. The first volume to which he affixed his name, entitled Poems chiefly Lyrical, was published by Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange, Cornhill, London, in 1830. It had been intended as a joint publication, similar to the Lyrical Ballads of Wordsworth and Coleridge, containing the poems of Alfred Tennyson and Arthur Hallam, but Hallam's father induced them to abandon the plan. Almost at the same time a small volume of poems by his brother Charles, who had been Alfred's literary partner in the venture of 1827, entitled Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces, was published at Cambridge. The two volumes were reviewed together by Leigh Hunt in the Tatler, and one of the poems, the Confessions of a Second-Rate Sensitive Mind, this gentle critic commended as "such as Crashaw might have written in a moment of skepticism, had he possessed vigor enough." He awarded the palm of merit to Alfred, though Archbishop Trench, thirty-six years later, said that Charles's volume contained "sonnets of rare and excellent workmanship." The late Dean Alford rejoiced in both volumes. In his diary of October 12, 1830, he wrote: "Looked over both the Tennysons' poems at night; exquisite fellows. I know no two books of poetry which have given me so much pure pleasure as their works." Later in the same October, he writes: "Met Tennant, Hallam, Merivale, and the three Tennysons at Alfred Tennyson's rooms. The latter read some very exquisite poetry of his, entitled Anacaona and The Hesperides." A writer in the Westminster Review said that in the Confessions of a Second-Rate Sensitive Mind there was "an extraordinary combination of deep reflection, metaphysical analysis, picturesque description, dramatic transition, and strong emotion." Young Hallam said the poem was "full of deep insight into human nature, and into those particular trials which are sure to beset men who think and feel for themselves at this epoch of social development." But Professor John Wilson, the "Christopher North" of Blackwood's Magazine, in May, 1832, treated the young poet as the pet of cockneyism, and representing that his friends were attempting to make too much of him, said: "The spirit of life must be strong indeed within him; for he has outlived a narcotic dose administered to him by a crazy charlatan in the Westminster, and after that he may sleep in safety with a pan of charcoal." When his next volume appeared, in 1833, the poet repaid his debt to the critic:—

> "You did late review my lays,
> Crusty Christopher;
> You did mingle blame with praise,
> Rusty Christopher.
> When I learnt from whom it came,
> I forgave you all the blame,
> Musty Christopher;
> I could *not* forgive the praise,
> Fusty Christopher."

The Literary Gazette of that day could find nothing better to say of Tennyson's poems than that they were "silly sooth."

His second volume of poems appeared in the winter of 1832, Edward Moxon being the publisher. It was of one hundred and sixty-three pages, and the title-page bore the mark 1833. It contained, among less notable poems, The Miller's Daughter, which is said to have made the author poet laureate, Œnone, The Palace of Art, The May Queen, New Year's Eve, The Lotus Eaters, and A Dream of Fair Women. The book was sent to Coleridge, who thus expressed himself: "What I would, with many wishes of success, prescribe to Tennyson — indeed, without it he can never be a poet in art — is to write for the next two or three years in none but one or two

well-known and strictly defined metres, such as the heroic couplet, the octave stanza, or the octosyllabic measure of the Allegro and Penseroso. . . . As it is, I can scarcely scan his verses." Excepting a few poems which were added to this volume in the reissue of 1842, among which may be included The Two Voices and a poem entitled The Lover's Tale, quickly suppressed and just now republished, nothing had come from Tennyson's pen which Arthur Hallam had not probably seen.

The poet now published substantially nothing for ten years. His friend Hallam traveled on the Continent for his health in 1833, and died that year away from home. It is not easy to trace Tennyson during these years. Like every other brilliant collegian, he found his way to London. He and a well-blacked meerschaum are said to have been well-known companions in Fleet Street. He became a member of the Anonymous, since then the Sterling, Club, and moved in a circle which contained Allan Cunningham, Thomas Carlyle, William Ewart Gladstone, John Stuart Mill, William M. Thackeray, John Forster, John Sterling, Henry Lushington, Walter Savage Landor, and Macready the actor. Part of the time he lived at Little Holland House, Kensington. He was not married till 1850, when he purchased the estate of Farringford, and left his home at Twickenham, made "twice classic" by his residence there, for the Isle of Wight, taking thither a lady from his own native county of Lincolnshire, Miss Emily Sellwood, as his bride. In Memoriam, The Princess, The Idyls of the King, and some parts of Maud, were thought out, to some extent fashioned, and even completed, during this quiet season. The poet was advancing in spiritual development from The Two Voices, through the passionate impulses of Locksley Hall, to the noble, calm, and restful strength of In Memoriam, which Mr. Gladstone has pronounced "the richest oblation ever offered by the affection of friendship at the tomb of the departed." Few men have ever given themselves more devotedly to their work as an art. Tennyson had made so many ventures up to 1833 in all sorts of metres that, notwithstanding the beauty of some of his lyrics, he often seemed like a spoilt Keats, because he had reached no settled style of his own; but it is evident that his critics have never been more severe in their judgments of his work than he has been himself. He has spared no labor to produce the best that is in him, and at an early date wisely withdrew his immature work from the world. His poems have been touched and retouched, not indeed always for the better; and whatever stood in the way of his success as a poet was resolutely overcome. The nerve and courage to keep silent for a decade can be understood only by those who know the irrepressibility of genius, but in these years of silence he laid the foundation of his fame.

In 1842 Tennyson was ready to meet again the public which ten years before had greeted him with admiration and ridicule. His title-page read: "Poems. By Alfred Tennyson. In Two Volumes. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1842." The first volume contained two divisions, — a selection from the volume of 1830 (many of the poems untouched, and none having received more than a few verbal alterations), and some dozen poems from the volume of 1832, almost entirely rewritten, together with six or seven new pieces, written, with one exception, in 1833. The second volume was filled mostly with poems entirely new. They passed through four editions, bearing the dates of 1842, 1843, 1845, and 1846, and were incorporated into one volume in the fifth edition (1848). The eighth edition had been reached in 1853. They were at once republished in this country by the house of Ticknor, Reed and Fields, and Alfred Tennyson was welcomed by acclamation on both sides of the Atlantic as the first poet of the century. He stepped forth as one who had nothing of juvenility in him, and the choicest spirits of the age began to chant his praise. Wordsworth in 1845 wrote to Professor Henry Reed, of Philadelphia, "*He is decidedly the first of our living poets*, and I hope will live to

give the world still better things." Poe said, "I am not sure that Tennyson is not the greatest of poets." Margaret Fuller wrote in 1842, "I have just been reading the new poems of Tennyson. . . . In these later verses is a still, deep sweetness; how different from the intoxicating, sensuous melody of his earlier cadence! I have loved him much this time, and taken him to heart as a brother." Lowell said that "it may be a generation or two before there comes another so delicate thinker and speaker as Tennyson;" and Emerson was heard to say that "Tennyson is endowed precisely in points where Wordsworth wanted. There is no finer ear, or more command of the keys of language."

It was about this time that Tennyson resided at Twickenham, the country-seat of Pope a century before, and William Howitt, in 1847, thus sketched him: "It is very possible you may come across him in a country inn, with a foot on each hob of the fire-place, a volume of Greek in one hand, his meerschaum in the other, so far advanced toward the seventh heaven that he would not thank you to call him back into this nether world." Henry Crabb Robinson gives a glimpse of him in his diary of January 31, 1845: "I dined this day with Rogers. We had an interesting party of eight: Moxon, the publisher; Kenny, the dramatic poet; Spedding, Lushington, and Alfred Tennyson, three young men of eminent talent belonging to literary young England, — the latter, Tennyson, being by far the most eminent of the young poets. He is an admirer of Goethe, and I had a long *tête-à-tête* with him about the great poet. We waited for the eighth, a lady [the Hon. Mrs. Norton] who, Rogers said, was coming on purpose to see Tennyson." Mr. Charles Knight, who had the privilege of meeting the poet at the chambers of his friend, John Forster, in Lincoln's Inn, has a word of reminiscence: "There I first met Tennyson, and there Carlyle. In familiar intercourse, such as that of Mr. Forster's table, Mr. Tennyson was cordial and unaffected, exhibiting, as in his writings, the simplicity of a manly character, and, feeling safe from his chief aversion, the *digito monstrari*, was quite at his ease." Arthur Hugh Clough and Francis Turner Palgrave have also given delightful glimpses of their friend, but the facts of his literary history are chiefly to be found in the clever little volume Tennysoniana, attributed to Mr. Richard Herne Shepherd, which has very recently appeared in a second edition.

An incident of this period is the unprovoked attack upon Tennyson by Sir Bulwer Lytton. In 1845, the poet, as a compensation for some claim his family had on the crown, was placed on the pension list by Sir Robert Peel for an annuity of two hundred pounds. This induced Bulwer, in an anonymous satire which appeared early in the following winter, entitled The New Timon, to speak of Tennyson's poetry as "a jingling melody of purloin'd conceits," "patchwork pastoral," "tinsel," and the like, and to state in a foot-note that the poet himself was "quartered on the public purse in the prime of life, without either wife or family." Tennyson retorted in some bitter lines, entitled The New Timon and the Poets, which appeared in Punch, February 28, 1846, signed Alcibiades, and closed with the stanzas: —

> "*You* talk of tinsel! Why, we see
> The old mark of rouge on your cheeks.
> *You* prate of nature! You are he
> That split his life about the cliques.
>
> "A *Timon* you! Nay, nay, for shame!
> It looks too arrogant a jest, —
> The fierce old man, — to take his name,
> You bandbox! Off, and let him rest!"

In the next number, Tennyson resumed the subject, in a gentler mood, closing with the lines: —

> "And *I*, too, talk and love the touch
> I talk of. Surely, after all,
> The noblest answer unto such
> Is kindly silence when they bawl."

It is said that Bulwer afterwards regretted his wanton attack.

Though the date of the composition of The Princess cannot be assigned, it did not appear until 1847. It has been altered, enlarged, retouched, through five successive editions, until the original

sketch differs as much from the present text as the first rough draught of Hamlet differs from the Hamlet "enlarged to almost as much again as it was." The intercalary songs were not added in the third edition, and the title The Princess, A Medley, came still later. In the second edition it was dedicated to Henry Lushington, between whom and the poet a cordial intimacy had existed since 1841. In Memoriam followed The Princess in 1850. On the 23d of April, in the same year, Wordsworth died, and on the 6th of March, 1851, at the queen's levee at Buckingham Palace, "Mr. Alfred Tennyson was presented, on his appointment to be poet laureate." The warrant for his choice was dated November 19, 1850, and the appointment was everywhere commended as having been given to the man who best deserved it. It is interesting to know that when Tennyson was presented to the queen he wore the identical clothes, buckles, stockings, and sword, which Wordsworth had worn years before when he was presented on a similar occasion. B. R. Hayden says that Moxon, the publisher, had hard work to make the dress fit the author of The Excursion. "It was a squeeze, but by pulling and hauling they got him in." We are not told how it fared with Tennyson, who is himself by no means a small-sized man; but it is certain that he honors the post of poet laureate even more than it has honored him, and has by no means made it a sinecure. His noble Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington was first published on the day of the duke's funeral, in 1852, and has since had more than the usual amount of revision and alteration.

At this period Tennyson may be said to have reached his maturity. In Memoriam opened to him a new career, and, though originally printed without the author's name, was felt by every one to be the great elegiac poem of the age. It is not a new metre which Tennyson here introduced, Ben Jonson having employed the same in an elegy, in his Underwoods; but the later poet has employed it for a vaster work. The American like the English edition of In Memoriam was published anonymously, and many a young student like myself in those years drank deeply from this wonderfully interpretative poem without knowing who was its author. His later and more complete writings need not here be dwelt upon. The Charge of the Light Brigade was first printed in the Examiner, December 9, 1854; Maud and other Poems came out in 1855; the Idyls of the King were published in 1859; the date of Enoch Arden is 1864; The Holy Grail and other Poems appeared in 1869; Queen Mary belongs to 1875; Harold to 1877; and the rumors are constant that dramas and lyrics and ballads are still to come from the same hand. Probably what is in print is but a small share of what he has written.

*Julius H. Ward.*

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## RECENT NOVELS.

Mr. Hassaurek's very praiseworthy Secret of the Andes [1] sets one thinking about the whole matter of historical fiction. Nobody, perhaps, disputes that in its higher or poetical form it includes most of the immortal work of the human imagination; and it might be thought superfluous to mention the Iliad and the Æneid, the Book of Job and the Niebelungen Lied, and the principal pieces of all the greatest dramatists. But even prose historical fiction, at its very best, must outrank the cleverest pictures of contemporary manners, for it bespeaks

[1] *The Secret of the Andes.* A Romance. By F. Hassaurek. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 1879.

in the writer a more difficult exercise of a less common order of faculties. The fame of Walter Scott is only now beginning to emerge from those rising mists that are apt to cloud a great reputation during the first generation or two of its posthumous being; but even we, the children and grandchildren of those who watched open-mouthed for the Waverleys as they came, can shrewdly guess that his work will last in the very form which he gave it, as will not, for example, that of the well-beloved Anthony Trollope, so like Scott in the easy simplicity of his methods and the prevailing sweetness of his humor. Thackeray touches his highest level in Henry Esmond; Dickens in the serious portions of the Tale of Two Cities; Charles Kingsley in Hypatia and Amyas Leigh; while George Eliot's Romola and Scheffel's Ekkehard, over and above their æsthetic value, are monuments of the unflinching application to this branch of literary art of the sternest and most labor-exacting principles of modern historical research. The German, for a wonder, disguises his learning more gracefully than the English writer. It is rather with Scheffel, in his beautiful romance, as it ought always to be in such a case, the sunken, yet all the more impregnable foundation of a romantic superstructure: but either of these memorable books is a better help to the comprehension of a bygone epoch than the blind and pompous histories of the eighteenth century; quite as much so as any of the preëminently picturesque histories of our own time, like Carlyle's and Macaulay's and Prescott's; little less so than the massive and legitimately splendid work of any of the long list of so-called "brilliant" contemporary historians, Kinglake, Motley, Taine, Froude, and the rest. No one of these men would have deigned to apply for material to anything short of those "original documents" of which we hear so much; but the moment they pass beyond mere transcription and compilation, the moment they begin to select and fuse and recast, the element of the historian's personality enters in, and his work becomes, in a degree, one of the imagination. No two men can even read the same record any more than two can see the same picture. Take an instance fresh in the memory of us all: —

Mr. James Anthony Froude has written a book on the Life and Times of Thomas à Becket, and Mr. Edward Freeman has replied to that book in an essay of equally majestic dimensions; and both Mr. Froude and Mr. Freeman recall to our minds and, in fact, themselves respectfully refer to, a very learned and elaborate essay on the same subject, published twenty years ago or more in one of the British reviews, and written, if we are not mistaken, by Dean Stanley. Each of these names is of course a guarantee for literary ability, thorough research, and fine workmanship. All three quote constantly and copiously the records of the twelfth century, and profess to draw their deductions from these alone. All have apparently spent days and nights in Canterbury cathedral, in order to familiarize themselves and their readers with the scene of the final tragedy, so little altered in seven hundred years. And the result is that we have three distinct and incompatible Beckets, each drawn in a masterly manner, and with very full and imposing accessories. One is the most illustrious hero of the church militant, an august martyr equally intrepid and holy; and another is a violent and treacherous prelate, an eternal disgrace to his sacred calling, whose vices and crimes are offset only by a doubtful modicum of physical courage; while the third is a compound of the two characters, or rather a compromise between them, quite as clearly individualized as either, whom, on general principles only, we conclude to be the most probable of the three. The original documents have told these three different stories to as many men, trained in the same methods of study, and of nearly the same intellectual calibre. The truth would seem to be that the author's individuality must needs color any narrative that has life, as the blood must color any organism that has life. Nay, is the personality of the author eliminated from the original documents them-

selves, — the monkish chronicles, the private letters, the reports of state trials, which last can hardly, in the nature of things, take place, unless partisanship is in full blast?

There is, then, no clear dividing line between romantic history — that is to say, any history which is sympathetically and dramatically written — and historical romance. They are not identical, but they melt into each other. The same order of faculties is required for both, and a very high one it is. Authentic success in either of these closely contiguous departments of literary effort is about enough to satisfy the most towering literary ambition.

But if the best historical fiction is so great a thing, it follows that a historical novel must be, in all respects, a profound and splendid performance, — must be super-excellent, in fact, in order to be of any account at all. And this brings us back to The Secret of the Andes. Mr. Hassaurek doubtless wept in his youth over Prescott's Atahualpa, but, to his honor be it said, he did not stop there. Most of us wept and were done with it; he must resolutely have applied himself from that time forward to all the known sources of information about that strange and heart-piercing tragedy, the Spanish conquest of Peru. Nor did he even pause at the death of Atahualpa, as any one content with the mere passive gratification of a spectator at a drama would certainly have done. He patiently followed the fortunes of the suffering remnant of the native race under foreign rule, and grasped the most elusive traditions concerning the last shadowy representatives of the Incas. His appointment as minister to the neighboring republic of Ecuador afterwards enabled him to study on the spot the magnificent natural scenery surrounding those remote but memorable conflicts and convulsions; and this part of his work has been done so faithfully that he succeeds in evoking, even in his readers' minds, a tolerably distinct vision of Quito and the mountain monsters that overshadow it from age to age. Then, selecting as the time of his romance a period about sixty years later than Pizarro's conquest, and as its occasion the last combined revolt of the native Spanish Americans and the oppressed and virtually enslaved Peruvians against the officers of his most Christian majesty, Philip II., and the powerful tory party, an alliance which it was proposed romantically to consummate by the marriage of some distinguished young Spanish American to the granddaughter of the last Inca, he undertakes the no less than stupendous task of peopling this half-barbaric scene with imaginary characters, and of realizing to a modern mind the incidents of that sanguinary and desperate struggle. And his work is done well, — even strikingly well. His style is moderate and manly, yet capable upon occasion of a flush of color and a ring of pathos. His characters are firmly outlined and discriminated: the doubting Carrero; the daring Sanchez; Valverde; the cold and wily, yet superstitious, Dolores; the degraded, yet always dignified, Indian nobles; the singular and would-be supernatural, yet ever human and feminine, heiress of the Incas. The hardest problem of all in such an attempt, that of making people so alien and remote both in time and place *talk* with simplicity and animation, has been almost triumphantly solved. We listen without impatience, and upon the whole we believe. Then, too, the story interests, and its end is long kept doubtful. The action is tolerably rapid, and where the incidents are unavoidably ghastly they are reservedly and poetically treated.

From the very nature of Mr. Hassaurek's subject, we are perpetually reminded of Amyas Leigh, and we almost take it for granted that the comparison must be disastrous to the later tale; but in the last two books of The Secret of the Andes, the author reveals rarer powers than he had let appear at first, — rarer, perhaps, than he knew that he possessed; and among them, the power of closely analyzing a complex and vacillating character, and of bringing forcibly home to the understanding of his readers, in his condensed history of a wretched

marriage, the sort of unsuspected retribution for halting honor which is forever being wrought out, under cover often of external circumstances the smoothest and most splendid. To the sensitive victim of such a long-protracted punishment it is perfectly intelligible that the swift act of barbaric vengeance which finally closes the tale, and closes it in a highly dramatic and even thrilling manner, should have been almost joyfully welcome.

Yet another effort to "call spirits from the vasty deep" of the past arrests our attention for a moment by its literary respectability and some other qualities.[1] It would be hard to imagine anything more subduing in the way of a title-page than this: *The Puritan and the Quaker: A Tale of Colonial Times.* "*The cheerful sage, when solemn dictates fail, conceals the moral counsel in a tale.*" That the sage who is impelled by a *concern* to revive and illustrate the sourest, if not the saddest, episode in our bleak early history should also be a "cheerful" sage looks improbable; but we acknowledge, when we have read his book, that he has not described himself unfairly. His so-called "moral counsel" is chiefly, as they say, "retroactive," and consists mainly in an onslaught upon the character and administration of Governor Endicott, conducted, however, with much spirit and ability. There is some slight ingenuity in the plot of the story, a considerable variety in the characters, and an air of philosophic impartiality in the controversial parts, which does not, however, prevent all the author's justice being assigned to his Puritans, and all his mercy to the Quakers. A Quaker he evidently is himself, at least by sympathy and descent; but let us say in passing that he makes a great mistake when he condescends tamely to grammaticize the talk of the peculiar people. A part of the extraordinary charm which the dialect of the Friends always possesses upon cultivated lips is due to the pleasing shock afforded by the tranquil violation of a primary law, to a sense of emancipation and exhilaration, — a sort of Alice-in-Wonderland buoyancy which one feels at finding one's self in a beautifully ordered world, where a verb agrees with its objective case in number and person. The substitution of the biblical and heavy *thou art* for *thee is* makes the whole thing insipid.

The talk of those characters in this book who are not Quakers is often uncommonly good, — quaint, as befits the time, but forcible, and sometimes humorous. The author has, however, a queer habit of breaking short off in the midst of some of his most secular and successful scenes, and relapsing, in his proper person, into those "solemn dictates" which we were assured in the beginning had been found to fail him: into orders in council, *procès verbal*, and all the rawest of the raw material of history. The author of The Puritan and the Quaker withholds his name, but copyrights his own book, which somehow has always a disinterested and determined air; and he writes his native tongue with great purity and scholarly finish, and reveals in the exquisite captions to his chapters perfect familiarity with the rarest riches of old English poetry.

Singularly enough, but well for those who want to know all there is to be known of a very sorry subject, the appearance of this romance is almost precisely simultaneous with that of Mr. Pike's interesting biographical sketch, The New Puritan, where we learn, on the soundest of evidence, that there was at least one Puritan in these dismal parts who had the courage and good sense lustily to protest against the senseless and brutal persecution of the Quakers, as afterwards against the deeper horrors of the Salem witchcraft.

Half-way between the historical novel and the novel of pure amusement comes the story of to-day, written with the serious intent to illustrate some phase of civilization, or promulgate some theory or doctrine; and of such, and one of the best of its class, is Falconberg.[2] Its

[1] *The Puritan and the Quaker.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

[2] *Falconberg.* By HJALMAR H. BOYESEN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.

author, Professor Boyesen, is as truly Norse in nature as in name. He is tenderly loyal both to the romantic Norway of the Old World and the new Norway of our Western wilds, the "*parvam Troiam simulataque magnis Pergama.*" But he is likewise conscientiously and rather pathetically resolved to cherish in himself and his compatriots that shy and difficult grace, a sentiment of American citizenship. His novel, Falconberg, is intended to illustrate the birth and growth of that sentiment in a foreigner; the conversion, so to speak, and baptism in the Mississippi of the children of the fiord. The story is that of Einar Falconberg, a young Norwegian of fashion and family, the son of a bishop, who is wild and extravagant in college, as the sons even of bishops will sometimes be, incurs heavy debts, forges his reverend father's name, and flies to America. A brother of his father has been living there, since Einar's infancy, as pastor of the Norwegian settlement of Hardanger, and to this settlement the refugee makes his way, but takes the precaution to change his name, and does not reveal himself to his uncle. This is so bad a beginning for a young man's story that it is a little hard to feel all the fond admiration for the handsome and polished exile which the author evidently expects of us. Still he wins our regard in spite of his weakness, and his character is very consistently maintained. So are those of all the chief men in the book: the sagacious and stout-hearted father of the settlement, Norderud; the kindly, scientific recluse, Van Flint; and Einar's pompous and pig-headed, but sanctimonious uncle. The women of the story are much less successfully drawn; perhaps a man of a preëminently chivalrous and romantic spirit is never apt at analyzing women's characters. At all events, Professor Boyesen's heroine, Helga Raven, is a kind of featureless goddess, tolerably distinct as to her golden hair, but otherwise impressively vague. Old Mrs. Raven, Helga's mother, "the widow of a royal Norwegian government officer," as she used invariably to describe herself, although a mere supernumerary, is much the most clearly individualized of them all. The philosophy of the book, the ethnic considerations, and the political reflections are sound, and often admirable. The love is gracefully delineated. Two girls fancy that they have lost their hearts to the scapegrace hero; two men are almost sure that they adore the semi-translucent heroine; but the two of these half dozen *inamorati* who are necessarily left out of the final matrimonial arrangements acquiesce in their fate with the most amiable alacrity, and seem to conclude, upon the whole, that things have fallen out better than they had planned them.

In Mr. Boyesen's romances all is moderate, gentle, genuine; the occasional wit quiet; the style invariably limpid, and frequently suffused with a soft and dreamy grace. The sole inaccuracy of construction which we have detected is that he occasionally lets slip that shibboleth of the sentimentalist, the use of the adverb *so* without a correlative clause: "All was so hushed, so solemn, so gently subdued." (Full stop.) On the contrary, one would have to look far for a more precise and felicitous use of words than may be found in the following passages: "There the doctor, clad in a linen coat of immaculate whiteness, was squatting among his flowers, *his countenance distorted by an intense grin of earnest preoccupation.* . . . The slim crescent of the moon floated along the eastern horizon, pouring forth no profusion of light, but still remotely pervading the atmosphere with its softly luminous presence. The larger planets shone with a misty halo, while the unseen myriads of the heavens were but indistinctly defined through the gauzy woof of cloud which radiated from the zenith downward, like a vast aerial cobweb. The fields, already nipped by the autumn frost, showed a long, bleak stretch of neutral brown, shading where a rising hillock caught the misty moon rays into a ghostly, bloodless green."

The examination in serious fiction being over, we have space to remark upon a couple of mere *divertissements*, The

First Violin[1] and Airy Fairy Lilian.[2] The former — one of the better of those books which are agreeable to read chiefly because they have evidently pleased the author so thoroughly in the writing — is a musical novel, but not as deeply, darkly, and distressingly musical as some. It seems to have been written rather out of yearning love than exhaustive knowledge of the divine art, and one who has attended the Harvard Concerts with but moderate assiduity ought to be able perfectly to understand its phraseology and allusions. It is perhaps a little affected to employ a phrase of Bach or a strain of Chopin for the caption to a chapter, but not very much more so than to use the refrain of a Spanish ballad or a bit out of a Greek play. Like most books of its class, this one is false to fact, and so far pernicious, in that it represents the artist heroine as passing at a bound, and while she is yet, we believe, in her teens, from student exiguity and obscurity to an unqualified public success, and so to fame and wealth; and any enthusiastic girl, with a clear voice, who feels her ambition kindled by the vision of this triumph, would do well slowly to re-read the stern and weighty chapter in Daniel Deronda in which Klesmer advises Gwendolen about her projected career. But the heroine of The First Violin is, happily, no more sealed to art than was Gwendolen, and her love story is romantic and more than fairly interesting. As in Falconberg, the plot of the tale turns upon a forgery, which, in this case, the hero did not really commit, but only suffered vicariously for an inferior being who did; and if the philosophic author of Falconberg seems, in the abundance of his charity, to treat his hero's transgression of the law rather too leniently, the equilibrium of our moral sense ought certainly to be restored by the terrors of that civil and social death to which Eugen is calmly abandoned by his strenuous family. It is the crime of Von Francius and Adelaide to which the author of The First Violin appears inclined to be almost more than merciful. But the character of Von Francius is subtly drawn, and even the prostrate adoration of his biographer does not divest Eugen of his rather sorrowful but entirely manly fascination.

Airy Fairy Lilian is the foolish title of a triumphantly foolish book. The young person of that name whom Tennyson celebrated in one of his younger and greener lyrics was not, if we remember rightly, a very marked or sterling character, but she was weighty and, as the author of Avis would say, "poised" compared with the heroine of this profitless tale. Yet, as a would-be wise man, at a party, will shamefacedly excuse himself to Juno and Minerva, and find his account for the evening in a long and beaming interview with the slightest and sauciest *débutante* present, provided only she have a *je ne sais quoi* of grace and archness and mignonnette-like prettiness, so we must confess to a sneaking fondness for Lilian and her light-minded but evidently veracious historian. The witchery of a naughty little belle — a very naughty, and not at all clever, and not particularly refined little belle — is rarely more effectively reproduced than in this gossamer chronicle; and when, in the short waits between the acts of the farce, we again catch an echo of the words of George Eliot, they sound like the tolling of nothing less heavy than a minster-bell: "What, in the midst of this mighty drama, are girls and their blind visions? They are the yea and nay of that good for which men are enduring and fighting. In these delicate vessels is borne onward through the ages the treasure of human affection."

Lilian is an egg-shell at the very best, but a deplorably pretty effect is produced by pairing her with her twin cousin and perfect likeness, the Guardsman; and if you had chanced to overhear the following dialogue between two beautiful youth of nineteen, a boy and a girl, you would have giggled with weak gratification, and you do no less when, with abundant self-scorn, you peruse it in print.

[1] *The First Violin.* By Jessie Fothergill. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1879. Leisure Hour Series.

[2] *Airy Fairy Lilian.* A Novel. By the Author of Molly Bawn. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1879.

"Look here, Lil, don't you have anything to do with that man. He is n't up to the mark, by any means. He is too dark, and there is something queer about his eyes. I saw a man once who had cut the throats of his mother, his grandmother, and all his nearest relations, and his eyes were just like Chesney's. Don't marry him, whatever you do."

"I won't," laughing. "I should hate to have my throat cut."

"There 's Chetwode, now," says Taffy, who begins to think that he is a very deep and delicate diplomatist. "He 's a very decent fellow, all round, if you like."

"I do like, certainly. It is quite a comfort to know Sir Guy is not indecent."

"Oh, you know what I mean, well enough. There 's nothing underhand about Chetwode. By the way, what have you been doing to him? He 's awfully down on his luck all day."

"I?" coldly. "What should I do to Sir Guy?"

"I don't know, I 'm sure; but girls have a horrid way of teasing a fellow while pretending to be perfectly civil to him all the time. It 's my private opinion," says Mr. Musgrave mysteriously, "and I flatter myself I 'm seldom wrong — that your guardian is dead spoons on you."

"Really, Taffy" — begins Lilian, angrily.

"Yes, he is. You take my word for it. I 'm rather a judge in such matters. Bet you a fiver," says Mr. Musgrave, "he proposes to you before the year is out."

"I wonder, Taffy, how you can be so vulgar!" says Lilian, with crimson cheeks and a fine show of superior breeding. "I never bet. I forbid you to speak to me on this subject again. Sir Guy, I assure you, has as much intention of proposing to me as I have of accepting him, should he do so."

"More fool you!" says Taffy, unabashed. "I 'm sure he 's much nicer than that melancholy Chesney. If I were a girl I 'd marry him straight off."

"Perhaps he would not marry you," replied Lilian, cuttingly.

"Would n't he? He would, like a shot, if I were like Lilian Chesney," says Taffy positively.

"Like a shot? What does that mean?" says Miss Chesney, with withering sarcasm. "It is a pity you cannot forget your school-boy slang, and try to be a gentleman. I don't think you ever hear that decent fellow, Sir Guy, or even that cut-throat, Archibald, use it," etc., etc.

This may not have been worth doing, but it is done precisely as well as possible, and the Lilian and Taffy of the present treatise are no more like the Molly and Teddy of the author's last than one school-girl and one freshman are, seemingly, like another.

Of Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's earlier stories,[1] reprinted since the great and richly merited success of That Lass o' Lowrie's, not much need be said. They are curiously devoid of merit, or even of what is usually called the promise of merit. They are hackneyed in plot, cheap and sickly in sentiment, and lavish of millinery. When one thinks of the strong and highly-wrought, yet simple, symmetrical, and peculiarly noble romance which has lately made this author famous, one wonders how or why she should so resolutely, one might almost say perversely, have reserved the power that was in her. These effortless and frequently silly tales are not merely immeasurably inferior, but totally unlike in character, to her serious work. It is all very well for the author of Airy Fairy Lilian to give the whole of his mind to the study of a peacock's feather, — and peacocks' feathers, as we know too well, constitute, just now, a distinct and rather extensive branch of art, — but Mrs. Burnett has shown herself capable of the more difficult achievement of drawing to the life an eagle upon the wing.

When the versatile author who calls herself Henri Gréville first became popularly known among us by her gay little story of Dosia, some slight surprise was felt that the possessor of a talent which,

[1] *Kathleen Mavourneen. Theo. Pretty Polly Pemberton.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. 1879.

however fascinating and amusing, appeared, to judge by that book only, extremely light should have won a prize from the august and difficult French Academy. Yet even in Dosia it was impossible to mistake the graceful and dexterous handling of the proficient, and here and there that intangible, indefinable something which we call the sign of reserved power.

After Dosia, a dozen or so of Madame Gréville's earlier and later romances were given us in breathless succession. Their very multitude confused their effect and made an impression of overproduction, and of that reckless affluence which almost always means waste and early exhaustion. Nor can any one of these crowded publications be said to have gone a great way toward fulfilling the promise which we vaguely felt to have been offered us in Dosia, although they all, in a rather remarkable variety of tones, repeated it. It is otherwise with the latest, Markof,[1] which to our thinking sets its author in the very front rank of contemporary novelists.

Markof is a story of Russian home and artist life: simple, and still dramatic; deeply discerning, yet unfailingly delicate, a little sad, and not a little droll; a scrupulously fair and faithful, yet friendly and hopeful study. Of course, as the complement of this eminently courteous and sympathetic picture of life in what we have come to regard as the native country of the monstrous and mysterious, we see always the relentlessly sombre showing of the overmastering Tourgénieff. The echo of that joyless voice, drily denouncing judgment, is always in our ears when there is talk of Russia; but somehow, the stiller, smaller voice which speaks in Markof is so well modulated and sane and clear that it carries more of conviction than the prophet's thunders.

The light in which Madame Gréville sets her scene is a deal more like the sweet, diffused light of heaven and common day than the lurid atmosphere of the cynical master. It is true that along with a large and very tenderly assorted variety of fine and generous types of character, some of Tourgénieff's more sinister ones appear, — and notably that of the ruthless siren who has gradually become to our minds the complete epitome of all that is most fiendish in womanhood. In Tourgénieff, as we know too well, she is wont to have her own malignant way. She is the mechanical goddess of the nether world, who appears to restore and confirm the kingdom of chaos, where a feeble order had striven to assert itself. But in Markof, though the egotistical and super-impressible nature of the artist hero might have been expected to render him an easy prey, the bad goddess, though she triumphs for a space, is foiled and humiliated in the end. Two honest loves, in fervid alliance, fight gallantly for the soul in danger, and effect its rescue: the touching, self-annihilating love of the artist's hunchback brother; the more sorrowing and discerning, but ever pure and purifying, passion of the gentle but admirably high-spirited Hélène. We grumble, when the fight is won, that Hélène is too good for Démiane; but the author's skill has sufficed to show us in the latter just one of those men who will be good themselves under the influence of a better woman, and no otherwise. And it is to be observed that, in real life, such unions appear to be, of all others, those in which a woman is most sure to be humbly and profoundly happy, — whereby aliens are certainly cheated of their right to complain.

Markof is full of what we receive unquestioningly as "local color;" that is to say, of strange half tints, which assuredly never rested on any sea other than the Caspian, or any land save that of the Czar. Almost all the minor characters are interesting, and one is entrancing, and we see him far too little, — an archimandrite (whatever that is) of the Greek Church, in whom there is a divine mingling of modesty and majesty; as full of human sympathies as of angelic aspirations; of the utmost punctilio of the man of honor side by side with the utmost self-surrender of the devotee.

[1] *Markof, the Russian Violinist.* By Henri Gréville. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

The Colonel's Opera Cloak[1] is irresistibly suggestive of a shawl-strap, a luncheon basket and an umbrella, and the agonizing cross-lights of a parlor-car. Hardly a half day can be wiled away in its perusal, but that fraction of time will go agreeably rather than otherwise. The book is laughable, and reads like a professed humorist's deliberately exaggerated, but not particularly ill-natured, narrative of facts. The manner is like Miss Alcott's, and it therefore goes without saying that, along with an abundance of unfastidious fun, there are good feeling and common sense, very life-like and often lively talk of average people, and some love-making of a plain, wholesome, innocent and quotidian sort.

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## A LESSON IN A PICTURE.

So, it is whispered, here and there,
That you are rather pretty? Well?
(Here 's matter for a bird of the air
To drop down from the dusk and tell.)
Let 's have no lights, my child. Somehow,
The shadow suits your blushes now.

The blonde young man who called to-day
(He only rang to leave a book?—
Yes, and a flower or two, I say!)
Was handsome, look you. Will you look?
You did not know his eyes were fine,—
You did not? Can you look in mine?

What is it in this picture here
That you should suddenly watch it so?
A maiden leaning, half in fear,
From her far casement; and, below,
In cap and plumes (or cap and bells!),
Some fairy tale her lover tells.

Suppose this lonesome night could be
Some night a thousand springs ago,
Dim round that tower; and you were she,
And your shy friend her lover (Oh!),
And I — her mother! And suppose
I knew just why she wore that rose.

Do you think I 'd kiss my girl, and say,
"Make haste to bid the wedding guest,
And make the wedding garment gay.
You could not find in East or West
So brave a bridegroom; I rejoice
That you have made so sweet a choice"?

[1] *The Colonel's Opera Cloak.* Second No Name Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1879.

Or say, "To look forever fair,
Just keep this turret-moonlight wound
About your face; stay in mid-air:
Rope-ladders lead one to the ground,
Where all things take the touch of tears,
And nothing lasts a thousand years"?

*Sallie M. B. Piatt.*

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## "NOBILITY AND GENTRY."

THE word "gentleman" is peculiarly English. In other languages it has counterparts, but not equivalents. Although its application has been widened even in England during the last century, the core of its meaning has not been changed. To this, rather, there have been made additions, as the suburbs have been added to old London; but the city is the city still. It is in the English of England only that the word has this inner steadfastness; for, as I have had occasion to say before, when writing upon another subject, in "America" this word is entirely without meaning unless we know the person who uses it; and generally, too, we must know the occasion of its use and the persons before whom it is spoken. A gentleman is properly a man of gentle, or genteel, birth and condition; and this sense remains fixed in the word in England, although it has there, besides, all the varieties of meaning and of use that it has in the United States. When the gentlemen of the county are spoken of, or the gentlemen of England, not every man is meant, nor even every respectable, educated, and decently behaving man. There is implied a certain condition in life, a certain social position, which may or may not be accompanied, but which generally is accompanied, by a certain degree of wealth. But an English gentleman in his completeness is much more than this, even if he is lord of thousands of acres upon which his forefathers have lived for centuries. Earl Dudley, writing to the Bishop of Llandaff in 1821, said of Mr. Stuart-Wortley (a political opponent) that on an occasion of much public importance he "spoke as became a great English gentleman;" and the Emperor Nicholas said that to be an English gentleman was his highest ambition. Now the earl and the emperor had something much more in mind than the visible position of a man whose forefathers had been "spacious in the possession of dirt." It was an idea of a man of independence, of probity, of a high sense of honor, of courage, of personal dignity, of good breeding, and of some knowledge of the world and of books. The ideal English gentleman adds all these to the position which is given him by his birth and his estate; and it is because it is acknowledged that, in theory at least, gentle birth in England, and the condition of life by which gentle birth is usually accompanied there, tend to foster all those fine qualities of manhood, and because they are expected of a man in that position, that the word gentleman has come to be, of all words that can be applied to a man, the most gracious and the most comprehensive of all that is admirable and lovable and of good report, and that it has come to mean something that is not always found under the coronets of earls or the crowns of emperors.

A complete English gentleman is thus one of a class composed of the most admirable and enviable men that can be found or imagined. It is not in human nature that the whole of a large class, or even the great majority of a large

class, should be men of such completeness; but such is the model which the man aspiring and honestly striving to be an English gentleman has before his mind's eye.

Besides this name and notion of the individual gentleman, there is in English, for the class or body of which he is one, a name, a word, which has neither counterpart nor equivalent in any other tongue, — gentry. This word means, first, the condition in life of a person gentle by birth and breeding; as when Mrs. Page says to Mrs. Ford, in regard to Falstaff's love-making, "And so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry." Next, and as now most commonly used, it means the whole body of those who are distinguished from people below them in rank by being of acknowledged gentle, or (to use again an old fashioned word) genteel, birth and condition, and from those above them by not being noble according to the English rating of nobility. For in England nobility is a dearer possession and is more charily bestowed than it is in other countries that have an established aristocracy. English literature is thorny with slighting allusions to French and Italian counts and German barons; and the sharpness is not the mere sprouting of prejudice or of arrogance. In England nobility means very much more than it does on the continent of Europe. Not that English nobility is more ancient, more important in history, or more splendid in associations than the nobility of France, of Spain, of Italy, or of Germany. On the contrary, any one of the latter countries can show a roll of nobles who, in the antiquity of their titles, the grandeur of their positions, the importance of their actions, and the vastness of their possessions, far surpass the existing nobility of England, which, with few exceptions, is comparatively of recent origin and of minor historical dignity. The superiority of English nobility consists, first, in the fact of its limitation to peers of the realm, who have a seat and a voice in the House of Lords; and, next, in that this rank and position is, practically, always the accompaniment, the token, the splendid witness, of large landed possessions and correspondent political and social influence.

An English nobleman is a great landlord. The tillers of thousands of acres, the dwellers in half a dozen or a dozen of villages, occupy their land and their houses by his sufferance, — because they pay him rent. The exceptions to this rule are so few that they are of no significance. Macaulay and Disraeli are the two most eminent examples of comparatively landless men who have been ennobled in England. For Marlborough and Wellington great estates were bought. And as to Macaulay and Disraeli, it may be safely assumed that if they had had children, or expectation of children, they would not have been made peers. Peerage merely personal and not hereditary is scouted by the House of Lords; and an hereditary lordship without an income to support the dignity, and without landed property, is abhorrent to Englishmen, or, what is worse, ridiculous.

In the history of England, one fact is remarkable in regard to its social aspect: there has never been that hatred of the nobility by the common people which has been so often manifested in other countries, and which in other countries has been the cause of so much political disturbance. The common people of England have always been proud of the nobility; and they may even yet be said to be proud of them. The liberals, the very radicals, are opposed to nobility rather in a theoretical way. I did not hear a word among the lower classes and the lower middle classes of disrespect toward the nobility as a class, or of dislike of noblemen as nobles. It should be said, however, that I saw less of the lower middle class, that is, of small shopkeepers and of artisans, than of any other, — much less than I saw of the peasantry and of the corresponding classes in the towns. This is natural. A stranger, not in the condition of the former, is by force of circumstances thrown among the upper middle classes, and, if he happen to have acquaintances in it, among the aristocracy. Among the farmers and the peasantry he may go if he will; but dissimi-

larity of habits makes intercourse with the classes just above them constrained and without interest, and even access to them difficult. And these people, — the lower middle class, — notwithstanding their great numbers, are of the least importance in the organization of English society. They have no apparent influence upon it, and do not represent it in any way. This will be apparent from the consideration of the fact that they furnish neither private soldiers nor officers to the army, and, with very rare exceptions, no scholars to the universities, no members to the learned professions, and it need hardly be said, with exceptions of like rarity, no members to Parliament.

This lower middle class, however, shares with the lower classes — the lowest — a feeling toward the aristocracy which is the result of a peculiarity in the constitution of English nobility, — a peculiarity which is as old as England itself. The commoners of England have never been overridden by an army of nobles. In other countries all the sons of noblemen have been and are noblemen, and the land has swarmed with counts and barons, who assumed the bearing and had the privileges of nobles, who held themselves aloof from all intercourse with those of inferior birth, and disdained to give themselves to any useful occupation. It is not so in England, and, for centuries at least, it has not been so. There the son of a nobleman of the highest rank is a commoner before the law; and, except by courtesy, he has neither title nor privilege.[1] He has the advantage of his connection, which is of course very great, and which gives him position and opportunities the value of which can hardly be overestimated. But before the law he is only a commoner, like a shopkeeper or an artisan; and any one of these may, if he will, enter upon the unequal contest with him for any of the good things of life, or even for its high places. And unequal as the contest is, men from the lower classes have risen, as we all know, to the highest places in the English social scale, — to the bench, to bishoprics, to the woolsack, to the peerage. It is the consciousness of this possibility, the consciousness of the limitation of nobility and its privileges, the consciousness of the established rights and recognized power of the commons, which has kept the nobility of England so long in its eminent and (with allowance for the evils and the defects almost inevitably consequent upon an aristocracy) its admirable position. English landlords are generally respected, often liked, and not rarely loved by their tenantry. English noblemen are looked up to and treated with willing deference by all below them in rank, unless by their own conduct they forfeit respect and deference. No Englishman hates them because they are noble.

Because, however, there are no nobles in England except the peers, the members of the House of Lords, it does not follow that there is no other aristocracy. An English gentleman — using the word in its proper English sense, already set forth — is noble. The gentry of England correspond to the *petite noblesse* of other countries which have an aristocratic society. Many an English gentleman, a mere commoner, whose forefathers have been commoners time out of mind, is tenfold a more important personage in every respect than hundreds of Continental counts and barons are. He has birth of which he is as honorably conscious, perhaps as proud, as any count or baron of them all; he bears arms which his forefathers have borne for centuries; and, more than all, he lives in the house and is lord of the acres which have been in his family for generations. In the observation of English society, it must be constantly borne in mind that, although only peers are noblemen, the English gentry are a kind

[1] The accomplished author of that very clever and delicate caricature, An International Episode, has, in a moment of forgetfulness, erred on this point. Lord Lambeth, although as the eldest son of a duke he was by courtesy a marquis, was really a commoner; and, being neither a peer nor a member of the House of Commons, he was not a legislator at all, hereditary or otherwise. His reply to his fair Yankee captivator's question as to his speaking in the House of Lords should have been that he had no right even to enter that house, except as a stranger.

of nobility, and that in any other country having an aristocracy they, or at least the greater part of them, would be ranked as nobles. Mr. Stuart-Wortley, whom Lord Dudley wrote of as a great English gentleman, was soon afterward raised to the peerage as Lord Wharncliffe. By this he gained a step in rank; but he hardly gained in importance in Yorkshire, where his family had been seated as great English gentlemen for five centuries. He was rather made a peer because of that very importance, and because of his course in Parliament.

The present nobility of England, as I have before remarked, is not an old nobility. Very few English peers bear titles which have been in their own families more than three hundred years. This is through no fault of theirs; nor is it by reason of any incapacity of England to breed a grand and enduring nobility. But nobility is, after all that may be said, only a matter of hereditary landed wealth, and of the importance and the opportunities given by such hereditary wealth. Therefore, where inheritance fails, no less than where wealth fails, nobility, dependent upon the union of the two, is extinguished. The noble Norman possessors of England, and such Englishmen as they had gradually admitted to their order, killed each other in the Wars of the Roses. If they had been "Americans," and each party had regarded the other as "Indians," they could not have more thoroughly improved each other off the face of the earth. Consequently, the Tudor kings of England had to make an almost new nobility. But it was not until the second Tudor king, who was so afflicted with wives, took into the possession of the crown all the land of the abbeys and monasteries throughout the kingdom that the new royal family had on hand a good stock of the material for new noble-making. It must be confessed that they were not allowed to be slack in the labor of their vocation. Would-be noblemen fell upon their monarch like robbers upon an unsinging traveler. Favorites, courtiers, soldiers, eminent lawyers, asked for land and for titles, for abbeys, for priories, for manors. They begged for them; they importuned, they intrigued, for them; they offered themselves souls and bodies in exchange for them. The lands and the houses most of them got, and many of them got the titles. Such a swarm of human harpies was never let loose upon a country as that which ravaged England from 1540 to 1600. It is to this rapacity, this gathering of the vultures over the carcass of the Roman church, that most of the oldest noble families in England owe their possessions and their peerages. Some of those highest in rank owe their coronets to the efforts made by that estimable monarch, Charles II., with the aid of Barbara Palmer, Louise de Quérouaille, and Nell Gwynn, to increase the nobility of the kingdom. Those three ladies (the first two were made duchesses, respectively, of Cleveland and of Portsmouth) did their best to prevent the race of dukes from dying out in England; and verily their representatives have done likewise unto this day.

Many more modern noble houses owe their rank to the needs of Sir Robert Walpole and other ministers for votes in the House of Lords. Many peerages were bought, outright, from James I. and his successors. Nor has the fashion of getting them by some such influence entirely gone out, it would seem, even in the present day. Baron Stockmar tells of an application to him by a man eminent in the literary world (could it have been Bulwer?), who offered him a very large sum of money if he would support his petition to be made a peer. The baron gave the application such a reception as it deserved. A man in his position in the court of Henry VIII., Edward IV., Mary, James I., or the earlier Georges would have taken the bribe, and perhaps have obtained the title. Clarendon, who recorded what he knew, tells us that even poor Charles I. in the extremity of his distress, and Charles II. when in exile during the Commonwealth, were tormented by importunities for titles. It is not thus that the untutored mind imagines the growth of an old nobility. But it is thus that the greater

part of what is called the old nobility of England came into being. To this rule there are some admirable and many respectable exceptions, to specify which would be both superfluous and invidious.

Admitting, however, that the origin of few — comparatively few — noble houses in England could be remembered by an honorable man with pleasure, does it follow that the English nobility is to be regarded and estimated from the point of its origin? I think not. The ancestors of most of these noblemen got their lands and their lordships in the manner which was the fashion of their day. The matter would not be at all bettered if the old Norman nobility had survived. In the eleventh century the fashion of getting lands and lordships was by conquest; in plain words, by forcible robbery. Then the great man was the strong man. In the condition of society at that time, it was inevitable that the strong should take and keep. Dugdale [1] quotes from the record of an old trial, or examination, in which a certain baron of Norman descent is asked by what title he holds a certain manor. Whereupon *produxit in curiam gladium suum antiquum et evaginatum*, etc., — he produced in court, unsheathed, his ancient sword, — and said that this was his title; that his ancestors had come to England to conquer it for themselves and for their children, and that they had conquered it, and that their children meant to keep what their fathers had taken. Plain speaking, but the simple truth. These men got their manors, in virtue of which they were summoned to Parliament as barons, by seizing them violently, slaying or driving out their old owners, and holding the land by force of arms. Those of some hundreds of years later got theirs by the arts of courtiers, by favoritism, by importunity, by intrigue, or as soldiers, or as lawyers, in reward for services which would not be thought very admirable by Englishmen of to-day, or even perhaps tolerable, unless they were performed in India or in Africa. Some of those of a century or so later got theirs because some half dozen women bore illegitimate children to a king of England: those of yet another century because they served the ends of an unscrupulous prime minister. But however this may be, it happened long ago; and the present fact to be considered is that their descendants are in possession — legal possession — of the lands and the titles. This being the case, they must be regarded, and they will be regarded, as to their estates and their rank, just as if they had bought the one with money, and won the other from a grateful king and people by an exhibition of all the ennobling virtues in the service of their country. As to personal character and conduct, it is they, not their forefathers, who must be judged by the standards of to-day. What does it matter to an anxious mother that the man proposing for her daughter is descended from a pretty actress? It is not unlikely that among his married ancestresses there were women far less estimable than she in every way; and the present fact is that he has forty or fifty thousand acres, and is a duke, and that he is just as likely to be a decent man and a good and loving husband as if all his foremothers had been she-dragons of chastity. Of what moment is it to his friends, his political associates, his tenantry, how his ancestor got his title and his lands two hundred or three hundred years ago, or what were the personal traits of that ancestor's character? Hardly more than whether his ancestor was tall or short, or whether his lady-mother's nose was snub or aquiline. He has full possession of his rank and his estates, and it is not his ancestor or ancestress whose personal character concerns us, and who is to be tried by our moral standards. If we are to go into the origin of titles to possession which are centuries old, we shall oust more than half the peoples and governments of Europe and America. A consideration of these facts may modify the views of some who seem to think

[1] Or perhaps Camden. It is twenty years since I read the passage, and I have not the book now, or time to go to the Astor Library. I am quite sure as to the passage, and it makes little difference whether the authority is Camden or Dugdale.

of nobility as if it were born full-grown out of the chaos of the dark ages, and of others who regard every nobleman as a robber and an oppressor, because he did not buy his estate at an auction.

The relative degrees of rank in the English nobility, and the position of the members of noble families and of commoners who bear titles, are so frequently misapprehended by people in general, and even misrepresented by accomplished writers, that I shall venture to set them forth succinctly, even at the risk of seeming to offer needless instruction to many of my readers.

The various ranks of noblemen now in England are, beginning at the lowest, baron, viscount, earl, marquess, and duke. Every peer is a baron, and every baron is a peer. The House of Lords is, and has always been, an assemblage of the barons of England. A baron being in the old feudal sense of the word a man who is lord of certain manors, and who, upon the summons of his sovereign, must take the field at the head of a body of retainers, the title is a generic one for noblemen of all ranks. Thus Magna Charta was extorted from King John by certain barons; but they were the most important and powerful noblemen in the kingdom. A man summoned to Parliament by writ was summoned as baron of a certain lordship in land which gave him his title, or one of his titles; and a man who in modern days is raised to the peerage is made a baron, whatever other and higher rank may be bestowed upon him. But the title baron is never used in England in addressing a peer. On the Continent it is used in speech and in writing; and barons are baroned from morning till night by every person who addresses them. In England the word used is simply "lord;" and this is applied to all peers below the rank of duke, except in formal addresses or other documents, or "in print," when there is some reason for particular distinction.

The next step in nobility is to the rank of viscount, which, however, is not an old title in English nobility, and, like marquess, is not regarded as particularly English. A nobleman raised from the rank of baron to that of viscount still retains his baronage. Thus if a gentleman were raised to the peerage as Baron Stratford, he would be called Lord Stratford; and if he were afterwards made Viscount Avon, he would be called Lord Avon, but he would still be Baron Stratford as well as Viscount Avon. This adhesion of the inferior titles (except in certain cases of limitation by patent) continues as the nobleman rises, if he should rise, to the highest rank; and if our supposed example were made Earl of Coventry, then Marquess of Coventry, and finally Duke of Warwickshire, he would be baron, viscount, earl, and marquess, as well as duke; and he might also be a baronet; and all his titles would be mentioned in an account of his rank in the peerage.

Earl is the oldest of English titles, and of all titles is the most thoroughly English. There are barons, viscounts, marquesses, and dukes in other countries, but earls only in England. I am sure that I cannot be alone in finding a peculiar charm and attractiveness in the position and title of an English earl. He has the rank which was once the highest in the land, and which is still high enough to be of great distinction, while it is not one which must be kept up with a great deal of splendor, and his title is one peculiar to his country. I know that if I were an English earl I should not receive with any great thankfulness an offer to make my wife into a "female markis," especially if my earldom were one around which was a cluster of pleasant historical associations; for example, the earldom of Warwick, or that of Derby.

Marquess, which means lord of the marches (that is, borders), is a title unknown in England before 1385. The first English marquess, Robert Vere, had an Irish title, Marquess of Dublin, which was bestowed upon him by Parliament at the pleasure of Richard II. It was rarely bestowed afterwards, until the last century. Its chief advantage seems to be that it affords the crown, or the crown's advisers, a degree of nobility to which they may raise an earl without making him a duke. Dukes are in-

tended to be very rare birds indeed. To be raised to a dukedom, a man must be enormously rich, and have very great connections. A marquess, although next him in rank, may be a long way behind him in these respects.

Duke, the title of the highest rank next to that of the princes of the blood royal, is the third in antiquity in England as a title of honor and dignity. As the name of an office, *dux*, it was used in very remote times all over Europe; but the first English duke was Edward the Black Prince, whom his father made Duke of Cornwall; whence the oldest son born to the reigning monarch is born Duke of Cornwall, but not Prince of Wales, the latter title being afterward conferred upon him.

A duke is the only English noble who is usually addressed by his title. It is proper, in addressing him at the beginning of a conversation, or after a break in it, to say, for example, "Duke, will you be kind enough?" etc.; at other times, it is almost needless to say, he is addressed as "your grace," in the use of which title much want of discretion and self-respect may be shown. But no other nobleman is commonly addressed by his title, as marquess, earl, or viscount. All from baron to duke are addressed simply as "my lord;" and in the use of "your lordship," although it is legitimate, there is a peril similar to that in the use of "your grace."

This phrase, "your grace," is called the style of a duke, who is formally addressed on letters and otherwise as His Grace, the Duke of, etc. The style of a marquis is the Most Noble; that of earls, viscounts, and barons, the Right Honorable. But, except in the case of a duke, who is supposed to be a very awful and inapproachable person, friends, in writing to each other, usually omit these styles, and address the marquess or earl of ——, or, more generally, use simply Lord.

This is an end of nobility, except that nobility which comes of office, as in the case of bishops, the lord chancellor, and certain judges, which, except in the case of the lord chancellor, is not nobility at all. All other titles are merely what are called courtesy titles borne by commoners, or titles of knighthood, the bearers of which are also commoners. The son of a duke, a marquess, or an earl bears the second title of his father, by the courtesy of the crown. A duke, as I have already remarked, is also an earl, a viscount, and a baron, and generally, but not always, a marquess; a marquess is also an earl and a viscount and a baron, and so on. The eldest son of a duke bears, therefore, as his courtesy title, that of his father's marquessate or earldom. For example, the Marquess of Hartington is a commoner, just like John Smith; and he is a member of the House of Commons, which he would not be if he were really a marquess. But by courtesy he is called by the second title of his father, the Duke of Devonshire. But the Duke of Norfolk's eldest son is not by courtesy a marquess, but an earl, — Earl of Surrey; because the dukedom of Norfolk is older than the day when the fashion of making English marquesses came into vogue, and his second title is Earl of Surrey, which he would not have made marquess for any sum of money that could be offered him. The younger sons of dukes and marquesses (although of course commoners) are called Lord, and their daughters Lady. Thus the eminent statesman who for forty years and more was known to all the world as Lord John Russell was only a commoner, and would have been described in a legal document as the Honorable John Russell, commonly called Lord John Russell. His "lordship" came to him only by courtesy, because he was a younger son of the Duke of Bedford. He was made a peer in his own right, as Earl Russell.

It should be mentioned, however, that there may be and have been lords in the House of Commons who are noblemen, bearing their titles not by courtesy, but by inheritance or patent. These are Scotch or Irish peers. To sit in the House of Lords, a peer must be a peer of Great Britain, or of the realm, as it is called, unless he is elected as a representative peer from Scotland or Ireland.

No Scotch Peer can sit in the Commons. In this they differ from Irish Peers

All English peers are peers of Great Britain; but Scotch and Irish peers are not so, unless in addition to their Scotch and Irish peerages they have an English peerage. Thus, the Duke of Argyll, a Scotch peer, sits in the House of Lords as Baron Sundridge and Hamilton in the peerage of Great Britain, and the Marquess of Drogheda, an Irish peer, as Baron Moore of Moore Park, Kent. Lord Palmerston was an instance of a nobleman's being in the House of Commons. He was third Viscount Palmerston in the peerage of Ireland; but he was not only English (he was of the family of Sir William Temple), but the most English of Englishmen. He was elected member for the Isle of Wight in 1807, and sat in the House of Commons for nearly fifty years, during which time he was twice prime minister. He was one of the most powerful of British subjects: he made peers of Great Britain, and bishops and archbishops; but he himself never rose in rank, or even became a peer of the realm, but passed his political life in the House of Commons.

The presence of a Christian name after the title Lord is in itself evidence that the bearer of the title is not a nobleman, not a peer, and also that he is a younger son of a duke or a marquess. And so also Lady Marys and Lady Sarahs are not peeresses, but the daughters of earls, marquesses, and dukes. For the sons and daughters of viscounts and barons bear no courtesy title, but are styled Honorable. This title Honorable, which is made ridiculous in the United States by its bestowal upon every man who fills, or has ever filled, one of our million public offices, however petty, is little used in England, except as a token of noble descent; and it pertains, as I have remarked, as well to women as to men, which is also true of Right Honorable in case of peeresses or the daughters of dukes and marquesses. This is shown by an old poetical satire, The Metamorphosis of the Town, 1731, upon the fancy costumes worn then on the Mall: —

> "Look, yonder comes a pleasant crew
> With high crowned hats, long aprons, too,
> Good, pretty girls, I vow and swear;
> But wherefore do they hide their ware?
> Ware? what d' ye mean? What is 't you tell?
> Why! don't they eggs and butter sell?
> Alas, no y' are mistaken quite.
> She on the left hand, dressed in white,
> Is Lady C——, her spouse, a knight;
> But for the other lovely three
> They all Right Honourables be."

This Lady C——, although she was my Lady, was a commoner, and the wife of a commoner. A knight baronet, or a simple knight, who may be an alderman, a painter, or a musician, is called Sir, and his wife is called Lady, just as any peeress is, under the rank of a duchess. Baronets are peculiar to England. They are commoners; and yet they have an hereditary title. The title was originally sold by James I., who invented it for the purpose of raising money by its sale to quell a rebellion in Ulster; whence all baronets bear the red band of Ulster in their shields of arms.

Knighthood is not hereditary; because it is always conferred upon the bearer for services or qualities personal to himself. It was originally a very great honor, and one which noblemen did not always bear, but, bearing, always greatly prized. The Black Prince himself, the heir apparent to the throne, did not "win his spurs," the token of knighthood, until the battle of Cressy.[1] If conferred upon the field of battle, knighthood was a great distinction, and gave its bearer precedence before other knights not so created. But gradually it sank in estimation, because of the reasons for which it was bestowed. In Shakespeare's time it was given "on carpet consideration," and from that time it became more and more common, until now it is the lowest and least regarded of all tokens of social distinction. It has, however, one remnant of its original value: it belongs to the person, and must be won. But one of the acknowledged gentry of England would not receive with pleasure a proposal that he should be knighted, except, indeed, in the form of being made, for conspicuous

[1] I have found so many intelligent persons in error upon the point that I am sure I shall be pardoned for mentioning that Edward of Woodstock was a fair, blue-eyed man, with light hair. It was his armor that was black.

merit in the public service, a Knight Commander of the Bath; for that a simple gentleman should be made a Knight of the Garter is quite inconceivable. The garter is reserved for noblemen of high rank; and during the last century and a half it has been worn by many dull and sordid and even base creatures, who had no claim to it but large possessions and great parliamentary influence.

Baronetcy, however, and even simple knighthood are prized for one reason, — precedence. There is in precedence a fascination which even the sturdy manliness of the so-called Anglo-Saxon mind seems unable to escape. To have the right — a right recognized on all formal occasions — to take place before some one else is one of the most highly-prized privileges of rank. It cannot be regarded as a magnanimous ambition; and to see how much this is thought of tends greatly to diminish respect for an aristocratic organization of society. The disputes in regard to it which are recorded here and there in history; the bitter heart-burnings about the right to certain seats or places in court; the painful consideration of the grave question as to whether a royal or a princely personage is to take two steps forward or three in receiving a certain guest, or in what exact order some half a dozen others are to be placed at table, or which of two ambassadors is to be received first, and with what ceremonies, and so forth, and so forth, seem to be the mere magnification of frivolity and fiddle-faddle. Courtesy is the flower of good-breeding, the rich, fine bloom upon the fruit of the highest culture; but between courtesy and etiquette the difference is so great that they have really nothing in common. Courtesy is perennial, immortal; but etiquette is but the artificial manufacture of social pedantry, and changes not only from generation to generation, but sometimes from one year to another. The etiquette of precedence in England is a puzzling and intricate subject, which is in the hands of heralds and masters of ceremonies. It is regulated with an elaborate minuteness which is ridiculous, I am sure, even to many of those in whose favor it is established. That the royal family should have precedence of all others; that dukes should have precedence of marquesses, marquesses of earls, and so forth; and that a line should be drawn somewhere, from below which people cannot go to court, seems sensible and right in an aristocratically constituted society. But when members of the same family are broken up into classes of precedency, and separated, and we are told that the eldest sons of dukes take precedence of earls, while the younger sons of dukes (all the sons being commoners, it should be remembered) come after earls and the eldest sons of marquesses; and when we find a specific place assigned to the eldest sons of the younger sons of peers, and another much lower to their brothers, the younger sons of the younger sons of peers, we must feel a little pity for grown men who are pleased at walking about in such filigree go-carts.

The complication resulting from this minute dissection and distribution of precedence has its liveliest illustration in the case of the female members of noble families, who generally take this matter of precedence most to heart. Thus, all the daughters of a peer have the rank of their eldest brother during the life-time of their father. All the daughters of a duke, therefore, rank as marchionesses; and this rank they retain, unless they are married to peers, in which case of course they take rank as peeresses. But if some of them should thus become countesses, viscountesses, or baronesses, and one of them should marry a commoner, whether a baronet or a coachman, she, as a duke's daughter, would still rank as a marchioness, and, although a commoner, take precedence of her peeress sisters. Her marriage to a commoner does not lower her in the scale of precedence, or raise him. Tittlebat Titmouse thought that when he married the Lady Cecilia he would be Lord something or other; but he found that it was not so; and other Titmice have been similarly disappointed. And can we forget "The Countess of Warwick *and* Mr. Addison"?

Precedence in England extends even into the servants' hall and the kitchen.

This is manifested every morning. At family prayers all the house servants attend, just as they used to do here in families in which that domestic discipline was kept up. A row of chairs is placed for them in the breakfast-room, and they enter and take their seats. The head of the house reads prayers and the lesson of the day, or some other part of the Bible. I observed that the servants in each house always entered in the same order, the housekeeper marching at the head of the line, and taking the seat farthest from the door. And it was, I am sorry to say, rather funny to see some dozen or more of them pound solemnly in and plump stolidly down upon their seats. After prayers are over, they of course rise and go out. But I saw that they did not go out in reverse order, the one nearest the door going out first, as would have been natural and convenient. They rose, stood in a line, and then the housekeeper went out first, followed by the servant next her; and thus the line doubled upon itself, the file thus telling itself off, so that the one who entered the room last left it last. The order of entering and leaving was the same. On speaking of this, I was told with smiles that precedence was strictly observed among them; that in the servants' hall the housekeeper took the head of the table, the butler the foot, and that the servants, upper and under, had places strictly assigned to them according to the dignity of their positions. What is the order of their sitting or of their going the lord of precedence only knows; but I suppose that the my lady's maid sits on the right hand of the butler, and my lord's own man on that of the housekeeper. At dinner they sit together at the common table down to cheese; and the upper servants only rise and go in state to dessert in the housekeeper's room. The upper servants are those who have servants under them; an upper servant never wears livery. When visitors at a great house bring servants with them, the guests in the servants' hall are formally assigned places strictly according to the rank of their master or mistress. I learned also that servants do call each other by the titles of their masters and mistresses, and that this incident of "high life below stairs" is no fiction. A nobleman told me, with much enjoyment of the joke, that when he was going about, a young heir expectant, and by courtesy Viscount ——, he often heard the servants at the country-seats of his friends address his valet by his own title. He also heard something which he found much "jollier": —

There was a certain lady, a dowager peeress, no longer young, but rather youngish, who had an own man, a confidential servant, who was her factotum. One day my friend heard some of his own servants call out to this man by his mistress's title, and ask him to go somewhere or do something with them; to which he replied with a languid air, "Oh, I can't. I 've got to take my old woman into the city to look after the stock-market. You know the old girl likes that sort of thing." He intimated with much glee that if Lady ——, who was very airy and coquettish, had heard the words "old woman" and "old girl" she would have taken measures to have that man speedily poisoned. He told the story with so much mischief in his eye that I wonder that he refrained from telling it to the lady herself; but that would have been inhospitable and unkind; and that he should be either unkind or inhospitable it is quite impossible to believe.

This same gentleman also once unconsciously illustrated to me one trait of English aristocracy which is in many respects admirable, — independence of the opinion of others. He is of a family eminent for ability as well as for rank. When he was in New York, some twelve years ago, I had the pleasure of knowing him well, and one day I took him to see Miss Hosmer's statue of Zenobia. After we had looked at it for a while in silence, he turned to me, and quietly said, "Who was Zenobia? I don't know." Another nobleman of the same rank passing a day or two at my house, I had occasion to tell him that he would do well to change his drawers

for a thicker pair. "Drawers!" he replied, "I never wear them;" at which I was somewhat surprised; but he continued, "People tell me that it's not a nice habit not to wear drawers; but I can't see that it is n't nice; and as I don't like them, I don't wear them." Although I could not sympathize with my guest in his taste, I could not but like his independence of Mrs. Grundy. But what matter is it to a man who is an earl and a deputy-lieutenant of his county, with two seats, a town-house, two or three livings, and the control of a seat in Parliament, if Mrs. Grundy does whisper and sniff! He can afford to set her and her cackling at naught. The immunity of such a position has, on the other hand, its evil tendencies with evil men; but it leads, on the whole, to independence of personal character, which is an English trait.

Outside the circle, hardly below the rank, of the recognized gentry of England is the large, respectable, and all-powerful body known as the upper middle class. Of this there is of course a considerable number who are members of the various professions; but the greater number are merchants or manufacturers, or are connected with trade in some way. Those of them whom I had the pleasure of meeting did not in any way justify the pictures of them that we find in plays and novels, which, according to my observation, are not truthful representations of a class, but caricatures of individuals. I found these gentlemen, as a class, so intelligent and so well informed that I should hesitate in placing the merchants of New York, or even of Boston, as a class, in comparison with them. Many of them live in great luxury and with a splendid display; but very many who have wealth live, although in the height of comfort and elegance, more modestly, as, in their opinion, becomes their station. One of these, who lived in a cluster of spacious, elegant villas, with fair grounds about them, said to me, as we strolled past a very large house, "Mr. —— has offended the taste of his neighbors. He has built himself entirely too great a house for a man who does n't keep horses. A gentleman in England is a man who has horses and hot-houses." Now he himself had neither horses nor hot-houses, although he could well afford to have both; his plate bore a crest to which his right was undoubted, and he was a man of importance in an important place; besides which, he was certainly one of the best read and most thoughtful men I ever met, and a man of sterling character and high self-respect. But, being all this, he yet recognized with content his well-defined place in society. This cheerful recognition of place, even by those who are inferior, seemed to me remarkable. I spoke one day to a peeress of high rank in regard to what I had heard from some of her friends of the feeling of some members of the royal family about the marriage of the Princess Louise. "To be sure," was her reply, "how could it be otherwise? I suppose they feel very much as we should feel if one of our own rank should marry an upper servant." And this of the heir of MacAllum More, whose rank and family had been far above hers for centuries! It illustrated the same point that one day a peer replied to his wife, who said that a certain estate that was for sale would hardly find a buyer at the price asked for it, "Oh, my dear, you may be sure that the price will be paid by some opulent shopkeeper." If my host had brought out his coronet and set it solemnly on his head, he could not have more impressively asserted his rank; and the succession of *ops* in the last words of his reply seemed to give him great pleasure. They lingered upon his lips, and were uttered with unction.

Briefly, although the government of Great Britain is practically republican, and although the complaint there is that year by year their institutions are becoming more and more "Americanized," rank and precedence are still the coveted prizes and the paramount influences of English society.

*Richard Grant White.*

## A WORD TO PHILOSOPHERS.

Evolutionists, so apt
With your formulas exacting,
In your problems so enwrapt,
And your theories distracting;

Webs of metaphysic doubt
On your wheels forever spinning,
Turning nature inside out
From its end to its beginning;

Drawing forth from matter raw
Protoplastic threads to fashion
What creation never saw, —
Mind apart from faith or passion,

Faculties that know no wants
But a logical position; —
Intellectual cormorants
Fed on facts of pure cognition, —

Like Arachne's is your task,
By Minerva's wisdom baffled:
Defter weavers we must ask,
Tissues less obscurely raveled.

Larger vision you must find
Ere your evolution plummets
Sound the abysses of the mind,
Or your measure reach its summits.

Not from matter crude and coarse
Comes this delicate creation;
Twinned with it, a finer force
Rules it to its destination.

All beliefs, affections, deeds,
Feed its depths as streams a river;
Every purpose holds the seed
Of a fruit that grows forever.

Souls outsoar your schoolmen's wit,
In a loftier heaven wheeling;
Lights ideal o'er them flit,
Every thought is winged with feeling.

Conscience, born of heavenly light,
Mingles with their lofty yearning;
Fantasy and humor bright
Cheer their toilsome path of learning.

Poesy, with dreamy eyes,
  Lures them into fairy splendor;
Music's magic harmonies
  Thrill with touches deep and tender.

Love, that shapes their mental moods,
  Offers now its warm oblations;
Now the heart's dark solitudes
  Glow with solemn adorations.

Vain your biologic strife,
  Your asserting, your denying;
Ygdrasil, the Tree of Life,
  Flouts your narrow classifying.

Every living leaf and bud,
  On its mighty branches growing,
Palpitates with will and blood
  Past primordial foreknowing.

Your dissecting-knives can show
  Less than half these wondrous natures;
In these beating hearts there glow
  Flames that scorch your nomenclatures.

Lights that make your axioms fine
  Fade like stars when day is breaking;
Splendors, hopes, and powers divine
  New-born with each day's awaking.

Raise your scientific lore;
  Grant us larger definitions.
Souls are surely something more
  Than mere bundles of cognitions.

Take the sum, — the mighty whole, —
  Man, this sovereign Protean creature;
Follow the all-embracing soul,
  If you can, through form and feature.

Whence it came in vain you guess,
  Where it goes you cannot measure;
And its depths are fathomless,
  And exhaustless flows its treasure.

And its essence holds the world
  In abeyance and solution;
For the gods themselves are furled
  In its mystic involution.

*Christopher P. Cranch.*

## STORY-PAPER LITERATURE.

The Yates boy, aged fifteen, desired to run away. He confided the intention to his sister, and she naturally conveyed it to his parents. His father summoned him before him, and said, "There is no need of your running away. If you will let me know any town or village in the country to which you desire to go, you shall be set down there with your trunk. I will give you a sum of money, furthermore, to find some kind of occupation, so that you may know by actual experience the value of the good home you have left." The offer was declined, with abashed thanks. It was not what his imagination pictured. He waited, and after a little time turned up missing, as the saying is, with two guns and a pointer dog. He returned from Chicago broken with ague, but departed again for the Cuban war, and has not since been heard of. His escapades were laid, with a show of reason, to the sensational romances, in which it appeared he was much absorbed.

Such stories are common. One day, it is three boys who are arrested at Patterson on their way to Texas, on the proceeds of a month's rent they have been sent to pay, but have appropriated instead. Another, three Boston boys do us the honor to believe that more adventures are to be found in New York than at home, and arrive with a slender capital of four dollars and a half to seek them; are robbed of even this by more knowing gamins of the place, and spend several nights in the station-house before they can be reclaimed. Again, a group of runaways is found behind a New Jersey haystack playing poker, with a knife and a revolver before each one, as the custom is with all well-regulated desperadoes. A late boy-murderer confessed that he had wanted to hide in a cave and prowl and kill, and that he believed he got the idea from his reading.

This last extreme is rare, and the imaginations which go to the others are of an unwaveringly logical kind, which amounts to want of balance. A grain of common sense keeps down the imitative impulse in the majority of cases. They feel that, fine, and possibly veracious, as it all is, it is not, somehow, exactly adapted to their personally taking a part in it. We outgrow it, — for I make no doubt there are those who read this who have known something of the feeling from their own experience; and it would be a poor reader indeed who had had no amicable relations with pirates; avengers, dead-shots of the plains, and destroyers in his youth. We go to our counting-room, our machine-shop, our corner grocery, our law office, as the case may be. We shoot nobody at all, and do our plundering, if plunder we must, within the law, decorously, by light weights and short measures, by managing a company or borrowing of a friend. The remembrance alone survives as a source of the very general enjoyment that is got out of mock heroics.

But let notice be given that it is not an especially humorous point of view that is sought for the story-paper literature. It is an enormous field of mental activity, the greatest literary movement, in bulk, of the age, and worthy of very serious consideration for itself. Disdained as it may be by the highly cultivated for its character, the phenomenon of its existence cannot be overlooked.

The taste for cheap fiction is by no means confined to this country. America leads in this form of publication in the kind of papers mentioned; but romances that do not appear to be of a greatly higher order are almost as profuse with the venders of reading matter at Paris, Turin, or Cologne as here, and not a daily paper on the continent of Europe, in any language, but has its scrap of a continued story, its *feuilleton*, in every issue.

Our story papers, damp from the press and printed very black, upholster all the news-stands, but we shall study them in a more leisurely way at a stationer's. Shall we choose this dingy one at the Five Points, where the grocery and wood and coal business is combined with the other; or this pretentious store under a lofty new tenement house in the German quarter, with the joints already warping apart, the paint blistered, and a plate-glass window cracked by uneven settling? Let it be rather one of the stuffy little, but more prosperous, ones of the up-town avenues. Some late numbers dangle from the edge of the low awning, under which it is necessary to stoop. A bell attached to the door jingles sharply. The interior is festooned with school satchels and jumping-ropes. Mother Carey's, Mother Shipton's, the Egyptian, the Hindoo, and the Golden Wheel of Fortune dream books, the Wild Oats, the Larry Tooley, the Eileen Alanna, the Love Among the Roses, song and dance books, in gaudy covers, ornament the window, among the tops and marbles.

The story papers, the most conspicuous stock in trade, are laid out on the front counter, neatly overlapped, so as to show all the titles and frontispieces. Ten are already in, and more to come, — the Saturday Night, the Saturday Journal, the Ledger, the Weekly, the Family Story Paper, the Fireside Companion. Near them on the glass case, in formidable piles, are the "libraries." These are, omitting the prominent examples which do the same sort of service for standard works, pamphlets reprinting at a dime and a half dime the stories which have appeared as serials in the papers. There are papers which, finding this practice a diversion of interest, distinctly announce that their stories will not reappear, and that their fascinations can be enjoyed only at original sources.

No far-reaching memory is needed to recall when the Ledger was the only journal of this kind. Its notorious prosperity gave rise to a swarm of imitators, eager to share the profits of so good a field. New York is still the great point of supply, but Chicago and some other Western cities have begun to find their account in similar publications for their tributary territories. As the new aspirants arose, it was necessary for each to set up its own peculiar claim to favor. One assumes to be the exclusive family story paper; another offers its readers microscopes, chromos, and supplements; others provide the fullest contents; others go upon the reputations of writers whose abilities to captivate are known: Colonel Tipton Slasher will write — Mrs. Jennie Sarah Ringwood, whose power of passion development — Max Shorthorn, without a peer for pungent humor and drollery — A brilliant corps conceded to be, etc., etc. It would be a mistake to suppose there are not distinctions of reputation here, as among their betters.

But that was a splendid new department opened when it was observed where the most ardent class of patrons came from. They are boys. We may observe it ourselves, if we will give a little heed to the progress of the traffic on publication days. A middle-aged woman, with a shawl over her head and a half peck of potatoes in a basket, stops in for one; a shop-girl on her way home from work; a servant from one of the good houses in the side streets, come on her own account, or possibly for a school-girl mistress. But with them, before them, and after them come boys. They begin to read already as they walk away, and thread the streets without heeding their bustle. To-morrow the elevator boy will have the latest number of Cloven-Hoof the Demon, as he rides you up and down at the hotel or the business block. It will be hidden under many a jacket in school-hours. A shock-headed boy from the streets — his case has not heretofore been made public — set by a family to tidy up their cellar for the spring, was found perusing it, seated on a broken stool, and reaching vaguely for such things as might be in the neighborhood in the mean time.

The adventures in the adult papers were not beyond the capacity of the boys; but one, and then another, con-

ceived the idea of conciliating their especial interest by making a paper for them, till this branch, with its Boys' Journal, Boys of New York, Boys of America, Boys of the World, Young Men of New York, Young Men of America, has become rather the larger of the two. The heroes are boys, and there are few departments of unusual existence in which they are not seen figuring to brilliant advantage. They are shown amply competent as the Boy Detective, the Boy Spy, the Boy Trapper, the Boy Buccaneer, the Boy Guide, the Boy Captain, the Boy Robinson Crusoe, the Boy Claude Duval, and the Boy Phœnix, or Jim Bludsoe, Jr., whose characteristic is to be impervious to harm in burning steamboats and hotels, exploding mines, and the like.

Occasionally, girls are similarly engaged, as the Girl Brigand and the Girl Dead-Shot, but are so few as to indicate clearly how very much less reliance is placed upon patronage from this quarter. The girls, in fact, are under closer supervision, and are apt to have duties for their leisure hours in the household. They have less pocket money, and few of the ready means of replenishing it at a pinch of their enterprising brothers. With their slight experience with fire-arms and rough riding, too, it can hardly be supposed that the Girl Brigand appeals to them with the fascination that might be exercised by something more nearly within the ordinary possibilities of imitation. They must even be puzzled somewhat at such ideals, and wonder at the boys' admiration of them.

Still, there are not wanting some efforts to attach their interest, also, to stories of a more likely character. Such a one is The Adventures of Fanny Larkhall at an Academy for Young Ladies. The air of liveliness in the paper from which this is taken is raised to the highest point by printing each sentence in a separate paragraph. This young girl of twelve is first introduced as leaving her arithmetic lesson to go skating clandestinely in Central Park. "Ma knows," she remarks, "that I have no talent for arithmetic, and she might encourage what little ability I have in some other direction." She is sent to boarding-school on the Hudson River, not far from a school at which her brother is a pupil. The teachers at both schools are very ridiculous in their appearance, and "mean," tyrannical, and downright wicked in their characters, all of which is of course to be resisted. Miss Larkhall is in the habit of saying "*biz*" for business, "*sassy*" for saucy. She will "get square" with her teachers, and if they want her they must come to her. At the end of a column of slangy impudence and defiance, rankling under her keen sense of injustice, she asks, What had she done wrong? Why was she being punished?

It may be said at once that the juvenile branch of this literature is the worse. Very much of it is bad without mitigation. There is certain trouble in life for the girl who follows this model, and grows up and marries one of the boys similarly inspired. It falls upon teachers and parents first, then upon themselves. Instructors in some of the schools report that every third boy reads such literature, and that he is the hardest to deal with. It is in him to resist something, to dare something, in his modest way. Prevented from engaging in hand-to-hand conflicts with howling savages, he can yet, if circumstances be favorable, break his teacher's watch-chain. The Boy Scout or the Boy Phœnix would never have thought of doing less. They are not indisposed to philosophize themselves about their reading. They say, "It makes you brave."

The lesson of the necessity of a complete armament is so well impressed that it is not strange it is remembered by any setting out on their adventures. The whole vast action pivots, as it were, around the muzzle of an extended revolver. Every frontispiece shows a combat. Here is a milder one, however, in which a pirate, with a curious taste in bricabrac even for his class, is quaffing a draught from a goblet made of a jeweled skull.

"With a well-directed blow Reming-

ton stretched the villain at full length upon the floor."

"With a grating curse, the dying wretch thrust a revolver against the Avenger's breast, and fired."

So the legends read, and so, by hecatombs, goes the carnage on. I estimate that in this pile of dime and half-dime libraries under my hand there are not less than ten thousand slain. It is in detail, too, and not mere generalizing with grape and canister. It is a low estimate, no more than fifty to a book. In this first random chapter come riding seventy road agents into a town. They slay eighteen of the residents, and are then slain themselves, — all but one, who is, by the orders of a leader named Old Bull-whacker, immediately strung up to a tree, and pays the earthly penalty of his crimes. And in the next — it is a romance called Deadwood Dick on Deck; or, Calamity Jane, the Heroine of Whoop-Up — we find a young man, named Charley Davis, dashing around a bend, bestriding his horse backwards, and firing at five mounted pursuers. They were twelve originally, but he has gradually picked off the rest. He is joined by Calamity Jane, a beautiful young woman, who carries a sixteen-shot Winchester rifle, a brace of pistols in her belt and another in her holsters, and between the two the pursuing five are easily disposed of. Here are a hundred dead in two chapters only, and the list of the doomed — amongst them a character named Arkansas Alf, the Danite Ghoul, who richly deserves it — is far from exhausted.

The fierce rivalry between numerous competitors tends to two results. The first is an increase in the number of the serial stories. Two are found to be carrying *eight serials* each at a time. Two others have seven each; another six. None have less than five. What an enormous voracity is here! Overlapping as they do, a new one commencing as an old one finishes, how does the subscriber ever escape from their toils? It seems as if, unless he would forego from one to seven eighths of the value of his money, which is not a pleasant thing to do in the most prosperous circumstances, he must be interlocked with his journal as fast as if in the arms of an octopus.

The second is the increase in sensationalism. The earlier stories were more honest and simpler. Here, now, is a unique combat, — marine divers fighting over a corpse, with knives, under water. But does anything else that is new remain? It would seem as if the last limit had been reached. After the enormous carnival of red brotherhoods, border phantoms, ghouls, demons, sleuths, ocean blood-hounds, brotherhoods of death, masked terrors, and reckless rangers, all done with the poor facilities that poverty-stricken human language affords, one could well expect to find these authors in a gasping state, reduced to the condition of the cannibals of the Orinoco, who could only go up to the hills, and say to their deities, "Oh!"

The same is true of the illustrations. From the point of view of art, so far as art can be considered in them, the earlier were the best. The older representations, sometimes lightly and sketchily printed, of life on the plains and spirited combats, the bold young scouts in their fringed leggings, the lithe heroine, captured or saved, twisted across the back of a galloping steed, were not always without a certain grace in the attitudes. The modern vie with one another in lurid horror and repulsiveness. The Boys of New York has a great cut occupying three fourths of its folio page. It is done in harsh ruled lines, like the most frigid kind of mechanical drawing, and printed black, black, to be visible from the longest possible distance. Coarse as it is, it breathes the essence of madness and murder. The artist should draw none henceforth but demons. Two frightful desperadoes, dark like negroes, with gleaming eyeballs and mustaches of the stubby, thick, jet-black, gambler pattern, are fighting with knives (having fallen out between themselves) in a moving hotel elevator, in which they have taken refuge to escape two detectives in chase. One detective, bounding up the stairs, appears, with a ghastly face and cocked revolver in hand, at one of the openings.

as they go by. The other — the boy hero, who is not like a boy, but some strange, brawny ape — is seen clinging, with shrieks, to a ring in the bottom of the elevator, which he has clutched the better to follow them, in danger, now that he has mounted, of falling from exhaustion into the black abyss below. It haunts one. It is a nightmare.

The means taken to bring the papers to notice are often as enterprising as their contents. Copies of the opening chapters are thrown in at the area railings, and printed, regardless of expense, to pique curiosity, in the daily papers. The attention of the households of upper New York was widely awakened recently by an invitation telegram, sealed and addressed, the envelope and message-blank exact, saying, "*The child is still alive. You are personally interested in all the details of A Sinless Crime, to appear in to-morrow's* ——."

The villain in the story papers, as often as it is indicated clearly who he is, has no redeeming traits. The idea of mixed motives, still less the Bret Harte idea of moral grandeur illuminating lives of continuous iniquity, through their sharing a blanket or a canteen at the end with emigrants delayed in a snow-storm, has not penetrated here. It is no ordinary crimes the villains meditate, either. Murder might almost be called the least of them. The only merciful drawback to their malignity is their excessive simplicity. They go about declaring their intentions with a guilelessness often worthy of positive sympathy.

An elderly Washington aristocrat in a frontier town applies to Deadwood Dick, on the first interview, and with no assurance at all of his identity, to commit three murders for him at fifty dollars apiece. Deadwood Dick is the recipient at the time of an income of five thousand dollars a year from property in the mines (which he knows) and is also an intimate friend (though this he does not know, not being informed till the interview is over) of the parties in interest. He offers the contract the next moment, however, to another, with whom he is equally straightforward and confiding. He is found soon after knocking at the door of a cabin where a heroine is inclosed, with the request to be let in, or he will butcher her directly, and is warned away. He hires an emissary to blow up a mine, which is done, though the people whose destruction was intended escape, and are informed of it. It certainly speaks well for the peaceable disposition of the settlement — in the Black Hills — that after this and much more he continues to reside at the principal hotel, and even appears at the head of a vigilance committee to make his intended victims further trouble. The persecuted hero, like ourselves, is surprised at this. To let us all know together how it could have been so he explains: "Money is the root of all evil, and with some of it I bought over those present to assist me in putting an end to you."

The good, on the other hand, are known to be good by a constant insistence upon it. We cannot doubt what we are so often assured of. It is generally necessary for the proper complication of incidents that appearances should for some time be much against them; but how immaculate they shine out in the end! The authors are often put to severe straits to bring this about. It is the difficult point of plot-making. How can it be that they seem bad enough to lay themselves open to all this tribulation, when they are in fact so good? Credulity and gentlemanly indulgence are much needed to accept the explanations vouchsafed. A hero is occasionally even so thoroughly involved that he has no idea of his own innocence. The crimes imputed to Sandy Beverly are murder and forgery, particulars about which, it would seem, there should be a tolerable degree of certainty in one's own mind. But he swoons when he learns that he has not done them. "The news of his innocence was too much for him to bear." It is made clear to him by the detective, in the *dénoûment*, in this wise: —

"Some years ago you were a clerk in a banking house of which Cecil Grosvenor was president. You had a small fortune of your own, and, knowing this, this man Grosvenor invited you to his

grand home, which was graced by a beautiful and aristocratic daughter. Here you were led into dissipation. Once started, you had no control over yourself. . . . You awakened to the fact that you had squandered all your available resources, and forged your employer's name to the tune of five thousand dollars."

"All true," Sandy replied, his head bowed and face pale.

"Elise Grosvenor hurled this gross charge in your face as you were riding along the shore of the Potomac. At the time you were, as usual, full of liquor. The taunt maddened you. You drew a pistol and fired at her. . . . You saw the frightened steed of Elise Grosvenor plunge over the dizzy height. . . . You were never afterwards seen in the East. . . . Six months ago I assisted in a raid on a dance-house in Kansas City. . . I copied down her dying confession. She was Elise Grosvenor, once the Washington belle. She had been rescued, and with her own consent carried in a yacht to New Orleans. . . . In her confession she declared you innocent. She and a companion had forged the checks and given them to you to cash, which you did without knowing of your sin."

The heroines have for the most part, like full-private James, no characteristic trait of any distinctive kind. She is very beautiful; she often has hair "purple-black" in color, and always "great" eyes of some of the desirable shades; but generally she is simply a precious bundle of goods to be snatched out of deadly perils, and plotted and fought about. She has little actively to do but clasp her hands together, and little to say except "Oh, how can I repay you, my noble, my generous preserver!" She dispenses with chaperonage in a way the first society can never be brought to approve of.

Vast ingenuity is used in supplying motives to the "sleuth-like" personages so numerously engaged throughout the narratives in persistent schemes of vengeance. The original grievance is often found to be very slight. Nor can we believe that the following is always so seriously meant as it is said to be. The "human blood-hound" and "destroying angel" — there is the remarkable phenomenon in one case where "his heart was as white as his face with rage, as he grasped his bowie and followed on the stranger's track" — is continually letting his victim give him the slip without reason. "See here! if you do that again," he seems to be saying, or, "If ever I set eyes on you once more, it will be the worse for you." The plots in fact do not hasten to their conclusion, but are dragged back and detained from it. Time after time the occasion for the avenger to do whatever he is going to is flagrantly then and there, but he does not do it.

As to their constructions, vast as the ground the stories now cover, they are few and simple. This is constant: that the villain gets himself into trouble by loving the horoine, who cares nothing about him. The hero lays himself open by stepping in, in the nick of time, to protect her from consequent schemes of vengeance. Now it is in a Fourteenth Street tenement house, now in a palace in Russian Moscow, now in mediæval Venice, and again at ancient Palmyra; but the repulsing with scorn, the protection, the schemes of vengeance, and their coming to naught are everywhere the same. It sometimes seems hard upon the villain. Everything is against him from the first. She very often has no cause of complaint in the world, to begin with, but an "instinctive repulsion. But once rejected, he has cause enough, it may well be believed.

The "woman scorned" is his counterpart, and the second great source of trouble. She appears in the midst of marriages, in the stories in which she takes part, and forbids the bans, so sure as the marriages are set to take place. With the unscrupulous guardian, who has the keepers of insane asylums to aid him in his projects; the persons changed at birth, or returning thirty years after they were supposed to be lost at sea; the reprobate father or brother arousing acute jealousies by being taken on his clandestine visits after money for a lover, I have mentioned most of the essen-

tial elements. Generally, in the shorter stories, of which each paper contains a number besides its serials, there is a great deal of Cinderella business. Poor and plain nieces or wards marry the fine gentleman, in spite of the supercilious daughter, after all.

It is not exalted game to pick to pieces works from which not too much is expected at the best, and the plain road has by no means been abandoned in search of absurdities. But the surprising thing to learn is that there is really so much less in them than might be expected. The admiration grows for the craving which can swallow, without misgiving, so grand a tissue of extravagances, inaneness, contradictions, and want of probable cause. The stories are not ingenious, even, and ingenuity was perhaps supposed to be their strong point.

It is not that they do not give epigrams, bright conversations, penetrating reflections. We can recollect when we skipped all that in the best of books, and desired only to rush headlong on with the movement. Poe, Cooper, Féval, Collins, Charles Reade, have written stories in which what the people do is of very much more interest than what they are; but in these is a kind of fatality; events hold together; they could not have been otherwise.

Though written almost exclusively for the use of the lower classes of society, the story papers are not accurate pictures of their life. They are not a mass of evidence from which, though rude, a valuable insight into their thoughts, feelings, and doings can be obtained by others who do not know them. The figures are like to nature only as much as those drawn without models by an inferior artist are. The product is dried and hectic. The writers do not seem to be telling anything they have seen and known, but following, at third and fourth hand, traditions above them which they have read. The most enlightened field of the novel is social history, — to portray James K. Jackson and Elizabeth May Johnson in relation to their surroundings and times, as the formal historians do Napoleon Bonaparte and Katharine of Aragon. This is a field into which they very superficially enter. Perhaps they consult their popularity in not doing so. A considerable part of their audience is not reflective. It has rather simple wants and aspirations. Lack of culture is a continuous childhood. A statement is enough; a demonstation is not necessary. It is only a tyrannical employer or an unprincipled guardian who prevents the attainment of perfect happiness. Do readers wish for profound and intimate observations made about them which they never think of making about themselves? George Eliot says of a heroine that she is "ardent, theoretic, and intellectually consequent;" Mrs. Ringwood, that she had a blue silk dress and a perfect form.

The Spotter Detective, or the Girls of New York, seemed to promise a glimpse into social life. John Blaine, a strangely handsome man, escapes from Sing-Sing prison. He had been sentenced for assault with intent to kill, but this was only because "he had not a hundred thousand dollars at his back to buy corrupt judges and jurors." Three beautiful young ladies, in entirely disconnected situations, and a lunatic on Randall's Island are greatly affected by the news. The lunatic at once returns to his senses, goes to the St. Nicholas Hotel, and demands in what is a fairly amusing passage, "Young man, I 'll trouble you for that package I left in your safe. Room 440."

"It was another man that had 440 last night, and I never saw you before," the clerk replies.

"Oh, I did n't say it was last night. It was before your time. Look back eighteen months; say, two years ago." He had been stopping there, it seems, when suddenly seized with lunacy.

He receives his package, which contains five thousand dollars, and then becomes the Spotter Detective. The convict is described as being "a gentleman born." "Not that some feudal despot in the olden time had laid a knightly sword upon the shoulder of an iron-handed soldier stained with gore, and bade him, 'Rise up, Sir John Blaine.'

No! John Blaine's father was a seaman bold, whose boast in his cups was, 'A wife in every port;' his mother a poor, weak girl, a child of Erin's green isle, the daughter of a buxom dame, who kept a sailor boarding-house." He makes his mysterious escapes, and keeps up the chase by concealing himself in the apartments of the three beautiful girls by turns. What is the secret of his mysterious power over them? Aha! that is the point! Well, they are in one way and another his daughters. One resides in an elegant mansion on Madison Avenue; another boards — young, single, blazing with diamonds, and moving in the finest circles, though quite unattended — at the Hoffman House; the third is a sewing-girl. The book is peculiar in not making it clear whether the characters are to be considered depraved or not. Most of them have the look of it, as the convict Blaine; a card sharper, Captain O'Shane, and another who is at the beginning a tramp as well, Captain Blackie; and the guardian, Elbert van Tromp. The latter agrees to secure his lovely ward and cousin in marriage to Captain Blackie in consideration of a commission of fifty thousand dollars on her fortune. There is no reason in the world, as he is young, handsome, and a "lady-killer," why he should not take her himself with the whole million, but he prefers this method. The marriage is solemnized, Blackie having, however, reformed. John Blaine kills the honest Spotter Detective, and gets clear, and no poetic justice at all is done. Two interwoven young millionaires fall in love with two working-girls, whom they meet at a glass-blowers' ball, visit them at their apartment, where they keep house together, and marry them. The influence of this part must be in the direction of an easy making of acquaintances, which by no means always turns out so happily.

There are a great many poor persons in the narratives, and the capitalist is occasionally abused, showing that an eye is kept on the popular movements of the day; but poverty is not really glorified. The deserving characters are almost sure to be secretly of good families, and in reduced circumstances only for a short time. Ordinary origin and a humdrum course of life at honest, manual labor are not much wanted even here. The names are selected for their distinction with as much care as those of fashionable New York up-town hotels. The responsiveness of the faces of the characters, particularly the bad ones, who ought to be more hardened, to their emotions is one of the points to note. They turn "sickly yellow," "ghastly pale," and "white, rigid, and haggard" with extraordinary frequency.

The literary influences descending from above are chiefly those of G. P. R. James, Lever, Captain Marryatt, Bret Harte (for material), Ouida, Miss Braddon, the books Handy Andy, Verdant Green, Valentine Vox, and the Memoirs of Vidocq, — all of course immensely diluted and deteriorated. Dickens, too, is discernible in names and a whole ragged school of characters whose aspiration is to get something to eat. The faults of style are a superabundance of adjectives and bad grammar. There is the general merit, on the other hand, of short and clear sentences, in deference to readers who wish the fewest possible obstacles between themselves and a direct comprehension of what is going on. If any one expression of those that are popular is more common than another, it is the word "erelong" in concluding paragraphs. Its use helps to give a kind of rhythmic flow to the long-continuing movement of the narratives: "And erelong Reginald DeLacey Earlscourt [or Cuthbert Ravenwood Leigh] was on his way to Grangerfield Manor."

However much it takes from others, the story-paper literature is found to have two departments, distinctively, of its own. They are of a surprising character. The first is the utilization, by paraphrasing them, of pieces which are having a successful run at the theatres. The Two Orphans, Divorce, Under the Gas-Light, and other such have appeared in this way. Reversing a common process, they are not "dramatized

for the stage," but narrativized for the story paper.

The other is more curious still, and a model in boldness to over-timid romancers at large. It is the actual introduction of living persons, whose names and addresses are in the directory, selected from any that may be prominent before the community. Sometimes the adventures in which they figure are said to be facts, but oftener they are as the chronicler pleases. He handles them with a freedom like that with which Scott used mediæval history. Oakey Hall; the handsome actor, Montague; Mabel Leonard, the child actress; Jim Fisk; Captain Kelso, of the central police station; Aristarchi Bey, the resident Turkish minister, are among those who have figured in this way.

The exhibition of the latter diplomat must be surprising to any of his friends who may chance to fall in with it. He is no longer the handsome and courtly favorite of civilized social circles whom the newspaper correspondents represent, but a barbarous bashaw of the most conventional type, a perfect Blue-Beard. He makes frequent use of "*Allah il Allah*" and "*Bismillah*," and calls people "Gaiours" and "Christian dogs" at the Astor House. He desires to include among his wives Miss Pearl Carlin, who is brought to his notice at New Haven, where he is having fire-arms manufactured for his government. But her affections are fixed on an honest mechanic, and though he offers, after the well-known Oriental fashion of computing, "as many thousand dollars as there are days in the year" for her, she refuses him in scornful words, which are greatly to her credit.

"What! a horrid old Turk, with a gray beard like a goat! Let him go and buy his Georgians and Circassians. I would n't have the monster if he were rolling in money. I am an American girl, and don't let him forget it."

This seems "racy" enough "of the soil" almost to satisfy the critics who are in search of that quality.

Another story, taken at random, opens with the opening of a village school in the frontier settlement of Fort Dodge. "Behind the desk Cyrus C. Carpenter presided with that calm, manly dignity which in after years distinguished him in the gubernatorial chair of the State." The trait of modernism is further shown in keeping nearly as close to the current matter of popular interest as the third edition of the evening paper. The rage for walking matches was not over before it had its appropriate serial, Bob Anderson, the Young Pedestrian. He went into scientific training, and backed himself to walk to St. Louis in a given number of hours. Evil-disposed parties secretly started at the same time to try various murderous schemes, by way of saving money they had bet against him. The first was the letting loose on him of a raging bull-dog, foaming mad. He vanquished it, and no doubt all his other perils in turn, but at this point the present writer left him.

There is a popular impression among people who attach weight to the expression, "truth stranger than fiction" (as though it were not truer, of course), and appreciate too little the difficulty of making something out of nothing, that the material is chiefly matter of pure invention. Such is not the case. The writers keep scrap-books of all the horrible circumstances coming under their notice, and put them together to suit. It is all in the papers. The liveliest ingenuity cannot stimulate the novelist to the desperate inventions of beings whose whole existence is at stake.

The fault is simply with the taste of such material, its exclusive and fatiguing bent towards the unusual and terrible. "This is positively too ridiculous," as the man is said to have said coming home to dinner, after an annoying day in his business, and finding his whole family lying murdered. It is a catalogue of wild "sensations," which writers of a better grade are chary in dealing with, but in themselves they are true enough. Who will invent the Bender family, the Cox-Alston duel, Charley Ross, or that Chicago suicide who died by poison, shooting, hanging, setting his clothes on fire, and drowning in a

bath-tub all at once, at the Palmer House?

And now, having begun to say something in their favor, let us see if anything more can be said. There are story papers and story papers. It may be that those of the cheapest and flashiest order have been too exclusively dwelt upon. Those popular novelists, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Mrs. Ann H. Stephens, and May Agnes Fleming contribute Heart Histories, Deserted Wives, and Brides of an Evening to the story papers, and shall one disparage what is found on the table of so many boudoirs, far indeed removed from the lower classes? Some reprint as serials, with their own matters, standard productions, like the Count of Monte Cristo, the Memoirs of Houdin the Conjurer, and Tom Cringle's Log. Others give away Shakespeare's Sonnets and the Bab Ballads for supplements. In general, in the libraries good literature is beginning to mingle among the bad in a very curious way. Robinson Crusoe, very much mangled, it is true, at half a dime, may be found in the Wide-Awake Library, sandwiched between Bowie Knife Ben and Death Notch the Destroyer.

This is a phase of the subject which would bear working out by itself. Perhaps it offers a solution of the problem how the literature of the masses is to be improved. Would the adults take Charles Reade, Hardy, Wilkie Collins, Dickens, Victor Hugo, and the boys Scott, Bulwer, Manzoni, G. P. R. James, Irving's brigand tales and Conquest of Granada, Poe's Gold Bug and Adventures of Arthur Gordon Pym, if they were as cheap as the others? Is it simply and only a question of cheapness, and has the taste of the audience of story-paper buyers been maligned?

These papers have editorial pages in which a variety of good advice is printed, calculated to counteract, if attended to, though it may possibly be neglected by those whom it could most serve, the unsettling influence of the body of the contents. They aim at the good graces of the family. There is a department of "answers to correspondents," embodying information on manners, morals, dress, education, the affections. Edith F. is informed that too many rings on the fingers are vulgar; Emma D. that pie should be eaten with a fork; and L. M. that there is no such thing as love at first sight. Any young lady, it is tartly said, to whom a young man should propose marriage at first sight would endeavor to restrain his impetuosity for a day or two, so as to discover from what lunatic asylum he had escaped, and have him returned to his keepers. There are short essays and reflections on housekeeping; the care of children; the advisability of cheerfulness and economy; of going early to bed and of rising early; even, somewhat strangely, on moderation and taste in reading. They are trite and Tupperish, but one learns these things somewhere for the first time, and then they are strikingly novel. Who was the profound writer in whom they were new to us? How could we know he took them from predecessors who originated them not far from January 1st of the year One?

In considering the real influence of these papers it must be reckoned, not upon those who have outgrown them, and been led by the study of better things to see their absurdity, but on those who remain immersed in them for lack of better ideals, or leave them only to read nothing at all. They are by no means needed to account for an adventurous spirit in human nature. Robinson Crusoe ran away to sea in the year 1632, when this kind of literature could have been very little prevalent. But they certainly foment it to the utmost. The first condition of a happy existence is the ability to support *ennui*. But the personages here are never exhibited attending to the ordinary duties of existence. Embarked in the chase for some lost child, abducted heiress, or secreted will, they rush hither and thither, without ever stopping, around the world, and around again, if need be; and when it is done they fall into a state of inanition, or at least they would, only at that very moment the story is done, also. The labors and sacrifices demanded are of too ex-

treme a type to be valuable as examples. The heroes and heroines would die for each other at any time, but which would curb his temper in a provoking moment; which would get up first and make the fire, in case there were no servants? — but there always are servants, in troops.

Still, the best of the story papers reward virtue and punish vice. Their dependence upon the family keeps them, as a rule, free of dangerous appeals to the lower passions. Ranging over all countries and periods, they convey considerable information about history and foreign parts into quarters where very little would otherwise penetrate. They encourage a chivalrous devotion to woman, though they do not do much towards making her more worthy of it. The story papers, then, — it is not here a question of those that have been said to be positively bad, — are not an unmixed evil. The legitimate charge against them is not that they are so bad, but only that they are not better.

The great question is, Are they better than nothing? There are persons who read neither story-papers nor anything else. They are no doubt exemplary and superior in many relations of life, prudent in matters of sentiment, cool in business, with the extra time for use that might otherwise have been expended in flights of the imagination; but let us believe that they have secretly their follies, too, as much as if they believed in pirates, hidden treasures, and destroyers.

The taste for reading, however perverted, is connected with something noble, with an interest in things outside of the small domain of self, with a praiseworthy curiosity about the great planet we inhabit. One is almost ready to say that, rather than not have it at all, it had better be nourished on no better food than story papers.

But it is a pity it is no better. This is the last, as it was the first and the continuous reflection from a view of the enormous extent of this imaginative craving, and the means by which it is ministered to. There ought to be in it information of worth; a separation of sense from nonsense; characters which, without preaching, should remain in the memory, as a stimulus to better things in trying times.

*W. H. Bishop.*

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The head of a great university has lately ventured publicly to assert that only one thing is essential to culture, and that that one thing is a thorough and elegant mastery of the mother tongue. If we mark well the exact sense of the word *essential*, and remembering to insist that other knowledge is important and all knowledge desirable, the truth of the statement may be conceded. The Greeks, the most polished people of antiquity, studied no literature beside their own, and learned no alien tongue for any literary purpose. The French, the most polished people of the present, and the only modern people whose literature is read by all others, possess to a remarkable degree the same self-sufficing characteristic. These two notable facts in the history of civilization support President Eliot in his unexpected and audacious confession. We believe that he is right, whether he speaks of the culture of a nation, or of that of an individual. Nor is the knowledge which he praises merely a grace: it is a means toward soundness of judgment; it is a help to pure reason. Obviously, the man who always chooses words with precision and arranges them with lucidity will argue more accurately than the man who expresses himself

vaguely and blindly. "Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man," said Bacon. Yes, if the writing itself is exact, but not so certainly otherwise.

Now, if this knowledge of English is thus essential, why not teach it? Is it a prominent branch of education in our universities? Not at all: not in Harvard and Yale, I am sure; probably in no other. It is a humble attendant on other studies, counting almost as a supernumerary. There are professorships of rhetoric and of English literature, but they are held in light esteem, I believe, by the other chairs of the faculty, and they are allowed to demand but little of a student's time. Their courses are made so easy that the idle seek them as "optionals." Only think of their being classed as *optionals*, when their proper result is an *essential!* Oh, but the students are supposed to know English when they enter college. Are they? Ask the disgusted professor of rhetoric. He will tell you that in nine tenths of the exercises submitted to him spelling and grammar and construction are all at fault. And to correct this disgraceful ignorance, there are six or eight "compositions" a year. There should be several times as many. In learning to write well there is but one secret of success, and that is frequent, laborious practice, coupled with assiduous correction. I venture to assert that the journeymen printers of our land write more fluently and grammatically, on the average, than the seniors in our universities. Why? Not through superiority of intellect, certainly; not because they know Greek and Latin and mental philosophy; solely, because the handling of English is their daily work.

Obviously, there must be more writing than there is in our schools and colleges, or we shall continue to lack President Eliot's essential to culture. Other studies must cede some ground to this one; and to that end there must be fewer enforced courses. Every one who knows the college youth knows that he is harassed with many text-books, and that he ends his four years with but a smattering of various branches of knowledge, having learned no one thing thoroughly. He must have time for his compositions, or he cannot do them well. Nor should he be called on for much original thought, — a frequent error of the professor of rhetoric. No profound or unusual subjects: only such as the student can write about readily; only topics within easy reach for one of his age and information; translations; sketches of personal adventure; renderings, in one's own words, from well-known authors; epitomes of professional lectures, or of text-books, even; replies to the effusions of brother students, — such themes as these should be conceded. The object is to bring about much writing, much handling of the mother tongue, much of that practice which makes perfect. The professor of rhetoric should remember that other professors reveal metaphysics, the lessons of history, and the secrets of political economy, and that his business is strictly and exclusively to teach a fluent, correct, and graceful use of English.

But if all this is done, other studies will be neglected. No doubt of it, and of course it is a pity; but still no doubt we must make a choice. Either a poor instruction in English and a smattering of many things, or a fairly good instruction in English and a smattering of fewer things, — that is our dilemma. But is it worth while to make a nation of good writers? It has certainly been worth while to have Greeks and Frenchmen; the world has judged that they deserved a great deal of attention. "Ah, my Athenian friends, see what I am doing to win your praise!" said Alexander, as he plunged into the Granicus.

— A favorable sea occurred, and we witnessed the most extraordinary sport, Hawaiian surf-bathing; and I venture to describe it here, especially as I have never met with a description of it which was not erroneous, and showed clearly that the author did not accurately observe or comprehend it. Senator Wilkes speaks of the bather as coming in *on the top of the wave*. This would be an utter impossibility; for should the bather once

get on the crest of the wave, he would, in spite of all human effort, be thrown forward and submerged immediately.

The wind was light, but immense seas were rolling in through the broad opening into the bay, in front of which was our place of observation. To our left was a broad area covered with large volcanic rocks, extending almost half a mile into the bay. Near shore the tops of many of these appeared above the water, the depth of which gradually increased seaward. As the big seas chased each other in from the open ocean, the west end first reached this rocky bed; and the moment the bottom of the wave met the obstruction its rotary motion was checked, and instantly the comb on the top was formed, so that the foamy crest seemed to run along the top of the wave from west to east, as successive portions of it reached the rocky bottom. By this, also, the easterly portion of the wave was retarded in its progress towards the shore, while to the west it dashed forward in its unchecked career. The effect of this was to bend the wave into a crescent form. To our left, over the rocky bed, perhaps half a dozen of these huge crested waves would be chasing one another, the most advanced being the least perfect in form, till finally they became quite broken down, and dissolved into a vast field of white foam, in the midst of which the great volcanic bowlders showed themselves.

Three bathers appeared, stripped to their breech-cloths, each with his bathing-board, which was some three quarters of an inch thick, about seven feet long, coffin-shaped and rounded at the ends, and chamfered at the edges; it was fifteen inches wide, at the widest, near the forward end, and eleven inches wide at the back end. When I examined them carefully, after the sport was over, I observed that one of these boards was considerably warped; but its owner said that that did not injure it for use. The bathers started out, their boards under their arms, in this seething sea of foam, among the rocks, where only an expert, familiar with the ground, could avoid being dashed to death in a moment; sometimes wading, and sometimes swimming, and sometimes stopping on high rocks to study and take advantage of the situation, till they reached the regular wave formations, when they struck out on their boards, diving under the waves they met, making their way rapidly outward and towards the west end of the breakers. Here they remained floating on their boards, till an unusually large and regular wave approached and commenced breaking, its great foaming crest arching over in front, the milky foam falling upon the front declivity of the wave several feet above its base. This was the condition desired by the surf-bathers. One instantly dashed in, in the front and at the lowest declivity of the advancing wave, and with a few strokes of hands and feet established his position, and then without further effort shot along the base of the wave to the eastward with incredible velocity. Naturally he came towards the shore with the body of the wave as it advanced, but his course was along the foot of the wave and parallel with it so that we only saw that he was running past with the speed of a swift-winged bird. He nearly kept up with the advance of the breaking crest, which progressed from west to east as successive portions of the bottom of the wave took the ground, as I have above described.

So soon as the bather had secured his position, he gave a spring, and stood on his knees upon the board; and just as he was passing us, when about four hundred feet from the little peninsula where we stood, he gave another spring, and stood upon his feet, now folding his arms upon his breast, and now swinging them about in wild ecstasy in his exhilarating flight. But all this must be enjoyed rapidly; for scarcely a minute elapsed from the time he started till he was far away to the right, where he abandoned the exhausted wave, and with a few vigorous strokes propelled himself into shallow water, when he waded ashore with his board under his arm, and came up to us as calm, at least, as those who had witnessed his wonderful feat.

Not every attempt to take the wave

was a success. Several times the bathers seemed to be drawn up the front acclivity of the wave, till brought within the reach of the comb, when the attempt was instantly abandoned; they dived under the wave, and soon came up quite beyond it, and waited for another on which to make the passage.

The bathers themselves were quite unable to explain what it was that propelled them with such astonishing velocity along the foot of the wave. The inclination of the board to climb up the acclivity — if indeed such is the case — when the wave is rolling towards the bather, and so producing a current downward, seems contrary to what we should expect. This propulsion parallel with the wave, I think, occurs only when a comb is breaking on the top of the wave; and then it is that the base of the wave in front is most distinctly defined, while the face of the unbroken swell is very irregular and much deformed. That there is a rapid current rushing along at the foot of the wave at right angles to its general course I cannot believe. A block of wood thrown in where the bather started would no doubt simply rise up over it and be left behind, again to surmount the succeeding wave; it certainly would not dart off, almost like a flash, and maintain its position in front of the wave. The only solution of the phenomenon which I will venture to suggest is that by placing the bathing-board at a certain angle to the direction of the moving water in the wave an impetus is given to it in a direction not in accord with the impelling force, as by trimming the sails of a ship so that the wind will strike them obliquely the vessel is propelled in a direction different from the course of the wind. If the results are more marked than we should expect from the cause suggested, I may say that we are not sure that we are acquainted with the force and direction of all the currents which accompany a wave of the sea. At all events, I hope that what I have said will induce others to give a more satisfactory explanation of the striking facts which I have detailed. I do not think it will prove more difficult of explanation than is the action of the boomerang from the hands of the Australian native.

— I sometimes think that an interesting chapter might be written on the influence of cities upon undomesticated birds and other animals. Every great human hive has a sub-life of this sort, which has learned to find in turmoil and preoccupation a greater security than in the remotest recesses of the woods and fields. Hence arise changes of habits which are worth noting. It is interesting, too, to trace the distribution of species and their interaction on one another under these new conditions.

Of late, there has been a very lively tilt of champions on the subject of the merits and demerits of our little cockney immigrant, the English sparrow; and the question whether he does or does not drive some species of native birds away from our cities has been discussed in all its bearings; but none of the contestants, I believe, have suggested that he may be the means of bringing other feathered denizens among us. Yet this last is certainly the case.

For a number of months, at least, a pair of sparrow-hawks have adopted as their hunting-ground the populous Corinthian capitals of the east front of the general post-office building in Washington, decidedly the busiest and noisest spot in the city. These birds, ordinarily considered our wildest, as they undoubtedly are one of our most beautiful and graceful, species, have evidently learned that the uproar below has no dangers for them, and that the human forms around and beneath them are after other prey. In truth, very few persons seem to notice them. They will swoop after the skurrying sparrows within a few feet of a constant stream of foot-passengers and rattling vehicles, and between the stories of well-filled rooms of the department building and the private offices opposite. Very often the smaller birds take shelter in the crevices of the marble foliage which crowns the columns, and the hawks follow them. It is curious to watch the chase as it winds from one refuge to another, now a-wing and now a-foot, wile encountering wile, the keen

persistence of hunger and sport overcoming the hasty expedients of terror. And all the time the drama of a larger life goes on side by side with it, unnoting.

In this same neighborhood I have noticed for some years an eccentric night-hawk (the "bull-bat" of this latitude), who habitually comes out at midday, or earlier, and flies about with his shrill cry in the most irregular and innovating way, even when the sun is shining brightly. Perhaps he has been repeatedly driven at unseemly hours from his abode in some dusty collection of governmental archives, until his habits have grown a little disorderly. This habitual appearance of the bird in the brighter hours of the day is certainly a citified practice. At least, though fond of watching, shooting, and eating them, I have rarely noticed the habit in the country.

There is also a certain sparsely settled tract of the city, not far from the War Department and Observatory, which supports a wild quadrupedal population, rather meagre in numbers, but probably never wholly exterminated. When the river is frozen over, foxes, rabbits, and other animals cross by night on the ice to the shore at this point, and reluctant pets seeking escape from the heart of the city often reach the same spot. When a thaw comes they are securely bottled in the space between the river and the blocks of buildings, and forced to make the most they can of the scattered gardens, deserted kilns, commons, flats, tow path, and unfinished "improvements." I have witnessed a lively and successful fox-hunt in this locality, which made up in zeal for whatever it might lack in system or skill; and dwellers thereabout inform me that they occur quite frequently. Rabbits are killed there every year, and sometimes in rather considerable numbers. I have heard also of the capture of an opossum. It would be instructive to notice what changes the habits of these wild creatures undergo in their new and strange home.

— I do not find Rosamond "shocking" or "obnoxious." Doubtless, the reason of this lies in the fact that I am a woman. I should be sorry to be a woman and not stand up for my sex. I think a man's ideal of woman is higher than a woman's. I think a woman's ideal of man is higher than a man's.

The case of Rosamond, which is a typical case, is not shocking, but it is lamentable. If Rosamond had been the conductress of that train, — as in the good time coming she will be, — the conductor, being then only a male passenger, would have become interested in the pretty young conductress as foolishly as, in the other case, she did in him. His imagination would have been kindled as readily as hers was. The only difference would have been that he, being a man, and brought up to face the world and fight its battles, would have gone coolly to work to find out all about that fascinating young conductress, — whether she were married, whether she were engaged, whether she had a rich maiden aunt who was likely to die soon. If the road were clear, he would have given his imagination full swing; otherwise, he would simply have indulged in a mild flirtation, keeping his imagination ready for a more eligible opportunity.

Poor Rosamond, not trained to manage either a railroad train or her imagination, suffered the consequences.

— The paragraph in the Contributors' Club relating to the story of Rosamond and the Conductor, published in the March number of the Atlantic, caused several of your readers to turn again to the pages that at the first reading had provoked much comment. Contrary to the experience of your July contributor, — presumably of the sterner sex, — I found the ladies inclined to take a harsh view of Rosamond's conduct, which their brothers lightly passed over as a bit of girlish romance and harmless folly. That such a story could have been written (and well written, too, as the fact that the heroine does not altogether repel and disgust the reader proves) is a striking commentary on American manners and morals. It is our national boast that our girls can be trusted to take care of themselves anywhere, and that the surveillance considered necessary in European countries is with us unnecessary. But

the character of Rosamond seems to point to opposite conclusions. We have here a young lady "spending her time in fond and tender feelings towards a man whom she knows absolutely nothing about, and who may be the worst scamp that ever walked." Beside this hypothetical drawback, there is the real and tangible one, that she has placed her regards on one whom she considers a social inferior, and whose affection, even if she succeeded in winning it, she would be ashamed to acknowledge. By her own admission, she is not a "silly girl of sixteen," but a woman who acts deliberately and reflects carefully, "accustomed to pretty distinct mental conversations," and, moreover, of a somewhat analytical turn of mind. "It 's fun to watch myself and see what I 'll do." That it did not turn out such "fun" as she anticipated was assuredly no fault of hers. When, at last, she learns that the conductor, of whom she has "thought almost constantly," whose note (drawn from him by a most pitiful trick) she had in a "sudden impulse of tenderness laid softly against her cheek," is a married man, she feels a "wild and ungovernable rage, like a passionate child whose toys are rudely snatched away." Poor Rosamond! Says a somewhat severe critic (feminine), "Rosamond's only salvation was the fact that her fancy chanced to fall on a gentleman and man of honor, rather than the reverse." That such experiences are not common we devoutly hope. But who can tell? The Rosamonds are not the ones to divulge their heart troubles. It has been claimed as one of the chief advantages of education and culture that they assist in disciplining and guiding the affections. Have we overestimated their efficacy in this respect?

— What has become of the mad dogs? In their absence let us calmly consider a few facts, and ask ourselves whether ignorance and superstition have not something to do with increasing their number and magnifying the dangers accompanying their malady. Dogs are sometimes afflicted with a distemper: when young, they frequently have fits, running wild, with glaring eye and frothing mouth; when old, they have attacks of paralysis, and are reduced to a stupid, inactive condition, — both of which ailments have been called *rabies*. It is a common superstition that should a dog go mad after biting a person the latter will also fall a victim to rabies. Dogs suffering from wounds may take cold, and, inflammation setting in, the nerves become affected, spasms ensue, saliva is emitted, water is avoided, the whole appearance of the animal suggesting "madness." Persons taking cold in wounds have suffered in a precisely similar manner. The effect is the same in lock-jaw; only that a wound from a rusty nail may, with inflammation from a cold, produce a stronger affection in the region of the throat. The end of many diseases which afflict humanity is attended with spasms, saliva, and other symptoms of "hydrophobia." A few incidents will illustrate: Some years since a man in Dorchester was bitten by a cat, another in Boston by a rat, and several others by rabbits, the bites producing spasmodic symptoms in all the victims. Mad horses and cows have been known, their disorder (frothing at the mouth, etc.) being doubtless caused by a poisonous shrub eaten with hay. A father, bitten by his child, from whose throat he attempted to remove a diphtheritic formation, died from the wound. A blacksmith of Roxbury sprained his ankle while attending to a horse; he took cold, inflammation ensued, then violent spasms and paroxysms at intervals for a week preceding death. The newspapers of 1878 reported that "last March, in New York, Mr. J. Russell was bitten in the hand by Thomas Kelly, while quarreling with him. Since then, his finger, then his hand, then his arm, were successively amputated." He finally died from the effects of the bite. Had these animals and persons been bitten by dogs, they would undoubtedly have been reported as victims of rabies.

Last autumn, a young lawyer of New York was ferociously bitten by a large dog, while entering the premises guarded by the faithful animal at night. He took care that he caught no cold in the wound,

and therefore no harm came of it. A lady of Cambridge, bitten by a black and tan pet last winter, took similar precaution with like result. A dog trainer of New York, whose intelligent experience was of long standing, did not believe such a disease as canine madness existed. He was bitten, and, while suffering from the wound, his attendants called the malady hydrophobia; it was, in reality, delirium tremens. Watts, of Boston, who has had great experience with dogs, never yet discovered evidence of this so-called disease. It is true that cases have been reported in the medical journals, but generally with a protest from eminent authorities. One instance is that of a woman whose malady was hastily set down by the physicians as hydrophobia. They were deceived by a chronic case of hysteric fits. Hunters and sportsmen who have reared numberless dogs, and who have been bitten by them under various conditions, attest that no positive evidence has yet been produced to show that virus ever emanated from a canine's mouth. The writer, during his life, has been surrounded by different species of dogs; his children and friends, as well as himself, have often been bitten by them, sometimes severely; but by the exercise of every precaution against taking cold no ill results have followed. If a wound be severe, first cauterize it, if possible; however this may be, the application of a poultice of flaxseed and slippery elm saturated with laudanum will remove all irritation.

— A contributor in the March number of The Atlantic desires to know how the professional author works, meaning the writer whose daily bread depends upon production and publication. I am certainly not a distinguished author, — probably not nearly so well known to the public as my fellow-contributor. Twenty years ago I had published three novels in England and America, and seemed likely to be very successful; then I took up a very different profession; but within the past three years I have come back (with genuine pleasure, I must own) to literature; no longer, however, with the early hope of snatching prizes, but with the intention to do faithful work for needful pay. One of my engagements is on a daily paper. For it I produce an article averaging half a column every day. I also have on hand at all times articles for magazines, both English and American, translations, stories, serial and otherwise, novelettes, and small poems. Besides these I have my "natural profession," which is wife and mother. What your contributor wants to know is how I can carry these things all on in my head at once, and by what process I make up my raw material. I do it, I believe, by systematic work, and by avoiding that confusion which causes mental strain. Moreover I live in the country, with pure air and sunshine; liable, of course, to homely interruptions, but those generally brief and of the household kind. In my unmarried days, while a member of a family that had no cause to make itself uncomfortable by early rising, I took — as I think Sir Walter Scott did — a long, dawdling dressing hour in which to arrange the day's writing. I wrote with all my family around me, joining in general conversation, and ready at any moment to break off. I kept note-books, into which I entered anything — original, suggested, or suggestive — which I thought would work into my story or magazine article, and I kept in my desk some stimulating book, which, if I did not feel up to concert pitch, would generally raise me to it. Nowadays the conditions are changed; with a family breakfast at 7.15 A. M., husband and boys to send off to counting-room and school in a neighboring city, and the dislocations of domestic service to provide for, I am not likely to enjoy much *dolce far niente* at my toilette; still, I contrive before rising to get time enough at least to arrange my article for the day. I have always the plot of one novel, one story, and one magazine article sketched out in my mind, and what I hear, read, and see I fit into it. I commonly, too, keep rough note-books with this object. I generally begin to work at nine o'clock, and stop at three P. M. I *never* write after dinner. During

the evening I usually, as I sew, select the next day's subject, and sketch it in my mind. The following morning I look up my authorities, compose and copy my article, verify what I have written, and lay it aside. I always write rough copy. It is to authorship, I think, what basting is to the sewing-machine. I am then ready to turn to other work. Of the composition of a story I can tell little. I get the germ, and by degrees it forms itself, till it is about as distinct to my mind as a novel picked up and read hastily is to the mind of the ordinary reader; that is, I have clear ideas about the plot, the main points, the best scenes, and the purpose of the story. Then I divide it into chapters, and work out each one pretty steadily. Each day of course suggests new similes, ideas, developments of minor points, etc., but I keep in the main to the first sketch. I have at all times several subjects for which I lay aside references as I meet with material. One peculiarity I observe about my stories: the names somehow evolve themselves to suit my characters, and if by any accident I am forced to change a name I never recover my familiarity with my personage. The great authors I have known personally have had different ways of managing their work, — most of them far more dilettante than mine; but then they were working for the great prizes in literature, an aim of course much nobler than my own.

— I have a serious complaint to make against a great many of the story and novel writers. It is that they misconceive love in such a way as to vitiate the whole substance of their story. It needs no novelist to tell us that love in its highest form is rare in the world. So all the best things are. But is it so rare as story-tellers in general represent it to be? Perhaps they do not mean so to represent it; perhaps they think their lovers really love, but if such is their notion they are mistaken. This misrepresentation of love is continually met with in stories. In Mr. Black's Madcap Violet the two lovers, who are both intended to be above the average in intelligence and sentiment, and who are said to have felt a profound kinship of spirit, act directly in opposition to common sense and to faith in each other. When a third person tells the man that the girl does not love him, he believes her, and gives up the poor girl, who, on her side, with rather more naturalness, thinks she has been mistaken as to his feeling for her; whence ensues separation, wretchedness, death, madness, and everything that is perfectly unnecessary. It might be objected to me here that love is not a matter of reason; that people act from impulse, not from calm reflection on what is wisest and best to do. But is there no instinct, no intuition, in love? Love is not a rational conviction, true; it may subsist between two people who may often try each other's affection by many human weaknesses; but the one thing it cannot live without is trust. If Drummond and Violet had known each other as those do who truly love, if they had felt that intimate union of heart and soul which is the essential joy of love, how would it have been possible for them to misunderstand each other, to think for an instant that a third person could tell one more about the other than each already knew far better? Of course, if people in novels loved in the true fashion, there would be fewer stories written; and to my mind this would be no loss, for when I find the hero and heroine behaving in this manner I simply incline to shut the book, and say, Oh! they did n't love, then, after all, and there is no further interest in them. Of course, I wish to be understood to speak only of a love avowed and understood. While love is in its beginning or passing through the earliest stages of growth, it may be blown upon by many a chill wind of doubt or misunderstanding, and checked or spoiled of its fruition.

— I have been told by Danes and by Norwegians that nothing so annoys them as to be addressed by foreigners in German. They warmly resent what they consider the implied imputation, — that their states are but flyers to the German kite, and their language but a dialect of that of their southern neighbors. Now the resemblance between the two

things may be far-fetched, but I never read of foreigners as Monsieur This and Herr That and Signor Theother, of the Duc de X and the Marchese de Y, without experiencing a similar feeling of exasperation in the interests at once of national respect and of literary good sense. No reader of the Revue des Deux Mondes knows foreigners otherwise than as M. le duc de Wellington, or M. Charles Sumner. It is assumed, and with reason, that foreigners appear in French books precisely on the same footing as in Paris drawing-rooms, and it would sound ridiculous enough to a French ear, the conversation being in French, to lug in foreign titles like Herr and Mister; nor, I suppose, would Mr. Taine or the Count of Paris expect to be addressed in England except as Mister and Count. Yet, till the recent conquest of France, not merely French, but all foreigners except Italian singers, were invariably spoken of in English journals with the prefix "M." Now, however, we hear of Signor Sella, of Herr von Sybel, even of "Herr" Tizka; what the Hungarian title may be I do not know, but surely no one in Pesth would address the prime minister with the German Herr. Mr. Freeman somewhere deservedly compliments Lord Macaulay for the respect for his mother tongue, shown in never allowing himself to talk of the Duc (or, still worse, the Duke) de (say) St. Simon. But why should this reasonable and proper zeal for linguistic purity stop with titled personages? Why should we not all say (as, I am glad to see, some already do) Mr. Thiers, Mr. Tourgénieff, Mr. Schmidt? With regard to titles, however, I am of opinion that the rule should be disregarded when, as sometimes happens, our language fails to translate a foreign word. We are all familiar with the procession of the English peerage, duke, marquis, earl, etc., and are aware that a peer's eldest son bears, "by courtesy," his father's second title. Then we have the word "prince," meaning a younger son of a royal family. Now in France this system only partially obtains, and elsewhere not at all. The highest title of the old French nobility is duke, the second marquis, etc., as in England. But the eldest son of a French or German duke is not called Marquis of Somethingelse, but Prince of Thesame. This is also the custom in Germany. But it must be noticed, however, that Prinz is quite a different word from Fürst, which is commonly translated "prince." Fürst means neither more nor less than First, and is the oldest purely German title, just as earl is a purely English title, being a contraction of the Old English word ealdorman. The Fürst is the first of his family, and consequently his brothers and sons can not be Fürsten too. If, however, before becoming Fürst a person has been a count or baron, his sons all bear this title; Fürst Bismarck's sons are thus all counts, — "Grafen." Now purely titulary Fürsten, like the v. Bismarck, v. Metternich, v. Blücher, take place, like English and French marquises, after dukes and before counts; hence their title (and that of Russian princes as well) should be translated Marquis, and the title prince be reserved for sovereigns, like the princes of Monaco, Montenegro, and Schwarzburg. It was in imitation of these semi-dependent sovereigns that Bonaparte brought the title prince, in this sense, into the French peerage, Talleyrand being made Prince of Benevent, and Ney Prince of Moskwa.

— In reading a recent book review I found myself stopping instinctively at a sentence which ends as follows: "Such things as . . . 'and such like' ought not to have escaped the careful proof-reader." There is an implication in this which, though quite flattering to the proof-reader, is decidedly less so to the author; for the reviewer seems to assume that although the author might allow certain inelegancies and inaccuracies to find their way into his manuscript, and even to remain uncorrected in his proof, the proof-reader should certainly set them right. I do not care to follow out the odious comparison thus suggested, but the question naturally arises, Has a proof-reader any authority to alter the language of a book which passes through his hands?

It often happens that an author's absorption in his subject leads him to overlook some minor points which will at once be noted by one who reads the work in a purely professional way. Unquestionably a proof-reader should correct any manifest oversights; and as type-metal has a sort of Procrustean rigidness, so that any necessary adjustments between language and space must be made entirely in the language, the general appearance of a printed page may occasionally require a change in some unemphatic words. Such change can usually be made without any risk of impairing either the precision or the elegance of the passage. Further than this, I hold, no proof-reader has good warrant for going without special directions; and such remarks as that of the reviewer referred to seem to me absurd.

Suppose I sometimes studiously shun the more familiar expressions, and use original forms, even if less polished. Must I run the risk of having the proof-reader, with a contemptuous sniff at my poor English, reduce everything to that dead level which I have striven so hard to surmount? Or if I choose to violate some technicality of grammar or rhetoric, for the sake of greater vigor or a clearer impression, should the "careful proof-reader" feel called on to correct (?) me? How pitifully dull some of the characters of fiction would seem if they were not allowed to take liberties with the vernacular now and then!

Let Cæsar bear his own blushing honors, — and his own responsibilities as well. If an author errs, say so. The proof-reader has, at the best, an ample share of hard work and vexation, with little enough of credit.

— Gwen is the title of a new poem, a drama in monologue, as it is called, by the author of The Epic of Hades and Songs of Two Worlds. This new writer is understood to be a younger brother of William Morris, a manufacturer of verse whose most striking quality is not reticence, and the question immediately suggests itself to the reader's mind, How many Morrises are there who are going to find rhymes for all the old stories that became classic before these new bards touched them? Mr. William Morris played at being Chaucer for a long time, and a number of people, who possibly cared little for the original, have expressed great admiration for the man who climbed up Parnassus in a masquerade dress. After imitating with considerable pains a great poet, whose main charm was his naturalness, this same author devoted his leisure hours to putting the Æneid into archaic English; that is to say, he took a writer who is in the best sense of the word artificial, and gave us a pseudo-natural rendering of his work. One might as well put one of Racine's tragedies into the Pike dialect, and have done with it.

This newer Morris, having exhausted the other worlds, has come back to this one, and has chosen for his master the immortal Coventry Patmore, who, strange as it must seem to him if he is a modest man, has founded a little private school, attended by the author of Mrs. Jerningham's Journal and the author of Gwen. Gwen is a bit of verse that sings — at times in blank verse, and again with rhymes of awkward make, of which this is a fair sample:

"Ah! 't is not very long
Since I was light and free,
And of all the burden of pain and wrong
No echo reached to me;
But day by day, upon this breeze-swept hill,
Far from the too great load of human ill,
I lived within the sober walls of home,
Safe-set, nor heard the sound of outward evil come;" —

that sings, to repeat, the love of an earl's son for the daughter of a vicar, who

"is well enough born
For all but a foolish pride."

How far gone the young hero is may be gathered from the following lines: —

"Ah! where
In all the bewildering town
Is any as Gwen is, fair
Or comely, or high or pure?
Or when did a countess's coronet crown
A head with a brighter glory of hair?
Or how could titular rank insure
A mind and a heart so sweet?"

The story of the poem it is hardly worth while to tell. The two married, but the hero is kept away from his wife, who distrusts him, and, though he returns

with a satisfactory excuse, she dies; the sixth act represents his children by another wife finding her grave at a remoter period, so that the play reminds one of Faust, ending, as it does, as they read the grave-stone: —

"'Countess of' — What is this? My father's title!
Father, what means it? 'and her infant son
Henry, Lord' — What, my brother's? What is this?
It is strange. Quick! I am fainting! . . .
Henry! Henry!"

But this is merely introductory; the most serious charge that can be brought against the author of Gwen is that of plagiarism. He has written the following stanzas in this book: —

"As on the clear hill-sides we walked together,
A gleam of purple passed over the sea,
And glad with the joy of the summer weather
My love turned quickly and looked on me.
Ah, the glad summer weather, the fair summer weather!
Ah, the purple shadow on hill and sea!

"And I looked in her eyes as we walked together,
And knew the shy secret she fain would hide,
And we went hand in hand through the blossoming heather,
She who now was my sweetheart, and I by her side;
For the shade was the shadow of Love's wing-feather,
Which bares, as he rises, the secrets we hide."

How does that compare with the original in Mr. Calverley's Fly Leaves? —

"Thro' God's own heather we wonned together,
I and my Willie (O love, my love):
I need hardly remark it was glorious weather,
And flitterbats wavered alow, above.
. . . . . .
"Thro' the rare red heather we danced together
(O love, my Willie!) and smelt for flowers:
I must mention again it was gorgeous weather,
Rhymes are so scarce in this world of ours."

It will be seen that Mr. Morris keeps quite close to this acknowledged parody.

— I lately saw mention of a new life of Goethe, and I wondered if the author were going to tell the truth about the great man a little more plainly than former biographers have done. Mr. Lewes would have us see in his hero not only the great writer, but the truly admirable man; but somehow his book made upon me an impression the contrary of what it was intended to make. I cannot but think Goethe an immense egotist. There is an egotism which is consistent with considerable warmth and heartiness of feeling, and which, so long as its own claims are admitted, is ready to acknowledge those of others; and there is another kind that goes with a colder nature, and, as in Wordsworth, finds it difficult to allow or take any pleasure in merits which might be brought into comparison with its own. If Goethe's was not of the former easily tolerable kind, neither was it of the latter narrow, exclusive sort; but though egotism of a larger and apparently more genial nature, it was deep-seated and thorough. There have been moral philosophers who have pronounced self-interest to be the ruling motive of human action, but I do not know that they worked out their theory in actual practice. It seems to me that Goethe acted upon this principle, under another name, with calm consistency from his youth up. He called it self-culture, but what in simple phrase it reduces to is this: that he, Goethe, was resolved to compass the best possible for himself in all circumstances. It is true that he understood the word best in a high sense: it meant for him not the satisfaction of the wants of the lower nature merely, but also the development of every capacity of the intellect; it would have included, moreover, the education of the best sensibilities of the heart, if it had been practically possible to enlarge and train those affections without involving the sacrifice of things desirable for the mind and body. He was disposed to aid the poor and unfortunate; but if it became a question which of two, himself or another, should suffer what he considered substantial harm, no hesitation held him for a moment. I do not think he could ever have shared the emotion which thrills much commoner minds than his at sight or hearing of noble powers spent in unselfish devotion to the welfare of others. He used the world as his oyster, from which to draw a large experience and "enlightenment." Men and women were very useful to him, and when he was done with them he thanked them kindly ere he let them go. He was great not only in brain, but in that force of character and will which enabled him

to subdue and subordinate certain instincts and desires to certain others chosen to be supreme. If the moral and religious instincts had been as strong in him as were the other parts of his nature, he would have been one of the very greatest men the world has seen; and for this reason it is, perhaps, that, taken as a specimen of the complete man which he aspired to be, he seems so lamentable a failure.

— I sometimes think that the conservative element in all branches of thought and action needs to be reduced to order and use by judicious care, no less than the progressive or radical element. It is n't enough to let the superseded forces alone. You must see that they serve some purpose; and if they don't fall into line with the march of ideas and measures, they must at least be kept in such condition that they will not hinder the progress of the world. When I say that I am reminded of this fact by certain little housekeeping experiences, by which in my own mind I illustrate the above rather oracular remark, you may recall Samuel Johnson's Ghost in the Rejected Addresses, where he says, "A swelling opening is too often succeeded by an insignificant conclusion. Parturient mountains have ere now produced muscipular abortions." But I fortify my apparent anti-climax by the remembrance that the word economy (now used to express human as well as so-called divine science) meant originally housekeeping, and was spelled by our fathers with a capital Œ.

I proceed to my "insignificant conclusion topically," as Hamlet would say. I presume there are few houses without a garret or lumber-room, at least some shelved closet, to which are consigned the odds and ends of things which were once highly useful, and many of which are considered still worth keeping, although not of definite or immediate use. There are old bottomless chairs that we may have reseated some day; old clocks that may be retinkered and set agoing as soon as we can afford it; old baby-wagons and playthings that may serve our own or somebody else's grandchildren; old hats that may fit the heads of exemplary tramps; old rusty keys that may be brightened up and unlock a drawer or trunk bereaved of its customary opener; old vials, old corks, old nails, screws, staples, door-handles, and numberless such accessories of an economical house; old buttons without clothes, and old clothes without buttons; old magazines that are still good reading, — but the catalogue is endless, as we all know. All these *disjecta membra* must be kept in orderly boxes or on appropriate shelves, if they are to be used at all. But of all such articles, *string* is that which most needs constant attention. I am such an absurd economist that I never destroy a bit of string if I can help it, any more than I do a scrap of white paper. I have a foolish passion for paper and string. But string needs wise treatment. String is very refractory and capricious if you put it away loose. String seems almost to have will and vitality, and shows a constant tendency to get into a snarl. It won't do to put it away anywhere and anyhow. It will wriggle itself out of its corner and make love to some other string, and they will get into intertwisted and knotty confusion, as bad as lovers in the plot of an improper sensational novel. My advice therefore is, Keep your strings separate as much as possible. Roll them on spools or into tight balls. Make celibates of them. Don't run the risk of needless entanglements and intermarriages. Let them have well-known and decent lodgings. Each scrap will be wanted some day, and wanted in a hurry, — just as you are going off on a journey, perhaps. String must be as free from embarrassing copartnerships as the conscript soldier, who may be called for and marched off any day or hour.

And so, from rats and mice, from mildew and moth, from rust and dust and ravel, from thieves and fire and needless disorder, let us preserve our old servants, who were once useful, or who may still be useful, if we can only avail ourselves of them at the right moment. No, it will never do to let the old disused factors of civilization take care of themselves. The conservatives must be watched and kept in order as rigidly as the radicals.

# RECENT LITERATURE.

We shall say little of the mere literary excution of Mr. Froude's sketch of Cæsar.[1] With the style of this fascinating writer — with that clear, fluent, graceful, copious diction, so picturesque, so always alluring, and so often eloquent — every cultivated Anglo-Saxon is now familiar. In reading it one always marvels that it can be at once so easy and so elegant. Yet in this work, perhaps the most lovingly written of all his works, it occasionally provokes criticism. There is not enough of severity and density in it for the subject. It is often too diffuse; it is sometimes too rhetorical. One frequently desires to condense two or three sentences into one, and to tone down a clarion music which seems to blare too impressively. Here and there, too, there are careless repetitions of words, and other signs of the spoiled child of literature. In the matters of precision, simplicity, and brevity, one marvels, and regrets, too, that the biographer has not been more influenced by his hero. This style, indeed, seems well enough till we compare it with the Commentaries; but then we are disposed to call it fine writing, rather than great writing. How differently Cæsar has told the same story! How differently, too, the author of the Grandeur et Décadence des Romains would have told it! We are tempted, for the moment, to ask if Mr. Froude admires Quintus Curtius, and finds something rather good in the manner of Florus.

But this is severe and perhaps unfair criticism. The book is charmingly written, and on the whole wisely written. There are many admirable, really noble, passages; there are hundreds of pages which few living men could match. As for the matter, barring the military part alone, it is generally excellent. The political life of Cæsar is explained with singular lucidity, and with what seems to us remarkable fairness. The horrible condition of Roman society under the rule of the magnates is painted with startling power and brilliance of coloring. Tacitus could hardly have done this more effectively, though he would have been sure to do it in one fourth the number of words. Of course there is partiality; there is as much as can be borne of "the love of biographers;" there is an adoration which sometimes provokes a smile, and once reaches unintentional impiety. Yet, on the whole, we are convinced by this Grattan of history, and admit that Cæsar stands forth measurably justified, or at least far more so than his political adversaries, the frightfully corrupt and egotistic and ferocious *boni*.

Every history has its errors of detail, and this has its full share of them. On page 537 we read that Cæsar's eyes were "dark gray;" on page 465 we are told of "the clear, dark eyes of the conqueror of Pharsalia;" on page 76 we find that the young Julius had "dark, piercing eyes," and a note gives us the words of Suetonius: "*nigris vegetisque oculis.*" Did Cæsar's optics turn light as he grew older? or did he have different pairs for different emergencies? There is little doubt that Suetonius's plain statement is trustworthy, and that the fanciful inference from *cæsius* (bluish-gray) is worth nothing. Another oversight occurs in the relation of the defeat of the Nervii. Mr. Froude repeats the usual tale, founded on a careless reading of the Commentaries, and parroted by no one knows how many rhetorical historians. "The battle," he says, "ended with their extermination: out of six hundred senators there survived but three; out of sixty thousand men able to bear arms, but five hundred." He fails to observe that Cæsar does not assert this; that it was simply a story brought him by ambassadors who besought his pity; that three years later the Nervii still had subordinate states, and could raise a great army; that in the year following it became necessary to invade them for a third time. No doubt, Cæsar does speak of "the Nervian name and nation being reduced almost to extinction;" but we must remember that he wrote his Commentaries separately, year by year, and never had time to revise them. Even the credulous Plutarch does not repeat this tale of extermination without a qualifying "It is said." And yet Mr. Froude is disposed to lecture Plutarch for inaccuracy!

There is one extremely regrettable imperfection in this otherwise fairly reliable book. Here is the life of a great soldier written by a man who knows nothing of

[1] *Cæsar.* A Sketch. By James Anthony Froude. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.

soldierly matters, and who considers "the details of a Roman campaign no longer interesting." The consequence is that the account of military transactions teems with misconceptions, which are rather brought to light than hidden by vivid phrases and impetuous narrative. In spite of one's desire to be reverent, one is reminded of the battle-pieces of the eloquent reporters of our civil war, who gathered their impossible particulars afar from the scene of conflict, and who "did not know a manœuvre from a hole in the ground." It is a woful pity. As a writer, Cæsar was admirable; as a statesman, he was very eminent; as a general, he was amazing. It is a pity that his military science — the science in which his genius reached its highest flight — should not have found a historian who would take the trouble to study and understand it. Thiers, Carlyle, and Kinglake are distinguished proofs that a civilian can throw light upon warfare, instead of darkness, if he will only bring to the task conscientious study.

Let us look at Mr. Froude's account of Pharsalia, and see how it compares with Cæsar's. Every one remembers the famous six cohorts who were set to repulse Pompey's cavalry, and whose valor and rapidity of movement decided the battle. Here rhetoric overpowers our author; he calls them "the pick and flower of the legions." Cæsar's phrase is: "He hastily drafted single [or separate] cohorts from the third line" (*Celeriter ex tertia acie singulas cohortes detraxit*). It must be understood that the eight legions were drawn up abreast, four cohorts of each in the first line, three in the second, and three in the third; while on the extreme right were the cavalry and targeteers, fronting Pompey's far more numerous horse, archers, and slingers. Cæsar's full statement is that, seeing his right wing likely to be enveloped and oppressed, he quickly formed a reserve to support it by drawing a single cohort from the third line of each of the legions. But why six cohorts instead of eight? Partly, because the eighth and ninth legions, on the extreme left, were a mile or so from the point of peril; and, partly, because the ninth had been greatly thinned (*vehementer attenuata*) in the fight near Dyrrhachium. Cæsar's object simply was to get six cohorts — any six disposable; they were all good enough — over to his threatened flank, and to get them there as soon as possible.

Next, we hear that "Cæsar's front rank advanced running." Is this a slip of the pen? It was the front *line* which charged, — a line of thirty-two cohorts, each drawn up at least four ranks deep, perhaps eight. But it is no accident, it is pure rhetorical perversity, which leads Mr. Froude to say that "Pompey's brilliant squadrons were carpet-knights from the saloon and circus." Cæsar gives a detailed account of this cavalry, and shows that, with the exception of a few freed slaves, it was entirely composed of auxiliaries and mercenaries, some of them troops of "distinguished excellence." Only a very eloquent writer could recruit carpet-knights among Gauls, Germans, Thracians, Galatians, Cappadocians, Bessians, etc. It is a blunder, also, to state that "the outer squadrons came wheeling round to the rear." Cæsar's story is that his own troopers gave ground a little (*paulatim*), and that Pompey's "pressed them the more fiercely, and likewise began to file off by squadrons and surround our legions[1] on the uncovered side" (*latere aperto*). Obviously, this means a wheeling of the squadrons nearest the infantry, while the rest continued to push the Cæsarean cavalry. Obviously, too, the wheel was a flank attack, and not a rear one. The situation was no doubt this: the Cæsarean horse, fighting desperately, slowly retreated the whole depth of the army formation, or about five hundred yards; then the six reserve cohorts made their half wheel to the right, and charged in *echelon* upon the flank of the Pompeian horse. They only counted some sixteen hundred and fifty men, and there was plenty of room for the manœuvre.

Nor does Mr. Froude make it sufficiently clear that the battle was severely contested, and for long undecided. He does indeed understand that there was martial business on hand from morn till dewy eve. But the whole tone of his clarion-like narrative is that of one who leads on the victors to easy triumph, taking them quite out of the hands of the much slower and very hardly bestead Cæsar. The truth is that the latter, wonderful general as he was, had a most anxious forenoon of it. Speaking of the infantry fight, he says, "Nor did the Pompeians fail in this crisis." He had to put in his second line, and his third, and his reserve. The all-important flanking struggle on the right lasted for hours; not until near noon were the Pompeian horse and light troops quite got rid of. Then it was (*eodem tempore*), while

[1] "Our line," — *aciem nostram*. *Acies* means the legions, troops of the line.

Cæsar's third line and last man were entering the fray, that the six cohorts finally wheeled upon Pompey's left-hand legions, and the latter began to break and fly. Not easily, however, as Mr. Froude seems to think; not because they had once been Cæsar's men, and saw their old comrades before them; only because they were outmanœuvred, outflanked, and enveloped (*circumita*). From this crumbling left wing the rout spread all along the line. There had been a whole forenoon of wearisome battle.

Next came the taking of the camp. Cæsar says that it was "diligently defended by the cohorts which had been left to guard it, and even more fiercely by the Thracians and auxiliaries." Nor did they give way until they were "overwhelmed by the immense number of missiles and weak with wounds." Mr. Froude storms it in a far more dashing manner; there is "a brief resistance," but it is "soon borne down." Nothing can stand long against his enchanted pen, so much mightier than the Cæsarean sword. Then came a pursuit of six miles, with no little legionary ramparting, before the retreating Pompeians would surrender. In short, it was a much harder and more doubtful day than Mr. Froude has discovered. It is true that Cæsar's dead were only 230; but there must have been thousands of wounded. His legions entered upon the battle with an average of 2750 men; but the two which he led from it to Egypt mustered, together, only 3200.

It would be unfair to judge a civilian author entirely by his ignorance of tactics. Even generals, and most noble ones at that, sometimes blunder in them. Let us turn to subjects in which Mr. Froude, and perhaps Lord Chelmsford, might be more at home. The book shows elegant, if not wide and profound, scholarship. The best part of it — and, as an Irishman might say, the newest and most original part, too — consists in the extracts from the letters of Cicero. One must energetically admire the judgment shown in their selection, and the grace and spirit with which they are translated. Even more vividly than in Mr. Froude's own text, we are reminded that he is a great master of style. Why, then, has he not written a history of Cæsar which should stifle the voice of criticism? Partly, because no man, perhaps, could, as no man has. The subject is a gigantic one, and only to be thoroughly handled by a colossal mind, — such a mind for, instance, as that of the great Napoleon, or possibly of Montesquieu. One cannot even quite conclude to pronounce this the best book on Cæsar in the English language. It is so brilliant, and the fame of its author is so great, that its short-comings are very disappointing. There is a far smaller work, far more humble in promise and range, which has fewer faults, if not more merits. It was written, oddly enough, not by a historian, but by a novelist, Mr. Anthony Trollope. It tells fewer things, but it makes fewer mistakes, and it presents a more life-like portrait. Is this a hard judgment of the famous, and worthily famous, biographer of Cæsar? No doubt, stricter measure has been dealt out to him than would have been used with a less noted and able writer. But to whom much is given, of the same shall much be required.

— It seems hardly fair to find the biography of one man interesting solely through its bearing upon the life of another, and it is possible that the life of the Rev. Francis Hodgson [1] might have been so written as to give it an intrinsic significance, apart from the intimate connection of its subject with Lord Byron and Mrs. Leigh. The present biographer is Mr. Hodgson's son, who might be supposed to have as great a concern as any one in establishing his father's independent claims to distinction and remembrance; but perhaps for the very reason that his concern is so great, he fails to do it. His first chapter is extensively, but somewhat vaguely, genealogical. The date of Francis Hodgson's birth is first mentioned in a foot-note near the end of volume ii., but we are told that he went to Eton in July, 1794, at which time we judge him to have been about ten or twelve years old. At school and in Cambridge, where his education was continued, he proved himself both a good fellow and a good scholar. He formed friendships, many of them life-long, with some of the most distinguished young men of his time, — Thomas Denman, the future chief-justice John Herman Merivale, the father of the Roman historian, Robert Bland, editor of the Anthology, Henry Drury, afterward master at Harrow, and others; and he wrote satirical verses of his own, which were published, quoted, and admired, besides qualifying himself to execute, after he left Cambridge, a translation of

[1] *Memoir of the Rev. Francis Hodgson, B. D., Scholar, Poet, and Divine.* By his son, the Rev. James T. Hodgson, M. A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1878.

Juvenal, which has always maintained a respectable rank. In 1808 he was made Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and there is no evidence of his having met Byron before that time, although the reviewer says, with his usual dignified obscurity, that he had probably done so, and it is certain that they were soon afterwards on terms of the frankest familiarity. A good many letters of Byron to Hodgson are given, some being new, others having long ago appeared in Moore's Life; and they are letters which show the very best side of Byron's nature, full of staunch affection and generous appreciation of others, vivid description, whimsical rhodomontade, and droll, but, for the most part, perfectly cleanly jesting. Indeed, the best possible understanding seems to have subsisted among the whole circle of clever and versatile youths, the common intimates of that oddly associated pair of friends, the young clergyman and the young peer. Byron habitually mentions the miscellaneous poems of Hobhouse as "Hobby's Miss-selling-any." Hodgson eked out his, at that time, precarious subsistence by *critiques* in the magazines of the poems of Byron and the others as they appeared; and to judge by the extracts in the present memoir, the criticisms were pompous and verbose enough, and quite nobly unsparing, but accepted with the simplest amiability. All the friends understood that affected despair and morbid determination to make himself out much worse than he really was which went along with Byron's genuine intellectual modesty, and they treated it with very wholesome levity. When Byron avers that he feels himself going mad, Scrope Davies cheerfully assures him that his symptoms are "much more like silliness than madness." Bland, whose letters are, perhaps, the wittiest of all (though there seems to be no special reason why they should be inserted in this book), writes to Merivale, on the latter's marriage, that he *is really obliged to him for being as happy as he mentions;* and Byron to Moore, in the early part of their acquaintance, "I hear that Hodgson is your neighbor in Derbyshire; . . . an excellent-hearted fellow, as well as one of the cleverest; a little, perhaps, too much japanned by preferment in the church and the tuition of youth, as well as inoculated with the disease of domestic felicity, besides being overrun with fine feelings about women and constancy, but otherwise a very worthy man." Byron had paid Hodgson's debts before his marriage could be arranged, and how few are the friends between whom such a benefit can be given and received without harm to the dignity of either! But we never like Byron quite so well as on this occasion, when he depreciates his own good action far more simply and honestly than he is wont to magnify his sins. Hearing that Hodgson had told their common friends of his generosity, Byron writes, "If ever you considered it in the least an obligation, this must give you a full and fair release from it: —

> "To John I owe some obligation,
> But John unluckily thinks fit
> To publish it to all the nation,
> So John and I are more than quit."

And in his diary, the same night: "Hodgson has been telling that I — I am sure, at least, that I did not mention it, and I wish he had not. He is a good fellow, and I obliged myself ten times more by being of use than I did him, — and there 's an end on 't." When Moore was collecting the materials for Byron's life, Hodgson sent him some verses of Byron's, written about the year 1812, and characteristically describing himself in lines of dark and direful import as

> "One whose deepening crimes
> Suit with the sablest of the times
> . . . . . .
> One who in stern, ambitious pride
> Perchance not blood shall turn aside," etc.

To these lines Hodgson appends the naïve and touching commentary, "The poor, dear soul meant nothing of all this;" and the worth of Moore's whole unwieldy and inorganic biography may be judged by the fact that he printed the verses, and omitted the comment.

Very few of Hodgson's own letters are given, except certain rhymed epistles, which help to console us for the loss of the prose ones. Byron must indeed have been devotedly fond of the man from whom he could welcome a strain like this, addressed to him on the occasion of his first departure for Greece: —

> "Yet if pleasing change allure thee
> O'er the roughly swelling tide,
> May the one great Guide secure thee;
> Byron, ne'er forget thy guide.
> . . . . .
> "With the pure and holy feeling
> Friendship in thy breast shall rise,
> And remembrance, o'er thee stealing,
> Softly paint thy native skies."

Nearly two years later Hodgson summoned the wanderer back in an equally fresh and spirited hymn: —

"Return, my Byron, to Britannia's fair,
To that soft power which shares the bliss it yields;
Return to Freedom's pure and vigorous air,
To Love's own groves, and Glory's native fields!"

With what cheerful alacrity Lord Byron obeyed the injunction to return to "Britannia's fair" is well known. He returned to a season of unparalleled social and literary notoriety, to his wild intrigue with Lady Caroline Lamb, and his yet more fateful marriage with Miss Milbanke. When the swift catastrophe of that union had come, Moore pretended that he had thought ill of the Milbanke connection from the first, but such of Byron's letters at this period as are given in the Hodgson memoir are very simply happy and hopeful, — the letters of that better man who ever warred with widely varying fortune against the baser and beastlier in him; while Hodgson himself, with his usual ardent charity, seems to have hoped all things and believed all things from the impulse of his wayward friend, so very righteously and respectably to range himself. One of the most charming letters of Hodgson's own in the whole memoir is that which he wrote to his *fiancée* concerning his first meeting with Byron after the betrothal of the poet: —

"It is most natural that Byron should be absorbed by the thought, even, much more by the society, of one of the most divine beings upon earth. He was on his way to Seaham, Sir Ralph Milbanke's seat. His sister in her last, sweet letter says, 'I have not heard from him for some time, and am uneasy about it; but it is very selfish to be so, for I know he is happy, and what more can I wish?' Well, on Friday evening, after I had put my letter to you in the post, and one to Harry Drury, and one to my cousin, I was tired with writing, and thought I would go to the coffee-room and read the papers. With nothing then, for the moment, but Colonel Quentin and Hanoverianism in my head, I was passing by the Sun Inn, — literally passing by it, and at a quick pace, — when a carriage and four drove up to the door. A sudden thought struck me: I cried out, 'Byron!' and was answered by a hearty 'Hodgson!' He was about to send to me at King's. He would not have found me there, as I should have been detained for an hour at least with Colonel Quentin. Consequently, he would have gone on to his sister's, and I should not have seen him. As it was, we supped together, and sate till a late hour over our claret, talking of many and delightful things. He told me all that could be told of his visit to Seaham, and, in a word, for I can say no more if I talk forever on the subject, he is likely to be *as happy as I am*. Oh, how I glowed with indignation at the base reports of his *fortune-hunting*. I will tell you the particulars when we meet. Meanwhile, *entre nous*, he is sacrificing a great deal too much. Not to Miss Milbanke; that is impossible, because nothing is too much for her, and (as is usual in these cases) she would require nothing. But her parents, although Byron speaks of them with the most beautiful respect, certainly do appear to me most royally selfish persons. Her fortune is *not* large at present, but he settles sixty thousand pounds upon her. This he cannot do without selling Newstead again, and with a look and manner which I cannot easily forget he said, 'You know we must think of these things as little as possible.' 'But,' I replied, 'I am certain if she saw Newstead she would not let you part with it.' 'Bless her, she has nothing to do with it! Nor would I excite a feeling in her mind that may be prejudicial to her interests.' Now where are the hearts of those who can undervalue, who can depreciate, this man?"

The "sweet sister" mentioned in the letter is of course Mrs. Leigh. Hodgson had made her acquaintance within the year, and the free and friendly correspondence was begun between these two which was destined to be continued at frequent intervals for nearly forty years. In the letters of Augusta Leigh, now published for the first time, will be found, for sufficient reasons, to be the keenest interest of the Hodgson volumes. A decade or so ago, when her name was suddenly associated with the ghastly posthumous charge of Lady Byron, we were earnestly assured that documents existed in abundance which would fully vindicate her to any upright mind, whenever the bar to their publication was removed. They do it indirectly, of course. They do it by the finer method of revealing the whole mind of the accused, as she revealed it, under pressure of deep distress for her wayward but well-beloved brother's sake, to the tried and trusty friend of both. They are marked by the utmost delicacy and good sense, as well as the deepest womanly and sisterly tenderness. They are pervaded by an openness which allays and almost annuls the sense of any morbid mystery connected with the quarrel in which the Byron marriage ended so swiftly and so deplorably. They show a charity

which never failed for either of the parties to that quarrel: a respectful pity for the wife which it took years of haughty repulse on her part to change into dignified resentment; a sad sagacity of forecast concerning the lamentable results which the separation must have for her brother. They give no new facts concerning the immediate causes of the separation. What new facts need be given? As Byron himself said long afterwards, the causes were only too simple to be easily found out. When the reckless devil assigned to Byron at his unhappy birth, who had been exorcised for a season in the hopeful days of his betrothal, returned with a reinforcement after the marriage, the quarters offered them in the puritan household of the Milbankes were found intolerably repugnant and impossibly narrow; while the severe young bride, who saw the proprieties of her home outraged by this diabolic reaction, was capable only of a chill disgust, instead of that towering wrath out of whose very fervor forgiveness is sometimes born.

Extremely interesting extracts might be made from Mrs. Leigh's letters, but we shall refrain almost entirely from giving such, because we hold it a kind of duty for all who are interested in the subject to read them entire. The one in particular which she wrote to Mr. Hodgson after Lord Byron's death, and in which she gives without reserve her reasons for approving the destruction of her brother's own memoirs, deserves a most careful perusal. She wanted the autobiography destroyed for the same reason as did Hobhouse and Hodgson and all the true lovers of Byron's better self; for the same reason for which, as she freely says, she deplored the last canto of Childe Harold, and dreaded unspeakably the publication of Don Juan, — because of that craze for self-vilification, whose indecent freaks could never be calculated in advance, still less, in the nature of of things, confuted. "This is, dear Mr. Hodgson," her letter concludes, "the whole case exactly, and I hope you will not disapprove of the part I had in it, which was not of my own seeking; but as I was drawn into it I felt it my duty to act as I think *he*, poor, dear soul, would now (divested of earthly feelings) approve. I must say a word of the kind wish expressed to me in your letter [that Hodgson might be allowed himself to write Byron's life]. Believe me that it would gratify me more than I can say, and that I am very sure nobody would execute it with more feeling and ability than you. But I am sure you will understand that I am very delicately situated in taking upon myself what may appear to others to belong to themselves to pronounce upon. . . . After all, do not let what I say deter you, and rely on any and every assistance I can give. I see no harm in more than one attempt to do the thing. Do not mistake me, dear Mr. Hodgson; believe me, it is impossible to do more justice than I do to your attachment and every other requisite. I am only afraid of interfering where it might be thought I had no right. I am most grateful for your kind sympathy in *my* grief, which not every one can fully enter into." What could be more simple, judicious, right-minded, and sincere?

In the first years of Byron's banishment from England, those lawless and stormy years, during which his evil genius held a seemingly undisputed sway over his mind and actions, he had ceased writing to Hodgson, and wrote very seldom even to his sister. But about 1820 the letters to Hodgson recommenced, and there is an altered tone in them, — a temperance and quietude and general sanity, which filled the simple soul of his old friend with joy, so that he tells Drury that "Byron writes in his best manner of old." All who loved him felt the same revival of faith, and were thrilled by the thought that the prodigal, after strange wanderings, had at last turned his face homeward, and the demoniac visitant gone out to return no more. Nor did it return. The lonely death, into whose shadow the poet was even then entering, was at least friendly to his fame in this regard.

The Rev. Francis Hodgson survived Lord Byron for nearly a generation, and his later years were full of honor. He was made archdeacon of Derby in 1836, and had been for ten years provost of Eton when he died, in 1852. His administration of the college government was admirably vigorous, and he was chiefly instrumental in the establishment of certain reforms which were extremely unpopular at first, but soon universally applauded. His life, as we said in the beginning, has been so written that he himself is a secondary character in it; but it is much to say in praise of any man that he called out always and only what was best in a character full of such fierce antagonisms and contradictions as Byron's, and that through him the memory of that baffled and disfigured better side has been vividly restored, and is likely to be perma-

nently impressed on the mind of the present generation.

— The Life of Arndt,[1] which Professor Seeley introduces to the reader as a kind of supplement to his own Life of Stein, is a volume from which there is to be got as much pleasure as instruction; for Arndt was a strong, honest, highly individual character, who lived in most stirring times, and was made, by choice and by circumstance, to play a not unimportant part in the long and deadly struggle against the imperial despotism of Bonaparte. "Popular knowledge of history," remarks Mr. Seeley, "must always be imparted by means of personal narrative. . . . It is one question how history ought to be written for the purposes of sciences, and another by what means some useful knowledge of it may be generally diffused." As the example of scientific history here alluded to is both awkward in construction and clumsy in narration, we have especial reason for welcoming a work which gives us, in regular connection, so many vivid sketches of eminent men, of national habits, of national feeling, — all seen through the eyes of one so worthy of our respect and with so strong claims to our liking as was this poet and thinker, who, at his death, in 1860, was probably the man most revered in all Germany. Yet, though he contributed more to the national cause than any other man of letters, and though the author of the most popular song and the most familiar quotation in his language, Arndt was born a Swedish subject and not till after the battle of Jena, which marked the lowest point of German degradation, did he feel the claims of national as distinguished from political patriotism. The place of his birth was the picturesque island of Rügen, where his father, himself a freedman and the son of a serf, was the agent of a large estate. Arndt's birth was thus as humble as it well could be, and, without ever becoming a democrat, he always maintained his claim to personal equality with high and low, therein differing from nearly all his literary contemporaries. Arndt was intended for a clergyman, and he actually was licensed to preach; but when he had got so far he became convinced this work was not that most fitted to him, and his father being well to do, he set out upon his travels, journeying for a year and a half through the Austrian states, France, and Western Germany, returning home in 1798. The next few years he was busy writing political pamphlets, an account of his travels, and a history of serfdom in Swedish Germany, a publication which attracted much notice, and was not without influence in bringing about a better state of things. For several of the gentry, thinking their interests threatened by the book, sent the king a copy, in which were marked passages reflecting severely upon some of his predecessors. The king forwarded it to the governor of Pommern, with orders to prosecute the author; but the governor contented himself with summoning Arndt before him, showing him the book, and asking how he would get out of the scrape. Arndt's reply was characteristic of the man: he simply took the book and marked other places, requesting it to be sent again to the king. This time the royal answer was to the effect that if the author's charges were true, then his language was none too strong. And serfdom was abolished by royal edict some time before Stein's similar reform in Prussia.

But Arndt did not become a man of note till the year 1812, when he was summoned to St. Petersburg by Stein, to assume, during the two years following, a position analogous to that occupied by Dr. Busch in the office of Count Bismarck. Up to Stein's death he remained a firm friend to Arndt, and it was largely through his influence that the latter got his professorship at the University of Bonn.

This English biography is admirably prepared, following the sound principle of letting the hero tell his own story wherever this is possible. Passages are thus taken from letters, from his detailed account of his intercourse with Stein, from the defense of his political life issued on occasion of his trial in 1821, from his travels, and from a kind of autobiography published in 1840. As regards selection, arrangement, and translation, the compiler's work is remarkably well done, the mistranslation of idiomatic terms being almost the only blemish. We hold entirely Professor Seeley's opinion that "these memoirs, simple and modest as they are, have a right to live. Arndt never imagined himself to be a great man, nor supposed, either, that anything he had done deserved, on its own account, to be recorded, or that any of his thoughts deserved to be remembered for their wisdom or depth. But he led such a life, and had such a character, that his autobiography has

[1] *The Life and Adventures of Ernst Moritz Arndt.* Compiled from the German. With a preface. By J. R. Seeley, M. A. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1879.

the value of a historical novel. His life reflects his time, because it was decisively influenced by it. . . . And, moreover, Arndt's character was a remarkably clear mirror for his time to reflect itself in. He was all candor, warmth, and cheerfulness."

— It is well for readers that histories of other nations and the lives of distinguished foreigners should be written in English. The French, to be sure, can be left to describe their various glories, because, in the first place, their language is generally understood, and, moreover, they have a sense of form which is always gratifying. With the Germans, however, the case is somewhat different; all students will have to go to them for material, whatever the subject may be, but too often the Teutonic arrangement of material bears a strong likeness to disorderly accumulation. All general statements of this kind are of course only partly true: the French have at times sacrificed accuracy to elegance, and the Germans as writers are not always heavy; but there is a basis of truth in the hasty popular feeling about the literature of the two nations. In writing the life of Stein,[1] Professor Seeley has had, of course, to go to the native land of that eminent man for information, and he has found much, from which he has drawn with discreet freedom.

Stein himself was one of the greatest of Napoleon's foes, and Napoleon, who never lacked perception in what concerned his relations to his enemies, was one of the first to perceive the dangers he ran from this unarmed antagonist. Indeed, it was only those whom Stein was anxious to help who occasionally disregarded him. In some ways, this was not strange. Stein possessed what Bismarck has made almost a distinguishing mark of the great German statesman, a profound capacity for contempt of the pedantic grooves in which German official life most naturally runs. Like his illustrious successor, as he may be called, Stein was often moved by great gusts of rudeness and severity. After all, in Stein's case this petulance was but one indication of his great energy, and the numerous instances that Professor Seeley gives of it only make the reader more conscious of the sufferings the hero must have undergone before he saw Napoleon finally conquered, during the time that he was watching his country sinking lower and lower, tasting continually new humiliations.

Professor Seeley gives us a complete and most interesting account of the great man's work in freeing his country from its misfortunes. At times, we have a consciousness that it is the historian rather than the biographer who is handling the pen, and there is a certain not exactly coldness, but extreme fullness of detail, in which Stein is lost to sight; but this is not always the case. On the whole, the reader is able to get a very exact impression of the condition of Germany during the Napoleonic wars, without any undue sacrifice of Stein's personality. So far as we know, this period has not before now received proper attention from any English historian. But the history of the last ten years has made some such explanation of Germany's recent course necessary and timely.

Stein's character has never been so well drawn in English, nor yet, it is safe to say, in German. He was of the stuff of which great heroes are made, both in his faults and in his virtues, and the lesson of his life is an important one. The description of Germany during the period Professor Seeley has written about is most interesting. Of a book so full it is hard to speak justly without taking up a number of the many questions it suggests. There is, for instance, the question of patriotism, which the book illustrates. The view that the literary men held concerning duty to one's country is one that Professor Seeley mentions, not in the way of abstract discussion, but as a part of his faithful chronicle. All the greater German writers lived aloof from politics; they looked on patriotism as but magnified prejudice, and it is curious to see how Stein fought against this tendency. Professor Seeley has hardly done justice to the enthusiasm produced by the later lyric poets, whose war songs are familiar to us all. The patriotism of the Germans has cost them a high price, and the day may come when patriotism shall be called provincialism; but the world is not yet ripe for that change of front, however desirable it may be.

As a study of the growth of a nation towards patriotism, there is no more interesting book than this one, and it would be hard to find another that made so plain the necessity of patient training. This is what Stein made the main law of his country, — although, of course, he had docile material to work with, — and by persistent effort and

[1] *Life and Times of Stein; or, Germany and Prussia in the Napoleonic Age.* By J. R. Seeley, M. A., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. Two volumes. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1879.

unrelaxed determination he won the day, and did his full share in rendering the country victorious.

— Dr. Schumacher is the consul general of the German Empire for the United States, residing in New York. He has been an active and intelligent traveler and a diligent student of historical geography, so that he was fully competent to appreciate the literary treasures gathered in the libraries of Messrs. James Lennox, Carson Brevoort, and H. C. Murphy. From the material that he thus found ready to his hand, and with his large knowledge of the subject, he has prepared an elaborate essay on Peter Martyr,[1] the first historian of the discoveries made by his own contemporaries, Columbus and his companions and successors in the early expeditions from Spain and Portugal. Peter was a native of Arona, on Lake Maggiore, in the Milanese territory, and spent ten years of his early life in Rome, in the midst of the best literary circle of his time, and attracted the notice of the ablest men of the capital by his mastery of Latin, which he wrote and taught so as to earn the approval of the leading classical authorities there. The Spanish ambassador, Cardinal Tendilla, engaged him to return with him to Spain, where he found many of his countrymen and others of first-rate ability at Salamanca and Toledo, and, following the fashion of the day, he gave his name a Latin termination, became Petrus Martyr Anglerius, and the Latin clerk to the crown. He followed the royal pair, Ferdinand and Isabella, in their campaign against the Moslems, but, resisting the temptation to exchange the pen for the sword, busied himself in teaching; became a priest; served on several embassies, notably on one to the sultan of the Nile, the Mameluke commander; declined another to Constantinople; became a member of the council of India; was the first abbot of Jamaica and archdeacon of Ocaña; was employed in quieting an insurrection in Valencia; was prior of Granada and papal prothonotary; and when he died the chapter of Granada erected a fitting memorial in the cathedral in 1526, recording his services to the state and to the church. But his true claim to the exhaustive account of his life and writings given by Schumacher, and to the high praise awarded him by his contemporaries, Las Casas and Oviedo, and by later writers, Humboldt and Hallam, Helps and Harrisse, Prescott and Ranke, is based on his history of the discoveries made by Columbus and his followers, and his letters describing the reports made by them, which furnished the material for his own books, and were subsequently printed in a volume that Humboldt pointed out as the most curious historic monument of the reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella and Charles V. Peter was, from the outset, an unconscious historian of his own times; for, following the fashion of the day, he was diligent in collecting all the latest news and embodying it in letters to his patrons in Italy, who expected thus to be supplied with correct accounts of all public events of importance. His correspondence during forty years — from 1488 to 1528, over two hundred letters — was all carefully preserved, and on the retained copies he noted the changes and additions to the stock of information there gathered together; and these were printed in 1530, and form a valuable contribution to the history of the discoveries made by Spain. In writing to Milan, in 1493, Peter mentioned the safe return of Columbus from his first voyage, the honors paid him, his reported discoveries, and, with characteristic local Italian jealousy, rather disparaged the claim of the Genoese mariner. Peter himself, by a happy accident, gave to the newly discovered territory the title of "novus mundus," although Columbus lived and died in the honest faith that he had only opened a new route to the oldest of lands, Asia, and that his real service was in shortening the access to India, with its treasures. From being a mere chronicler in casual letters, Peter rose to the dignity of authorship, aiming at a complete account of the new discoveries in the West, and seeking to relate in ten decades, in imitation of Livy, the voyages of Columbus and his companions and successors. It is this work that has given him the name and fame of the first historian of America, and Dr. Schumacher's study exhausts the stock of information as to his sources of knowledge, the details of the printing and reprinting of his book in its several editions, and the history of the man and his relations to the great discoverers whose achievements he was the first thus to record in a continuous narrative. At first receiving the news of what Columbus had found with well-bred doubt or indifference, Peter ended by sharing heartily in the temper of the

[1] *Petrus Martyr, der Geschichtschreiber des Weltmeeres.* Eine Studie. Von HERMANN A. SCHUMACHER. Mit einer Karte aus dem Jahre 1510. [*Peter Martyr, the Historian of the Ocean.* A Study. By HERMANN A. SCHUMACHER. With a map, of the year 1510.] New York: E. Steiger. 1879.

time, accepting all that tallied with his classical and mythological education and his preconceived notions, and recording with hesitation much that is now the commonplace of our knowledge of the regions then first made known to Europeans. The University of Alcalá brought together what was best in Spain of learning and scholarship, attracted the youth of the nation then only recently consolidated under one crown, gave them instruction in classics and medicine and the arts and sciences of the day; and the printing-press set up there by a German, Jacob Cromberger, of Seville, brought forth a polyglot Bible and many other rare bibliographical treasures, characteristic in themselves and as representing a period of literary transition of great significance. The book that is of special interest to students of early American history is Peter Martyr's Decades, covering twenty years of contemporary discovery, beginning with that by Columbus of what he claimed to be islands on the coast of Asia, and ending with a description of the first permanent settlement on the main-land of what was thus finally recognized as a new continent. The book gave the first account in one continuous history of the results achieved by the expeditions sent out from Spain; of their reports of great wealth of gold and silver, of adventures by sea and land, of struggles and negotiations with hardy savages, of shipwrecks and disaster, of starvation and death, of defeat and conquest, of the horrors and the charms of the unknown region, of the misery and the splendor of the tropics, of pagan crimes and Christian miracles. The book is full of stories of terrible giants and gigantic Amazons, of men living in trees and using poisoned arrows, of savages ordinarily feeding on vegetables and feasting on the flesh of their defeated enemies, — of the truths and the fictions that came from the empire beyond the ocean; and its great aim was to secure a full recognition of the services, the sacrifices, and the rights of Spain in its distant colonies, where its supremacy was threatened by the success of rival nations in new expeditions. It is a noteworthy fact, mentioned by Dr. Schumacher, that the best edition of the book is that printed in Paris in 1587, edited by Hakluyt, and dedicated to Sir Walter Raleigh, thus uniting in one work the three men who best deserve the gratitude of the student of geography for their labors in its broad field. The Spanish edition is very rare, and was so from the outset; for, with characteristic jealousy, it was withheld from general circulation for fifty years, although in the mean time a translation of the first three Decades was printed in London in 1555, of the fourth in 1577, and of the whole in 1612. Then a collection of Peter's letters was printed in Alcalá in 1533, and an Elzevir reprint of them was issued in 1670, — Opus Epistolarum Petri Martyris Anglerii, — with many corrections of the numerous errors that easily occurred in the effort to interpolate later facts in old letters; and others of his letters figure in Llorente's History of the Inquisition, and in Bergenroth's Calendar of State Papers at Simancas, — but still the wonder grows that, as Humboldt suggested, no writer versed in the history of the age of Alexander VI., Julius II., and Leo X. has been attracted by the freshness of this admirable letter-writer to publish an abstract of his work. Harrisse points out that he was the most intimate friend of Columbus, and indeed to him we owe the preservation of many of the letters of Columbus, while Ranke and Kohl refer to his works as a source of most reliable information as to the earliest discoveries of America; and Humboldt was inspired by Peter to his critical investigations and travels on the American continents, just as Schumacher followed Humboldt in his journeys over the footsteps of the first explorers, and then in his painstaking and exhaustive study of the composition of Peter Martyr's Decades of the New World and its curious literary history. What Schumacher has thus done for the bibliography of our first author had been attempted in another and much less satisfactory way by Schlözer in his extracts from Peter's Letters so far as they related to America, in the Göttingen Collection of 1777; but the progress in critical knowledge in the interval is happily illustrated in the superiority of the present essay and its wealth of material, found by its author around him in New York, and the admirable skill with which it is used in bringing home to the ordinary reader the story of the Life and Letters of Peter Martyr.

— Mrs. Clement and Mr. Laurence Hutton, in their joint work, Artists of the Nineteenth Century,[1] are fortunate enough to

[1] *Artists of the Nineteenth Century, and their Works.* A Hand-Book containing 2050 Biographical Sketches. By CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT and LAURENCE HUTTON. Two vols. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

have established a most excellent and useful type for such a work. Of course their undertaking in its present form is necessarily incomplete. For the large majority of the two thousand and fifty artists here memorialized are still living and working; many of them have their lives yet to fulfill in completeness of achievement, and many more must come upon the scene and leave their marks upon the time during the twenty years which must elapse before the close of the century. This book must be accepted, therefore, as a first edition of a final work, subject to successive amendments and additions with the gradual and constant development of the history of modern art.

The authors in their preface recognize the difficulty of obtaining, either from printed authorities or from the artists themselves, an accurate statement of the contributions rendered by living artists to the art of the time. Distance has not yet given to them the true position which they are to occupy in history. To remedy this difficulty, the authors, in the absence of other testimony, have applied, with various success, to the artists themselves for a correct list of their works and a correct statement of their education, with all necessary facts as to dates and places; or they have availed themselves of such contemporary criticism and current testimony as could be found. For the most part, the illustrative quotations are liberal and well chosen out of a large range of literature, and they form the most attractive feature of the volumes.

A work of this sort must have exclusions and inclusions more or less arbitrary, and it would be easy to discover names which perhaps do not so well deserve mention as some which have been quite forgotten. This of course is a matter of opinion. We cannot but note, however, that, as in the industrial arts of the latter part of the century there is to be found one of the most characteristic developments of modern art in a high range of thought and invention, the best designers in pottery, *faïence*, and stained glass, in fabrics of all sorts, and in wall decorations especially, should have found ample notice in these pages. It is but due to them and to their great influence that they should take their place beside those whose works are exhibited in galleries. Among architects the omissions are singularly frequent, and the notice of the few whose names are included is extremely inadequate. Against such names as Joseph Louis Duc and Vaudremer in France; Sir G. G. Scott, Alfred Waterhouse, Norman Shaw, and George Edmund Street in England; Karl Friedrich Schinkel in Germany, we do not find an intelligent recognition of their greatest and most characteristic works, which have certainly made a profound impression on the history of modern art. Among the illustrious names in this branch of art not mentioned are those of H. Labrouste, the leader of the modern Greek school and architect of the National Library of Paris, and Viollet-le-Duc, the most brilliant of modern writers on art, and one of the best draughtsmen of modern times; among English architects we look in vain for the names of Burges, Butterfield, and other leaders; and among Americans Richard Upjohn, the father of the profession here, should receive some adequate mention. We recommend a careful revision of this list in the interest of truth and fullness of record. Complete indices of artists, authorities quoted, and names and places mentioned in the text occur in each volume. In this respect the work is a model of its kind, and as a whole it is most thoroughly and liberally edited.

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## THE JENNINGS SANITARY DEPOT AND COLONEL GEORGE E. WARING

NEW YORK, *July* 1, 1879.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

SIR, — In your July number you publish a paper by Col. Geo. E. Waring, Jr., termed Recent Modifications in Sanitary Drainage, which is calculated to mislead, and reflecting upon appliances manufactured by us. Recognizing the power for good or evil statements from such a source, and published in your journal, must bear, we would ask, in the interest of public health, the insertion of the following comments in your next issue: —

We claim that Colonel Waring offers no explanation for his changed opinion, nor justifies his sweeping condemnation of the "Jennings Closets," the reputation of which has, however, too long and deservedly occupied the first place in the favor of

the architectural and medical professions, sanitarians and householders, to be destroyed by a single paragraph merely expressing a personal opinion.

Colonel Waring only recommends the "Hopper Closet" "in the absence of anything better," thereby, we presume, tacitly admitting its many imperfections, of which he cannot be ignorant. We hold that the "Jennings Closet," with or without its trap combination, is (as much as any Hopper) the *very essence of simplicity*, combined with the "plunger," which multiplies the cleansing and scouring power of the closet, and forms a mechanical and absolute barrier to the escape of those "gaseous products of organic decomposition" which the film of water, as shown in Colonel Waring's illustration, even with his proposed expenditure of fifty gallons of water per diem, would be totally incapable of affording.

It would occupy too much of your space to even attempt fully to discuss this matter in your columns, nor would it sufficiently justify the trespass merely to establish a theoretical result *pro* or *con*; we would only ask, in conclusion, to be allowed to invite all those really interested in sanitary progress personally to inspect our closets before permitting themselves to be biased by a statement which, however *bona fide*, must have been made without due reflection or consideration.

Yours very truly,
JENNINGS SANITARY DEPOT.

The above having been submitted to me, I reply: That my statement was not made "without due reflection or consideration;" that the only reason for making it was to modify my very strong commendation of the Jennings Closet in the earlier paper, which this recent one was intended to correct; and that, while I consider the Jennings the best closet of its class, I consider the class a bad one, — an opinion in which, however, many "practical plumbers" do not agree with me. GEO. E. WARING

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## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

American News Co., New York: First Blows of the Civil War. The Ten Years of Preliminary Conflict in the United States from 1850 to 1860. By James S. Pike.

D. Appleton & Co., New York: Geier-Wally: A Tale of the Tyrol. By Wilhelmine von Hillern. — The Evolution of Man: A Popular Exposition of the Principal Points of Human Ontogeny and Phylogeny. From the German of Ernst Haeckel. In two volumes. — Modern Chromatics. With Applications to Art and Industry. By Ogden N. Rood. —English Composition. By John Nichol, M. A. Literature Primers. Edited by J. R. Green. — The Felmeres. A Novel. By S. B. Elliott. — The Yellow Mask. By Wilkie Collins. — The Last Essays of Elia. By Charles Lamb.

Davis, Bardeen & Co., Syracuse, N. Y.: National Education in Italy, France, Germany, England, and Wales, popularly considered. By C. W. Bennett, D. D. — The Art of Questioning. By Joshua G. Fitch, M. A. — Brief English-French Compend of the Grammar of the French Language. By John W. Mears.

Eldredge and Brothers, Philadelphia: Manuals for Teachers, No. 1. The Cultivation of the Senses.

Ginn and Heath, Boston: New Announcements and Full Descriptive Catalogue of Books.

Harper and Brothers, New York: The Rifle Club and Range. By A. H. Weston. — Mr. Grantley's Idea. By John Esten Cooke. — Orange Lily. A Novel. By May Crommelin. — English Men of Letters. Edited by John Morley. Thackeray. By Anthony Trollope. — How to Get Strong and How to Stay so. By William Blaikie. — History of the English People. By John Richard Green, M. A. Volume III. — My Sister's Keeper. A Story for Girls. By Laura M. Lane. — Half-Hour History of England. An Introductory Volume to Epochs of English History. By Mandell Creighton, M. A. — Gaspard de Coligny (Marquis de Châtillon). By Walter Besant, M. A. — Tales from Euripides. By Vincent King Cooper, M. A. — Recreations in Astronomy, with Directions for Practical Experiments and Telescopic Work. By Henry White Warren, D. D. — Annual Record of Science and Industry for 1878. Edited by Spencer F. Baird, with the Assistance of Eminent Men of Science. — The Zulus and the British Frontiers. By Thomas J. Lucas. — Basildon. A Novel. By Mrs. Alfred W. Hunt. — Lord Bacon. By Lord Macaulay. — Prior, Gay, Pope, Hogarth, Smollett, Fielding, Sterne, and Goldsmith. By W. M. Thackeray. — Swift, Congreve, Addison, and Steele. By W. M. Thackeray. — Impressions of Theophrastus Such. By George Eliot. — The History of England. From the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Revolution in 1688. By David Hume. A New Edition, with the Author's last Corrections and Improvements. To which is prefixed a short account of his life, written by himself. In six volumes.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: Maid, Wife, or Widow? By Mrs. Alexander.

E. I. Horsman, New York: How to Train in Archery. Being a Complete Study of the York Round. By Maurice and Will H. Thompson.

Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston: Color-Blindness: Its Dangers and its Detection. By B. Joy Jeffries, A. M., M. D.

Lee and Shepard, Boston: Practical Boat-Sailing. A Concise and Simple Treatise on the Management of Small Boats and Yachts. By Douglas Frazar.

John S. Levey, London: Report from Mr. Andrews, Minister Resident of the United States at Stockholm, on Pauperism and Poor-Laws in Sweden and Norway.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: French and Belgians. By Phebe Earle Gibbons. — The Life of Albert Gallatin. By Henry Adams. — The Writings of Albert Gallatin. Edited by Henry Adams In three volumes.

Lockwood, Brooks & Co., Boston: The Æneid of Virgil. Translated into English by John D. Long

# HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO.'S LITERARY BULLETIN.

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., Publishers, Winthrop Square, Boston.

*** *The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of the price by the Publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co., Winthrop Square, Boston. Prices are given on page 8.*

☞ Those who are in search of excellent reading for vacation, — books relating to Nature and to places that attract visitors by their picturesqueness, grandeur, or historical and legendary associations, would do well to read the August Bulletin, which describes a quite large number of engaging volumes, by Emerson, Lowell, Howells, Aldrich, Warner, Warning, Burroughs, Thoreau, Miss Larcom, and others.

**Law of Hotels.** — Mr. R. Vashon Rogers has done the traveling public and the great host of boarders as well as keepers of inns and boarding-houses a positive service in preparing a book on "The Law of Hotel Life; or The Wrongs and Rights of Host and Guest." His method is ingenious enough; he tells a story of travel, and the incidents afford him convenient opportunity to state the various laws relating to hotels and boarding-houses, and references are made to decisions, so that we have the whole law of the matter, and the story besides. It mingles the useful and the entertaining so skillfully that the general reader can enjoy it almost as well as if it meant nothing; and the host or guest can find the law that covers his case as well as if it were merely a dry law book. It belongs to the series of "Legal Recreations," which includes, besides, "Humorous Phases of the Law," "Curiosities and Law of Wills," "Judicial Puzzles," and "The Law of the Road."

**"Spain in Profile."** — Professor James A. Harrison, whose travel-volume, "Greek Vignettes," many of our readers must pleasantly remember, has just brought out a similar volume on Spain. It consists of rapid and graphic sketches of Spanish scenery, customs, and life, and is written with a copiousness and attractive fervor that cannot fail to please intelligent readers of travel. The *New York Evening Post*, which notices and quotes at length, remarks: —

> Last year Mr. Harrison gave us a fascinating little book, called "Greek Vignettes;" this year he is still more entertaining, if that may be, in somewhat larger book. Traveling for his own entertainment, he is content to write for the entertainment of others, and having set himself this modest task, he succeeds abundantly in its accomplishment.

**Tanagra Figurines** is a little book, just published, which will be highly acceptable to art-lovers, and to those interested in ancient civilization. It describes the miniature figures recently discovered in the sepulchres of Bœotia, of which about two thousand have been found, and twenty-two have been given to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts by Thomas G. Appleton, Esq. The author says that "the very finest of the terra-cottas obtained in Sicily, at Cyprus, and in Attica cannot be compared with Tanagra productions for style and execution." The book contains heliotype illustrations of the Boston Museum figurines.

**Judge Shea's "Life of Hamilton"** is now issued in a handsome octavo volume, embellished with portraits of Hamilton, Mrs. Hamilton, Talleyrand, Burr, and Bishop Seabury; with a fac-simile of a letter from Hamilton to his son Philip, and a map showing the United States with boundaries proposed by France in 1782. It evinces an enthusiastic appreciation of the great traits of Hamilton as a statesman and of the influence he exerted in shaping the government of the Republic; and cannot fail to deepen our sense of the important services he rendered at a critical epoch in our history.

The *New York Tribune*, in an elaborate review of the work, observes: —

> In the able introductory chapters which prepare the reader for the profitable use of a work which demands not merely a cursory perusal but a profound study, the author presents a series of general views which exhibit the purposes and character of Hamilton with singular accuracy of proportion and lucidity of statement.

And it concludes by saying: —

> The solid characteristics of the work — its thoroughness, its depth, its sincerity, its wide knowledge, its excellent judgment — entitle it to an honorable place in the historical library, and render it a valuable aid in the study of the successful steps by which the feeble colonies of America attained the conditions of national grandeur and power.

**The Philosophy of Music**, just published, is the fifteenth volume in the English and Foreign Philosophical Library. It consists virtually of a course of lectures delivered two years ago at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, by William Pole, Doctor of Music. It is "a

philosophical inquiry into the general structure of music, in order to ascertain how far it is based on *physical*, or how far on *æsthetical* principles." It discusses sound in general, musical sounds, and the theoretical nature of the sounds of musical instruments, musical intervals, the scale, time, rhythm, form, melody, and harmony. It must be of great value and interest to all who love music and who wish to understand its principles and laws. The *Pall Mall Gazette* recommends it as "an extremely useful compendium of modern research into the scientific basis of music."

**Dr. Jeffries' Color-Blindness** naturally attracts special attention. The subject is recognized to be one of great importance, and the book is regarded as treating it with special ability. As the Louisville *Courier-Journal* says: —

It is a full and elaborate work, and gives in a condensed form about all that is known on the subject. The book could not have been written by one more competent to treat this particular matter than Dr. Jeffries.

The *American Bookseller* pronounces this "the most exhaustive and valuable treatment of the subject in the English language." The Providence *Journal* observes: —

The historical cases and amusing anecdotes will interest the general reader; the facts concerning the incurability, peculiarity, and heredity of this defective perception of color will be acceptable to physicians; the accounts of the precise condition of color-blindness, and its relation to normal color-sense will attract scientists and physiologists; the palliatives for congenital color-blindness will encourage the color-blind; and the dangers on land and sea to be greatly lessened by the employment of those whose normal color-sense has been thoroughly tested, are matters of universal import.

**Henry James's Short Stories,** contained in the volume which takes its name, "The Passionate Pilgrim," from the leading story, deserve a still larger circle of readers than they have yet found. Possibly some may be led to read this delightful book after learning that the London *Spectator* has reached the conclusion that there may be more true genius and skill in the construction of a first-rate short story than in making a novel of the average length, and that Mr. James has few equals as a writer of short stories. The New York *Christian Intelligencer*, apropos of this, adds: —

By and by, when a natural prejudice has been overcome, the *Spectator* will perhaps grant that Mr. James has at present no equal in Great Britain in this department of literary effort.

Mr. James's "Roderick Hudson" has just been republished in London in three volumes. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: —

It is an able and attractive piece of work. . . . . In these days of loose writing the value of work like this, equally remarkable for certainty of touch and justness of apprehension, is considerable.

Our readers will be glad to know that this novel, which costs thirty-one shillings and sixpence in London, can be procured here for $2.00.

**Detmold** will be a delightful companion for summer hours, says one critic. The New York *Evening Post* is not quite sure that it will be popular, but "of its merits as a literary performance of a high order, we are as certain as we can be of anything." The Philadelphia *Times* observes: —

It is seldom that a writer who appears unhered alded by less pretentious literary ventures, as is the case with Mr. Bishop, achieves the success that he has achieved in "Detmold."

And the Boston *Congregationalist* says: —

The book is one of much merit and interest. It is especially valuable as another indication of the fact that a class of American authors is growing up which is not afraid of patient and thorough literary work, and which, although small in numbers as yet, already has won deservedly a wide reputation for insight into character, and for strength and felicity of description. In this class, of which Mr. Howells and Mr. Henry James, Jr., are the most eminent members just now, Mr. Bishop fairly may be said to have won a place.

**Vacation Reading.** — The *Boston Post* gives the following pithy and sensible advice to persons going on a vacation: —

Crowd your trunks with good fiction, good poetry, and good light essays. Take along Thoreau and Burroughs, Howells and Ik Marvel, Charles Dudley Warner, and plenty of Thackeray.

As a postscript, it may perhaps fitly be recommended to procure the Descriptive Catalogue of all of Houghton, Osgood & Co.'s publications, which is full of good reading for summer and for all other seasons.

**Mr. Cook's Lectures on "Marriage"** are regarded by many critics as the best of the various volumes he has yet published. *The Churchman*, of New York, says: —

The family has not had a nobler defense since Père Hyacinthe held his famous conference on the same subject in Paris. The impetuosity of Mr. Cook's rhetoric, his boldness, and his strong way of putting things are just what the growing evil of free love and our easy divorce called for. His art-play — if we may call it this — where he brings forward the more virtuous of the ancient heathen to serve as judges of modern Christendom, is very effective.

This book might be very serviceable during vacation by giving a proper aim and method to croquet, boating, lawn parties, moonlight walks and other vacation duties that tend toward "Pliny's Villa."

**"In the Wilderness,"** Mr. Warner's little book of Adirondack sketches, should be included in the outfit of every one who goes into that primeval forest for rest or recreation. And one need not go thither to enjoy its charming humor and exquisite satire. "Of all Mr. Warner's writings, we think this in the highest way the best," says the *Yale Literary Magazine*.

**Mr. Pratt's "American Bicycler"** appeals to a public strongly prepossessed to like the little book. As the *Hartford Courant* says: —

This little manual gives the history of the bicycle, its growth out of the velocipede, details of its con-

struction, and full rules for its use and management on the road, together with precautions against accidents, rules of clubs, a list of American clubs, and an account of its growth in this country and in England, tables of time made, etc. One cannot read it without a certain desire to become a bicyclist or a modern centaur.

**The Lover's Tale** attracts much attention, both as Tennyson's and as a product of his genius before the world had recognized him as in the foremost rank of modern poets.

The *Hartford Courant* observes: —

The poem is as clearly Tennysonian as anything of his mature genius, and is of great interest as showing the early apprehension the poet had of the spirit of his time.

**Lewes's "Study of Psychology"** is the subject of an extended review in the *New York Tribune*, which concludes as follows: —

Mr. Lewes thus skillfully applies the doctrine of evolution to the explanation of the development of humanity. His exposition is certainly ingenious, apparently profound, and will be accepted by many readers as plausible, if not conclusive. Even those who do not admit the force of his reasoning will appreciate the ability with which it is urged. . . . It abounds with fruitful suggestions, with brilliant side-glances at many important truths, and cannot fail to prove instructive to thoughtful readers, whatever degree of assent they may be disposed to yield to its conclusions.

**Holmes's Life of Motley** is inevitably brought to mind by the publication of the handsome and inexpensive edition of his famous works. The *Chicago Tribune*, noticing this edition says: —

Whoever obtains these sets of the historian's works would do well to add to them, if he does not already possess it, Oliver Wendell Holmes's charming biographical sketch of Motley. It seems impossible that any one should read that sketch without obtaining a new insight into the character of the historian, and better appreciation of his works. Whoever has read it will hardly be content until he has the volumes of the composition of which it has so much to say.

**The Lands of Scott.** — A new edition of this book is just ready, in uniform style with the new Illustrated Library Edition of the Waverley Novels. As many readers know, it describes the scenes of Scott's wonderful stories and poems, in Scotland, England, France, the Rhine; gives a sufficient sketch of the stories to connect them definitely with the localities; and includes enough of Scott's biography to answer many questions which a reader of the novels would naturally ask. It contains a steel portrait of Sir Walter, and several maps, and is altogether a book that every lover of Scott will find full of information and interest.

**Miss Knowlton's "Hints on Drawing and Painting,"** according to the *Boston Transcript*, "is an exceedingly valuable little work for those who are practically interested in art." The *Worcester Spy* says: —

This little book deserves the best that can be said of it. We do not see how it is possible to put more useful "Hints" or more valuable general instruction to learners, within the same space. Every pupil in drawing should have it. Miss Knowlton's studies, experience, and practice have fully qualified her to prepare such a work; and her keen intellect, excellent judgment, and fine ability as a writer have prepared her to give it to the public in the best form.

**"The Peace Parliament,"** according to *The Churchman*, "is well worth reading a second and even a third time."

The names of the characters represented — as, for example, Cardinal Unmanning, Matthew Non Ego, Dean Manly, and Sherbert Dispenser — will be easily recognized. But the views which each in turn expresses, and the plans respectively proposed as the common basis of Christian unity, are so accurately represented that it would be quite easy, without any names, to pick out the different members of the parliament. As a satire it is one of the most successful attempts we have ever seen.

**Mr. Lathrop's "Study of Hawthorne,"** in the opinion of the *Boston Post* "was a genuine public service, and so skillfully, delicately, and appreciatingly was it accomplished that the world gained in a year a spirit of reverence for the genius of the great novelist which the slow processes of its own divination would not have worked out in a quarter of a century."

Those who include any of Hawthorne's wonderful stories in their summer reading would do well to heed this hint, and add Mr. Lathrop's little book.

**Howe's Mono-Metalism and Bi-Metalism** attracts the attention of publicists and financiers. The Philadelphia *North American* says: —

The merit of his book lies in its perspicuity, its reference to principles and established facts, and its exhaustive discussion of the complex nature and function of money. The arguments are forcibly presented, and cover the whole financial dispute, not of this country only, but of the world.

**Library Notes.** — The New York *Christian Intelligencer*, after copying some of Mr. Russell's good original sentences and felicitous quotations, adds: —

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**"The Lady of the Aroostook"** Colonel Higginson, in the *Literary World*, pronounces the greatest step Mr. Howells has ever taken, both in popularity and in artistic success. To those who know how delightful "Their Wedding Journey," "A Chance Acquaintance," and Mr. Howells's other stories are, this must seem prodigious praise; yet very probably the majority of his many readers would assent to Colonel Higginson's statement. They would also cordially indorse the added remark, that "Mr. Howells is without an equal in America — and therefore without an equal among his English-speaking contemporaries — as to some of the most attractive literary graces."

**The Garrison Tributes**, mentioned in the August *Bulletin*, comprise, in addition to the addresses named, the touchingly eloquent tribute of Wendell Phillips to Mrs. Garrison, at

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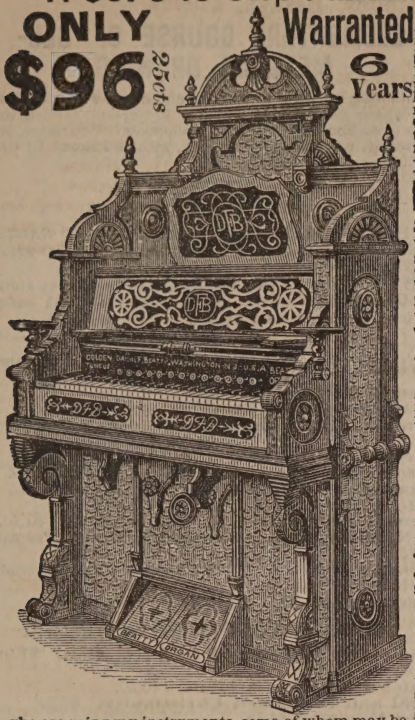

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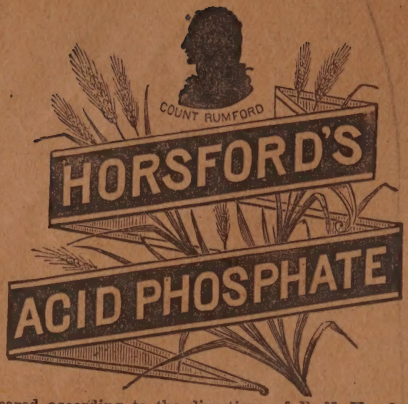


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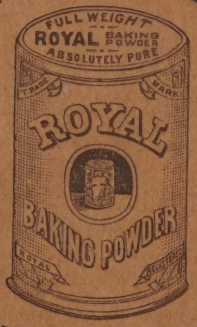


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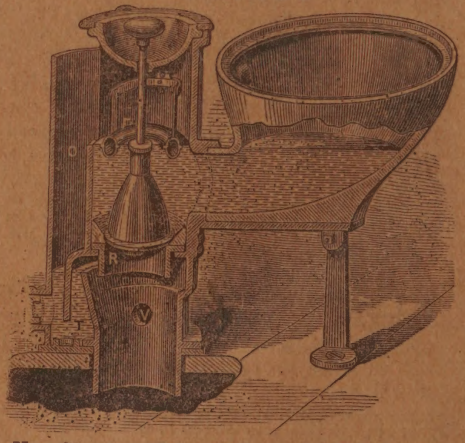


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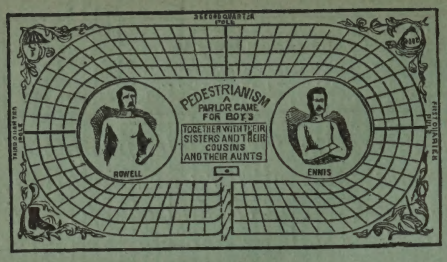


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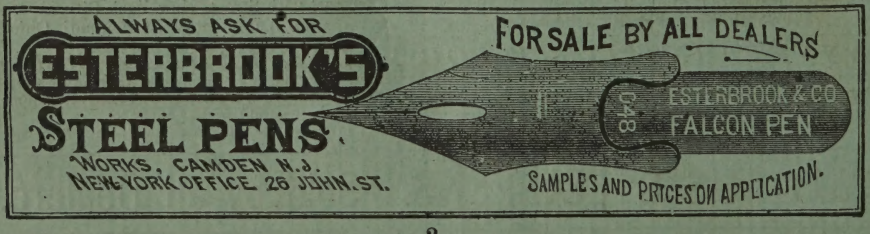

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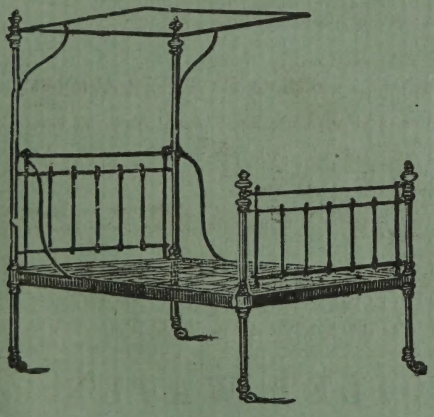

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FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.

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FIG. 5.

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THE

# ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

*A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND POLITICS.*

VOL. XLIV.—OCTOBER, 1879.—No. CCLXIV.

## IRENE THE MISSIONARY.

### XXVII.

As Irene had feared, Dr. Macklin was selected to join the Damascus station, and to give what opening to the truth he could by his prescriptions and surgeries.

"I could n't escape this," he privately explained to Mrs. Payson, on the evening of his arrival. "I did n't want to impose my presence on Irene, and I dreaded to meet her for my own sake. But Dr. Anson could n't come without either displacing or dividing another family. It seemed wrong to call on the mission to consider my private affairs. I said nothing about them, and here I am."

"But your health, doctor," she sighed. "I am afraid the summer here will quite break you down."

"That does n't matter. If I can die, and die in this work, I shan't grieve over it. Do you think Irene will be much troubled by my presence?"

"I don't care if she is," snapped Mrs. Payson. "I hope so. I hope she has *some* conscience."

"She *has* a conscience," declared the doctor, with equal spirit. "She is a good, sweet, noble girl. It is n't her fault if men fall in love with her who are not worthy of her."

Mrs. Payson gazed at her magnanimous favorite in mute amazement and despair.

"I ought not to fret at you," said Macklin, repenting of his impetuosity. "You are my fast friend, and I thank you for it."

"I was n't hurt. I was merely wondering to see you so changed."

"Yes, I *am* changed," sighed the doctor. "When a man is bled at his heart, it takes the pride and the spunk out of him. I don't know but it betters him. I am no longer conceited about my spirit, and I think I can offer the other cheek to the smiter. Well, this is unmanly and silly, — this prattling about my own sorrow. Let us say no more of it so long as I remain with you. And — one thing more, my dear friend — I want you to treat Irene as though we were all one in purpose and love."

"Oh, yes," said the good lady. "There must be no quarreling in the mission. And besides, it might send her back to Bhamdun; she was n't obliged to come here."

The doctor, in spite of the deep wound in his heart, was so amused over this shrewd after-thought that he smiled as he turned away.

A number of days passed in quiet. There was no war in Lebanon and none in the Payson household. Dr. Macklin spent much of his time in receiving and

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visiting a horde of patients, who seemed to start into existence under his pills, as if these had been the stones of Deucalion. Irene, who had no girls to teach, occasionally lent a hand at washing a wound or a sore-eyed baby, and devoted some hours every day to an ambitious attempt at translating a Sabbath-school book into Arabic, meanwhile often wishing herself back in Lebanon, where she could be of more obvious use.

The two never met except at meal-times, and otherwise in the presence of the Paysons. Each tried to look upon the other solely as a fellow-laborer in the great vineyard. The doctor wrestled earnestly with himself for repining that Irene should not love him as well as the cause of righteousness; and the young lady, on her part, strove to revere him as a most noble friend, who deserved everything from her that she could truly give.

It was rather a forced situation, one must admit; and I don't wonder that it lasted only a week or so. One sultry afternoon, when the heat was beyond the computation of a common thermometer, the doctor and Irene sought what freshness there was in the great saloon. In this lofty apartment, where the waters of the Barida bubbled over the marble fountain, there was at least a look and a noise of coolness.

"I can stay nowhere else," apologized Macklin, who had entered last. "I can't bear these heats as I once could."

"Lie down on the mukaad," she replied, pointing out the one opposite to herself. "You must get a rest when you can. You know the mission stands on its medicine chest."

"I wish these people cared as much for their souls as they do for their bodies," he sighed, stretching himself out wearily. "Payson would have more work, and I should have less, and things would look better."

Then there was a long silence, during which she sewed languidly, and he furtively gazed at her. The only sound in the great, dim, superb hall was the monotonous bubbling and dripping of the marble basin. This murmur was magically tranquillizing and full of influences of content. It seemed enough to make two people willing to stay there forever, and able to find each other's companionship all sufficient for happiness. As Macklin listened to it, and looked the while at Irene, the idea of marriage stole into his mind, and instantly won entire possession.

"Irene," he said, in a tone which was so peculiar that she started and raised her eyes quickly.

"I have kept silence a long while, Irene," he continued, feeling in some wild way that that start of hers had given him permission to say all he would. "I have accorded you plenty of time to think over what we talked of in Beirut."

She did not answer him at once. There was something in his voice and manner which deeply moved her. It was a despairing composure, like that of a sick person who earnestly desires to live, yet sees little hope of life, and strives after resignation. She had a sentiment of throbbing pity for this patient, and yet evidently racked, sufferer; and, mingled with it, there was undoubtedly gratitude and admiration for an affection which knew no changing. It is a combination of emotions which has often helped to make a lover victorious on his second trial.

"You will not blame me, I trust, for returning to the subject," he added, imploringly.

She shook her head. She knew not how to do otherwise; as yet she could not decide what words to utter.

"Then I may hope?" gasped Macklin, suddenly half beside himself, and leaping to his feet.

"Oh, doctor!" exclaimed Irene, sitting straight up and staring at him. "What do you mean? What did I say? I said nothing."

"You surely gave me to understand that you did not object" —

"No, no! Sit down again. Let me tell you how it was. I want you to listen to *me*."

She had quite recovered her calmness of demeanor, if not of spirit. Even a

shy and sensitive girl can get somewhat used to being proposed to, if she has practice enough. The doctor resumed his seat in a subdued frame of mind, as men generally do when so ordered by their heart's darlings.

"I said I did not blame you for speaking of it again," she went on. "That is what you asked me, and I nodded, yes. That was all, and it was true. How can I blame you for remembering me kindly? I thought you meant no more. I thought — I hoped, at least — that you would stop there. I did n't mean that you should go on to say more."

"But I must say more," persisted Macklin. "Now that my mouth is opened on the subject, I must tell you" —

"No, no, no!" broke in Irene. "You are not reasonable; you are hardly kind. Would you have a girl marry without love? It must n't be talked of. Oh, I do like you — as a friend."

"That is so easily said," groaned the doctor. "What does it amount to?"

"It won't amount to much if this goes on," returned Irene, firmly. "If this goes on, it will be one constant bicker. We shall cease — that is easy enough to foresee — we shall cease to be friends."

"Never!" declared Macklin, loudly. "You can't help my being your friend, no matter how much you hate me."

"I shall never hate you," she said.

"Then, why" — he pleaded; but suddenly there came upon him a crushing sense of the hopelessness of his suit, and, throwing himself at full length upon the mukaad, he buried his face in a cushion.

A brave and noble-hearted man in tears is a moving spectacle to a girl who has the right kind of heart in her bosom. For a moment Irene had a feeling that she must give up this struggle some day, and that she might as well surrender at once. Then her nervous fingers, straying aimlessly about, rested on the pocket of her dress, and became conscious of a letter there. It was the last epistle from DeVries, received and read that morning, and not yet answered.

"Of course I can't stay here," she said, rising softly. "I shall go to my own room."

"I won't drive you away!" sobbed the doctor, springing up and rushing by her out of the saloon.

She returned slowly to the sofa, sat down, took out Hubertsen's letter, and looked at it pensively. There was a consciousness that the sight of her own name in that handwriting gave her pleasure, — a pleasure which streamed like warmth through all her being, even to the very veins in her fingers.

"If it had not been for *that!*" — she thought. "But where am I drifting to? This also will never be."

All the same, her reply was written that very day, in a kind of passion of haste; and when Hubertsen read it he said to himself that his little Puritan was a charming correspondent; in fact, he so declared to her in his own next.

Of course, Irene dreaded her next meeting with the doctor; but the good-hearted man made it very easy for her. After a severe wrestle with the confusions of his spirit, he found grace to resolve that their intercourse should not be "one constant bicker," and he decided to be once more the frank, boisterous friend and comrade. By a heroic effort — an effort perhaps incredible to some men who have been in the like situation — he put aside all shrinkings, reserves, broodings, and incriminations, and treated her as he had done in their early acquaintance. He joked her, he made believe bully her a little, and, in short, took on the deportment of an elder brother.

Irene half believed that he no longer cared for her, and possibly never had cared very seriously. At all events, the change was delightful in comparison with love-making, and she did her best to assume his tone of unceremonious familiarity. So for a time they consorted comfortably enough, and had somewhat the air of boon companions. Once, indeed, there was such a scene as might occur between a young lady and a mentorizing brother-in-law.

They were walking through the bazaars, gazing at the long rows of slovenly

alcoves on either hand, and at the dignified, handsome, white-turbaned Damascenes, whose grave, dark eyes scornfully returned their glances. A ragged, cringing Jew saluted the doctor humbly, and handed him a letter. Macklin gave the wretched creature a piastre, and of course looked at the address.

"It is mine," said Irene, reaching hastily for it. "It must have dropped out of my pocket when I paid for that rohotlicoom."

But the doctor had already seen the superscription of "Mr. Porter Brassey, American Consul, Beirut."

"What are you corresponding with that man for?" he demanded, quite in his old domineering way.

Now Irene might have told him that Mr. Brassey had written her a second offer of marriage, and that this letter contained a courteous refusal of the same. But of course she did not feel at liberty to disclose the consul's love secrets, — at least, not to another gentleman.

"I have business with him," she laughed. "Do you suppose that ladies never have anything to do with affairs of state?"

"Nonsense!" said the doctor. "I insist upon knowing what that letter is about."

"I can't tell you."

"What do you mean?" he almost shouted. "Are you to correspond with that commonplace creature, and your old friends to know nothing about it?"

"My old friends of six months' standing!" Irene laughed again.

"If it is *your* secret, of course I don't insist," he retorted, sarcastically.

"Of course it is n't my secret. How you do jibe at me! But I am not going to tell you; I won't tell you the first thing."

"You must n't send the letter, then."

"I must and shall send it. How absurd!"

"Well, go on in your own way," he replied, loudly. "You will get into trouble, with your recklessness, some of these days."

He was trying to be in a passion, as a sort of comfort to himself. There was a runnel of Barida water in the street, and he straddled to the other bank of it. He would not walk near her for some minutes. Meantime, the black-bearded, cross-legged merchants looked on with composed eyes of scorn, or exchanged contemptuous Moslem smiles over this street tiff between a Frank and his unveiled, brazen wife.

On reaching home, Macklin so bullied Mrs. Payson about this correspondence between her ward and Mr. Brassey that she told him the whole story of that functionary's persistent love.

"She *must* answer him," argued the lady, gently. "I don't think she is to blame."

"I think she is," blustered the doctor. "She ought to have so answered him the first time that he never would have been heard from again."

Mrs. Payson could not say that some men won't stop for one refusal, and the conversation ended in a little harmless abuse of the poor consul.

## XXVIII.

Three days after the farcical battle over Irene's correspondence, Mr. Payson returned in great haste from his afternoon walk in the shadowy bazaars, and brought into the family presence a visage full of anxiety and sorrow.

"The sword is unsheathed at last," he said. "I heard mutterings among those Moslem merchants about battles on Lebanon. It is only too true. I went directly to the chief of the muleteers, and learned from him that men had arrived this noon with war in their mouths. The Maronites have risen against the Druzes, and where it will end God alone knoweth."

"I wish I was in the mountains!" broke out the doctor, his pugnacious face flushing.

The thought came to Irene that her letter would reach the consul just in time to deaden his interest in protecting the mission, if he were capable of being thus ignobly influenced by a refusal. It

was characteristic of her that she should feel a sense of guilt in that matter, and should glance timidly at Mrs. Payson, as if begging her not to scold.

"We are in our allotted post of duty, doctor," said Payson. "Here we must remain until we are bidden away."

"Oh, of course I stay," grumbled Macklin. "I suppose I must stay. But I would rather be where I could fight for our native brethren."

"May the Mightiest cause the sword to pass by them! I do not see why they should be harmed, — they are neither Druzes nor Maronites. But they will be sorely terrified. I should like to be among them to cheer them."

("Poor Mrs. Pelton will be frightened," thought Mrs. Payson. "And Saada and Rufka.")

"Mr. DeVries is with them," suggested Irene. "I do hope he will be careful of himself."

"I fear he will be less alarmed than his case demands," said Mr. Payson, who earnestly wanted "unconverted persons" to be afraid. "There is danger that the lad will ride into some skirmish merely to see it. How *can* one have such a desire! I can think of nothing but our poor folds, surrounded by ravenings and howlings, terrified, scattered, though I trust not slaughtered. And Lebanon, running with blood and lighted by flame, — it is too horrible! Yet it has come; God has at last permitted it. We must bear it as submissively as we can, praying all the while that the sword may be stayed."

Reports of assassination, of burnings of villages, of battle and massacre, now came thick and fast. The little mission colony heard of more bloodshed and devastation than the war wrought. But enough was true: a murderous struggle for supremacy had really opened between the Maronites and Druzes; the contest was carried on with the desperation of men who fought for life even more than for empire; half Lebanon was rattling with wide-spread musketry and dim with the smoke of blazing dwellings. The Druzes, a race of warriors, and led by families of warlike chiefs, quickly assumed the offensive and the superiority. Greatly overmatched in numbers, and believing that they could afford no mercy, they granted none. Christian fugitives from the mountain were soon streaming over all the surrounding districts. A few reached Damascus, and brought horrible accounts of the ferocity of their enemies, exhibiting in proof thereof noses cut off and wrists amputated.

There were Frank refugees, also, — travelers who had been surprised by the cyclone of warfare, and who had fled to the first discoverable city of refuge. One noteworthy couple of this class penetrated into the mission house with as much vigor of purpose as though it had arrived by cannon-shot. Mr. Payson saw before him, one morning, a gray-whiskered, well-dressed, personable, polite gentleman of near sixty, bearing on his arm a tall, dark, black-eyed lady, richly but carelessly attired, who might have been twenty years his junior.

"Mr. Payson, I believe," said the old beau, bowing and smiling and simpering in the most honeyed fashion. "One of our noble band of American missionaries. My name is Wormly, — Anthony W. Wormly, — of Philadelphia. I am delighted to make your reverend acquaintance. Allow me to present to you my friend, Miss Minnie Biffles, a fellow countrywoman and an enthusiastic lover of the Holy Land. We are fugitives, Mr. Payson, from Hasbeya."

"Hasbeya has not been attacked?" asked the missionary, eagerly.

"Not at all, my dear sir; at least, not to our knowledge. But we heard of bands roving about, and Mount Lebanon in an uproar. It seemed to be dangerous to try to reach Beirut by way of Deir el Kamr. And here we are in Damascus, without a roof to shelter us, the hotel being full. Can you kindly favor us with lodging for the night?"

"Surely I can, and must," assented Payson. "Your people will have to sleep in the court, but there are rooms for yourselves."

"We have no people," smiled Mr. Anthony W. Wormly. "We hire men

and animals from place to place. Miss Biffles prefers that method of travel as being more in accordance with her — her views."

The clergyman glanced at the lady with a slight expression of perplexity. The fact that her name was Biffles, while her companion was Wormly, puzzled him.

"We are direct from the Holy City," said Miss Biffles, who had thrown off her hat, and dropped her slender longitude on a sofa in a very easy posture. "We came north by the Jordan valley, because I wanted to see the whole of Israel's river. What a lovely stream! What a wonderful region! What a land this will be when the reign of peace and love opens!"

"Miss Biffles has views concerning the millennium," observed Mr. Wormly, in an explanatory tone, which, by the way, seemed to indicate that he did not share her theories, but merely put up with them for valid reasons.

The missionary closed his eyes gently, with the air of a man who prays for patience. During his residence in Syria he had seen a good many religious oddities; and he understood, with controllable annoyance, that a person of this type was now before him. There was no use, he at once said to himself, in arguing with the woman. He would not waste a single rational induction or devout inference upon a millenarian. Already he had decided that, no matter how fiercely she might babble about the reign of peace and love, he would listen in silence, and then turn the conversation.

"I wish you would step out, Mr. Wormly, and see that my trunks are carried up to my room properly," was Miss Biffles's next remark. "Those stupid Arabs will be sure to sling them topsy-turvy."

The beauish old fellow pattered forth meekly on his mission, and the clergyman was left alone with the lady who had views.

"I suppose you had a severe push from Hasbeya," he observed. "It is a very hot journey at this season."

"Hot is no word for it," said Miss Biffles. "I should have given up the ghost a dozen times over, if I had n't believed in the presence of the kingdom, and been determined to live to see it acknowledged."

"Did you chance upon any of our good native brethren there?" asked Payson.

"I chanced upon them," returned the lady, with scornful pity. "I had some conversation with one who spoke English. Why don't you preach to them the present reign of righteousness?"

"We preach the little truth that we are large enough to receive. We are sadly ignorant."

"The whole world is," affirmed Miss Biffles. "If it were not so, all our troubles would end. The great fact of our times is that the millennium is with us, and the nations know it not. Whenever they cease to be blinded, whenever they open their eyes to what has already transpired, war and violence and selfishness will suddenly be no more, and the reign of love will be universal. Look at these Druzes and Maronites! Do you suppose that they would have gone to fighting if they had known what I know? Not a bit of it. They would have seen that they were brothers, and they would have loved each other."

Miss Biffles said all this composedly, in a deep contralto voice which gave an impression of sincerity, and which also expressed a certain amount of dignity and domination. Mr. Payson began to think that he had to do with a serious case of religious mania, amounting perhaps to stark lunacy. He wished that Mr. Wormly would return and look after Miss Biffles. And what was the connection between them, and why was Miss Biffles here alone with Mr. Wormly? Was he, possibly, her keeper?

"Is this gentleman a relative of yours?" he asked, summoning all his resolution.

"Not at all," replied Miss Biffles, unabashed. "I never saw him till we met on the Mount of Olives. We travel together because we sympathize. By the way, I was speaking to you of the

reign of love, and was about to mention my proofs that the time has fully come. The whole problem has been figured out from Daniel to the Revelation with absolute certainty. I know that the thousand years of peace have begun. Preach *that*, if you want to do any good; preach it to-morrow, — to-day. At a proper time I will read you a conclusive essay on the subject. It will afford me a great deal of pleasure."

Mr. Payson mentally resolved that that pleasure Miss Biffles should never have. Just then, too, he was gladdened by hearing the street gate bang, a sound which gave him hope that his wife and Irene were at hand, and that he would be able to turn this foolish old maid over to wiser observation and management than his own. Accordingly he begged his guest to excuse him for a moment, and went in quest of the partner of all his perplexities, as well as of his joys.

"Please tell Mr. Wormly to open the trunks for me," the lady called after him. "He has the keys, if he has n't lost them. I dare say he has."

Paying no attention to this request, which struck him as savoring of indecorum, Mr. Payson hastened to unfold the situation to his wife.

"You must attend to her, my dear," he said, after he had hastily told what he knew about Miss Biffles and her friend. "I don't understand how to handle women, even when they are sane. You must get her into her room, and get the other lunatic out of it. I don't know what it all means, except that they are a couple of silly old creatures, who stand in sore need of our kindly oversight. You might open Miss Biffles's trunks for her, and send her companion down to me."

"I 'll arrange it," promised Mrs. Payson. "I 'll look over the lady's dresses with her, and Irene shall take the gentleman down-stairs."

The good missionary did not smile at the unmeant humor of this proposition. He did not get any insight from it as to feminine ways of managing men and women; or, if he did, not a glimmer of such intelligence appeared on his rapt, pensive visage. He looked merely glad to be freed from Miss Biffles, and went off hastily to the quiet of his study.

In three minutes Miss Biffles was showing her "things" to Mrs. Payson, and talking fluently about the latest fashions in New York and Paris, without an allusion to millennial robes. It seemed rather surprising, by the way, that she should have been anxious as to the delicate handling of her portmanteaux. Her method of unpacking was simply to turn a trunk bottom-side up and spread its contents on the floor. When she had finished her researches among the *débris* she repacked by the armful, tossing the articles in as though with a pitchfork.

Meantime, Mr. Wormly had been inveigled down-stairs by Irene.

> "Not the least objection made he;
> Not a moment stopped or stayed he."

The moment he saw the young lady he made up to her with the instinct of a born woman-worshiper and the smile of a veteran beau. Before he had been fifteen minutes with her in the saloon, he had found an opportunity to give her hand a tender squeeze, and had told her that he was deeply interested in her labors and history.

"But you don't know anything about my history," she replied, a little annoyed with his ogling and his turkey-cock bowing and sidling.

"Ah, yes, — excuse me," grinned Mr. Wormly, showing a great deal of gold in his teeth. "When I meet a charming young lady far away from home, and leading a recluse existence, I can divine something. I can divine that she has had a history which is worthy of any man's sympathy. I can feel sure, for instance, that she has suffered, and that she has had noble aspirations."

As he continued to smirk at her in an intriguing way, Irene determined to get rid of the subject at once, and suddenly asked him, "Did you meet a family named Brann in Jerusalem?"

"Certainly," bowed Mr. Wormly, looking rather discomfited. "Old gentleman and sociable lady, with several sons and daughters. I did n't think

much of the men, I must tell you, Miss Grant. Rather silent and heavy. The ladies were, — I can't say they were pretty, but they were very agreeable. On the whole, very pleasant ladies, both mother and daughters, — very pleasant, indeed. By the way, I ought to apologize, perhaps, for speaking so inconsiderately of the men on such very brief acquaintance. Surely, they cannot be relatives? I see no resemblance. Of course not; I thought not. Very dull men, I must say, but very pleasant ladies."

Just then Miss Biffles entered the saloon, and asked, sharply, "What 's that, Mr. Wormly?"

The old beau was long in responding, and Irene had to answer the query.

"Those Brann women!" exclaimed the lady of views. "Those creatures pleasant! Mr. Wormly is always polite to the sex, as he calls it. They were a lot of empty-headed prattlers. The men had some silent, solid sense in them."

It occurred to Irene that perhaps Mr. Wormly disliked the Brann males because they were men, and that Miss Biffles disliked the Brann females because they were women. But being sorry for the disconcerted old gentleman, she strove to change the conversation by asking him how long he should stay in Damascus.

"We may remain for weeks, — for months," was the really alarming response of Miss Biffles.

## XXIX.

Late in the evening there was a discussion in the Payson household concerning the Biffles-Wormly copartnership.

"I have been pumping the man a little," stated Dr. Macklin. "They are a very queer pair, — the queerest pair since Adam and Eve. They have no interpreter and no regular servant. They seem to get about from village to village by a series of providences."

"I hope Providence will mercifully lead them hence erelong," murmured Mr. Payson. "I have never before seen such a pair myself, and I doubt whether such will be common in the millennium, if one may speak so lightly of that mysterious subject. It is truly dreadful to be thus loaded with farcical feather-heads, when our souls are weak with anxiety and sadness."

"The man is pretty sane," judged the doctor. "He talks like a veteran of the world. It is very curious that he, the soundest head, apparently, of the two, should be completely under the thumb of Miss Biffles. Perhaps she furnishes the money. And yet he seems to have plenty of piastres, and has n't hinted at a loan. I can't make anything out of it. All I can say is, There are two more of them."

"Yes, the Holy Land swarms with queer bodies," sighed Payson. "I sometimes think that it has more fools in it than it had in the time of Elijah, when all but seven thousand bowed the knee to Baal. May Heaven preserve all our wits! We need every spark that we have. In one sense, indeed, the whole earth is a mad-house. How else could the eternal verities be so neglected as they are?"

"I wish something could happen to Wormly," said the doctor. "He has sense enough to deserve a cowhiding. If I should see a Moslem lay a koorbash across him, I don't think I should interfere. He is n't the kind of Christian whom I take an interest in protecting."

"We must guard against uncharity." Of course it was Payson who said this. "We must not shoot incriminations in the dark. They are simple, mistaken souls. There my judgment stops."

"The woman is n't simple enough not to know better," put in Mrs. Payson, with a tartness unusual in her. "She is cheapening her own sex, and ought to be told so plainly," she added, glancing hortatively at her husband.

"No, no, my dear," smiled her Achilles. "I am not equal to facing a female millenarian. She would surely get the better of me, and read me her essay on the second advent. I will not suffer my reason and my convictions and my feelings to be trifled with by a monomaniac.

Her creed is a burlesque of true faith, and I will not run the risk of listening to it."

"Turn them out," counseled the doctor. "Get them headed for Treblous, and send them over Mechmel. There is no war in Northern Lebanon."

"There may be robbery and murder," said Payson. "But we will inquire. I will go to the chief of the muleteers. If it appears that the road through Ehden is safe, I will mention it to our bewildered friends, and counsel them to depart while they can."

From his expedition after news he returned with a sorrowful countenance.

"I learn that the sword is devouring on every side," he stated. "Hasbeya and Deir el Kamr are besieged by the Druzes, who are getting the upper hands everywhere. The number of villages and hamlets burned is said to be more than fifty. Hundreds of Maronites have been slain: one of the muleteers put it at thousands, but that I will not believe. It is what I expected. How could those priest-ridden Christians, without natural leaders or martial experience, contend against a race led by a warlike feudal nobility? I see how it will end. The Maronites will be beaten everywhere, — I fear, slaughtered everywhere. But our people, our dear native believers, are so far safe, and will probably so continue. Nor do I hear of any Franks being molested. To us, at least, the Father of mercies has been very gracious. Still," he added, "we cannot send away our guests as yet. The Nusareyeh are in a ferment, and they are a wild, ignorant people, you know. They might molest even foreigners. Our poor friends must abide with us till better news arrives."

A few days later came a letter from Mr. Pelton, stating that he was on the eve of departing for Beirut, with all his household and the Payson properties.

"Our dear girls are safe, by this time," said Payson. "I did not fear for Brother and Sister Pelton, but I had some anxieties as to Rufka and Saada, lest they should fall in the way of Moslem insult."

"We are a long distance now from friends," sighed his wife.

"We are as near to the divine Friend as we ever were," returned the missionary, with a tranquil smile. "Perhaps nearer. Nothing need alarm us. By the way, it is strange that Brother Pelton says nothing concerning our youth. I trust that he has not been allowed to wander away among the battle-fields."

"Mr. DeVries went to Mechmel and the Cedars, you know," said Irene, unwilling to admit that he could be in peril.

Miss Biffles, who had just stalked into the room, inquired, in her awful contralto, "Did you speak of a Mr. DeVries?"

"Mr. Hubertsen DeVries, of Albany," explained Irene. She felt sure that this horrid woman could not be acquainted with her most noble friend, and desired to put an end to such an impertinent supposition as promptly as possible.

"I know him," said Miss Biffles in a sepulchral tone, which seemed to light upon the young man's character like a vampire and suck its very life-blood. "We ate at the same table when he was a senior in college. I know him."

Both Mrs. Payson and Dr. Macklin looked at her with an interest which was very near to a request that she would say more.

"He is one of those young men whom I feel it a duty to expose," continued Miss Biffles, her dark face reddening with anger over some infuriating reminiscence. "He is a sly, false, heartless flirt, — a thorough-paced college flirt."

The countenance of our missionary girl turned as red, and almost as indignant, as that of the believer in the reign of peace and love.

"When a young man," continued Miss Biffles, trembling with excitement, "beguiles a trusting girl into the cemetery at evening, and keeps her there so late that the gates are locked upon them and the police have to get them out with a ladder, and when every student boarding-house in town rings with the adventure, I say it is a shame. I say that young man ought to marry that girl, no

matter if he is the son of a millionaire, and she in but ordinary comfortable circumstances."

There was an embarrassing silence. Irene's young imagination had a disagreeable vision of a lovely blonde girl, looking up with innocent, confiding eyes into Hubertsen's face, while he gazed down upon her with an expression of reprehensible coquetry; still it did not seem very, very dreadful, and she was quite as near laughing as crying. Mr. Payson, rubbing his forehead gently, was evidently trying to meditate, so as not to hear Miss Biffles. As for Dr. Macklin and Mrs. Payson, is it possible that they had expected to hear something worse, and were the least bit disappointed? If so, I have no doubt that they were ashamed of the feeling, and put on spiritual sackcloth for it within the next five minutes.

"Well, now, you know, that sort of thing will happen occasionally to the best fellows," put in Mr. Wormly, with a smile which suggested that he remembered some similar adventure. "Perhaps it was the worst luck in the world for the little girl that the police came. Perhaps she thought so herself. By George!" continued the old beau, warming with the subject, "there are girls who are up to arranging a little game of that sort. Of course I don't mean to insinuate as much concerning any one of the present company," he added, bowing politely to Mrs. Payson. "But I was a collegian myself once, and I have n't forgotten all I learned then, — except, of course, my Greek and Latin. I remember all about the girls of my time, and, by George! some of them knew as much as the fellows, and a good deal more than most of the professors."

Miss Biffles tried to gorgonize him with her big black eyes, but the wicked old man was looking another way at the moment, and did not turn into stone.

"It 's one of the entertainments of sweet two and twenty," he went on, smiling in a dreadfully self-satisfied style, as though he had often been diverted in that wise. "And the cemetery is the — excuse the vigorous phrase — the consecrated place for it, — or was, in my time. What I 'd like to know in this case is, How old was the girl?"

Then he looked at Miss Biffles, and suddenly dropped his foolish jaw. Her dark, thin face was shaking with excitement, and she was clearly in a fearful rage with him.

"Oh, I dare say it was a bad affair," he stammered. "Miss Biffles undoubtedly knows all about it; she is not accustomed to speak at random. The young man is unquestionably a very sly rogue, and deserves to be exposed from Dan to Beersheba. It must have been a naughty affair."

Miss Biffles looked blacker than ever. It seemed as though Mr. Wormly had only made bad worse by his concessions and denunciations. Mr. Payson, who knew nothing, and therefore would say nothing, and who felt that all this was poor talk about a poor subject, rose, and slipped off to his study. The doctor — all honor to him for the noble impulse — uttered a word of palliation: —

"There is a great deal of that sort of trifling in college. It generally amounts to nothing, and comes to nothing."

Irene gave him a glance of gratitude, and then followed the example of Mr. Payson, marching off to her own bedroom.

There the unpleasant little story came up again, and she went over it bit by bit in her mind, not so much trying Mr. DeVries impartially as endeavoring to find him not guilty. Was he indeed a heartless flirt who trifled with poor girls (like herself), and was capable of leading them into scandalizing situations? Of course the tale was substantially true, or Miss Biffles would not have looked so angry about it. But what did it amount to, and what positive wrong did it involve? Why was it so very outrageous for two young people to promenade a cemetery in the city, when in the country nothing would have been thought of it?

As for the shutting in and the lofty rescue by the police, that was ridiculous, and rather hateful to think of, but nothing more. Perhaps the sexton locked

the gates earlier than usual, and perhaps Mr. DeVries did not know that it was the rule to lock them. Of course it must have been pretty late; but very likely *he* did not specially care to linger thus. It was partly the girl's fault, as that abominable Mr. Wormly suggested; yes, it was probably the girl's fault altogether. On the whole, and after the severest meditation over it, the cemetery adventure did not seem a blot on her friend's character.

But then Mr. DeVries was generally a flirt, — a regular and heartless flirt, — Miss Biffles had said. And that lady had been so exceedingly angered against him, — so much angrier than the simpler facts of her grave-yard history seemed to justify! Was it possible that she had withheld a part of the truth, and that the whole of it was something too bad to tell, or even to think of? Of a sudden this hitherto unthought-of view of the subject took complete possession of Irene's vivid imagination. She had an impulse to go at once to Miss Biffles, and demand of her the entire facts of the dreadful affair. But that, of course, was out of the question. She had no right to inquire into the life of Hubertsen DeVries; and, moreover, she did not want to speak to the horrid, horrid woman. Irene felt — knowing, meanwhile, how wicked it was — that she perfectly hated the old thing.

Ah dear! she could only keep on brooding; and it was now very wretched business. Had her charming correspondent been merely flirting with herself when he treated her with such a seeming of delicate respect, and made her that apparently generous offer to send her home? Was he at this moment, perhaps, coquetting with the brilliant-eyed Saada? Of this last fact there was certainly great danger. The little Syrian was pretty enough to attract any man, and had not been able to conceal her perilous liking for this particular man. "I would n't blame him a bit," said Irene to herself at one moment; and at the next moment she asserted that she would never, never forgive him.

In short, this new view of the matter, to wit, that the grave-yard adventure had not been fully told and that Mr. DeVries was truly a "regular heartless flirt," would not away from the mind of our young missionary. It is to be feared that she thought less than usual of her duties that evening, and that the watches of the night brought her but a broken and visionary slumber.

## XXX.

Very shortly after the "exposure" of DeVries, Irene received a long letter from that agreeable son of Belial.

It seems that, after visiting Ehden and the Cedars, he had decided to push on to the remarkable land of ruins around Hamath, with the further purpose of going as far north as Aleppo, and then returning by a circuit through Palmyra, Damascus, and Baalbec.

"And we might have had him here!" thought the young lady, her heart throbbing with various emotions. "How would Miss Biffles have treated him? And how should I?"

"But at Hamath," the letter proceeded, "I heard of the war in Lebanon, and of course turned back at once. Palmyra and Baalbec, I knew, would remain; but a war in Lebanon was a transitory wonder. I felt that I must see it."

"Oh, how *could* he!" thought Irene, her heart beating again, this time because of his rashness. She turned to the end at once, fearing lest she might not find his name there, and lest the epistle might have a sad postscript, in some other hand. But there was the well-known autograph, and the sight of it filled her with gladness, no matter what Miss Biffles might say of the signer. Then, before she could go on with her reading, she had to lay the letter on her lap for a moment, and reprove herself for her flurries and foolishness.

We will condense this rather lengthy epistle, and add to it some essential facts omitted by the writer. DeVries made his return journey from Hamath to Bhamdun as speedily as possible, and immediately called on the Peltons to ask

if they needed his protection or assistance. They were shocked, of course, when they learned his purpose of visiting the scene of combat, and sought to deter him by representing that he might fall a victim to some sanguinary misapprehension. He replied that he wanted to form an idea of Syrian warfare; that it was probably not very different from the fighting of early Hebraic times; that a view of it would help him in the military portions of his Philistine history. Mr. Pelton controverted this theory with pardonable petulance; but nevertheless the farewells were said in a spirit of friendliness.

And here DeVries left out a little circumstance which seems to accord with Miss Biffles's summary of his character. He found an opportunity, or perhaps one was found for him, to bid a lonely good-by to Saada. The pretty little Syrian begged him not to go to the war, and cried like a child when he remained immovable. Of course, he was exceedingly grateful and otherwise tenderly moved, and could not remember to be cautious in offering thanks and consolations. The result was a far more emotional parting than he had proposed, — a parting which made him resolve, an hour later, that he would keep away from Bhamdun, at least while Saada remained there. That night the girl did not sleep at all, and the next day she was a little out of her head with fever, babbling drowsily at times in a way which made Mrs. Pelton stare.

But of this the young man knew nothing; he was already nigh unto the battle. His description of the siege of Deir el Kamr was long, but seemed to Irene breathlessly interesting:—

"Before I came in sight of the town I began to discover signs of war. Bands of Druzes marched swiftly by me, singing their war-song, 'Ma hala, ya ma hala, kotal en Nasara!' It means, as you know as well as I, How sweet, oh, how sweet, to kill the Christians! Yet as they passed me they stopped singing for a moment, and saluted me civilly, if not cordially. I perfectly understood 'Naharkum saeed' (May your day be blest) and 'Naharak abyad' (May your day be white). It was obvious that they took me for an Englishman, and therefore for a well-wisher, if not an ally.

"I saw the fight from a hill near the town, and about two hundred yards from the nearest combatants. The houses on that side were scattered, and formed a loose suburb, very suitable for attack. But they were well garrisoned: the Maronites fired heavily from the doors and windows; others stood behind them, in clusters, as reserves. The Druzes, headed by their richly-dressed sheiks, assaulted in splendid style. It was impossible, Christian as I am, not to admire their gallantry, and to be sorry to see them fall so fast.

"There was no general attack, no line of battle, apparently no system. But all the rocks and shrubberies around the place were ambushes for sharp-shooters, who kept up a continual pattering of musketry. Every now and then a party of twenty, or fifty, or a hundred, would spring up from cover, and make a dash at full speed for one of the solid little stone houses. There would be a tremendous rattle of shots, mixed with howling war-cries and shrieks of the wounded. If the attack was strong enough, the Maronites rushed off to the nearest shelter, one or two generally dropping on the way, while the Druzes poured into their conquest, and opened fire from it.

"It was slow, hard, and bloody work for the assailants. I could see that they had several men to carry away after every onset, while the defenders, owing to their excellent cover, lost very few. In this fashion the fight went on the entire day, without much result except in the way of dead and wounded. Five or six houses only were captured, and it was not enough to make any impression on the place, as appeared by the fact that at night-fall the Druzes gave up their prizes and retreated beyond musket-shot. I should think that they must have lost at least one hundred and fifty men in this long and stubborn skirmish. At all events, their hospital parties were very busy during the day, and I counted

seventy dead and wounded in one hollow, just below my point of observation.

"To me personally nothing happened, except that the bullet of some blundering Maronite struck a shelf of rock over my head and dropped flattened at my feet. This warning sufficed for a novice, and I promptly made my way down to the sheltered hollow where the wounded lay, and passed the afternoon in peeping at the combat from there. The scene just around me was a horrible one. I will tell you nothing about it; it was too horrible. Nor will I describe the savage and abominable massacre which stained the final triumph of the Druzes. What it must have been you can imagine from the fact that nearly two thousand men were slaughtered in cold blood.

"Of course, I saw but little of it, and had small chance to interfere. I did what I could to save the few whom I could get at. I shouted and pleaded and ran about (really, I hardly remember much what happened), until I was knocked down by somebody, and then dragged to a distance by a party of striped miscreants, and finally rescued by a dark, stern-faced young man in blue broadcloth, who proved to be one of the sheiks of the Telhook family. By this time everything was over, as I suppose; and, at all events, I was glad to mount and get away. My head ached smartly with the rap, but was all right in a day or two.

"Since writing the above, I have been visiting the burned districts, and trying to relieve the helpless, starving inhabitants. Excuse me for speaking of it; I wish you to think well of me."

Think well of him! Of course she thought well of the hero of humanity. For the moment she did not care if he had been shut up in forty cemeteries with as many young lady friends of Miss Biffles. Moreover, although the process of reasoning would have been hard to follow, she had somehow arrived at the conclusion that the heroine of that adventure was herself a flirt, who would not be harmed by a great deal of incarceration. The best of us are occasionally hasty and unfair in judging a person who has given us, even though unawares, some uncomfortable hours.

In her admiration for her most noble correspondent, and in her desire to justify him to the Paysons, she read them his letter. Several times during the description of the battle Mr. Payson exclaimed, "Ah, what was the lad there for!" But when he had heard all, — the struggle to save the victims of massacre, and the labors to relieve the houseless and starving, — he smiled with angelic tenderness, and said, "I hope and dare to believe that this youth was brought into the world for the good of his kind and the glory of his Maker."

"I wish I could have been with him," groaned the doctor. "Probably I could have helped him do more. A few words in Arabic might have quieted some of those madmen."

"We are at our own post," replied Payson. "That is my comfort. Moreover, we may yet have perils and labors here. This city is boiling with evil passions. It is a wicked population."

Just then Miss Biffles and Mr. Wormly entered the room, the former holding in her hand a thin, printed pamphlet, and wearing on her countenance an expression of stern resolution, as of one who came to execute judgment, and not mercy.

It must be understood, by the way, that the pair had made themselves thoroughly at home in the mission dwelling. Mr. Wormly, indeed, expressed his gratitude daily for its hospitality, and stated, with elaborate polish of diction, that it would remain forever unforgotten. But Miss Biffles neither returned thanks nor apologized for giving trouble. She used the house as her own, and made no recompense save in lecturing on the second advent, maintaining with exasperating consistency that it was now upon earth, war and massacre to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Since you are all together," she now said, bowing around the room as if from a platform, "I will read to you an essay on the presence of the reign of peace."

"Madam, I must respectfully decline to hear it," responded Mr. Payson, in a

tone of decision which made everybody stare, especially those who knew him best.

"I should like to have your reasons, sir," said Miss Biffles. She tried to smile, but only succeeded in looking vicious, like a horse who shows his teeth.

"The subject pains my religious sense," continued the clergyman, solemnly. "I have endeavored hitherto to evade and fly from a discussion of it. As that is not sufficient, I now avail myself of my rights as head of this household, and respectfully request you to let the matter pass in silence."

"You were just reading your own pamphlets together," the lady began to argue.

"We were listening to a letter," replied Payson, "a letter which has filled us with great sadness and horror; a letter announcing the scattering of one of our missions, and the slaughter of hosts of our fellow-creatures; a letter which leaves us no heart for trifling and wild argumentation."

"Ah, indeed! who was the letter from?" asked Mr. Wormly, the chirping old grasshopper, whether to change the conversation, or out of mere gossipy interest.

"From a generous young friend of ours, who has imperiled his own life to save others, — from Mr. DeVries," said Payson.

Miss Biffles was capable of comprehending this speech in but one way. She understood it as an attack upon herself, — as part of a premeditated quarrel with her.

"So that is the kind of man you admire!" she retorted, springing to her feet with an agility which was quite wonderful in so tall a person. "A heartless, faithless, silly male flirt! Mr. Wormly, I wish you would go out at once and find new lodgings, no matter where. We have been here long enough."

Mr. Wormly, who had become exceedingly interested in Miss Grant, looked piteously unwilling to depart. But as there was some gentility in him, he saw that longer abiding in the Payson house would be an indecorum, and he rose to do as he was bidden.

"I will go with you," volunteered Payson, all his usual gentleness returning at once. "You will get along poorly in this city without Arabic."

"Thanks, — a thousand thanks. You are exceedingly good, sir," said Wormly. "Very sorry for all this, I assure you," he added, as soon as they were out of the house. "Miss Biffles is quite wrong to insist upon ramming down her views in this way. A very excellent person; but you know how women are; hang it, every man knows! Enthusiastic and obstinate, — extraordinarily obstinate. She ought to keep her views to herself in the mansion of hospitality. We owe you a thousand thanks for your kindness."

"Don't mention it," returned Payson. "I am sorry for this disagreement. You are welcome to all that we have done."

"Pretty warm weather!" panted Wormly, after a few rods of smart walking. "Do you think we shall find rooms at the hotel?"

"I trust so," replied the missionary. And so it turned out, easily enough; and the odd pair were in them before night.

"Drop in and see us," said Wormly to Payson, after the latter had brought about a comfortable moving. "You will find Miss Biffles as pleasant as ever tomorrow. I know her, — headstrong, but good-hearted; just like all women, you know. My compliments to your charming lady and that lovely Miss Grant. I shall call on you frequently."

"The babes in the wood," murmured Mr. Payson, as he walked away. "Perhaps I did wrong to be so positive with them. Greater patience might have been blest, even to those wayward and tottering minds."

In the mean time, the veteran of society praised himself for having been so genteelly patient with the missionary, and thought of him as an inexperienced, simple man, troubled with a fretful temper. There is no end to the absurd variety of views which we human beings get of ourselves and each other.

## XXXI.

In a day or two came more news about the hero of Deir el Kamr, this time in a letter to Mrs. Payson from Mrs. Pelton.

"I must tell you something which will cause you great anxiety and annoyance," wrote the latter lady. "I would not speak of it, only that Saada is one of your girls, and was confided by you to our care.

"We are much troubled about her in more ways than one. She is not well. We have noticed for weeks that she was very pale at times, and then feverish, and all the while growing thinner. Rufka, who is terribly frightened about her, has at last confessed to us that the child is *love-sick*. Of course I wanted to know *who*. Rufka cried, and refused to tell. Then I rummaged a little in my memory, and called to mind that I had found Saada in tears the afternoon of Mr. DeVries's departure to Deir el Kamr, and also that she was taken with a sharp feverish turn that very night, talking in a wild way during her disturbed sleep.

"All this I immediately put to Rufka. You must understand that I was much alarmed. I did not know how far matters had gone; I felt that I *must* know. Well, after much crying and saying that she had promised Saada never to tell, poor Rufka gave up her secret. I am really pained to repeat it to you. Mr. DeVries has repeatedly kissed Saada. It is *too bad*. We had thought so much of him; and now, to take advantage of our innocent, silly child, — it is too bad!

"Of course he means nothing. He does n't mean to marry her, — that is, I suppose not; how could he? He would probably say that he meant no harm, and that it is all a trifle, not worth making a fuss about.

"That may do in America, where girls learn to go alone; but Syrian girls are not used to hoidening; it addles their hot, foolish heads. I must say that I feel bitterly about it, and think that our handsome young friend has behaved ill, and want to give him a smart scolding. It is such a disappointment that I could cry over it. I had thought him an absolutely perfect gentleman. And here he abuses the power which his manners and person give him, just like any one else, — just like all men, perhaps. Oh dear! he has broken another of my ideals. However, I must stop talking of my own feelings, and go on about poor Saada. Her case is really a serious one. She is pale and thin, and absorbed and anxious. I am afraid she will go into a decline, or have a dangerous fever. Of course Dr. Anson's powders are of no more use to her than the paper they are wrapped up in.

"Meanwhile, here we are in this stifling Beirut, instead of on the breezy mountain. What are we to do with the child? She evidently thinks of nothing but Mr. DeVries. What are we to do with *him?* Shall I write to him and tell him never to see Saada again? Shall I urge him to marry her? Of course he ought not to do that unless he really loves her. It would be a sacrifice which would make him unhappy for life, and would perhaps end in her unhappiness. It is not to be thought of. Besides, he has done so little, he would say. Two or three kisses, — no talk about love or marriage, — what right had she to go wild about it? That would be a young man's defense; and it would suffice for a young man, as I suppose.

"On the whole, I am dreadfully puzzled, and I want a word of counsel. You, who know Saada better than I, and who have more influence over her, you must advise me, or her. I have not told Mr. Pelton. He would be ascetically severe, and would write instantly to the young gentleman, and perhaps do mischief. Can you confide it to your husband? I hate to trouble the good, sweet man. Do what you think best about that, my dear; but be sure to write me your advice, and at once."

"Oh dear!" groaned Mrs. Payson, crying all alone over this dreadful revelation. "I did n't think of *that*. Why must he go and make himself the misery of Saada? I wish he had taken Irene,

and done with it. It would have been the best thing of the two."

She was a very sensible woman, it will be perceived. It was evident to her at the first glance that the loss of Irene would be a lesser evil than a love tragedy in the mission circle. She now repressed her tears, and set herself to thinking what should be done, meanwhile wishing heartily that she had a counselor. To her husband she would not rehearse the story, because she knew that it would grieve him inexpressibly, and also because she believed that no man's advice in heart matters is worth much. To the doctor it would be indecorous, as well as useless, to mention it.

But a confidant, an adviser, a helper, she must have. The curious result was that, after doubting and trembling over the idea for a while, she sought out Irene, and threw the letter into her lap. The young lady glanced through it in silence, and turned as pale as living women ever do.

"What is to be done about it?" asked Mrs. Payson, just a little heartlessly. She saw that the girl suffered; but that would not have been had she properly cared for Dr. Macklin; consequently, the anguish served her right. Such was Mrs. Payson's way of feeling in the first agitated moments of this remarkable dialogue.

"What are we to do about it?" she repeated, getting no answer to her first query.

"I never will speak to him again!" replied Irene, in a smothered, panting voice.

"I think that you had better speak to him a great deal," said Mrs. Payson. She had fully decided, by this time, that if Mr. DeVries must make love to somebody, and if as a handsome young man he must be humored therein, he had better take Miss Grant.

"I never will," insisted Irene, and at once began to cry, of course with indignation.

The elder lady tittered hysterically, and then shed a tear or two herself. After a few seconds of this, they suddenly looked up in each other's faces, and both burst into a spasmodic laugh. It was a gurgling sort of noise, without a bit of merriment in it.

"I think it is perfectly outrageous," declared Irene, making a desperate effort to control her nervousness.

"So do I," said Mrs. Payson. "And I wish you would put a stop to it."

"What have I to do with it?" answered the girl. "What can *I* do?"

Mrs. Payson giggled once more. She did not mean to be so trivial, but she found it difficult to express herself, and she was still very shaky.

"I will never write to him again," affirmed Irene. "Never speak to him, if I can help it."

"I wish you would do both," returned the married lady positively. "I wish you would make eyes at him," she added, bursting into a cheerful feminine laugh.

Then the paleness suddenly vanished from Miss Grant's face before a great flood of color. She sat for a moment with wide-open eyes, like a person charmed by a mighty temptation. At last a frown came upon her brow, — the frown of one who is conscious of deep injury, — and she suddenly stormed out, "I won't!"

"Irene, I am perfectly serious about it. I think it is the best thing for all of us. I think it would end well. I wish you would."

"*I* — WON'T."

"Why, Irene! what a temper! I did n't know you had a temper."

"It is so outrageous! He ought to marry her." And here there was a sob which nearly made Mrs. Payson smile.

"He will never marry her, Irene. What can a rich and educated American do with a poor Mount Lebanon girl, who knows scarcely five hundred words of English, and knows nothing else? He ought not to marry her. It would make them both miserable."

"I can't talk about it," said Irene, beginning to gasp again, and starting up to leave the room.

"Don't tell anybody," the elder lady called after her. "Don't worry my husband with it."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed virtuous indignation. "He would think Mr. DeVries perfectly hateful."

Mrs. Payson smiled intelligently over this speech, and immediately sat down to write to Mrs. Pelton. In these matters of the heart she was not the hesitating, dilatory creature which she sometimes seemed, but had a truly feminine promptness of decision and energy of action.

"I must be short," she scribbled. "Do keep Saada away from Mr. DeVries. Send her up to the mountain, if you can. I understand that the station at Abeih has not been abandoned. Send her up into the Lebanon air. If *he* comes, tell him *yourself* that he must not see her, and tell him *why*. She will get over it in time. You know that we do get over such things. I could tell you something about my own girlhood; but you can imagine it. Burn this letter. Kiss Saada for me, and tell her that we all love her, and want her to go to the mountain. I would write more, but we are dreadfully occupied in mind with the state of this city, which threatens an outbreak at any moment. Do keep Saada away from Mr. DeVries. The girl is too pretty and too innocent and too headlong. I am sorry for her, but she must not see him. Our truest love to her and to all of you."

As for Irene, she spent the rest of the day alone, as miserable, at least, as she had any right to be. She began three letters to DeVries, saying in various ways that their correspondence must now end, and tore them all up in succession. Probably she had no intention of sending them, and merely wrote as an outlet for her emotions. It is a comfort to have a confidant, though that confidant be but a sheet of paper. As to actually reproving this young gentleman, what business was it of hers? He was not her lover, — she said that to herself scores of times; nor was he a relative; only a friend.

Then she declared, of course, that he was a friend no longer; that he had ill treated Saada, and abused hospitality, and behaved shamefully; that no missionary girl could treat him otherwise than as a mere acquaintance. Miss Biffles's charge that he was a heartless flirt could be denied no longer. Probably he had been in any number of foolish, ridiculous scrapes with young ladies. Oh, how dreadful he was! How disgusted she was with him! How her disturbed mind and wounded heart exaggerated his wrong-doing and her own condemnation of it! There was no end to her miserable broodings until midnight brought slumber. In the morning she had other matters to think of.

At this time Damascus contained a population of one hundred and ten thousand Moslems, twenty-five thousand Christians of all sects, and fifteen thousand Jews, besides some six thousand Christian refugees. The Moslems had long been in a state of intense fanatical excitement over the religious war. Even the elders and gentry of the city were moved to feel and publicly declare that the time had come to punish the enemies of the true faith. A rabble of many races was ready to shed blood at any moment. The coffee-houses were full of noisy armed men, Koords, Bedaween, Druzes, Metawilch, and Damascene desperadoes. Christians were insulted in every street of the sacred city, and stones were thrown at the houses of Frank residents and officials. The consuls went in a body to the pasha, and demanded that he should insure the public peace. Like a Turk, he promised everything, and, still like a Turk, he did nothing, or worse than nothing.

On Sunday, the 8th of July, old Yusef, Mr. Payson's cook, came in with the news that gangs of Moslems were patrolling the Christian quarter, drawing figures of crosses in the mud and dust of the streets, and forcing the Christians to trample upon them. The day at the mission house was passed in sombre expectation that the rioting would spread through the city. Dr. Macklin recapped his pistol, and prepared to die arms in hand. Mr. Payson walked about silently, apparently engaged in mental prayer. The women packed up a few things by way of preparation for flight.

But the day, and the night following also, passed off in quiet.

On Monday, a little after noon, the doctor ventured forth alone, purposing to visit the American vice-consul and get exact news of the situation. In less than an hour he returned breathless, and said to Payson, "Damascus has gone mad."

The clergyman stared at him with a pallid face and without speaking, as people do in the first moments of a great horror.

"The pasha punished those rioters," Macklin went on. "They were sent in chains, right by the great mosque, to sweep the Christian quarter. I saw them myself. And then I had to run for my life. The whole Moslem rabble broke out in a howl of fury. I never could have imagined such a scene. The entire city seemed to go mad at once. The streets filled with armed men, rushing every way, and shouting, 'To arms, ye Islam! Death to the Giaours!' Of course they were chiefly intent on finding the native Christians, or I never should have got here. As it was I was smartly stoned. We must look to our women."

"I will go and prepare them," was Payson's only reply.

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## AH, DAWN, DELAY.

O FAINT dawn, drifting toward the night,
I see afar your pallid fingers;
Too soon will unbound beams of light
Dispel the dusk that, trembling, lingers.
Amid your wealth of blush and bloom
No rapturous joy for me finds room;
Delay, till my tired heart grow stronger;
Ah, let me dream a little longer!

I know the brimming cup you bring,
No rose leaf on its chill o'erflowing;
Veiled midnight holds a sweeter spring,
Its golden depths more gladness showing.
Delay your train of troublous hours;
In happier clime of song and flowers,
Ah, stay, until my heart grow stronger;
Let it be night a little longer!

What beauty gilds the gairish day?
Dull care awaits her stealthy coming;
Toil drives each tender thought away,
While blossoms smile, the bees are humming.
With all her flickering hues and gleams,
The day denies dear time for dreams;
Till my reluctant heart grow stronger,
Ah, dawn, delay a little longer!

*Celeste M. A. Winslow.*

# THE VENUS OF MILO.[1]

More than half a century has elapsed since the now famous statue was found buried under nameless ruins at Milo, anciently called Melos, — a poor little island of the Grecian Archipelago, which traded formerly in yellow earth, used for pigment and in medicine. How a spot so very moderately endowed by nature as Melos happened to contain this masterpiece of art does not appear in history. All that is known with certainty about the statue might be told in a few words. But this obscurity of origin, and much needless mystery beside, which has been added in our day, together with the effects of the barbarous handling dealt it since it was unearthed, have not prevented the Venus of Milo from becoming the most popular of all antiques. It was brought to Paris in 1821. No sooner were its splendid fragments exposed to public view than — for all the faulty manner in which they were put together, exhibiting the figure out of equilibrium, and in spite of its pitiably mutilated condition, deprived as it is of arms — the Venus of Milo at once eclipsed the fame of the Apollo Belvidere and the Venus dè' Medici, which our ancestors esteemed the *ne plus ultra* of perfection. It should, however, be confessed that when the last-named reigned supreme, Greek and Roman art were not distinguished from each other. The difference which actually exists between them was suspected only in the second half of the last century. Circumstances, moreover, were very favorable to the impression produced by the Venus of Milo. It appeared at the beginning of a transition period in affairs of taste, — a transition yet so far from its conclusion that our age may be said to enjoy something like the middle of the struggle.

Winckelmann had already drawn a line between late and early art, but when this Venus came to light the critics had left some of his false theories behind, and ventured to admire a work referred to the middle period of Greek art. As for the public, their education was not so far advanced as to allow them to suspect that were the Venus nearer perfection they might have liked her less! Modern art was in a predicament which will be better understood by taking into account the influence of the Renaissance. All antiquity was venerated at the epoch of the Renaissance, but a preference was shown for the age of the Antonines, and to this unlucky preference we owe nearly all that tarnished the revival of the classic.

Count Caylus, a learned amateur and clever draughtsman, was the first to recommend a judicious selection from the mass of the antique. Caylus pointed out how the Antinous and Laocoön differ in style from the Trophomère Hermes and Borghese Mars. To this critic, and to his friend, the sculptor Girardon, was due a revolt against academic pedantry, and their intelligent initiative prompted the admirable productions of the so-called Louis XVI. style in French sculpture. But this hopeful movement was superseded by the pretentious schools of David and Canova. David's heroes grinned and gesticulated, like actors at a fair. Canova's figures stretched their slender limbs, which, by a picturesque comparison of the day, were likened to "peeled radishes"!

The corruptions of Roman art had been revived at the beginning of the Renaissance, but the taste of the first French empire affected to remount to the sources of Greek inspiration, and this theoretical advance was largely to be attributed to the effect of Winckelmann's writings. In him were reconciled the poetic faculty and vast erudition; he revolutionized the field of criticism, and

[1] *La Vénus de Milo.* Par Felix Ravaisson, Conservateur des Antiques et de la Sculpture Moderne au Musée du Louvre, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Libraire Hachette. 1871.

formed the taste of his contemporaries for correct models and for a purely Greek ideal of the beautiful. But the art fostered by Winckelmann's tuition was disinherited at birth from a capacity to originate anything. The practical application of Winckelmann's rules quenched originality, and produced flat plagiarism from the antique. In painting, more particularly, he promoted a frigid and incongruous style, with a false tendency to statuesque effect. The noble simplicity of high Greek art was still so far from being generally understood when Lord Elgin fortunately robbed the Parthenon that even the spoils of Athens were received in England with universal contempt. Lord Elgin was reproached with having outwitted himself in his dealings with the Turks. Knowledge and appreciation of the antique have been steadily gaining since that epoch. The revelation of the Elgin marbles has been supplemented by the dispersion of the Campana collection; yet the mass of the public, and even some academies, admire all these things with small conviction. We may well be curious to inquire how the Venus of Milo has produced an effect so contrary. Her image is carried throughout the civilized world, and is enshrined almost as that of a household deity.

When we attempt to analyze her charms, we observe that the Venus of Milo is a figure modeled on the androgynous or adolescent type, — a type invented by the ancients to express the supernatural. It combined the elements of beauty which are common to both sexes in the first age of life, and in this shape were imaged the immortals, who continually renew their youth, but never pass its boundary. Up to Alexander's time (that is, the fourth century B. C.), a strongly marked religious prejudice forbade the literal rendering of natural forms. The dictates of artistic taste alone might not have been sufficient to prevent art from degenerating into extremes of sensuousness or harshness without the force of hieratic principle, which exacted conformity to the rules of dogma. Hellenic art was inspired, monopolized, and administered by the aristocratic and sacerdotal class, composing the Athenian oligarchy, and was thus carried to a height of excellence among the Greeks which has never been excelled in any other country, at any other age of the world's history. It was Greek philosophy which held the arts in vassalage, and which prompted the transmission of the Asiatic dogma of the dual or mixed nature of the divinity through the marvelous ideal of the androgyne. This substituted the youthful ideal for the feminine, in opposition to the virile or mature. Bacchus, Mercury, Atalanta, and Diana are all in its category. In them we recognize an equal grace of boy or maiden. Womankind, as such, we know was scorned among the Greeks. Her counterfeit presentment was not admitted in the arts until they were so modified by the Seleucides and Ptolemies that portraiture and realism were associated with the ideal. This was the epoch which produced the Venus of Milo. The composition conforms to old traditions of hieratic art, with a strong dose of realism. The dominant characteristic of Phidias, and of art in its first period, was the aspiration for repose, so beautifully and completely expressed by the Trophonian Hermes, and the Ares, or Borghese Mars.[1] Their faultless features are in perfect harmony, and breathe a passionless calm which very nearly results in apathy.

A return to the golden age, which had antedated mundane existence, was the dearest wish of the pagan world. At that happy but fabulous epoch, the earth was said to have yielded fruits untilled, the seas were ever calm, death was known only as a gentle sleep. The Venus of Milo is emancipated from this sentiment. A very perceptible inequality between the two sides of the face together with a slight strabismus in the eyes heighten the expression. The vigorously molded form recalls the popular and rustic, not the aristocratic type; but its exuberance is chastened by a return to severer outlines. The shoulders are a trifle square, the hips a trifle nar-

[1] Gallery of Antiques at the Louvre.

row; while the androgynism is still more strongly emphasized by the extraordinary length and rigidity of the lower limbs, contrasting with the suppleness and movement of the torso. The attitude is of that sort described by Leonardo da Vinci as one more naturally assumed in youth. The weight of the body is thrown upon one limb, and in this case is supported by a foot of manly size. The left knee is bent and the left foot raised, and both that and the object on which it rested are missing. The figure is half draped. In some repetitions of the same subject the entire form is enveloped in light, transparent drapery. By the variation in this case the world has gained the most magnificent model of the female torso in existence.

In Greek hieroglyphics, the thin or partial drapery (*penos*) gives the designation of the female element in Plato's trinity, — Penia, the indigent, who brings forth Eros, or actual present life. This was Plato's rendering of the Aryan dogma of the genesis of life, referring to the positive and negative principles in every sense. Poros and Penia, or the past and future, by a change of terms stand for rich and poor; for all acquirement is of the past, and the future owns not even shape; but it grows into shape, and the fleeting present moment is the product of the increase and decrease of time. In clay statuettes of the period, the notion of growth or increase is rendered by a downright Ottoman obesity in the nude figure of the goddess, which is elegantly replaced by the hieroglyphic of the fillet on the hair, *dema*, which word also indicates the idea of the fat and vulgar. In Latin this representative divinity is called Fatua. The Venus de' Medici is of this class, and displays a sensuousness quite foreign to the Venus of Milo. The identification of the latter is very difficult, from the deficiency of arms to give evidence of gesture, and from the want of some distinguishing attribute. There is the fillet on the hair, and the figure is half draped; there are no other indications afforded us. The right arm has been removed midway towards the elbow; the left one is broken off even with the shoulder, and traces of a metallic bolt are plainly visible. The stumps of the arms have acquired the same tint as the surface marble, from which we might infer the fracture to be of ancient date. It is not unlikely that the arms had been restored more than once. There is internal proof that the statue remained upon its pedestal when the temple overhead was destroyed by some catastrophe (whether fire or earthquake). Spots of erosion, with which the breast and shoulders are pitted, indicate that they were exposed to long-continued dropping of moisture, filtered through the soil and through the interstices of the masonry, to which was due the preservation of this piece of sculpture. But we are not reduced to speculation on the question. It is now an established fact that the first ray of light which penetrated the subterranean chamber of the Venus disclosed her standing on her pedestal and without arms, as we now see her. So affirmed the earliest eye-witness of the discovery, M. Brest. It is of course to be regretted that a witness so important was more than seventy years of age before he met with his reporter, in the person of M. Doussault,[1] one of a party assembled at the French legation at Athens in 1849, who took down notes (now for the first time published) of the detailed narrative of M. Brest, resident consul of France at Milo since 1820.

It will be found by comparison that his statements conflict in some particulars with the received official reports given out by French naval officers, and others who inspected the ground almost simultaneously with himself, and who were concerned in the transportation of the statue. Some facts also appear which have hitherto been passed over in silence, and one of these facts is significant. It has not been mentioned that the underground receptacle in which the Venus of Milo was discovered was closed in with vaulted masonry. The walls, of a quadrilateral construction, were then

[1] *La Vénus de Milo.* Documents Inédits. Par C. Doussault, Architecte.

still remaining, and terminated in a hemicycle. This construction was simply the crypt of a Christian church of the seventh century of our era.

M. Brest related that a certain peasant (George by name), while endeavoring to uproot a pistachio-tree on sloping ground, below the acropolis at Milo, saw the earth crumble at his feet, disclosing, as he described it, a "cave peopled with white phantoms." This he at once communicated to the French consul, who proceeded to the spot, and looked down upon the incomparable Venus, upright upon her pedestal, in the centre of her vaulted niche. The niche measured about twice her height, and was spacious enough to contain, beside the central figure, three Hermes of unequal stature. The walls were colored a deep red, and were hung with models of arms, legs, heads, and figurines, as modern shrines are hung with similar objects, *ex voto*. Eighteen boxes of such fragments and sculptures here collected were shipped by the French consul to the port of Toulon. He was never notified of their arrival. If they are still in existence, they remain unknown to the public.

The supposed transformation of the statue from a Venus to a Madonna was a sort of transformation which was neither rare nor difficult. An American critic [1] has remarked that no shrine of Venus ever existed at Melos. Perhaps not in the peculiar sense attributed to Aphrodite; but Aphrodite, when not particularly designated, was confounded with Venus Pandemos, who rises from the shades, and is akin to Venus Dionæa, or Persephone, mother of Aphrodite. All these infernal or under-ground divinities, such as Persephone (or Proserpine), are allegorical of the phenomena of nature in the ceaseless alternation of the seasons. However the fictitious characters of mythology, folk-lore, and tradition tend to mix themselves up in complicated histories, they can always be referred to principles of increase and decrease, derived from observation of the natural division of time and of solar and lunar metamorphoses.

There are numerous classic fables beginning with the incident of swallowing the seed of a pomegranate or apple, and they are of the class of myths which describe the awakening of nature after the death-like trance of winter. The ancients had a fable which figured the rising sun as a young female slave, who changed sex at noonday, at which moment in his course the Greeks styled the sun the "afflicted," or the "suspended." The fugitive, who was pursued across the heavens, was overtaken in male form, and crucified at night. In her flight she dropped one of her golden slippers. Every language owns a patois, and in the Tyrol (one of the radiating centres of myths) this one is perpetuated in the history of Saint Affliction, — a bearded virgin nailed upon the cross. Her effigy is sometimes found with the strange legend, "Salvator mundi." The saint is always represented with but one shoe; the other has fallen off, and is reverently appropriated, as a relic, by a poor fiddler kneeling at her feet, of whom it is related that he soothed the martyr's suffering by his melody. Thus also Baaltis, the Phœnician bearded moon goddess, has reappeared in Spain as Santa Paula, another bearded virgin.[2] And the priests of the bearded Venus of Anathonte (described by Macrobius) were disguised in female attire, an example followed by the robing of the Christian clergy. All these customs and delineations, as well as the cruder representations of Pompeian frescoes and bronzes, and of the potteries of Nola, are but variations to express the dual divine nature, which in archaic Cypriote monuments is figured in two individual deities associated together, namely, Hercules and Omphale. M. Ravaisson, keeper of antiques at the Louvre, in his official report upon the statue of the Venus of Milo, which he published in 1871, has dilated on the uncorrupted early myth, which would assign grace and sweetness, personified in Venus, as the rightful mate of force and courage, personified by Mars; and argues for the hypothesis of Quatremer de Quincy that the Venus of Milo was

[1] Mr. W. J. Stillman.

[2] See the Di Cesnola Collection.

originally grouped with a figure of Mars, whom, by a graceful gesture, she offers to disarm.

The reputation of Venus as a faithful wife is inferred from the fact that Greek mothers invoked her at the marriage of their daughters, and that Hypermnestra is quoted as the model of faithful wives, the only one of the Danaides who saved her spouse by disobedience to her father. Hypermnestra, we are reminded, having been judged and absolved of her crime by the Argives, vowed a statue to Venus. M. Ravaisson does not observe that all the proofs which he puts forward of the estimable and matronly vocation of the household Venus go to affirm the supernatural dualism which combines masculine force and vigor with the feminine qualities exhibited in one single form. Thus Hercules, when represented alone, was feminized, and was scarcely to be distinguished from Bacchus; and this idealized image of Hercules referred to his double nature, and implied Omphale.

If, indeed, the Venus of Milo ever formed part of a group, it was at a very remote period. The pedestal on which the statue was placed was of proportions to accommodate but one figure. The remains of a left arm and hand were found in its neighborhood. They are of vile workmanship, and are evidently examples of the later style of sculpture in the period of its decline; but although of vile workmanship they have their value as indications of the manner in which we may venture to reconstruct the attitude and gesture in imagination, taking this substitute to be an ancient restoration of the original. The left hand grasps an apple painted green. M. Brest declared that he saw arms and a hand with a green apple in the crypt, but he was unaware whether this now displayed in a glass case near the statue was the same. The vexed question of the arms has been much discussed, and some new assertion or hypothesis arises very frequently, without certainty being yet attained. We may be confident, however, that M. Brest saw an apple, and that the apple was *green*. Now the medals of the isle of Melos bear the image of a pomegranate, — Melos, which derived the appellation from the yellow pigment or ochre already mentioned, and which was the natural production of its soil; but the name was also consonant with the word for apple, and was conveyed by the emblem of that fruit. This sort of play on words was very common with the Greeks, and their use of hieroglyphic signs, phonetically read, was in fact the source of modern heraldic blazonry.

The color of the object in the hand of this divinity is exceedingly suggestive. The Greeks had an alphabet of color, but their polychromy is so little understood that color has actually been omitted from the plates in many standard works on archæology. The most undecided and evanescent of all hues, the grayish-green which is seen in the sky at early morning, when shades of night are paling, is, in the language of many nations, associated with the tint of springing verdure and with tender green, such as we call apple-green. It belongs to the first Aurora in Vedic traditions, and is the distinctive emblem of the rising or morning Venus (the Venus Pandemos); while Venus Urania had as her attribute a deep violet-purple, which expressed the maximum of intensity of life and glory.

The familiar attribute of Aphrodite (or Venus Pandemos) was a dove; but in the continuous chain of mythology, reappearing in folk-lore and popular legends, we find, beside the dove, many other gray, dove-colored, ashy-hued, and speckled creatures, figuring in comic or terrible fictions, in which we detect references to Aphrodite, or to her nearest kin. These fictions vary exceedingly, but there is always something of a family likeness. The hero or heroine of the tale wears a *gray* disguise. There are always two wicked sisters or cruel brothers, who persecute their victim, whom they leave pining in the chimney corner; and finally, at some part of her career, this victim invariably loses one shoe or sandal. This is a point which nearly concerns us. The practice of hanging a stocking, or leaving a shoe, beside the hearth at Christmas Eve is

one of our pagan traditions; and the superstition of throwing a shoe after a bride for "good luck" is another remnant of similar associations.

The reader is left to fill out for himself the long catalogue of tales turning on the incident of losing a slipper. The prettiest of them all is the story of Cinderella. A clue to all such legends seems to be offered in the fact that in Oriental dialect the household drudge, or ember sprite (who is represented by the large flat stone on which to this day Arabs and Cypriotes bake cakes, which serve as bread), is by name Askéra, the sandal; surnamed, beside, Gastrokheir, the worker.

The humblest essentials of life, the lowliest and at the same time most useful, that is, the sandal and the hearth-stone, are symbols of the housewife's cares. The hearth-stone stands for daily bread. The season of winter solstice is sacred to the household or hearth-stone deity, and she is called mother of the new year. She preserved her virginity, and was fabled to fabricate her numerous offspring by hand. This creative power of the hand was perpetuated in antique and mediæval art, as it is in ceremonials of our religion. The word for hand in old Greek and Babylonian dialect was *mare*, whence the name of Mary, the "handmaid" or "worker." In Christian catacombs this name is transcribed by the delineation of an enormous pair of hands. There are Cyprian and Syrian varieties of the household divinity, — Myrrha, Mariamne, and Miriam. The Mariamnes carry an infant on the left arm. There is also the Phœnician Rebecca, whose name signifies increase, or exaltation of the humble. There is also Fatua, whose emblem is a goose, and who is noted for gifts and increase of substance. This antique Mother Goose, otherwise Fatua, reappears as the modern fairy, or fate, of the fortune-tellers. These are the minor and anything but imposing sisterhood of Venus Pandemos, who was a divinity of the sympathetic and endearing sort. The cold abstractions which modern art quarries with effort from a dictionary of classics are but feeble reflections of the glowing life of Greece, which animated marble, and informed its "tenements of clay" with some undying myths.

The myths sprang from an intense consciousness of humanity and of supernatural influences, embodied sometimes in one form, sometimes in another, and which ended by transferring its instinctive adoration to the Holy Virgin and the saints of Christendom. The transition was the most natural thing in the world, but was not left to chance. The fusion of the old and new religion was promoted by the Christian Greek romance writers, and the Oriental craving for the marvelous was satisfied by something resembling the policy which permits spoiled children to take their toys to school. In the first five or seven centuries of our era novels were produced to recommend the worship of images, and Xenophon of Ephesus and some other writers were scarcely more than pagan in morals or in faith. At a period when such accommodation of the gospel was not only possible, but was an almost universal practice, the piece of sculpture so highly valued and long worshiped at Apple Island received a new consecration. Under another title, it was adapted to personate the Madonna, and was again worshiped and invoked as the saint protecting the household and the home. To transform the Venus to a Madonna, the sacrifice of the arms was requisite; and if modern arms were those substituted, supporting a wooden image of the divine infant, and if the statue were enveloped in real drapery, which was a custom with the Greeks (perpetuated from the earliest known figures of the gods, which were termed Dedalia), it is easy to infer that such perishable materials disappeared long ago, from the action of the same moisture which has so profoundly marked the stone. In the character of a Madonna, the Venus was doubtless crowned and otherwise ornamented. Traces of the addition of ear-drops are perceptible.

The national female type presented in the figure still exists in the lovely valley of Cytherea at Cyprus, and also along

the banks of the Orontes, at Aleppo, and at Damascus. It belongs to the race originating on the Sangarius, a river flowing into the Black Sea. Its name, borrowed from the nymph Sangaria (mother of Atys), is the equivalent of the name Askéra, the sandal. To this spot is traced a beautiful and vigorous race, whence sprang the Shepherd kings of Egypt, who were driven northward by Cyrus after two thousand years of domination and of contest. Then the incorrigible wanderers arrived in the middle of France by way of the Danube. They have left their image in Sicily, Crete, and Thrace. In Wallachia and Moldavia their type of "ardent blondes" remains contrasted, as in Palestine, with swarthy tribes. This people carried everywhere the arts of the Phœnicians, and spread the civilization with which they had so long been in contact.

Widely scattered, and yet mysterious, was this nation of Chetans, Getæ, Cingetæ, whose name both in Hebrew and in English signifies doors or gates. It is certain that they adored the double gates of Janus, which opened east and west, and were made of horn and ivory. The oldest recorded prayer or invocation is that of the ivory gate, the gate of sunrise and of Venus Pandemos. Unless it be by such an association of ideas, the preservation of the image by the church in the litany of the Holy Virgin seems most unaccountable. We find in the litany the two epithets, "Turris eburnea" and "Janua cœli."

In the preceding remarks we have endeavored to describe the evidence to be collected from some hitherto neglected details, and from those which are familiar, and which tend to prove the Venus of Milo to be an embodiment of the popular or universal Venus, "the lowly who is to be exalted," who was adopted as the protecting deity of the Isle of Melos, and represented with the apple, which transcribes her name phonetically; and we have furthermore endeavored to convey a notion of how this venerated image was adapted to the requirements of a new faith, which had not burst suddenly upon the heathen world, but had been the object of its aspirations, and already intimated by countless prophecies, for centuries before its revelation.

How appropriate such adaptation was in this particular instance we may judge after a closer inspection of the work. There are numerous variations extant of the Venus of Milo, and three of these are incontestably superior to it in style. They are severally the Venuses of Falerone, of Brescia, and of Capua. The best of all is the Capuan Venus, of which the head is by far the finest example of fourth-century sculpture which has been preserved to modern times. Not one, however, of these admirable works exhibits a kindred pathos with that emanating from the features of the Venus of Milo. And not from the features only; the very flexion of the attitude, its tender inclination and uncertain movement, result in a vague but impressive sentiment of melancholy, which in itself suffices to determine the character of the divinity, and dissolve the mystery which envelops her.

Such poignant melancholy as her face betrays, — the supreme regret which is the conclusion of all human experience, — Phidias knew it not! The superb Pallas (of the Naples Museum), brandishing her lance, confronts likewise the battle of life, but she is not pathetic. The goddess shows action; her features are more beautiful than those of Venus herself; a certain contracting of the brow hints at firm concentration of the will; less than this could scarcely be looked for in the aspect of one who is *will* itself personified. But it is the will of a royal dame, who wills not to be commanded. This Pallas is all of aristocratic Greece, when art reflected the calmness and elegance of the great, not omitting something of that atmosphere of mortal coldness peculiar to all classes who dominate their fellow-men. In the contrast and reverse of such characteristics of the first period of art, we find the secret of the immense popularity, that is, the universal sympathetic impression produced by the Venus of Milo.

The sentiment of suffering is of all sentiments the best comprehended by

the multitude, and exerts for them the most powerful of all attractions. It was the general attribute of those popular prototypes of the universal Venus, to which allusion has already been made. All the housekeeping and care-taking sprites are

> "touched with the gloom
> Of that sad fate which argues of our doom."

Krinos, or sadness, is signified by the name of the wild rose, which crowns the maternal saint of Christendom. Since the world was made, despondency has followed gladness; and while the wisdom of the ancients is becoming obsolete, the touch of nature outlives their philosophical abstractions, and "comes home to our business and bosoms." Realism in execution and realism in sentiment appeal more intimately than any other qualities in works of art ever can appeal to the perceptions of the mass of the public, winning their attention beyond the power of any other form of merit. The conventions which gave such elevation to the classic ideal are a dead letter in our day; so is the scholastic plagiarism of modern times. Yet the transfiguring of type in the antique ideal exerts a certain charm, even for the most unsophisticated intelligence.

Greek art, like Egyptian art, was a system of calligraphy, and was perfected to express with grace certain philosophical or metaphysical ideas. But beside this ideal system, we know that a realistic art existed, which is traceable, through recent disclosures of Schliemann and Di Cesnola, back to an origin which antedated our Christian era by something like five and twenty centuries.

A new revelation of this branch of art has been opened in the sepulchres of Tanagra (Bœotia). Some of the enchanting "figurines" discovered there are now in the collection of the Louvre,[1] and display the antique, free, and expressive style which presently after the Alexandrine period absorbed and superseded the pure ideal, and flowered in such unsullied glory in the Venus of Milo. All tradition gives the arts a Phœnician origin; they were imported into Greece, and although nursed there to their most sublime climax of development were not permanently acclimated.

The pedants, testing the conception and execution of the Venus of Milo with the rules of high archaic and ideal Greek art, have reproached her with a Gothic tendency. The tendency exists, for Gothic art and heraldic science are the direct heirs of the Phœnician hieroglyphic or expressive art, which has never died out, and which was represented in plastic and ceramic arts at Nola, and at Tanagra, and at other centres of production. The vitality was in the popular types, not in the ideal of repose. Only a concurrence of favoring circumstances made the barren rocks of Attica to flourish for a time.

The grandeur of the Greeks proved in its development to be fatal to its cradle. For its narrow limits were not to be extended, and art departed from Greece with Alexander's victorious soldiery, and was never to be restored again to its miniature republics, which were fatally overshadowed by the rivalry of Alexandria and Antioch.

Alexander the Great diffused Greek influences abroad, and gave them new centres. Athens was reduced to the rank of a simple provincial town, and the sceptre of fashion passed to other hands. Athens had then no more attraction for the brilliant pleiades of artists who reflected glory on her in the days gone by, for Athens was impoverished. Art may exist under some conditions without freedom, but never without wealth; for it has its commercial side, which renders it dependent on riches. Hellenic art left its monuments behind, and emigrated to the new Greek empire and to Rome. It was always beautiful, but far less noble than before, and more complex.

When the divine creations of its first period deigned to make a gesture, it was done with the gravity and dignity of a priest before the altar; but the times were greatly changed before the Venus of Milo. The human element preponderated in plastic art, expression dawned, and portraiture appeared. We possess

[1] And in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston

no authentic portraits previous to Alexander's time. It is now established that the fine profile which figures on his medals represents Minerva. The coins of his father, Philip, were stamped with an Apollo's head. Something of each may have lurked under features intentionally idealized, but nothing is more uncertain.

In Syria and in Egypt, on the contrary, the Greek rulers, being likened to the gods by their new subjects, ventured to substitute their own images on monuments and coins. The illustrious leaders of the Roman republic seduced art into courses less worthy than pursuit of the ideal, but infinitely more lucrative. Art supplied portraiture and licentious productions for the satisfaction of the wealthy traders of Alexandria and luxurious citizens of Rome. A revolution like this took place in Europe, when the increase of fortunes in Italy and the decline of religious faith forced art to desert the churches, and seek service with rich commoners at Venice or Florence, and to flatter the vanity of the lavish mistresses of Francis I. and Henry II. What was lost in devotion was made up for by gain in movement, in animation, in intensity of expression, and in the new element of *reality*. When the arts returned to the bosom of the church, it carried thither outer air and the mundane types which it had learned to render with more fidelity than refinement. The divine was made human, and the pathetic sentiment took its place in art. With this sentiment the Venus of Milo is preëminently endowed, and thus is composed the simple magic with which she touches the hearts which are thrilling to-day to the roll of the drum, or the roar and murmur of human life in modern Babylon. Human life, wherever we find it, carries the same heart, under all its protean disguises; and the people's Venus is still the people's Venus, in virtue of that pathetic look.

It remains to mention the greatest singularity attaching to the statue, and that is its being sculptured from two separate blocks of marble, slightly dissimilar in quality of grain and color. They are applied to each other by chiseled surfaces, and their line of junction intersects the figure just below the hips. The inferior block comprises nearly all the drapery. The statue has not been sawn into two portions for the purpose of transportation, but was apparently restored in this manner, and is a unique instance of such treatment; that is to say, unique as regards the extent and importance of the restoration. The two blocks (which are of Parian marble) had been fixed in place at some former time by means of metallic bolts, which have left their mark in rust and fracture. The figure was set up either by carpenters or masons in 1821, and wooden wedges were introduced between the two divisions, giving an exaggerated inclination to the body, and destroying its equilibrium. The plinth, which was originally sloped back at a slight inclination, was made horizontal with the pedestal in which it is incorporated. An inscription temporarily affixed to this pedestal affirms that the wedges remain as placed on the arrival of the statue in France. The chisel was very freely used in adjusting the different fractured or divided pieces of marble, and it is not probable that the mischief done can ever be repaired.

The present intelligent keeper of the Museum of Antiques at the Louvre has prepared and actually exhibited two casts of the Venus: one showing a partially corrected model, by raising the level of the plinth; the other giving a completely corrected attitude. A sensible change in the aspect of the work is the result. The observations made by M. Ravaisson were facilitated by the accidental disintegration of the cement which held the parts together. During the civil war of the Commune at Paris, in 1871, the statue was removed for safety to the cellars of the prefecture of police, where it was again exposed to excessive humidity, in consequence of which the singularly bungling fashion in which it had been worked over was for the first time exposed. No additional damage, however, was done by transportation at this time. As this divinity

was adored in crypts, it has very properly twice found its safety there.

A reproduction of the hemicyle, with the figures in their original places, is very much to be desired, to give the effect of the sculpture in the shrine where it was found at Melos; and such a reconstruction may prove to be the first step towards clearing up the mysteries which hang about the statue, of which we have scarcely done more than give the record, supplying the deficiencies of one authority upon the question by quoting from another.

It may be interesting to some readers to be informed of what M. Ravaisson suppressed in his published notice on the Venus of Milo. A fragment of a plinth, bearing part of an inscription, was discovered with the statue, and in all probability belonged to the Venus, and no other. It is certainly not appropriate to the Hermes, which were invariably set upon the ground, and were never signed at the base. The inscription is to the effect that "Andros, Son of Menides of Antioch, wrought this statue after Maiondro." As Antioch was not founded until after Alexander's death, we may place the probable date of the statue near the third century B. C. It may have been executed by "Andros after Maiondro," but was clearly no vulgar copy, but apparently a repetition of some lost work of wide celebrity; for also at Capua, Brescia, and Falerone were displayed the divine sisterhood of the Venus of Milo.

The substance of this essay is borrowed, by permission, from unpublished notes furnished by the French archæologist and critic, M. Grasset d'Orcet. For details regarding the statue we are indebted to the official report on its actual condition, issued in 1871, by M. Félix Ravaisson, keeper of ancient and modern sculpture at the museum of the Louvre.

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## GIACOMO MEYERBEER.

If the ardent Gluckists and Piccinists quarreling over their wine and coffee in the Café de la Rotonde, with the busts of the two composers coolly looking down upon them as they exchanged their shots of "statue and pedestal," "orchestra and stage," and mutually lashed themselves to the pitch of frenzy in the heat of argument, could but have suddenly foreseen to what lengths the principles they discussed would be carried by composers in after times, dumb astonishment might well have put a momentary stop to their excited bickerings. Imagine the dismay of the spirit of some Gluckist, — or even of the good Christopher Willibald himself, — returned to earth and the Académie de Musique, at witnessing a modern French grand opera by Halévy or Meyerbeer; or, if it perchance traveled as far as Bayreuth, at opening its long-closed eyes and ears on Wagner's Nibelungen, and at being told that the extraordinary works that met its bewildered gaze were the latest outgrowths of the Gluck opera! Conceive the astonishment of a Piccinist ghost at finding his idol's lightly-warbling muse decked out in the flaunting trappings of Rossini's Siège de Corinthe!

Yet so do things grow in this world. One man sows the seeds of dramatic *truthfulness* on the operatic stage; a few generations spring up and pass away, and his successor reaps unheard-of and unimagined crops of dramatic *effect*. Another man pins his faith to the absolute independence of music in the opera, and he is soon followed by another in whose hands music is raised to the throne of absolute autocracy.

With regard to the Rossini outgrowth

of the Piccini principle little or nothing need be said now. Rossini is hardly cold in his grave, and where are his operas now? Most of those works, so full of exquisite music, so instinct with genius, that but a generation ago intoxicated all Europe and were the cynosure of admiring crowds, now struggle painfully for even a respectful hearing. Singers will not (too often cannot) sing them, managers neglect them, the public forgets them; their grace and beauty lie shrouded in dust on library shelves.

But Meyerbeer still lives, in his works, as vigorous a life as ever. He has had no successor who can rightly claim to wear his mantle. The name of his followers, imitators, *et hoc servum pecus* is legion, but the Gounods, Thomases, Massenets, Bizets, cannot wield his sceptre. His example and success were too brilliant not to tempt emulation. Even his only successful rival, Verdi, could not refrain from paying him the late homage of imitation as soon as death had called him from the field of action; and, forgetful of the laurels won by Ernani and Rigoletto, the hot-blooded Italian made his bid for fresh honors in the path that Meyerbeer had so triumphantly trod. Yet from the Huguenots to Aïda is a long step; Meyerbeer is still the one and only Meyerbeer.

In considering a man whose career has been so uniquely brilliant, one cannot help casting about to discover wherein the secret of his success mainly lay. He certainly had many high qualities, yet he cannot be fairly said to have possessed any especial one of them to a transcendent degree. His natural intrinsically musical endowments were small in comparison with those of Rossini. In spontaneity of inspiration, in melodic power, in what we may call the specific musical sense, he falls far behind the great Italian *maestro*. As a contrapuntist, in spite of his pretensions and the claims that are made for him by his French admirers, he has given nothing to the world that can entitle him to a really high rank. His mastery of musical form, his power of developing a theme into an orderly and finely organized composition of sustained interest, must be called small when judged by any high standard. His dramatic power was great, it is true, yet the instances in which it shows itself in his works as being of inherently fine and pure quality are few and far between; his gift of *theatrical effect*, however, was undoubted and utterly phenomenal, and it is to this that his success must be mainly attributed.

Possessed of musical genius and perceptions which, if not of the highest, nor even a very high kind, were still of sufficiently stout quality to serve as a basis for a high degree of culture, Meyerbeer had an unusually sharp eye for effect, a rare appreciation of whatever is striking and *saisissant*, as the French say, which has seldom been paralleled; unremitting work, eager and ceaseless observation, an easy-going, æsthetic conscience, — or, possibly, the lack of absolutely fine æsthetic perceptions, — enabled him to develop this power to the utmost. The sharpness of his observation of other composers, the rapidity with which he took the slightest hint from the works of other men, was astounding. Of plagiarism, in an invidious sense, one finds little in his compositions. He had a distinct and unmistakable individuality of his own; and if we find him borrowing ideas from others, they were first melted down in the crucible of his mind, were then recast in a mold peculiar to himself, and bore his own stamp. For a man of his unusual power of assimilating other people's ideas, he appeared on the stage at just the right moment; the time and conditions could not have been better chosen for the display of his peculiar talents. Although what we call Meyerbeer's third, or French, manner was something entirely unprecedented in the annals of the lyric stage, circumstances had combined to prepare the public mind for it; and notwithstanding the astonishment with which its first appearance was greeted, the public very soon found that it was nicely suited to their wants. Richard Wagner describes very well, in his figurative way, the conditions under which Meyerbeer developed his

new style of dramatic writing. The account must, to be sure, be taken with a grain of salt, but it is too good not to be given here with all practicable condensation. He writes: —

"In the fair and much-bespattered land of Italy sat the carelessly prurient Rossini, who had tried out its musical fat, in his facile, lordly way, for the benefit of the emaciated world of art, and who now looked on with a half-astonished smile at the sprawlings of gallant Parisian hunters after people's melodies. One of these was a good horseman, and whenever he dismounted after a hurried ride one could be sure that he had found a melody which would fetch a good price. So he now rode like one possessed through all the wares of fish and costermongery in the Naples market, so that everything flew around as in a whirlwind; cackling and cursing pursued his course, and angry fists were clenched at him. With lightning quickness his keen nostrils caught the scent of a superb revolution of fish-mongers and green-grocers. But the opportunity was big with still further profit! Out galloped the Parisian horseman on the Portici road, to the boats and nets of those artless, singing fishermen, who catch fish, sleep, rage, play with wife and children, hurl dirk-knives, even knock each other on the head, and all amid incessant singing. Confess, Master Auber, that was a famous ride, and better than on a hippogriff, which only prances off into mid-air, — whence there is, upon the whole, nothing to be brought home but colds in the head and coughs! The horseman rode back again, dismounted, made Rossini the politest, reverential bow (he well knew, why!), took a special post-chaise for Paris, and what he cooked up there, in the twinkling of an eye, was no less than the Dumb Girl of Portici.

"Rossini looked from afar at the splendid rowdidow, and on his way to Paris thought it profitable to rest awhile amid the snowy Alps of Switzerland, and to listen with perked-up ears to what musical converse the nimble lads there were wont to hold with their mountains and cows. Once arrived in Paris, he made his politest bow to Auber (he well knew, why!), and presented to the world, with huge paternal joy, his youngest born, which, in a moment of happy inspiration, he had christened William Tell.

"Thus the Muette de Portici and Guillaume Tell became the two axes about which the whole speculative world of opera music revolved.

"Meyerbeer had a special knack at observing closely and on the spot each successive phenomenon in the above-mentioned march of opera music; he dogged its footsteps constantly and everywhere. It is especially noteworthy that he only *followed* its lead, but never walked *side by side* with, not to speak of never leading it. He was like the starling, which follows the plowshare in the field, gladly picking out the angle-worms turned up in its furrow.

"In Germany Meyerbeer had never succeeded in following Weber's lead; what Weber revealed in the fullness of melodious life could not be reëchoed by Meyerbeer's acquired, arid formalism. Tired of his fruitless toil, he at last listened only to Rossini's siren strains, forgetful of his allegiance to his friend, and migrated to the land where those raisins[1] grew. He became the weather-cock of music in Europe, turning around undecided for a while after every change in the wind, and standing still only after its direction had been well settled. Thus Meyerbeer only composed operas *à la* Rossini in Italy, until the great wind began to veer about in Paris, and Auber and Rossini had raised the new breeze to a hurricane with the Muette and Tell. How soon Meyerbeer was in Paris! There he found in the gallicized Weber (only think of Robin des Bois!)[2] and the be-Berliozed Beethoven treasures which neither Auber nor Rossini had noticed, as lying too remote from their purposes,

[1] The pun on Rosinen (raisins) and Rossini is naturally untranslatable.

[2] "The Freischütz, not in its native beauty, but mutilated, vulgarized, tortured, and insulted in a thousand ways by an arranger, — the Freischütz, transformed into Robin des Bois, was given at the Odéon. The theatre filled its coffers, and M. Castilblaze, who had pillaged the master-work, raked in over a hundred thousand francs." (Berlioz's Mémoires.)

but which Meyerbeer, with his cosmopolitan jack-of-all-trades eye, knew very well how to value. He grasped together everything that thus presented itself to him into a wondrously gaudy, motley armful, and produced something before whose strident shriek both Auber and Rossini became suddenly inaudible; the grim devil Robert took them one and all."

Somewhat over-sarcastic an account, and too plainly one-sided, but it throws a strong electric light on a very characteristic trait in Meyerbeer. Indeed, it is almost easy to forgive Wagner the apparently spiteful drop of vinegar with which he has seasoned his figurative sketch, for there is something in Meyerbeer's music which almost unavoidably ruffles the temper of any one who is inclined to take the art seriously. If we would admire his high qualities unrestrictedly, we can do so only by painfully suppressing a sort of rage into which his short-comings are too apt to throw us. Although there are many pages in his works which easily command enthusiastic admiration, it is difficult to come away from a performance of a whole opera of his in an entirely pleasant frame of mind; his gold is mixed with so much alloy, and the alloy is often of very base metal.

One of Meyerbeer's traits, which has been very loudly admired, is his power of writing *characteristic* music, his skill in giving it a striking local coloring. This power of his was unquestionably great, yet it rarely shows itself of much higher quality than that of the present *impressioniste* school of French painters. He could seize the salient points in a situation with a wonderful sureness of grasp, but his power of idealizing them was in general small. Take, for instance, the coronation scene in the Prophète, — a situation which could well have been made ideal use of. The ceremonial music in this scene is certainly as gorgeous as can be wished; it is a fitting expression of all the glittering pomp of a gala church ceremony. One is tempted to call it the most splendid ceremonial music that money could procure. But it stops there. As for genuine grandeur and impressiveness, it affects the listener of really lofty musical aspirations much as the rich ceremonial pomp of a feast-day high mass in St. Peter's affects a non-Catholic observer, — as an overpoweringly brilliant display. It is, in fact, a dazzling, superb cathedral ceremony, taken bodily out of the church and put upon the stage. But in the cathedral all this theatrical pomp is ennobled and idealized (in the believer's eyes) by the solemn fact that it is a divine service, by the more than ever sensible presence of the omnipotent God; on the stage this idealizing element falls out at once. What even approximate substitute could the composer give us, save the intrinsically noble and elevating character of his music? The church ceremony is idealized by its own lofty purpose; the stage ceremony must be idealized by the composer. Meyerbeer has not done it.[1]

Take, again, the much-lauded Pré aux Elèves scene in the Huguenots. The music is certainly as characteristic as possible. A man like Berlioz, who always had a keen relish for anything in the shape of local coloring in art, and who was, upon the whole, so dazzled by the brilliant aspect of Meyerbeer's genius that his finer æsthetic perceptions became abnormally blunted whenever he was brought face to face with it, — Berlioz could write with perfect honesty of

[1] To this it may be replied that it is just in this want of intrinsic nobility in the music that Meyerbeer shows his accurate perception of the character of the situation; that, of all ceremonies ever performed in a church, the coronation of John of Leyden was the most hollow and unlovely; that John himself was a mere rascal, the three leading Anabaptists little better than shrewd theological pot-hunters, and the whole Anabaptist rabble a set of bloodthirsty fanatics. Yet do we honor the high-souled artist, especially the high-souled musician, for taking a situation by its highest or by its lowest side? Look at the statue scene in Mozart's Don Giovanni, where the Don stands as the incarnation of human impiety struggling against inexorable fate! Did Mozart bring his hero's low sensuality and impiety into the foreground? No, but rather his chivalric courage and high-bred courtliness. And, upon the whole, when music is written, should it not be the very best and noblest that the occasion can possibly warrant?

this scene, "The quarrel of the women, the litanies of the Virgin, the song of the Huguenot soldiers, present to the ear a musical tissue of astounding richness, the web of which the listener can easily follow without the complex thought of the composer being blurred for an instant. This marvel of dramatized counterpoint," etc. Yes, the thing is written with great skill, although its plan is not so pretentious (if we examine the score) as a verbal description of it might lead one to imagine. The *rataplan* is just such music as one can imagine soldiers singing; the prayer of the nuns is a good example of much of the music that is sung in Catholic convents. As I have said, it is all as characteristic as may be; and the effect is certainly striking; it has the salt of a familiar reality. But looking at it musically, what absolutely miserable music it is! What a mere two-pence-ha'penny-worth of real inspiration there is at the bottom of it all! The scene is unidealized from beginning to end. The composer has treated a by no means lofty, yet pregnant subject in a purely photographic way; he shows us no more in the scene than the vulgarest eye could descry, and seems quite content to have been exact, without a thought of being imaginative, or artistic in any noble sense of the word. His point of view was not a high one; one may even say that Meyerbeer never took a higher artistic stand-point than the barest necessities of the case demanded.

It would be very far from the truth to say that he was not capable of treating exalted subjects in a fitting way. Yet he needed the spur of a really lofty theme, of a highly poetic situation, to enable him to rise into a high musical atmosphere. He could not evolve really great music out of his own brain alone; and we may safely say that, of his purely instrumental works, not one has any great value.

Of these latter, his overture to Struensee probably holds the first place; but you would pierce it clean through the heart by bringing it into comparison with an overture of Schumann, Mendelssohn, or even of Weber, not to mention Beethoven.

It has been often said that Meyerbeer lacked genuine sentiment and passionateness. I think this is hardly true. In treating scenes in which sentiment and passion predominate, he has often risen to the full height of the situation. I know of no music that glows with more passionate warmth than the first parts of the great duet which closes the fourth act of the Huguenots. Of hardly less emotional power (and of somewhat higher intrinsically musical value) is the slow movement of the duet between Valentine and Marcel in the third act. Bertram's phrase, "De ma gloire éclipsée, de ma splendeur passée," in the third act of Robert, is full of the most genuine emotional power. What Meyerbeer did lack was a sense of true grandeur. We may look almost in vain for a passage of really impressive solemnity in his works. When he attempts such things he does not rise above theatrical pomposity. The invocation "Brahma, Vishnu, Siva!" in the Africaine, the betrothal scene in the fifth act of the Huguenots, the consecration music in the Prophète, all lack the true ring, in spite of their striking effectiveness. The passage in his works which savors most of really beautiful solemnity is a phrase (at first in D-major, later in B-flat major) in the priests' march, in the fourth act of the Africaine, — a phrase only eight bars long, which is of singularly impressive beauty.

When he entered upon the domain of the terrible, Meyerbeer was more easily at home. A more trenchant expression of savage cruelty than the phrase "Tuez les Huguenots," in the fifth act of that opera, can scarcely be found. The terrific effect of the Benediction of the Poniards, and the ensuing phrase, "A cette cause sainte," is not of quite so genuine quality; the thing is somewhat wanting in spontaneity, and smells a little of the lamp. Besides, it is utterly lacking in nobility of character, a want that is not felt in the "Tuez les Huguenots," as there all elevation of style is out of the question. Most of the infer-

nal music in Robert is rather conventionally diabolic than really terrible. Even the highly beautiful procession of the nuns, in the fourth act, owes its unearthly character more to the tom-tom than to its inherent musical quality; and its thirds and sixths on two bassoons *soli* better deserve Liszt's joke (which need not be repeated) than the admiration which their would-be ghastliness has so often called forth. Yet Meyerbeer has certainly done great things in this field.

When he attempted the graceful and fascinating, his habitual want of spontaneousness stood much in his way; he also had a tendency to fall into triviality, a besetting failing of his. Yet he has written many things that have all the airy charm of natural grace. Much of the ballet music in Robert, the familiar "Ombre légère" in Dinorah, Sélika's swan song, "Un cygne au doux ramage," in the Africaine, are good examples of what Meyerbeer could do in the way of writing fascinating and graceful melodies.

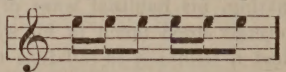
But it is neither in the terrible, the passionate, nor the graceful and charming that Meyerbeer's peculiar genius displays itself in its fullest power and brilliancy. In was in the realm of the heroic, the chivalric and knightly, that he was most conspicuously at home, and worked with the most unerring touch. There is an air of high-bred courtliness and Middle Age gallantry about much of Meyerbeer's music, which we look for almost in vain in the works of his contemporaries. It is this quality that shines preeminent in such masterly pages as the septet for male voices in the third act of the Huguenots. I think that in this in every respect wonderful number, and notably in its overwhelming phrase, "Et bonne épée, et bon courage," Meyerbeer's power reaches its apogee. I know of no such perfect expression of the devil-may-care recklessness and knightly gallantry of the mediæval cavalier in all music. Hardly less fine is the finale of the first act of the Africaine (also for male voices) from the phrase, "D'impie et de rebelle," although here the somewhat overfinical harmony takes away a little of the native fire and vigor of the theme. The bacchanalian chorus, "Aux seules plaisirs fidèles," the Sicilienne, "O Fortune, à ton caprice," and the soprano air and chorus, "La trompette guerrière," in Robert, are also fine examples of this chivalric quality in Meyerbeer; even the male quartet which closes the second act of the Prophète has something of it, notably in the phrase, "Et la couronne que le ciel donne," although the musical value of the piece is not very great.

Meyerbeer was not a great contrapuntist. He was skilled enough in the craft not to allow his attempts at running counterpoint to interfere with the dramatic character of his music; but the counterpoint, taken on its own merits, often makes one smile. Such passages as the introduction to the Huguenots are too puerile, from a contrapuntal point of view, to be called even respectable. His power of developing a motive into an extended composition of sustained musical interest was in general not very remarkable. The musical side of his elaborate finales and ensemble pieces is not precisely what is most striking in them. His finest efforts of this sort are probably the last terzet in Robert and the first finale in the Africaine; yet even these would have to struggle hard to win the name of masterpieces of form. But he knew very well how to sustain and gradually intensify the dramatic interest, and work up to an effective dramatic climax in his great concerted numbers. Thus the finale to the fourth act of the Prophète is one immense crescendo of dramatic effect, albeit that, as pure music, it is poor and commonplace as need be. The intensely dramatic character of Meyerbeer's music does not always lie in itself alone, but also in the opportunities it affords singers for an impassioned or imposingly declamatory style of delivery. No amount of vocal ranting can seem out of place in some passages of Meyerbeer; they seem actually made for it. Such things as "A cette cause sainte" and the finale to the second act of the Huguenots (perhaps as vile a bit of musical vulgarity as Mey-

erbeer was ever guilty of) cannot be overdone.

And here, at last, we stumble upon the word "vulgarity." Well, it must be admitted that it is impossible to speak at any length about Meyerbeer without using it. Of all Meyerbeer's faults, his innate tendency toward that which is æsthetically vulgar and trivial is the most serious. His very effectiveness is often in itself vulgar and meretricious. He must have been a man of the most elastic artistic conscience; at least, it is inconceivable how a man who could write one quarter of what Meyerbeer did could have any real respect for the remaining three quarters. The ostentation of his manner is often wonderful. In spite of the generally dramatic atmosphere of his music, Rossini himself could not exceed the coolness with which he would at times stop the impassioned flow of a composition, that a singer might have a chance of displaying her flexibility of voice in the most elaborate cadenzas. Meyerbeer knew very well that singers are fond of brilliant bravura passages, as one of the surest means of reaping applause, and also that applause bestowed upon a singer is pretty sure to add an imputed lustre to the composition sung; so he put many brilliant vocal cadenzas into his scores. These cadenzas of Meyerbeer's show much knowledge of the human voice, and are often singularly effective; yet they contrast too sharply, as a rule, with the general character of the pieces in which they occur, and seem too willfully brought in. They are not so thoroughly amalgamated with the rest of the music as those of the more naturally florid vocal writers, like Bellini and Rossini; they seem too plainly intended for display. The cadenzas for several voices, for which Meyerbeer is so famous, and of which the one at the close of the terzet without accompaniment, "Cruel moment, fatal mystère!" in Robert, is a good example, are in reality nothing more than a brilliant and effective imitation of the noted passage in B-major, to the words, "Wo dein sanfter Flügel weilt," in Beethoven's ninth symphony.

There is one characteristic rhythmic effect which Meyerbeer uses *ad nauseam* and which is one of the serious blemishes in his style. His fondness for this rhythmic device (which may be described as an anapest with the ictus on the first syllable) has given rise in Germany to the only nickname that has been bestowed on him. He has been called the *cuckoo* of composers. As the cuckoo's only song is a repetition of its own name, "*cuckoo! cuckoo!*" so Meyerbeer's music keeps almost incessantly repeating,



Meyerbeer! Meyerbeer!

Meyerbeer's habitual devices are extremely simple. A large number of his melodies are little else than variations upon the familiar bugle-calls, written on the open notes of the plain trumpet; and he was fond of harmonizing them in two parts, as if they were to be played on a pair of bugles. Such phrases as "Roi des enfers, c'est moi qui vous appelle," in Robert; "Et la couronne, qui le ciel donne," in the Prophète; and many others, come under this head. Even the great hymn, "Roi du ciel," in the Prophète, might be ranked with these, were it not for its full harmony, which suggests a comparison with a certain passage in B-flat in the first movement of Beethoven's E-flat concerto. His use of long organ-points, either plain, or varied by accessory notes above or below, is conspicuous, and often very felicitous. His rhythms are usually perspicuous, well marked, and full of verve. He was fond of surprises, and sounded all the depths and shoals of enharmonic modulation; his harmony abounds with striking subtleties and unexpected changes. Of instrumentation, effective grouping of voices, and all the various devices of musical stage effect, he was a consummate master. His patience was indomitable. He would write and rewrite certain passages a great number of times, and have them sung or played to him by different artists over and over again, until he was completely satisfied that he could not improve upon them. Taken altogether,

he was a man very difficult to imitate, but very easy indeed to parody. Nine tenths of Offenbach may be called a laughable parody on Meyerbeer; many of the ridiculous effects of the buffoon of the Variétés and the Bouffes-Parisiens can claim a sort of left-handed relationship with the music of the king of the Opéra. The boulevards reverberate with a burlesque echo of the Rue Lepelletier. In some cases, indeed, the original outbids the parody in ridiculousness: such bombast as the unison passage, "Fais que ta grâce infinie," in the first act of the Africaine, goes beyond Offenbach.

Yet with all Meyerbeer's faults, — and few great composers have had so many and grave ones to answer for, — he was indisputably great. His name is identified with that of the modern grand tragic opera. If his genius was not of the very highest, his talent was prodigious; his works form a distinct epoch in the history of dramatic music. It would be rash to predict a long immortality for him; he had too much of success during his life-time to make it probable that his glory can endure long untarnished. Yet of all opera composers since Mozart, he has been the most universally and enthusiastically admired.

*William F. Apthorp.*

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## SLEEP.

I LAY me down before the rustic gate
That opens on the shadowed land of sleep;
I weary for its dews, and may not wait
To hear its rivers flowing, drowsy-deep.
I knock, O Sleep, the Comforter! Again
My weakness faints unto thy great caress;
The circling thought beats blindly through the brain
With dull persistency of empty pain,
And draws uncertain doubting and distress,
To prove that man unto himself is very weariness.

Upon these withered grasses is no rest;
Thy crimson-dotted mosses are denied.
I see thy wall in shining grape-vines dressed,
But know that only on the other side
Droop low the purple clusters. Take me in!
I do not fear to trust myself to thee;
Waking and danger are of closer kin,
But what hast thou to do with grief or sin?
Imprisoned from myself, I wander free,
And not the brightest sun of day grants such security.

I would not lie to-night so near the bars,
If to thy realm fair entrance I may find,
That through them I might see our mortal stars,
And hear the passing of our earthly wind.
Not even would I wish some gentle friend
To lean against them with a loving face;

For rest and life were never willed to blend
And as I lived the day unto its end,
So would I sleep the night without a trace,
Not only of day's sorrowing, but even of its grace.

Nor would I rest among thy garden beds,
Where fairy forms from out the flowers glance,
And catch the yellow moonlight on their heads,
To shift it swiftly in the singing dance.
Nor would I meet thy strange, fantastic folk,
Who haunt the dusk of over-bending trees,
Where bells and steeples grow upon the oak,
And all identities are held as smoke
And vapor in the hand. Nay, none of these!
Not e'en thy music mystical, that changes to a breeze.

But take me to thy kingdom's very heart,
To slumber's innermost enchanted cell!
Oh, lay me in thy grotto, far apart
From any sight or sound that words may tell.
Then wilt thou wrap my senses deaf and blind,
And then shall I lie face to face with thee.
So will the morning light be glad to find
Thy fragrance clinging to my waking mind;
But what thy lips did whisper unto me
I 'll bear too fine for consciousness, too deep for memory.

Then let me in beyond thy rustic gate,
O Sleep, the Comforter! Ah, let me in!
For even as I pray the night grows late,
And not one blossom does my pleading win.
Others have won where I may not avail,
The children and the good by thousands pass;
Yea, guilty feet tread on where mine must fail,
For thou art kind as death. The faces pale
Of myriad sleepers gleam in thy sweet grass,
And only I am left without to weep and cry Alas!

Yet thou wilt take me in with all the rest,
And walk among us in thine angelhood;
And we shall wake, and know we have been blessed,
If unawares, and that thy presence stood
In mercy by each weary son of earth,
To make us spirit sons of God once more.
With plenty wilt thou satisfy the dearth,
With strength the weakness, and another birth
Will each red morning to our souls restore, —
The gate by which we leave thy land, a new life's open door.

*Katharine Lee Bates.*

# THE HOUSE OF McVICKER.

## I.

Some years ago there was still standing, on the high-road which leads from Greenville to Dawes Upper Landing, a plain, two-story house with a gambrel roof, which rarely or never failed to attract the notice of passers-by. It stood some yards back from the road, from which it was separated by a wide and grassy, but treeless and flowerless, garden, through which a broad path, neatly paved with clam shells, led up to the front door. To the right of the house was a small barn and a wood-shed, and beyond them a vegetable garden. At the back, a grassy lot, always cropped close by the family cow, led downwards to the salt marshes, which stretch away on every side. These salt marshes are intersected by narrow canals, through which oyster and fishing boats make their slow way to the Upper Landing, when, as is not often the case, the tide is high enough to permit them to do so. To the east of the marshes, many miles away, great dunes of sand rise up, and beyond these dunes rises and falls the ocean tide. Sometimes, but very rarely, on the short, gray winter days, when the storms are wild, the voice of the angry sea penetrates across this barrier with a long-drawn, sullen roar. The waters of Hallowbay are visible always, but the bay is landlocked, and only the dullest portion of it can be seen from the house of McVicker. The marshes — low, wide, and malarious green — seem to obtrude themselves upon the eye, to the exclusion of other objects, even as the croaking of the frogs which inhabit them fills the ear upon summer nights, and drowns the low whispers of the summer wind. But perhaps it is as well. The majesty of the sea and its deep-voiced music could never have harmonized with the aspect of the house of McVicker. The house itself was a decently kept, dingy, orderly dwelling, about which nothing was suffered to fall into ruin or decay, and for the interior of which feminine cares were evidently not wanting; for the door-steps were always scrubbed to whiteness, the old-fashioned brass knockers and door handles shining, and the windows clear and clean, and furnished with spotless white dimity curtains with knotted fringes. But one thing was strangely at variance with this commonplace decency of appearance, and that was an ordinary board scaffolding which surrounded the house on the three sides visible to the road, and at the time at which this story begins was already gray and weather-beaten. Evidently, it had once been the owner's intention to build a two-storied piazza here, and as evidently that intention had been long since abandoned. The upper part of the front door was nailed up with boards, because the beams of the scaffolding crossed it; and these boards were also gray with age, and not without reason, for they, as well as the scaffolding, had kept their place, unchanged and untouched, for more than thirty years. The people in the neighborhood had, even to the most inquisitive, long ago given up wondering about Silas McVicker's scaffolding. Many there were, indeed, who were newly married couples at the time he began his never-finished piazza and had grandchildren now, and were weary of answering questions about it. As for the younger members of the community, who had, so to speak, been born under its eccentric shadow, they accepted it as people always do accept the facts to which they are born; and after the inevitable period of interrogations was past asked little and thought nothing about it. Strangers, however, were not so indifferent, and to them Mr. Bagert, a dried-up little bachelor who had kept the post-office at the Upper Landing for upwards of forty years, could make the same replies and furnish the same details which he had done for thirty years.

"Wall," Mr. Bagert would say, rest

ing, the while, one foot upon the wheel of the inquirer's wagon, and looking retrospectively down the road, as if to call up the past, "wall, I 've knowed as much about it as any one, I guess. 'T ain't nothin' but one o' Silas's cranks. He always was kind o' cranky. Close, too, he is. Zeke Latham, — Zeke always was a funny feller, — Zeke, he used to say Silas got 'fraid of the price of nails. He 'd bought the wood for 't a good spell back, and he was a-puttin' of it up himself; but nails he was a-goin' to buy of Zeke, so Zeke thought. But 't wa'n't that nuther, 'cause he went over to Pawtucket and bought the nails; we heerd that afterward he sold 'em to a junk shop down to the Lower Landing, about ten years arter he quit work. So 't wa'n't the price of nails, nor nothin' else, I guess, 'ceptin' one of Silas's cranks."

"And he is living now?"

"Lord bless you, yes! Ben livin' along jest the same, savin' and scrapin' and tendin' to things. He 's a putty good farmer, Silas is."

"But what was the cause of this particular crank?"

"Wall, he kinder got mad at things, I guess. I don't know as it was any partickler thing. I never heerd so, any way; and we know putty much everything that goes on in the neighborhood, here to the Upper Landing."

"But he assigned some reason, surely, for stopping his work?"

"Wall, no, he did n't; he jest shet up any one that asked about it, as sharp as a razor. Fust off, folks did n't ask nothin'. He was a-doin' of the work himself, you see, and workin' folks has to take odd times for fancy doins. I 'member myself the fust time I ever spoke to him about it. It was about three months after he quit work on it, I guess, and I heerd he was throwin' the cusses round putty lively when any one asked him about it; but we 'd always been putty good friends, and bein' here to the post-office folks nat'rally expects me to know what 's a-goin' on. So I made up my mind I 'd have the truth of it. It was one November afternoon, gittin' on towards six o'clock. I happened to be alone here, and the door opened, and Silas cum in after his paper.

"'Why, Silas!' says I, 'how do you do; and how 's all the folks down your way?'

"'Well, I guess,' says he, very short.

"'And Mis' McVicker, how 's she?' says I.

"'She 's well,' he says.

"'All your folks, and your wife's folks up to Hampshire, be they well?' says I.

"'Yes,' says he. 'Ef you 'll put me up a bottle of ink, I 'll take it right along.'

"'Wait a minute, Silas,' says I. 'You know you and me 's been friends this good while, along ever since we was born, I guess. I hope you ain't in any money difficulties?' says I.

"'No,' says he.

"'Lost anythin'?' says I.

"'No,' says he. 'Give me that ink, will you?'

"'You ain't gone security for any one, hev you?' says I.

"'No!' says he, beginnin' to look as if he 'd chaw me up in one bite.

"'Then what in creation did you stop buildin' that piazzy you was so hot fur long in the summer?' says I.

"'Cause I choose to stop!' says he, in a voice that most tuck the ruff off.

"'Wall, ef you ain't a-goin' to build it,' says I, 'why don't you take the scaffoldin' down? It looks queer, Silas, it does so, and neighbors is talkin' about it.'

"'Damn the neighbors, and you too, for a lot of pryin', impudent fools!' says he. 'Ef I choose to let them boards rot there, what business is it of yourn? Hold your jaw, and give me that ink. I give you the money ten minutes ago.'

"Wall, when I saw he was so proud about it, I jest let him alone; and by degrees other folks did so, too. They never found out nothin', and they kind o' got tired o' thinkin' about it.

"'T wa'n't nothin' but crank; and when folks gits cranky they 're cranky for crank's sake. They ain't got no reason to give, and that kinder makes 'em mad and feel like jawin' when folks asks 'em things. There was some took turns ask-

in' Mis' McVicker about it; but she always said she did n't know nothing, and I s'pose she did n't. She was a quiet kind of a woman, Mis' McVicker was. She 's gittin' on into years now. Silas is past seventy, and she ain't fur behind. Strangers new comin' into the neighborhood, like you, most always has a spell of askin' about that ere scaffoldin'; but Silas ain't a easy man to question; he kinder bluffs 'em off. Does it putty sharp, too. There was a lady boardin' down to Mis' Graves's two summers ago, — a smart, poky kind of woman she was, — and she made a bet she 'd ask Silas herself. So she got Josh Graves to drive her round, one afternoon, and she whipped out of the wagon, when they got to the gate, and tripped round, as light as a feather, to the back of the house; and there sot Silas, sure enough, in his shirt sleeves, mendin' a net. Wall, Miss Jenkins wa'n't one to be very backward, so she says, 'Can I have a glass of water, if you please? I 'm thirsty.' Wall, Mis' McVicker, she stepped inter the house ter git the water; and then Miss Jenkins, she looked straight inter Silas's eye, as bright 's a hawk. 'You 've a putty place here,' she says; 'but why did n't you never finish yer piazzy? It 's a pity to leave that ere scaffoldin' there; it spiles the looks of the house. Why do you do it?' she says.

"She spoke mighty quick, Josh said, 'cause she was 'fraid Silas would stop her.

"Wall, Mis' McVicker was jest comin' out, and Silas snatched the tumbler right out of her hand, and threw it on the ground. 'Ef you want water, I guess you 'd better go somewheres else fur it,' he says. 'There ain't none fur you here, nor no answers to your questions neither; so you 'd better go about your business.'

"Wall, Miss Jenkins was took aback, and did n't say nothin'; and Josh, he kinder spunked up, and says he, 'Mr. McVicker,' says he, 'that ain't no way to speak to a lady. Ain't you 'shamed of yourself?' says he.

"'Darn you! git out of here, will you?' says Silas. And Miss Jenkins nipped hold of Josh's arm, and says she, 'Oh, come along! do, quick!' So Josh, he thought 't wa'n't worth while to have a row, and he went along with her without saying nothin' more to Silas. Ye see, Silas, he 's old, but he 's spunky, and he 's a putty strong man, too, for his years, and 't won't do to offend him; so he 's jest let alone. He ain't got no reason to give for his queer ways, Silas hain't. Th' ain't nothing to find out. Ef there was, why, folks 'd hev come to 't, sooner or later. 'T ain't reely nothin' on earth but crank."

In this, however, Mr. Bagert made a mistake.

Silas McVicker, at this time, was a heavy, stooping old man, with a sparse, unkempt gray beard, a face ruddy from constant exposure to the salt air, and a dull eye of nondescript color, which expressed nothing but an utter lack of interest and expectancy. Thirty-four years before, his mother and father had died, within two days of each other, and had both on the same day been laid in the grave. Silas was their sole surviving child, and as he stood beside their graves his eye fell, with more interest than ever before, upon the row of four small, low, gray head-stones, half hidden among the long, coarse grass, which marked the resting-place of his brothers and sisters. They were inscribed as follows: —

AZARIAH,
SON OF ELI AND JUDITH MCVICKER.
Born July 9, 1790. Died January 30, 1799.

MARTHA,
DAUGHTER OF ELI AND JUDITH MCVICKER.
Born February 15, 1793. Died June 4, 1802.

JONATHAN,
SON OF ELI AND JUDITH MCVICKER.
Born September 14, 1796. Died April 3, 1798.

JERUSHA,
DAUGHTER OF ELI AND JUDITH MCVICKER.
Born May 18, 1798. Died July 2, 1799.

Silas was prompt about all that he had to do, and two months later a large slab of bluish stone stood beside the others, which bore the following inscription: —

ELI MCVICKER.
Died June 23, 1834. Aged 86 years.

JUDITH,

WIFE OF THE ABOVE.

Died June 24, 1834. Aged 80 years.

Some inches lower down on the slab, and inserted apparently as a sort of post-script or after-thought, were the words:

The above Judith McVicker was bedridden for thirty-one years.

People in the neighborhood were mean enough to say that the brevity of all six monumental inscriptions was due to Silas's love of saving, and that the information bestowed upon the public as to the condition in which his mother had spent the last thirty-one years of her life was placed on her tomb-stone to prove that he was not as mean as he might have been, after all, since it was well known that he had not sent her to the poor-house. In both of these assumptions the neighbors were wrong, however, as the head-stones which commemorated the birth and death of his brothers and sisters had been erected before he was out of pinafores. As for his parents, they belonged, both of them, to the order of people who seem to have no particular reason for existing, except to prove the correctness of the computations as to the yearly increase of population. There really was nothing to say about them (except that they had lived and died), unless Silas had been a person of strong filial illusions, which he was not. As he drove home from the funeral, he stopped at the stone-cutter's at Greenville, selected, after a little bargaining, a decent slab, wrote the brief inscription on it in pencil, and made his way home. It was not until three weeks later that he remembered his mother's last request. "Silas," she had said, shortly before her death, "I guess I ain't goin' to live much longer. Mind you put on my tomb-stone how many years I was abed. There ain't another case like it in the State, I don't believe." The moment Silas recalled this request, he drove over to Greenville, and gave the requisite directions. But the head-stone was already completed, and this additional inscription always read like the after-thought it was.

Silas could not remember his brothers and sisters any more distinctly than he could remember having ever received a caress from his mother, or a word of instruction or advice from his father. Fortunately, he was not sensitive, though he had a great latent capacity for feeling; and he lived through the years of his early youth without any special pain, though with a vague sense, which increased in hardness and sternness as the years went on, that life had not been compelled to yield him all that it might have done.

He was at thirty-four an erect, powerfully-built fellow, with a well-shaped head covered with crisp, curling dark hair, and keen and brilliant, though not large, gray eyes. It was a mystery that such a lymphatic, weak, and commonplace pair as were Eli and Judith McVicker could have produced this stalwart, vigorous, and energetic son, unlike and superior to his parents in blood and brain, in strength and stature.

He made no pretense of grief for their loss. In fact, he had no relatives to be observant on this point, and he would have been utterly incapable of feigning if he had been surrounded by a large family. He rather wondered, as he drove soberly home after the funeral, whether children ever were very fond of their parents; whether, if his brothers and sisters had lived, any one of them would have been "congenial," or, as he mentally phrased it, "pleasant to have round." It is possible that he answered this mental question in the negative; for he entered his empty house with a sense of decided pleasure, and glancing into the room which had for so many years been his mother's remembered that he could have it cleaned out now, and bring his guns and fishing-tackle down-stairs, as he had often thought it would be convenient to do.

For some days, some weeks, indeed, this sense of freedom lasted, and sufficed for happiness, as did the various new arrangements he was making with his own hands in the house and on the farm suffice for occupation. But when everything was done, when the house

was arranged satisfactorily, the harvest over, and a momentary lull in the pressure of work occurred, he began to feel an impatient desire for a change of some kind, and in this mood availed himself eagerly and gladly of an invitation from a distant relative of his father's to visit him in New Hampshire. The neighbors, when they heard of this intended visit, opined that Silas "was goin' to Hampshire to look for a wife;" but no one felt sufficiently intimate with him to ask if such was his intention, or even to mention the subject at all. Silas, in fact, was not a favorite in his native town. He was thought to be "kind of uppish," and known to be a hard hand at a bargain. But if hard he was honest, and his uppishness was partly shyness and partly reserve. If his neighbors knew him but superficially, they yet knew him almost as well as he knew himself; for his life, which had hitherto flowed on with absolute monotony, had left him in profound ignorance of his own strength and weakness. Indeed, his self-knowledge mainly consisted in a very accurate estimate of his capacity for labor and for physical endurance, and a tolerably fair idea of the extent to which he could resist temptation; for he was a man of good moral character, and had till now withstood well the few temptations to which he had been subjected. But he had never examined, never discussed, himself in his life, and would have been very much surprised had he been told that his was an uncommon character, and that in all those events of life which are decided by emotion rather than judgment he would risk much more than ordinary men. He was possessed of a depth of loyalty and devotion which is too rare in this self-seeking world, and which had not yet been drawn upon; for he had never been in love, or formed one of those enthusiastic early friendships which are so effectual in calling out our better selves. Indeed, he was not formed for friendship, but for love, and a single love, and was likely to pour out all his heart's treasure in one libation, and go through life afterward hard and loveless. Nor did he know that he was precisely in the state which rendered falling in love imminent. But so it was; and while he was winding up his affairs, and making arrangements for a lengthened absence in New Hampshire, events there were shaping themselves for his marriage with Mary Dering, who had been for many seasons the reigning beauty of Compton village.

## II.

Mary Dering at this time was thirty-two years of age, — an old maid, in point of fact; and it was a great compliment to her real beauty and grace that she was not called so. But she was too handsome, too graceful and stately, to be laughed at, and too utterly, serenely selfish to be made use of. In her early youth she had been incomparably the most beautiful girl in Compton; and she was still one of its most beautiful women; indeed, was perhaps the only very beautiful woman of thirty-two to be seen there, so short-lived is American bloom.

She was very tall, and so finely and nobly proportioned that the commonest stuff fell into long, graceful lines over her exquisitely rounded limbs. Her small head was perfectly placed on her shoulders, and was shaded by an abundance of straight, silky, golden-brown hair; her complexion was the loveliest rose leaf; and her eyes large, dark blue, with delicately veined lids and long, dark, curving lashes. The form of her face was a true oval; and here her positive beauty ended, for her nose was not faultless, and her mouth was too large, though her teeth were brilliant, and her lips red and velvety. She rose and sat down with exquisite grace, and sewed and did the common household tasks, which were all she knew how to do, with a distinction which made it a pleasure to watch her. She was aware of this, and in her careful, deliberate, yet deft way accomplished a great deal of work in the course of the day; for she was equally fond of admiration and of having everything about her in faultless

order, being peculiarly susceptible to that refined physical enjoyment which comes from dainty surroundings.

She had an immense amount of self-consciousness, and a perfect appreciation of her own personal appearance. The study of her life had been to preserve her good looks, and she had been eminently successful, and was wont to look upon her contemporaries, who, though happy wives and mothers, were all either too scrawny or too portly, with serene self-satisfaction. The baby never was born that would have consoled Mary Dering for fading beauty; and she regarded her friends as deluded idiots in their happiness in increasing cares and decreasing bloom. She was not very highly esteemed in her native town, and was indeed one of the most arrant coquettes that ever breathed. Moreover, her nearest connections were wont to whisper occasionally to each other, with bated breath and under strict vows of secrecy, that she was "like her father, after all, and what a pity it was." Now the late Mr. Dering had not been, if his acquaintances spoke truly, "so fond of the square thing" as he might have been. And also, they would add, "he was kinder sweet on the women; and he had n't ought to 'a' been, because Ellen Durnett was as good a woman as ever stepped." An old-fashioned New England town is as exclusive and conservative a place as can be found; and it is particularly necessary that a new-comer, if he is to take root there, should be able to present excellent credentials, and should be of unblemished character. Now it happened that Mr. Dering possessed neither of these claims to confidence. Credentials he had, it was true, but they were spurious; and then he had no relations, and indeed was finally discovered to be illegitimate, — a fact which would have made every one in Compton doubtful of him forever after, had his conduct been ever so irreproachable. Unhappily, before the falsity of his character or the stain upon his birth had been known, he had succeeded in marrying Ellen Durnett, one of the prettiest and loveliest women in Compton.

She had been more than five years a widow, and had two little girls. If it be (and certainly it is) hardly a justifiable thing for a widow with children to marry again, poor Ellen Durnett lived to expiate her fault, and to have trials so severe as to induce even the friends of her first husband to forgive her second marriage. It was perhaps to these trials, which began long before her birth, that her daughter Mary owed the pathetic expression of her large, deep blue eyes.

Mary remembered very little of her father. Ostensibly on business, he had betaken himself to the West, shortly after her birth, with all his wife's savings. He reappeared periodically and impecuniously for several years, and then vanished altogether, having, it was said, embraced the Mormon religion, and settled amid congenial scenes in Salt Lake City. Mary Dering, to the great relief of her mother's relations, "took after" the Raymonds altogether in appearance, in that she was tall, straight, and large-eyed, whereas Dering was short, squat, and near-sighted. Indeed, his shining gold-rimmed spectacles had been odious objects to every one who knew him, so sure was he to obtain with their aid an undue and pernicious insight into the affairs of others; while the same spectacles protected eyes which never could look any one straight in the face, if their owner's affairs were in question. It was currently believed in Compton that he had, before his final disappearance, signed a paper renouncing all claim to his daughter for the sum of one hundred dollars. Be that as it may, he never saw or attempted to see her again.

His wife, once relieved from the fear of his return, went back in her thoughts, as she had long since done in her love, to the husband of her youth; and one of her daughter Mary's earliest regrets was that George Durnett had not been her father, as he was of her sisters, Geraldine and Anne Durnett. One of her earliest resolves, too, was to wipe out the stain of her father's birth by as brilliant a marriage as she could possibly

achieve. So silent was she, so "close-mouthed," her relations used to say, that the consummate worldliness of her hopes and dreams was never suspected. She was a fairly obedient child, and was as singularly soft of speech as she was graceful of gesture; affectionate apparently, and to a certain extent really, to her mother and sisters, but never willing to forego her own advantage for a moment in anything, indeed, regarding them as existing mainly for her own comfort. Secretly, Mary half despised their straightforward simplicity, and that of her sister Anne especially. Anne was very pretty, and Mary wondered that she did not take more pains to preserve her beauty, and to achieve such small triumphs with it as lay in her way. If she should ultimately marry Fred Chauncey, who went to sea before the mast when Mary herself was in short frocks, she felt that she should despise her as a person utterly incapable of considering her own advantage. As for Geraldine, Mary decided that she was too plain to marry; and it was just as well, for she was particularly handy and industrious, and would always be a useful person to have about the house.

Nothing was further from Mary's thoughts than that she should remain unmarried for any man's sake; yet that was precisely her destiny. She "mistook the quality of her own nature," and held it for something sterner than it was.

Her life, according to her own small, worldly view of success, was to a certain extent successful. She was very beautiful, as we have said, and she had more admirers and more offers of marriage than any other girl in the township. She had believed herself to be willing to marry solely for money and position, and her opportunities for such aggrandizement had been numerous. Why, then, had she never married? There was a man, a tall, slight, dapper, dandy fellow, with shallow black eyes, pink and white skin, and greasy dark locks, who stood daily behind a counter in a shop in New York selling ribbons and pins, who could alone have answered that question; and who, without being possessed of such vices as would legally have brought him to the prison or the gallows, was as worthless a creature as lived. Selfish, sensual, mean, and heartless as he was, however, he had succeeded in making Mary Dering love him. She had promised to marry him when she was but seventeen; had retracted her promise, at her mother's command, within twenty-four hours; and had then reëngaged herself to him secretly, and almost immediately. When he declared that he could fix no time for their marriage, she agreed in silence. When he exacted that she should never speak of the renewal of their engagement to her mother and sisters, she assented; and she subsequently submitted, so uncomplainingly as even to astonish herself in her few lucid moments, to long years of semi-neglect, of wearing anxiety, and of deferred hope. Her misery might have been shortened had she not retained her somewhat voluptuous loveliness in all its freshness; for Harvey Groot was an epicurean in his way, and would earlier have wearied of her had it not been for her beauty. He never meant to marry her; he never meant to marry at all, indeed, until he had risen in the world, and meant then to increase what fortune he had by marrying a rich woman. But he liked to be engaged to Mary Dering; and he liked to feel that for his sake she rejected better men than himself.

And so the years went on. He dangled after her during his brief vacations, and wrote her friendly, silly little letters in the intervals, being always particularly careful not to commit himself to any assurances as to the future. Meanwhile, during these years of waiting, he was accumulating money, and at the end of fifteen years, when Mary's mother died, he was possessed of quite a respectable fortune, and saw his way toward doubling it by such a marriage as he had often dreamed of, — one which would put him in possession of ready money and an increased business connection at the same time.

That Mary would think he was behaving badly he knew, but for that he

did not greatly care. It was not likely, he thought, that any of her relations would "make it unpleasant" for him. Her mother and eldest sister were dead; she had no brothers; and her sister Anne's husband was captain of a whaling vessel, and had just gone off on a three years' cruise. Besides, their engagement had been absolutely secret, which made it the less likely that Mary would "make a fuss." So the letter dissolving their engagement and the newspaper containing the announcement of his marriage were mailed together, and she received them both when she and Anne were packing up their mother's few possessions, and breaking up the home of their childhood. She bore the blow in silence, and for a few days kept at her work; then she took to her bed, and was very ill. Anne was the most faithful, skillful nurse, the most loyal friend, the most devoted comforter, that ever sister had; but even to Anne she could say very little about her misery, and when she recovered she utterly refused the home which Anne offered her in Nantucket. Harvey, in his farewell letter, had taken it for granted that she would go there, and she would do nothing which he expected her to do. She therefore accepted a home offered her for the winter by Anne's uncle, Eli Durnett, and transferred all her worldly possessions to his house. On the morning preceding Anne's departure for Nantucket, she almost regretted her decision; but it was then too late to change it, and she said no word of regret, and assented in silence when Anne proposed that they should walk together up to the church-yard on the hill, where their mother and sister were buried, and wait there until the stage passed. It was a lonely place in which to make their farewells, and on that account better than any other, Anne thought; for she hoped to induce Mary to unburden herself to her at the last moment. They were quite undisturbed there; and when they had planted the flowers they had brought with them, they sat down on the church steps, hand in hand and cheek pressed against cheek, until the moment of departure came. Even then Mary could not bring herself to give confidence, or to accept sympathy. When Anne was gone, indeed, she crept behind the thick hedge which bordered the old stone wall, and, sitting there concealed, wept her fill. When her agony was over, she smoothed her hair and rearranged her dress, and before leaving the church-yard stood for a moment looking down on the green mound beside her mother's, where the one word Geraldine, in letters of box, stood out darkly from the grass. She had so pitied Geraldine because it was her fate to die; and now, beside the mound on which the snows of eight winters had fallen, and the flowers of as many springs had blossomed, she found herself wondering whether, after all, hers was not the better part. Heavy-hearted as she was, it would have been a real consolation to her could she have known how lovely she looked at that moment. No more graceful figure ever adorned a monument, and it was not destined to remain unseen and unadmired. A traveler, coming up the hill, and pausing at the top to rest his tired horse, saw and was struck by it. He stood long gazing at her, as mute and motionless as she was herself; then, dropping the bridle of his horse, he stepped over the low wall of the church-yard, and strode toward her, paused, hesitated a moment, and finally returning to the road stood quietly waiting, until she turned and came toward him. The faint glow which rose to her pale cheeks as she perceived him was reflected in his own face, as he lifted his hat and said, rather awkwardly, "I'm a stranger here; can you tell me if I'm on the right road for Compton village?"

"Yes; that 's the village down there."

"I'm much obliged, I 'm sure. Perhaps you could tell me, too, where Mr. Eli Durnett's house is? I 'm on my way there, now."

"Do they expect you?" she said, with a faint smile.

"Well, yes, I guess they do."

"Then you 're Silas McVicker?"

"Yes."

"I 'm going down there, now. I 'll

show you the way, if you like. I live at uncle Eli's, perhaps you know."

Silas colored deeply, and his eyes brightened pleasantly as he answered, —

"No, I did n't; but we 're cousins, may be? "

"Not that exactly. Uncle Eli is n't really my uncle, only I call him so. My mother's first husband was his brother. I 'm staying there now to help them."

"Then you — you ain't married, I take it, ma'am — miss? "

"No," she replied, looking down for a moment. "No, I am not married."

Silas was, he scarcely knew why, thrilled with ecstasy at this reply. He had a blundering idea that politeness required him to express surprise; but some better instinct withheld him, and when he spoke again it was to say, "This is a good country for farming, I guess."

"Yes, it is. Uncle Eli says he would n't change Compton County for any other in the States."

"I should think not. I 've got a farm of my own that I think a great deal of, but it 's harder work getting anything out of it than it must be out of this. I 've got a pretty big house, though," he continued, absently looking round the landscape as if seeking to find one like it, — "pretty big for me all alone. In the winters, to be sure, I have the fires for company; but then our winters ain't very hard."

"Ours are, — a great deal too hard, I think," said Mary, with a sigh of irrepressible weariness, as the thought of being six months house-bound with aunt Joanna Durnett presented itself to her mind in gloomy colors.

"Do you? " asked Silas, eagerly. "Well, to be sure, a hard winter ain't pleasant, especially for women. The winters don't amount to much down our way. My house is a warm one, too. Do we go over this fence? Let me help you."

"No, thank you," said Mary, getting over quickly, and displaying a remarkably pretty foot and ankle in so doing. "You 'll have enough to do to mind your horse. The bars let down, you see. There is another way, but it 's rather longer. That 's uncle Eli's," she added, pointing to a house which stood two fields off.

"Is it? " said Silas simply. "It has seemed a very short walk, I 'm sure. I don't know any of 'em by sight, you know," he added, with an awkward laugh. "May be they 'll be surprised to see me. But they sent me a letter asking me to come and stay with 'em a spell. I 've got it here," he continued, touching the pocket of his coat, which hung across his horse and looking straight at Mary, with a glance which was unconsciously appealing.

"Oh, I 'll tell them who you are," she answered, smiling. "They 'll be very glad to see you, I know. I heard them speak of your coming. I 'll go before you, if you like, and tell them," she repeated, making a slight movement to pass him, as they approached the farm-yard gate.

But he put his hand upon it, and held it fast. "You have n't told me your name yet," he said, in a low and rather tremulous voice.

"My name is Mary Dering," she answered in her softest tones, and with a confiding glance in his face.

He opened the gate and followed her in.

## III.

"Massy sakes alive, Eli!" said aunt Joanna Durnett, looking out of the keeping-room window. "If there ain't Mary at last, after the milkin' 's all done, and a young man with her. Where ever did the hussy pick him up, I wonder! "

"I guess," said uncle Eli, approaching the window, — "I guess it 's Silas McVicker. I expect him along any day, now."

"Well, to be sure, and she picks him up fust off, in course. Trust an old maid for that, ef she can find a man fool enough to run after her."

"Law, mother, you 're too hard on the poor girl. She went up across the hill to bid Anne good-by. They both of 'em took a couple of rose-trees along to plant in the church-yard, and I guess the poor thing 's been settin' there ever since."

"Eli, I ain't got patience with you," answered aunt Joanna. "You 're jest like all the rest of 'em. Take away her round waist and her pink cheeks, and you 'd find fault with her fast enough. I s'pose next you 'll be sayin' no woman ain't nothin' more 'n a young girl till she gets up towards forty or fifty."

"No, mother, I won't," said uncle Eli, with a perverse twinkle behind his spectacles. "You was an old woman before you was thirty; but Mary does keep her looks uncommon well. Look at her, now. She don't look a day over twenty-five, and handsome at that."

"That 's so," said aunt Joanna coming closer, and looking out of the window. "My! how she does step out, and how he 's a-lookin' at her! It 's a providence, his comin' jest now. She 'd ought to be married, Eli," she added impressively. "Mind you don't say nothing about her age. And don't you be fault-findin', nuther. That often frightens men off when their minds is most made up; and it 's kinder bore in on me that Silas McVicker is the man for Mary."

"All right," said uncle Eli; but any comments that he might have been disposed to make upon his consort's sudden change of mood were stopped by the opening of the door and the entrance of Silas and Mary, who made the necessary introduction with all her usual grace: "Uncle Eli, aunt Joanna, this is the cousin you were expecting, — Silas McVicker. He met me upon the hill, by the church-yard."

"You 're welcome, Silas," said uncle Eli heartily. "And here 's my wife, aunt Joanna they call her hereabouts. She 'll be glad to see you, too."

"And I 'll be glad to call her aunt Joanna, if she 'll let me," said Silas, shaking hands with her, and feeling as if this would be another tie between the stately Mary and himself.

Aunt Joanna received him graciously, and then withdrew, muttering that she would "see about supper." And Mary? Her thoughts were very far from traveling as rapidly toward matrimony as those of her companions; but she retired to her room as quickly as she could, and lighting a candle held it close to the little mirror, and minutely studied her face to see if the traces of tears were perceptible. She set it down, after a moment, with a satisfied smile, and proceeded carefully to bathe her face from a small vial of rose-water, which she took from a locked closet, and then to brush and arrange her long, silky hair.

She looked the picture of modest neatness as she came down-stairs in her mourning dress, and Silas, upon whom she waited with gentle courtesy, completely lost his appetite and forgot the fatigues of the journey as he watched her. At night, as he lay down in the white, dimity curtained bed in aunt Joanna's best room, he had already traveled so far away from his past life that it seemed but the shadow of a dream.

He was early astir in the morning, and went out with uncle Eli to the barn to feed the cattle, his uncle informing him, by the way, that "Mary was off to the far lot to milk the red cow."

Silas did not avail himself of this information. To have done so would have taken the bloom off the shyness of his love; but he contrived to be in the way when she returned, and to carry her milk-pails for her to the door of the dairy, a service which she accepted as something naturally her right, and rewarded by a low-toned "Thank you," which was uttered with her long lashes cast down. Silas noticed them, and wondered, as he stood at the door of the dairy, waiting to be called to breakfast, whether all women had such long eyelashes. He did not remember to have noticed them before; but then, to be sure, he had never thought about women before, any way.

"Poor mother, she kinder put me out of conceit of women," he said to himself, with a half smile, as he obeyed aunt Joanna's summons to breakfast.

"I s'pose you 're kind of lonely down home," said aunt Joanna, as breakfast proceeded. "You ain't married, I believe?" she continued, determined to play her fish well.

"No," said Silas promptly. "I 've never thought about being married."

"And you 've got no womankind round, have you?"

"No. I have no relations except you, and mother was bedridden so long we got out of the way of having company to our house. She thought it tired her."

"H'm," said aunt Joanna. "Miss her much?"

"Well, — no, not much," said Silas truthfully. "She never was much company for me, mother was n't. And it seemed to trouble her to have me round doing things in the house. I used to sit in the kitchen, and she 'd call me when she wanted things; and that was about all there was of it. To be sure, she was there; now she is n't," he added confusedly, as if seeking to disentangle his ideas. "But then I go fishing and shooting a good deal now."

"Your house is pretty big, ain't it?"

"Yes, it is; pretty nigh as big as this, I guess."

"Ah, well, a house is a good thing to own, whether it 's full or empty. Silas, if you won't have any more breakfast, perhaps you 'd like to go out with your uncle, and help him this morning. There is a great deal for women to do about a farm-house like this."

"Indeed there is; you must be busy enough," answered Silas, as he moved back his chair and prepared to go out.

"Yes. I should n't know what to do, only for Mary," replied aunt Joanna, loyally concealing the fact that Mary would never touch a finger to any part of the work which did not please her.

Silas made no reply, but at noon, when he returned from the field, he brought a bunch of dripping water-lilies in his hand. Not choosing to let aunt Joanna be a witness of his offering, he hung about the house until he saw that Mary was alone in the keeping-room, and then made his way to her boldly enough. She was standing beside the dinner-table, engaged in putting some finishing touches to it, and he thought that she was far more beautiful than she had been in the early morning, although she was evidently tired. The peach bloom of her cheeks was deepened to a brilliant pink; there were violet shadows under her lovely eyes; and her hair was pushed back behind her small, shell-like ears. Every little detail about her simple toilet had been carefully studied by her, and she knew as well as any looker-on could know how its apparent negligence became her, and how much her beauty was improved by her heightened color.

Silas felt some slight embarrassment about presenting his offering, but she relieved it at once.

"Did you pick those for me?" said she, with her sweetest smile. "Thank you. I 'll put them in water in my room. I like water-lilies, and I don't get them often. Uncle Eli 's down by the pond every day, but he always forgets to bring any home." The words were nothing, but the charming voice and the grateful glance of the lovely blue eyes made them irresistible. There was not a married or marriageable man within miles of Compton who did not know those tones and glances, but they were like the voice of Eve to Adam in the ears of Silas.

The first week of Silas's visit passed by like a dream. He helped uncle Eli about the farm, and did many a "hand's turn" about the house for aunt Joanna, but he thought of nothing but Mary, and when he was not in her presence was but half aware of his own existence.

She never thought of marrying him; but it was impossible for her to have a new man in the house without trying to captivate him, although almost unconsciously.

The long, lingering glances, the downcast lids, the low tones, with which she bewildered Silas, were with her as mechanical as the minute care with which she performed her daily tasks. Her heart seemed dead, and she was glad that it was so. In a dumb, half-stupid sort of way, she was glad that Silas was in the house, because he admired her, and admiration was as the breath of life to her; and then his presence prevented the introduction of any subject immediately personal to herself, and induced uncle Eli and aunt Joanna to treat her with more respect than they otherwise would have done.

Still, as the days rolled on, the silent homage of this powerful, handsome man was soothing to the burning sense of mortification which she felt when her thoughts turned back to the past years so cruelly wasted. Her lost youth perpetually appealed to her for pity, and made her suddenly start and shudder, as with a stab of pain, while she went about her work. But of the man who had so trifled with her she thought comparatively little. Her powers of suffering were exhausted in that direction.

## IV.

The souls of men in their progress through life go through immense changes; and Silas, after his dull life in the salt marshes, and his bare, loveless home, felt almost alarmed, at times, at the vast tide of emotion which rose and surged within him towards this gracious creature. To love for the first time in mature life is to return to youth. He had missed that rosy dawn, and now its dewy freshness, its ineffable charm, surrounded him.

It was amazing to him, in after years, to look back upon this period of his life, and reflect how honestly simple and uncalculating he had been; how absorbed in one idea; and with what worship, what reverence, and yet what a keen sense of physical beauty he had adored Mary Dering.

He had never been in the habit of reading, but under the influence of this new emotion, and an undefined longing to know something more of all good women, he one night opened the big Bible which lay on a table in his room. As chance would have it, his eyes fell upon the concluding verse of the lament of David for Jonathan: "Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women." "The love of women!" Then that was so precious a thing that it was used as the type of love in the Bible. Silas had his own private and personal doubts, as we all have, but such religious teaching as he had led him to believe every word and line of the Bible as absolutely true, and to be accepted literally; and the next day, as he watched Mary as usual, and as usual interpreted each one of her noble feminine movements to denote some inward grace of spirit, a voice perpetually whispered in his ear, "Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women." Every morning after that, as he used to sit at his window in the clear, delicate dawn, waiting until the rest of the family were stirring, he took the Bible and read; and as he read, looking out occasionally upon the liberal and lovely landscape which stretched away far and wide on every hand, beautiful in the rosy dawn, he credited the woman he loved with all the high qualities of which he read.

So the days went on, until the near approach of the limit of his visit crystallized his thoughts into distinct resolves. As a natural sequence, his dreams assumed a more practical character; and as he sat in the evenings, making fishing-nets, an occupation which he had brought with him, he reviewed and re-reviewed his prospects and his resources for making Mary comfortable, should she accept him. Then, again, he would chide himself severely for venturing to hope, for love was making him thoroughly humble. Aunt Joanna, too, with that loyalty to her own sex which is characteristic of all good women, had taken care to let him know, what was indeed the truth, that Mary had had many suitors, and he never dreamed that her opportunities for changing her condition were not as extensive as ever. Still, though no coward, he hesitated to put his fate to the touch, because he instinctively felt that he would risk much more than other men. In this frame of mind he rose and dressed on the Sunday morning preceding his departure. He heard Mary's clear voice singing afield long before he left his room, and twice he turned back as he was about to go to join her, chilled by a sudden fear that she would refuse him. The second time he drew the big Bible to him, and opened it at hazard: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where

thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

It was a "clear leading." He closed the book, went to the door, hesitated a moment, and then, returning to the little table on which the Bible lay, knelt down and buried his face on its pages, with a deep desire for divine help and protection, though he was powerless to frame any special supplication. He lingered so long, however, that the family were already assembled for breakfast when he went down-stairs, and his chance of learning his fate was over for that day.

## V.

The next morning Silas rose earlier than usual, and hastened on to the "far lot," determined to await Mary at the stile. He was disappointed; she was there already. Her milk-pail was before her on the stile, and her head was turned away towards the east. She was dressed in her ordinary working gown of dark blue print, with a snow-white handkerchief crossed over her gently-swelling bosom; her beautiful head was uncovered, and adorned only by its gleaming silken hair.

As he approached her, he saw that she had been weeping; and his heart was proud, for he thought those tears were for him.

"Mary!" he said, quickly. She hardly moved, only lifted her dark blue eyes to his. "Mary, I 'm going home to-day, you know."

"Yes," she said, listlessly, "I know it."

He resumed: "I 'm going home, but I do not think I could go if you" — He paused, and began again: "Oh, Mary, I love you. You 're the only woman I ever thought of loving; and if you will let me, I will do everything on earth to make you happy. You know all I have. Only tell me, can you put up with my rough ways? Will you have me, Mary? No man will ever love you as I do. You need n't speak," he added, eagerly; for she had averted her head, and the waves of pink were suffusing her throat and cheek. "Don't speak, if you 'll have me. See!" he added, turning to the east, "if you don't speak until after the sun has risen, I 'll know you mean Yes."

The golden disk rose slowly beyond the "purple rim of the horizon," the birds burst out into cheery lilts, but Mary was still silent; and as the first sunbeam touched and gilded them both, Silas encircled her with his arm and gently kissed her golden head. Not a word more was spoken. He walked quietly beside her to the house, too profoundly happy not to be awe-stricken, and her thoughts were far away, busy with the days and hours of her early youth. As they approached the house, however, he whispered, "May I come back for you in October, dear?" and she answered, "Yes."

So it was settled. Silas returned home that day, and after he was gone she begged that as little might be said about the engagement as possible, and began her preparations so systematically and quietly as to inspire aunt Joanna with respect and a belief that "Mary had a good deal of 'faculty' after all."

Six weeks afterward, on a clear day late in October, they were married.

## VI.

The six weeks preceding his marriage were busy ones for Silas. Everything about his farm was brought into the trimmest and most perfect order. The house was painted and whitewashed within and without; and the cleaning and scrubbing, the beeswaxing and polishing, which he insisted upon, and the liberal hand with which he discarded old rags and bits of furniture, amazed the town cleaner, old widow Rose, who profited by his generosity.

He had succeeded in making things look almost attractive, and Mary expressed herself well pleased when she came to take possession of her new domain. Indeed, the evening after they arrived, as they sat after tea at the back door, inhaling the pungent fragrance of

the salt marshes and watching the swallows circling round the gable end of the old barn, she felt something almost akin to happiness, something she had thought never to feel again. And Silas was perfectly happy. He would have been glad, certainly, if his wife had been more communicative and more affectionate; but he was by nature quiet and undemonstrative, and as he knew that it was to him a deep, the deepest, bliss to have her at his side and to feel that they were to be together always, he took her acceptance of him to mean a love akin to his own. Her instincts, too, were well bred, and led her to avoid giving pain, and to assume an appearance of interest in their daily life which she was far from feeling; and she was an admirable housekeeper, and took kindly to the task of arranging and putting in order the big, bare house, and of contriving and preparing nice, appetizing meals. She was fond of sailing, also, and, actuated solely by the pleasure of the novel exercise, and not at all by any desire for her husband's society, she often accompanied him on his fishing expeditions. These were a relief to her, at first. Silas was generally occupied and silent, and she could sit in dreamy quiet, full of a sensuous enjoyment of the motion of the boat, of the cool fragrant air, and of the sunny day, which was her sole appreciation of nature. Meanwhile, her superb figure lent itself with consummate grace to every motion of the boat, and her lovely eyes smiled back an exquisite answer to the tender glances her husband threw upon her from time to time; her round, pink cheek lifted itself as readily to his lips as if she loved him, and him alone.

And yet often behind her calm brows the doubt as to whether she had done well to accept him was going on; whether, if she had waited, Harvey's wife might not have died; whether he might not have been divorced from her; whether she might not have married a "really rich" man; and then she would murmur to herself at her fate. She had been engaged to that other man "fifteen years, and it was hard to give him up after that." There was great weakness in these speculations, and, even more, disloyalty, for she had never permitted her husband to suspect that she had been engaged to another man. Still, as it seems the nature of falsehood to show itself, Silas felt more and more, as time rolled on, a lack of reality and spontaneity in his wife's manner. She never crossed him in anything, she never withdrew from his caresses, she never permitted herself to utter an impatient word, and yet a vague, slow pain and dissatisfaction was growing up in his heart. It was entirely like the man not to question her on the subject, but to take it for granted that the fault, if fault there was, was his own; and he endeavored to mend things by an increasing thoughtfulness for her happiness. He rose earlier and earlier in the morning, that he might accomplish enough to enable him to leave off work soon in the afternoon and take her out to drive; nay, he would walk long distances, sometimes, in order that the old horse might rest, and so be fitter to bear the long drives in which his wife delighted.

Naturally generous, he became, to every one but her, grasping to a degree, though only that he might have something to make life easier for her. For her he thought and watched and planned, for her he dreamed and hoped, until at length the desire to make her vividly happy grew almost to be a passion. It is not easy to deceive a lover who is also a husband, and at times a keen, sudden anguish pierced his heart. When alone with his wife, he felt the subtle, intangible barrier which prevented her from being wholly his. When a year had thus passed away, and he was still no nearer the enchanted land of absolute bliss, he began to long earnestly for children; not so much from any paternal instinct, as because of the possible effect of maternity upon the character of his idol. She never echoed his desire other than in words. No fibre of her heart responded to it. She was of the order of women to whom children are a burden.

So time went on; they had been married nearly three years, and a great many comforts and improvements had

gradually been accumulated about their home. One of these, and one upon which Mary's heart had especially been set, was a two-storied piazza, and it was at length in process of construction. It had cost Silas some few sacrifices to save the requisite amount of money, and after the wood had been procured and duly seasoned he had been obliged to proceed rather slowly with the work, as he had but little time to devote to it. The long upper hall, which had a window opening upon the piazza to be, was converted into a work-shop, and he spent all his spare moments there. He was very little disposed to take holidays, unless at his wife's request; and in the early morning of the third Fourth of July which they had spent together, he stood in front of his house, looking up at the scaffolding which supported his unfinished work, and seriously debating whether he would not neglect the national holiday altogether.

"I don't believe I 'll go, after all 's said and done," he said, as his wife came towards him from the house.

"Not go sailing? I can't go, because I have a bad headache, and I 'm afraid of the sun; but you ought to go, Silas; they 'll be angry if you don't. I 've got your dinner-basket all ready, too; and you don't often have a holiday."

"And I don't care for one without you, young woman," he answered, laughing and slipping his arm round her waist.

But she urged her point with a gentle persistency peculiar to herself and extremely difficult to resist, and which, combined with the life-long habit of making it a duty to take a holiday on the Fourth, induced him to yield to her.

"I 'm afraid you 'll be lonely, and I don't half like to leave you," he said, when he was all equipped, coming up behind her in the door-way and gently kissing her hair, as he put his arm round her waist, a frequent and in his mind a peculiarly tender caress, because it recalled the morning of their betrothal.

"Never fear," she said, lightly. "I shall miss you, of course, but I 've got some things to do round the house that 'll keep me busy, and won't tire me, either. My head ain't so very bad, but if I went I know it would get worse."

"Well, I 'll tell you what I 'll do," he answered. "If I don't come home before one, you need n't look for me; but I guess I 'll just walk over to the landing and tell Johnson and Rose not to expect me. I 'd rather put a good, solid day's work on this piazzy than be off sailing with a lot of fellows I don't care for."

"I guess you 'd better go," rejoined his wife, smiling and brushing a speck of dust from his coat.

He nodded to her with a smile, without answering, and walked down to the gate, hesitated there a moment, and then, returning, took her in his arms and kissed her passionately, and left her. He never kissed her again.

## VII.

She stood looking after him for a moment or two, and then went into the house and exchanged her holiday for her working dress. It was an intensely hot and perfectly still day. The road which stretched along the front of the house looked dazzlingly white and dry. Not a vehicle was to be seen, nor was likely to be seen during the day, the tide of travel being turned, in consequence of the Fourth of July festivities, to another part of the township, and with a half sigh at the weariness of life she went about her work.

An hour afterward Silas returned, walked noiselessly into the house, and, not finding her, went up-stairs, and began to fit some wooden screw-pins for the new piazza, an operation which had the double advantage of advancing his work and of being carried on so quietly as not to disturb his wife's aching head. He was seated in the upper hall, when he saw her coming in from the garden, carrying a basket of sweet herbs, which she placed beside her on a bench under the trees, and proceeded to sort and tie up in bunches. She performed this trifling task with so much skill and grace, and looked so fresh and pretty under the shade of the trees, that he was un-

willing to disturb her, and sat working and watching her with quiet delight. Once or twice she paused in her work, with a slight sigh of weariness, and, shading her eyes with her hand, gazed fixedly up and down the road; and each time she did so Silas beheld the action with a leap of the heart, and thought, "She is looking for me." Still, he refrained from speaking to her, that he might enjoy the pleasure of watching her a little longer. She moved the bench upon which she had been sitting at last, so that she could not see the road, and continued her work, with an occasional dreamy glance at the salt marshes; and Silas now resolved to tell her that he had returned. Laying down his knife and the screw he had been making, he advanced to the edge of the scaffolding, and was on the point of calling her, when he paused, arrested by the unusual spectacle of a horse and gig, which was coming slowly up the post-road from the south. The gig was new and handsomely appointed, and the horse was a powerful animal and well groomed, although he had evidently traveled far and hard, for he was covered with dust and foam. The vehicle came slowly until it was within several hundred yards of the house, and then its sole occupant, a very tall, slight man, more elaborately dressed than any man Silas ever remembered to have seen in those parts, alighted, and led the horse carefully by the bridle. It was apparently his desire to proceed as quietly as possible, for he led the animal over the grass at the side of the road at a snail's pace, reconnoitering the house eagerly all the while. He passed the house, fastened his horse to a tree a few yards away, and returned to the gate, darting quick, furtive, suspicious glances in every direction as he placed his hand upon the latch and noiselessly opened and as noiselessly closed it behind him, stepping immediately afterward on the soft grass at the side of the pathway, as if afraid of the echo of his own footsteps on the walk.

Strangers were a rarity at Hallowbay salt marshes, and Silas had hitherto remained silent and motionless from the overpowering curiosity he felt as to the stranger's movements. Now, however, he was convinced that he had some sinister motive for his visit, and, grasping one of the uprights of the scaffolding, he prepared to swing himself down and confront him. At this moment the man halted, surveyed the house with an air of considerable perplexity, and said in a soft, but distinctly audible whisper, —

"Mary! Mary, dear!"

There was a slight rustle, as Mary sprang from her seat and ran, not toward the house, but in the direction of the speaker. She paused within a yard of him, and glanced quickly at the house, the meadows, the road, before she spoke:

"Harvey! Oh, Harvey! Harvey!" and covering her face with her hands she burst into a passion of tears.

"Are you alone?" said he.

"Yes."

"Ah, I hoped it would be so," said he, reaching her with a single stride, and taking her hand. "I have so hoped and longed to see you, Mary. Come," he added, after a moment's pause, during which she permitted him to hold her hand, but still kept her face turned away; "come, Mary, you were kinder to me once."

She withdrew her hand, and turned quickly upon him, her bosom heaving, her dark blue eyes burning with angry fire. "And if I was, is it for you to taunt me with it now? Yes, a woman will be likely to be kind to the man she 's engaged to be married to for fifteen years, if she does n't suspect he 's going to jilt her at the end of it. Mother and Anne and Geraldine all told me from the very first that you was n't to be trusted, and I believed you, and not them. I let mother and Geraldine both die believing a lie, — believing I was n't engaged to you, when I was, — because you made me deceive them. When you let me go, mother was dead, and I could never tell her. Oh, dear! I lie awake sometimes at night and cry about it now, to think how you 've spoiled all my life for me; and yet I" —

"Love me after all, don't you, Mary?

Say you do! I love you as much as ever I did. Come," he added, slipping his arm round her waist; "come, we can't be strangers, you know. You were engaged to me for fifteen years, — that 's true enough, as you say; and it looks as if I treated you bad, — I know that; but I 've never had a happy hour since we parted, — not one, Mary. My wife is a poor, sickly, worrying thing. I have n't had a minute's peace or comfort in all these years, and then — Don't turn away from me; you might be kinder to a fellow when he comes — Listen: I left New York before daylight, and I 've been traveling in heat and dust ever since, just for the chance of speaking a word to you. Come, sit down by me, and let me put my arm round you, as I used to on the hill by the churchyard. Do you remember?"

"I remember," she answered. She was still standing partly turned away from him, her beautiful, supple frame shaken by the violence of her sobs.

"Come," he urged again, in winning tones. "By George!" he continued, throwing his head a little back and looking at her admiringly, "you look just as you did fifteen years ago, — the handsomest woman I ever saw in country or city. Come, sit by me, and let us talk. I want to know if you 're happy and — Don't turn away from me; don't be so cold and stiff with me. I love you yet as much as ever; and you love me, don't you? You do, Mary, don't you?"

The man looking down upon them waited in breathless silence for her answer.

She turned slowly round, and suffered her large, tear-filled eyes to fall upon the face uplifted to her, and then, "Oh, yes! God help me, yes, I do! How can I help it! I always loved you," she answered, with a burst of tears.

Harvey again took her hand. "Dear Mary," he whispered.

"Don't touch me, — don't," she said, swerving aside. "Don't come near me. Listen: you never loved me!"

"I did, and do," he answered impatiently. "D——n it, does a man always marry where he loves? I did n't, God knows! I loved you all the time I was engaged to you. I loved you when I was married, and I do now. Oh, Mary, I wish you had n't been in such a hurry, and then who knows what might have happened. I 'm a rich man now, and my wife is in very poor health, — consumptive, the doctor says, — and can't live a year; and if you were free" —

"It 's too late, now," she said, listlessly, and a sigh which seemed to come from the very bottom of her heart burst from her. "Go away, now; please go."

"Why should I go away?" he rejoined. "Your husband is n't likely to come home yet, is he?"

"No, — but" —

"Then I won't go," he answered. "No, indeed, I won't. I came forty miles to-day to see you, and for nothing else. By George! there 's been times in the last three years that I 'd have walked it, and more too, just to see you walk across a room, and step out as no other woman ever did but you. Ah, smile, — that 's right; you 've got your dimples yet, I see. You look just as you did when we first knew each other, years ago. By Jove, Mary, I ought to have married you!"

"And whose fault is it that you did n't?" she said, impatiently. "Do go away, — do! Whatever was between us is past and gone. Do go away; there 's no use in your staying. No, I won't sit down, and I won't talk to you any more. I can't bear it. You spoiled all my life; and now I 've got a good husband, and I don't love him, and never did, and it 's all your fault. Go, — for pity's sake go!"

The stranger sprang to his feet. "Come with me, Mary!" he exclaimed. "Come with me. I 'll make the venture. I can make a comfortable home for you now, and after a time, if my wife dies, I 'll marry you. I swear I will." There was an instant's hesitation, while he held her hand, and there fell between the two a silence so profound that Silas, from his post of observation, could distinctly hear the long-drawn sighs that fought their way up from his wife's heart, and the hurried, panting breathing of the stran-

ger. Suddenly the clock struck two loud, distinct strokes that seemed to fill the air. "Two o'clock!" said Harvey, starting, and attempting to draw Mary to him. "Come, dear, we've got no time to lose."

She released herself quickly, and drew back. "Go, then," she answered. "I won't come with you."

"Why not?" he asked, in a tone of suppressed rage.

"Because I'll die an honest woman, as I've lived; and because, if I did come, you would forget me soon."

"But I'll make an honest woman of you. I swear I will. I'll marry you as soon as Charlotte dies, and I don't think she'll live long."

"And then you would want to marry another rich woman. Listen: you've spoiled all my life for me. I was engaged to be married to you when I was only seventeen; and then when mother died, and you knew I'd waited for you fifteen years, till I was sick and worn out with waiting and worry and misery, you just broke it all off, as if" —

"Now just calm yourself," interrupted he. "You won't come because you don't love me. You love this husband of yours, that your aunt Joanna makes such a to-do about."

"Oh, stop! Don't torment me so," she said, wearily.

"And you love him, — you do, — not me! Come, tell me the truth," he urged again, approaching her. "You're going to stay with him, you know; if you do or ever did care for me, you might tell me, now. Which of us is it, Mary?" Silence. "You never loved me," he said, turning away.

"I did, — I did, — I do," she cried, springing toward him. "Oh, Harvey, you know" —

"And now?" said he, in pleading tones. "Come, Mary, I've told you all the truth. I married for money. I was in a tight place, and had to have it or be ruined; but I loved you then and ever since, and I love you now. So" —

"No, hear me out," she answered. "If I went with you, you would tire of me, and cast me off. If I stay here, I shall have some one to protect me and a roof over my head. I married for that, and" —

"Well, I'll leave you, since you wish it so much," he answered. "If you won't come with me, I certainly have nothing to wait for, but I must say this: you abuse me for marrying for money, but if you did n't do it, you had an uncommon deal of luck to fall into such a fat farm, comfortable house, too, and improvements going on regardless of expense. You have n't suffered as much as you pretend to, I guess. Well, since I must go, give me one kiss for good-by. I'll never trouble you again."

But she shook her head. She had retreated to the tree under which she had been sitting, and with one arm wound round it, and her head leaning on her arm, remained mute and motionless.

"Come," he urged, approaching her, "bid me good-by, Mary."

She shuddered, but was silent.

A dark look of anger crossed his face as he looked at her, but he made no further attempt to shake her decision; only lifting the white arm that hung down, he held it for a moment in a gripe that was almost savage, and then kissing it passionately dropped it, and without a word sprang into his gig and drove furiously away.

When the last echo of trampling hoofs had died away in the distance, the last cloud of dust faded, Mary tottered back to the bench she had left, and sank down exhausted; then, lifting her left hand, she pressed it to her lips for a moment, and burst into an agony of weeping. The passion of years of suffering was poured out in that wild wail, and she sobbed until, utterly wearied out, she lay back against the tree white and shaken, gazing before her with blank, unseeing eyes. The clock struck four, at last, and starting, and glancing nervously about her, she rose and went into the house. As she did so, Silas moved from the constrained position into which he seemed to have petrified, and swinging himself down from the scaffolding crossed the garden and went away to the shore.

He was at first more conscious of phys-

ical weariness than anything else, and he threw himself upon a strip of gravelly beach, and, with his eyes fixed upon the distant waters of Hallowbay, struggled to collect his thoughts and rearrange the impressions at war within him. In heart and soul, in hope and in desire, his wife had never been his.

The first fierce impulse of rage, in which he had felt a wild desire to seize and murder her, was past. Slowly and with ineffable bitterness the true idea of her filled his mind.

"There are no true women, then," he thought, and smiled bitterly to himself. "Why could n't she let me alone?" he whispered, a moment after, writhing in agony as he recalled the allurements by which he now saw he had been won. The thought of meeting her again was inexpressibly galling to him, the idea of a life with her not to be endured; and he shuddered and ground his teeth as he remembered the long, lingering glance with which she had followed her lover's retreating figure, the passionate kisses she had pressed upon the hand he had held, the wild abandon of despair with which she had recognized the fact that he had left her forever. He might have forgiven her that confession of love, that burst of grief, had he not thought of long, lingering glances bent upon himself, soft words and softer caresses. "False to both of us!" he muttered. "A roof over her head! She shall have nothing else! O God! O God!"

But the anguish which racked him refused to vent itself in tears. The sun went down, the stars came out one by one, in the slowly deepening twilight, and still he lay upon the shore, until the risen tide, sighing among the rank grass at his feet, bathed him in its bitter waters, and roused him from a stupor of misery in which hours had passed by unheeded.

He rose slowly, and slowly turned his face in the direction of his ruined home. "Oh, if lightning would but blast it, — turn it to ashes!" But it looked as quiet, as home-like, as orderly, as ever. There was the ample door wide open, a candle burning in the window; a few logs were smoldering on the hearth, the kettle singing cheerily, as it had done a hundred times before. He entered the room, and as he did so his wife rose quietly from her seat, and lifted the kettle from the hob. Not a trace of emotion was visible on her composed face, and he saw with a shudder that she had changed her gown and kerchief, and smoothed anew the beautiful hair, which that other man had toyed with, how often, years before he had ever seen her. Their eyes met as he advanced, and in an instant he saw that she knew that he had heard all.

Even then all confidence might not have been over between them had truth and loyalty been in her. But to evade and to shift were impulses so unconquerable that she said only, "You must have had a pleasant day, you were so long away, and quite wet, too, I see."

He heard her in silence, only recoiling from her touch as she arranged his plate and cup beside him with her usual scrupulous neatness, and then he turned and confronted her.

"Have you nothing to ask me?" he said in iron tones.

She understood him, he saw, but a sullen, dogged look settled upon her handsome face.

"Nothing," she answered sullenly. "I don't know what you mean, I'm sure."

"You don't?" he demanded bitterly. "You should have gone with him, then."

She made no reply.

"Do you hear?" he thundered. "Do you want to ask me to forgive you?"

Her old power over him had not quite gone. The beauty he loved, dissolved in tears and pleading for forgiveness, might have won some meed of pity from him still.

But her nature gave her no key to his. "What is done is done; best say no more about it," was her thought. She had never felt the slightest impulse to unburden herself to him, and she did not now.

"No, I don't know what you mean," she repeated.

He gazed at her for a moment with a look of blank misery; then, hastily push-

ing his plate away, he rose and left the house.

All night he tossed about in his boat on the bay, and nature spoke to him with her thousand voices. But they did not reach him. There was no remedy for his wound, no healing. "His own familiar friend, in whom he trusted," had failed him.

"God, what a fool I've been!" he muttered, as the night went on. Self-scorn does not dispose any one to tender feeling, and the breach between him and his wife was wider when the morning dawned upon his sorrow.

He recognized the fact that he could not legally put her away from him; he understood her sufficiently to know that she would not disgrace him or herself further. He was even reasonable enough to admit that there was little likelihood that she would ever again be subjected to temptation. But to believe in her again, to love her! That was impossible, — as impossible, he bitterly thought, as that she should ever love him. The treasure of love which nature had given him was spent. "No love save mutual love endures the test of time." His time of love had been short. It was over and gone, and with it youth had gone.

He never sought an explanation with his wife. He had heard and seen more, he knew, than she, with her fatally reticent nature, could ever tell him, even if she would. And he had not the heart to attempt to mend what never could be mended, to join together the broken fragments of life. A vast gulf already separated him from that time when everything was done to please her, and her fair image filled alike his dreaming and waking hours. She had the shelter of his roof; no more. As time went on he nerved himself to do the work that was left for him to do, and resumed his old habits of thrift and industry. From that work alone upon which he had been engaged when trouble overtook him — that work which had been emphatically a labor of love — he shrank. He at first intended to remove the scaffolding which surrounded the house, but an unconquerable reluctance to handle it possessed him during the first few months of his trouble, and then the time to do so was past; and as each succeeding year sped away with greater swiftness, it became easier to ignore than to destroy that monument of past folly, and so it was untouched save by the wind and rain. It is black with age now.

*M. L. Thompson.*

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## FOREIGN TRADE NO CURE FOR HARD TIMES.

A VERY large number of well-meaning people believe that the only remedy for our industrial distress is to be found in foreign trade: by selling our manufactures and products of every nature in foreign markets; by manufacturing and producing for all the world; by making our country the workshop of the world, and our people the world's providers.

Suppose it were to our interest and the interest of the world that it should be so, how can it be done? The answer quickly comes: By manufacturing and producing cheaper and better than any other people; by selling a better article, at a less price, than any competitor.

Let us see what this means, and what we have to compete with; for it is by competition only that foreign markets can be obtained. I take up the Statesman, of India, to learn the working time in their cotton mills. From that paper I quote: —

"The Bengal cotton mills work fourteen hours per day, and the Bowriah cotton mills twenty hours per day, as well as Sundays; and some of the Calcutta mills are lit up with gas, and work

day and night, as well as Sundays. Undoubtedly the machinery, working day and night, cannot last but for a very few years; consequently, the poor shareholders will have soon to renew the machinery."

The amount of wages paid is not stated; but it is well known that wages in India, like wages in China, are very low, — about ten cents a day.

To obtain the foreign market, we must therefore compete with fourteen, twenty, and twenty-four hours a day of work, for seven days in the week, with wages at ten cents a day, or sixty or seventy cents a week.

This account of manufactures in India will answer for China, South America, Central America, and Mexico. They are all struggling for the same position, and they all have England, Germany, France, and the United States to help them onward, by supplying them with the required machinery, and experts to teach its use. A Hindoo boy or girl can run a machine as well as the Anglo-Saxon; and so, also, can a native of China and South America.

England, until recently, controlled the market of India, — that is, did its manufacturing, etc. It is trying to do the same thing for the other countries named, and no doubt will meet with equal success. But India has now learned something. By the use of machinery she produces and manufactures for herself. She has driven and is driving British manufactures out of her markets, and is already seeking a foreign market for her own machine products. So it is with us, who, but a generation ago, were England's greatest and best customers. So it will be with every other country. It is true that England has still a large foreign market, which we are trying to get by underselling her. England, to keep the market she has, is compelled to get her work done so cheap that her people are starving. With us it is but little better. We are doing all we can to make our people still poorer, to work for still lower wages, that we may undersell, not only England, but India; for to succeed we must undersell the cheapest.

No matter what it costs us, it is the price, and the only price, at which we can obtain foreign markets for our manufactures and products, and we must pay it. On these conditions, and no other, we have been able to increase our domestic exports for foreign consumption from $136,940,248, for the year ending June 30, 1865, to $680,709,258, for the year ending June 30, 1878, of which less than one hundred millions were of our manufactures, an increase, in thirteen years, of $543,769,010; but we will call it, in round numbers, six hundred millions of dollars' worth of both raw and manufactured products, or one hundred millions of dollars of manufactured products alone. The value of the exports of manufactures of cotton is given as $11,438,660; wool and its manufactures, $542,342; iron and steel and their manufactures, $13,968,275; and boots and shoes, $468,436; total, $26,417,713. It is in these four products that the effort has been made to force the cost of production to the lowest possible point, by paying the smallest wages, that we may successfully compete in foreign markets.

Thus, after thirteen years of national effort, — of legislation, of subsidizing, of treaties and conventions of every nature, — and superhuman efforts at cheap production, by the reduction of wages and salaries, the substitution of machinery for muscle, and the throwing of millions into idleness, we have got so far below the cost of manufacturing and producing in India, in Brazil, in England, as to increase or make a foreign market for our manufactures to the amount of one hundred million dollars, and of our general products of six hundred millions of dollars, per annum.

Has it paid? Does it now pay?

Let us see the cost. We have all the factors necessary for thorough examination and illustration. We have at this time, in our whole country, at least fourteen millions belonging to the great industrial class, — that is, those dependent on their salaries or wages for subsistence. Of this class only will we speak, excluding those persons who, as officials in civil or governmental employ,

or as superintendents or foremen, or in professional or clerical positions, hold exceptional employments and receive exceptional salaries. Fourteen years ago, at the time of the close of the war of the rebellion, there were of this class, in the North alone, about seven million persons, in large part males.

The wages paid to the industrial classes are very nearly the exact measure of the amount contributed by those classes to the domestic trade. Almost certainly is that the case where the amount of wages falls within one thousand dollars a year. Even where small savings are made, and stored in savings institutions, they are soon withdrawn, and go into the volume of trade in some shape.

Upon the basis here laid down we will see how our foreign trade pays as compared with our home trade.

Before the close of the war, and for some time afterwards, all who found employment received as compensation, upon an average, at least two and one half dollars, gold value, a day, or seven hundred and fifty dollars for a year of three hundred days. At this rate, the seven millions belonging to the industrial class in the North contributed, in the first half of 1865, at the rate of five and one quarter billions of dollars per annum to the home trade of consumption.

At the same rate, with our present fourteen millions, our home trade should swell to the enormous amount of ten and one half billions of dollars per annum. But it is only about one quarter that amount.

Among these fourteen millions there is an amount of idleness that equals the time of six million persons, leaving full employment for but eight millions. At this time the average wages paid to workers, when employed, is less than one dollar a day; but we will estimate at one dollar a day, or three hundred dollars a year, which, for eight million persons, gives a trade of two billions four hundred million dollars per annum.

This must be the measure of that part of our home trade now derived from the industrial classes, because it is not possible that they should contribute anything more to trade than the wages they receive.

Here is shown an annual loss to the trade of home consumption by the industrial classes, caused by their increasing idleness within the last fourteen years, that amounts to the enormous sum of over eight billions of dollars per annum, and an absolute decrease of two billions eight hundred and fifty millions of dollars per annum during the same period, though the number of consumers during that time and in those classes has fully doubled.

That is, that seven millions of fully-employed, well-paid persons, fourteen years ago, created more than double the amount of trade that is now created by fourteen millions of persons, of the same character and capacity, when only partially employed and but poorly paid.

But if it be insisted that the whole of the great industrial class must enter into the computation, and be considered as contributing something to trade, as nearly all do some work at some time, and consume something, then sixty cents a day is the utmost that can be allowed for the average earnings of all, which gives substantially the same showing.

This great contrast between two billions four hundred millions and ten billions five hundred millions is just the difference, in dollars, between the home trade of fourteen millions of partially employed, poorly paid persons, and their dependents, and the same persons when all are employed and well paid, leaving altogether out of the account the amount of destitution and misery in the one case, and the comfort, happiness, and development in the other.

The contrast in the quantity of products consumed at home by each individual now and thirteen and fourteen years ago may be determined by learning the number of furnaces, forges, factories, mills, and workshops of every nature now standing idle, or but partially employed; the immense stocks of products now on hand, for which there is little or no demand; the great falling off in the consumption of foreign products; the large exportation of home products;

and the difference in the number of consumers in the two periods. The factors that enter into this contrast are too many and too complicated to be satisfactorily considered in a limited space; I therefore simply call attention to the point.

A home trade, through consumption by the industrial masses of our people, amounting to ten and one half billions of dollars appears to be an object worth striving for and cultivating and sustaining by all the power of our government and people. Not so think or teach many of our would-be statesmen and political economists. At this time the idleness in our country causes a loss in the home trade of consumption of over eight billions of dollars per annum. "But," reply our statesmen and political economists, "have we not gained in our foreign export trade to the amount of six hundred millions of dollars? Have we not the foreign-trade balance in our favor? What do eight billions lost to home trade and the comfort and wealth of the people signify, when we can get an increase in our foreign trade of six hundred millions of dollars, with a favorable foreign-trade balance?"

But if we add this six hundred millions of foreign trade we have gained to the two and one half billions we have saved, we shall find that it gives a total trade at the present time, both home and foreign, of three billions of dollars, against five and a quarter billions in 1865, and ten and one half billions we should now have, if all our people were employed. Does it pay? Every dollar of foreign trade that we have gained, if because of the cheapness of the manufactures exported, has been at the cost of at least eighty dollars of home trade; or, if because of the cheapness of the whole export, raw and manufactured, it has been at the cost of more than thirteen dollars of our home trade, with the incalculable poverty and misery brought upon our people by idleness and low wages, whilst in the pursuit of this maddest of all follies, — foreign markets for the consumption of our manufactures. In this pursuit we have found a foreign consumption for those products which, merely because of their cheapness, — the manufactures of cotton, wool and its manufactures, iron and steel and their manufactures, and boots and shoes, — can be sold to the amount of $26,417,713 per annum. This is substantially our only offset for the loss, in and through cheap production, of fully eight billion dollars per annum of the home trade — an amount equal to nearly twice the whole cost to the nation of the war of the rebellion; for no doubt our food products and raw cotton, our petroleum, our agricultural and other machinery, with most of our smaller products, would find a foreign market, even if the most liberal wages were paid in their production.

Does foreign trade pay, at the cost at which we purchase it? Are six hundred millions of foreign trade, which we have gained, worth more, in dollars and cents, than eight billions of home trade, which we have lost? This is the question, squarely put, with the evidence on which it is based.

The truth is, there can be no greater folly perpetrated by our nation than that of seeking to employ, or to benefit, our own people by producing or manufacturing for any other people. The reasons why it is so are abundant and obvious. I will give a few: —

(1.) No people without industries can possibly be permanent or profitable purchasers of foreign products. It is with a nation as with individuals, — by and through its industries only can it become a profitable purchaser in the world's market.

(2.) Every nation that sustains an industry must and will employ that industry in producing that which enters directly into the consumption of its own people. That nation which is compelled to depend on the foreigner for food, clothing, or lodging is wanting in some of the elements of permanent prosperity.

(3.) Every country advanced in its civilization has the elements within itself for self-support; and if it be wanting in any of the mechanical appliances of the age necessary to develop its resources, those appliances will be obtained and utilized.

(4.) There is no large market for our manufactures with any advanced people; all such manufacture for themselves, and are seeking foreign markets for their own products. Whenever our manufactures or products, or those of any other people, come into serious competition with their own products, they are sure to be heavily taxed or excluded. The law of self-protection compels it.

(5.) Our present effort is to find markets with those populations which are not yet fully developed in their use of the latest mechanical methods of production. All such are either too poor or too exclusive to become profitable consumers of the products of our civilization. It is only by developing advanced industries in the midst of those peoples that their condition can be changed or improved; and that will be done to the exclusion of any considerable foreign consumption.

We read in a London paper that the Chinese government have purchased machinery, and engaged experienced engineers and spinners in Germany to establish cotton mills in China, so as to free that country from dependence upon English and Russian imports. Though China is somewhat tardy in her action, we may be certain that she will be thorough. Not only the English and Russians, but all others, will find that market closed not to cottons alone, but to everything that that people consume. More than this: the time is not far distant when the textiles from the Chinese machine looms, iron and steel and cutlery from the Chinese furnaces, forges, and workshops, with everything that machinery and cheap labor can produce, will crowd every market. The four hundred millions of China, with the two hundred and fifty millions of India, — the crowded and pauperized populations of Asia, — will offer the cup of cheap machine labor, filled to the brim, to our lips, and force us to drink it to the dregs, if we do not learn wisdom. It is in Asia, if anywhere, that the world is to find its workshop. There are the masses, and the conditions, necessary to develop the power of cheapness to perfection, and they will be used. For years we have been doing our utmost to teach the Chinese shoemaking, spinning and weaving, engine driving, machine building, and other arts, in California, Massachusetts, and other States; and we may be sure they will make good use of their knowledge; for there is no people on earth with more patient skill and better adapted to the use of machinery than the Chinese.

What the Chinese government is doing for China, Dom Pedro is doing for Brazil, though in a different form. That country, like every other country, in order to prosper and develop, must do its own work; this fact its intelligent ruler thoroughly understands and acts upon.

We have our own work to do, and no other. It is the only work we can control, and is our only dependence. Is it wise to neglect or sacrifice it for the purpose of grasping what we cannot hold, even if we could once get it? We have our own market to supply and our own trade at home, and there is no other over which we can by any possibility have control. This market and trade may be almost indefinitely extended. Is it wise to destroy it in the pursuit of an *ignis fatuus?*

With our industries and home trade rehabilitated, there can be no doubt that our foreign trade would largely increase. But it would be of a character very unlike the present, and based on a very different foundation. It would be a trade based on the wealth of the people, and not living upon their poverty, — a trade that would add to our comfort, and not increase our miseries.

Our own best consumers and customers are at home. It is our home market that furnishes, or that can be made to furnish, an inexhaustible source of wealth and comfort for all; whilst a general foreign market for our products can be obtained only at the cost of more than ten dollars of home trade for one of foreign, with the pauperizing of our people and the destruction of our institutions. The ruin will be so wide-spread that even the foreign trader himself cannot escape it.

*W. G. M.*

## HAROUN AL RASCHID.

Wide wastes of sand stretch far away;
A single palm stands sentinel
Beside the stone rim of a well;
The sky bends down in shades of gray.

Like some sad ghost, with measured pace,
A man comes slowly o'er the sand;
A pilgrim's staff clasped in his hand,
A hopeless sorrow in his face.

He leans against the lonely tree;
A low wind, blowing from the south,
Sweeps o'er the desert's sun-wrought drouth
With fragrant coolness of the sea.

He bares his head; his weary eyes
Turn upward, full of reverent light:
"Father of all, I own thy might;
Oh, give me rest!" he sadly cries.

"The sword has brought me gold and fame,
And these have given me kingly state;
Men bow to me and call me great,
And what is greatness but a name?

"I cannot make love bless my lot;
Men show obeisance as they pass;
But in my soul I cry, Alas!
And wish my greatness was forgot.

"Haroun Al Raschid, Caliph grand!
So courtiers say, but not so I;
For like all men, I, too, must die.
Who then will serve, and who command?"

Across the sands a caravan
Wound slowly, till it reached the place.
The merchants gazed upon his face,
And bent before the lonely man.

"O Caliph grand, the city waits
In sorrow for your swift return;
The people for your presence yearn,
And watchers throng the open gates.

"Cast off your pilgrim gown and hood:
Return to those who pray for you
With souls where love reigns strong and true,
Haroun Al Raschid, Caliph good!"

Along the sands he took his way.
"They love me, then," he softly said;
"But, oh, one must be lost, or dead,
Ere knowledge brings this perfect day!"

*Thomas S. Collier.*

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## LIFE AT A LITTLE COURT.

COURCANALE adjoins Labassecour, about which Currer Bell, that trustworthy historian, affords a world of information; and, as the name implies, is a flat country interspersed with ditches, which, strange to tell, make of it a picturesque and unique region, less known to the ordinary traveler than its beauty deserves. To be sure, as a charming French writer has observed, "the accidents of this landscape are in the sky;" but still the interminable level plains, the wide-armed windmills, the drifting canal boats high above the meadows, the sand hills covered with wiry grass that hedge its gray and stormy sea, have their own fascination, while their very monotony soothes the weary spirit, and appeals so deeply to the artistic eye that the painters of this country have produced almost the best landscapes in the world. But it is neither with art, nor landscape, nor history, nor topographical detail, that I have to deal. Something much finer than this trumpery inspires my pen. Society, — this is my solemn and moving theme. I am to tell you how people feasted and visited, what gowns they wore, and what balls and routs they danced at twenty years or so ago in Canard aux Bois, the capital of this interesting region, — a charming, sleepy town, given over to aristocracy and respectability, and frowning loftily upon such common modern ideas as manufactures and commerce. The broad, lime-shaded avenues of this stately city did not shake with the heavy roll of drays and vans, nor was the foot-passenger hustled by the imperious haste of employer and employed thronging to business. A few carriages, at fashionable hours, bowled smoothly about the evenly-paved streets; a liveried footman might be seen carrying cards of invitation; or now and then one of the chasseurs of the royal family, in gorgeous array, would gallop forth on some trifling errand; or the troops, in holiday attire, would march by to a review, making the air resound with fine and cheerful music. The plain, honest, comfortable houses looked down placidly upon the idle streets, planted with double rows of trees and furnished with a wide-shaded avenue in the centre for foot-passengers. Palaces, churches, museums, private dwellings, were alike devoid of high architectural pretensions. Solidly substantial they were, built of gray stone or uncompromising brick, or sometimes fronted with marble, religiously scrubbed on Saturdays, as were the pavements and the steps, in a sort of glorified Philadelphia fashion. Here and there a row of houses fronted a canal shaded with fine trees, and at one end of the town was a magnificent park filled with superb old beeches, interspersed with ponds and bridges and tempting bridle and foot paths, that enticed the pedestrian away from the stately promenade, up and down which rolled the handsome carriages of the fashionable world. In the very heart of the town stood the palace of the king, its two low battlemented towers fronting on a narrow street, and sentries pacing up and down before it. Behind it was an extensive park, into which looked the windows of the state apartments. Other large houses, called by courtesy palaces, were put at the dis-

position of the other members of the royal family, brothers, uncles, and sons of the king, and were kept up in regal state with chamberlains and equerries, aides-de-camp and ladies in waiting, in an endless variety. The most rigid laws of etiquette ruled the little town; uniforms and coronets abounded; the Almanach de Gotha lay on every table, and to master the resounding titles of the nobles was a serious occupation. Evening after evening, seated on the hearth rug, have I spent studying their unpronounceable names, and fitting them to the various imposing offices held by their owners in the different households of the royal family, in order that we might be properly prepared for our encounters with these illustrious personages when we should be fairly launched into their gay circle.

At length the eventful evening came when we were summoned to an audience of her majesty the queen, and the excitement of the younger members of the family grew intense. Clad in our bravest finery, we descended from the minister's carriage at the wide door of the palace, crowded with glittering lackeys and dazzling with lights, and were ushered through marble halls carpeted with the soft products of the looms of Deventer, up stately staircases, and along more lofty passages, till at last we were delivered over to a shining chamberlain in an anteroom, by whom we were presented to the ladies in waiting and maids of honor, who confounded us by speaking our own tongue perhaps better than we did ourselves. After some delay the great door at the end of the antechamber was flung open *à deux battants*, and we were ushered into the presence chamber by the *grande maîtresse* of ceremonies, who presented us formally by name to the queen.

When the first flutter of anxiety was over, we discovered that we were in the presence of a charming and stately woman, both vivacious and intelligent, with whom conversation was easy, and whose cordial welcome made us feel at home even in our unusual surroundings. We sat down comfortably on each side of her, and answered her rapid questions and gracious observations with such pithiness as we could muster, with an undercurrent of inevitable misgiving as to how that difficult withdrawal backward should be accomplished when the time came. But after a brief interview of twenty minutes her majesty spared us all trouble by coming to the door with us and shaking hands in true English fashion, so that our exit was effected without accident or awkwardness. The interview was terminated by the queen rising, expressing her pleasure at welcoming us to Courcanale, and thus signifying that we were to withdraw. After this first formality was over the audiences were no longer terrifying. They occurred at infrequent intervals, but sometimes we were invited to tea with the queen in a social fashion, no one being present but ourselves and a single maid of honor. Her majesty, who was an active-minded woman, enjoyed this method of becoming acquainted with the different members of the diplomatic corps, and it was her pleasure to interrogate and respond with a frankness that made these interviews truly delightful, as she touched lightly on the politics of the day, the books of general interest, the character, motives, and private lives of her *confrères*, the kings and queens of her acquaintance.

Upon the occasion of our first formal audience we were received in one of the state departments, a fine salon hung with rose-colored satin and gay with gilded furniture and wax candles; but when we were asked "to tea," it was in her own private parlor that the queen entertained us, a charming great room, with tropical plants growing in the windows, and a grand piano at one end. Books and ornaments were scattered about, and cabinets of curiosities stood against the wall; easy-chairs and little tables went wandering comfortably about the floor; and a general air of homelikeness pervaded the spacious apartment, whose walls were hung with interesting pictures, filled with associations to the student of history.

One evening, when we arrived, we

found the queen reading Kinglake's Invasion of the Crimea, with which she was greatly interested. His dramatic characterizations pleased her particularly, and above all the hits at her late uncle, Nicholas of Russia, who, as the writer observes, tried hard to be a gentleman; but underneath all his superficial polish still lay the "gypsy instinct," which prompted him on occasion to do some mean action.

"That," said her majesty, raising her little white hand, "is really true; and I will give you an instance. When the late king of Courcanale died, his affairs were in an involved condition, he having spent lavishly more than all his patrimony. He had been an enthusiastic collector of paintings, and had an admirable private gallery which we were anxious to retain, and which we could have redeemed in time had we been allowed. We therefore applied to the emperor, the king's uncle as well as my own, to lend us the necessary money, which in due time, when it was possible, we would repay; but Nicholas promptly refused. Think of that for a sovereign as rich as he!"

Nothing could be more piquant than this little relation of family difficulties between the reigning powers; and, inspired by our interest, the queen drifted into various personal recollections of her visits to Napoleon III., and related a little anecdote of the prince imperial when he was about six years old. It seems that the emperor had a troop of boys of the prince's age under drill, and the prince himself was one of the regiment; and one day, when the queen was questioning him lightly as to what he meant to do in the world, he replied, bravely, in true Napoleonic fashion, "Madame, I shall be a soldier." "But you are so little," said her majesty, "they cannot make you an officer; you will have to be a private always." "Pardon, madame," said the little fellow, making a military salute, "je suis déjà caporal."

The empress of the French her majesty thought a woman of excellent parts, but overwhelmed with all sorts of frivolities outside of herself. "There is so much to do," said the queen, naïvely, "I wonder how she ever gets through it all. It was one tumult from morning till night. Of course she had no time to improve her mind. I could not have endured it." At Osborne, where she visited Queen Victoria, she was oppressed by the dullness and formality. She thought the queen of England a person of extraordinary information, but the slavery of etiquette which surrounded her was unendurable. From this very slavery it was the desire of the queen of Courcanale to deliver herself, and her own life was one of vigorous action and intelligent effort. She rose daily at seven; walked, wrote, and read at fixed hours, corresponding with half the *savants* of Europe on matters of literary and scientific interest. She drew around her all the intellectual people of her court, accosting them without formality or pretension, interrogating them, enjoying their different opinions, which she encouraged them frankly to express. She was a warm friend of the English; her best friends were Englishwomen. She spoke the language with absolute perfection, and without accent, and was mistress of six other tongues. Our American war was a serious puzzle to her. She was as kind as possible in her sympathy, but still admitted openly that the breaking up of our republic would be no cause of grief to the royal families of Europe. "You are so strong," she said, ruefully; and she shared the common European delusion that the cause of the South was the cause of aristocracy.

Later, it was with keen delight that the wife of the American minister narrated graphically to a young prince of the royal family, at the queen's request and in her presence, the history of the heroic concealment of Jefferson Davis, and his attempted escape in his wife's petticoats, — a charming episode in the romantic history of our modern cavaliers.

Quite a different personage from this fresh-hearted, active-minded, wholesouled woman of the nineteenth century was her Tartar mother-in-law, who represented with equal vigor a different line of thought and action. If the queen

herself had leanings towards Bohemia, and for that very reason was often unpopular with her etiquette-loving aristocracy, the queen mother was a full-blooded Barbarian, who would cheerfully have used the knout, like her Russian ancestors; and as in this amusement she was restrained by popular prejudice, she managed, in her feeble, feminine fashion, to make her little court as uncomfortable by her frowns and as grateful for her smiles as any Czarina of her race. Not that she was not a good woman. She was a devout member of the Greek church, and devoted to the memory of her dead husband; but she illustrated very forcibly the justice of the adage, "Scratch the Russian noble, and you find the Tartar just beneath the skin;" and she and her spirited daughter-in-law were by no means calculated to form a peaceful household; so that through the old lady's agency the pillow for the younger royal head was made as uneasy as possible.

She had all sorts of curious personal habits. She would never sleep in sheets, like ordinary beings, but took her repose upon a couch, wrapped in cashmere shawls. She had a decided taste; hated red dresses, and was apt to look with scorn upon any one who ventured to wear the color in her presence. She criticised sharply the adornments of her maids of honor, and would fill a blushing girl with confusion by asking her, in the presence of the court, in what style of architecture she had chosen to dress her hair.

She kept strict order in her small domain, making not only her attendants, but even her imposing master of ceremonies, who was the pink of formality, wince under her displeasure; and the condition of affairs in the palace often reminded me of my experiences at boarding-school with a very stately and ceremony-loving preceptress, and I enjoyed immensely the little anecdotes that showed traces of restiveness among the noble subordinates. I spent a great deal of time at the Outer Rest, as her majesty's town-house was called, one of her maids of honor being my intimate friend; and often, looking from the windows which opened on the park, I have seen the queen mother pottering about the garden, her fine old complexion protected by three white lace veils, while she pointed out improvements to the gardener, or discoursed to the bare-headed chamberlain who followed her at a respectful distance.

Her pearls and her gowns were alike remarkable, the pearls being famous in all Europe, and the gowns of such an unfoldable splendor that when she journeyed they were hung up in a rail-car made for this express purpose and adapted to the different railways of the kingdom, so that they could be transported from her country-seat to town and back again without disaster to their freshness and beauty. I have gazed with awe upon the countless presses in which they were stored in the orderly attic at Outer Rest, whither I once made an entertaining pilgrimage with my friend in pursuit of a missing trunk. On the only occasion on which I was admitted to the queen dowager's awful presence, she was simply attired in black, but her wonderful white neck was covered with rare and exquisite pearls hanging in ropes to her waist, — somewhat smaller than rocs' eggs, to be sure, but still very amazing to an unaccustomed eye. She received us in a beautiful apartment hung with red, adorned in the centre by a huge pyramid of blossoming plants, and I, being young and foolish, took comfort in the thought that she would take no notice of my gown, which was of the objectionable color; yet I had been made uneasy, on arriving, by my friend's anxious exclamation, "Oh, why did you wear that dress! The queen hates red clothes." However, her majesty was affable and serene; but after all she had not failed to remark the precise shade, for she told some one afterwards that the little one must have had a hint of the color of her salon, for she was dressed exactly to match it!

The queen mother made up her mind that she would die at seventy, that being the age at which all her family had departed this life, unless expedited by

their impatient successors to the throne, there being uncomfortable tricks of poisoning and stabbing on record in the family. Sure enough, when the time came, off she went without any delay. And a solemn thing it was for all her household; for she lay in state for fifteen days, with candles burning around her, and the maids of honor and the officers of her household standing by her coffin, till they were all very nearly dead, too; so that it was a cause of thankfulness when the cranky old woman was fairly under ground.

Good little Miss Burney has made us acquainted with the duties of a maid of honor in rigid Queen Charlotte's day; but the functions of the *dames d'atours* of Courcanale were far less arduous, and the service was merely nominal. To be sure, the whole household was organized on a scale of rigid etiquette. There were a grand master and grand mistress of ceremonies, and ladies of the palace, whose duties required their presence at her majesty's table and at her audiences during alternate weeks; but as there were several of them, their turns came only at fixed intervals, and in the interim they lived comfortably in their own homes. There were various chamberlains about the household, a private secretary, and equerries, some of whom lived in the palace, while others came and went at stated times. Each maid of honor had a parlor and a sleeping-room for her individual use, as well as a room for her maid; and their duties alternated. On the day when she was "in waiting" (*de service* is the foreign term) the young lady was expected not to leave the palace between the hours of twelve in the morning and four in the afternoon, during which time she was liable to receive a summons from the queen to be present at some audience. After four o'clock she was free until half past six, the hour of the queen's dinner, at which she was expected to be present. This repast generally lasted about three hours, and unless varied by the presence of an entertaining guest was apt to prove monotonous, especially when the girl's next neighbor at table happened to be a deaf old chamberlain. After the dinner the maid of honor was free to attend any ball or party to which she might be invited, provided the queen did not express a wish to see her at tea, which was served in one of the salons at ten o'clock. Sometimes on the off days her majesty would signify her desire that the maid of honor should dine at her table, in which case any prior invitation was obliged to give way. So that in making arrangements for a dinner party one was always obliged to reckon the dame d'atours among the uncertain guests who might fail at the last minute.

This small annoyance was about the only one which the lady was obliged to suffer. In the summer her duties were more arduous, as she accompanied her majesty to the summer palace, where a good many people were entertained, and she was expected to drive and dine with the queen every day. Here, as Miss Burney describes, there was a common drawing-room for the maids of honor and the gentlemen in waiting, and they all lunched together, and led a pleasant life, the group being varied by the presence of the different officers and ladies of the suites of the princely or royal guests whom the queen mother frequently entertained. For these services the maid of honor received a salary of about six hundred dollars a year. She and her private servant were provided with a home in the palace, and one carriage with coachman and footmen was at the entire disposition of the two maids of honor attached to the household.

The queen consort's establishment was arranged on the same plan as the queen dowager's, only her ladies in waiting, her maids of honor, and other officers were more numerous, her life being more active and stirring, and her duties more pressing, than those of the queen mother.

Between the people of Courcanale and their royal house exists a bond of deepest loyalty and affection. Different sovereigns may give dissatisfaction; but if that feeling ever finds expression, it is uttered with that loving pity which one bestows upon the erring but tenderly loved member of one's family. "Our

reigning family," said a noble lady, one day, to us, "has done us such splendid service in the past, it is so interwoven with all that is most glorious in our history, and we love it so well, that when things are not just as we would have them we are content to wait for better times."

The present king has endeared himself greatly to the hearts of his subjects by his ready sympathy and personal aid when they are in trouble. During the great inundations that sometimes devastate this level country, scarcely reclaimed from the original dominion of the sea, the king has been known to go in person to the scene of disaster, and there labor untiringly, with the splendid gallantry and daring for which the men of his name have always been famous, for the help of the suffering, saving the drowning with his own hands, and bringing relief to those imprisoned in their houses amid the surging waste of rising waters.

Whenever there is a fire at Canard aux Bois, the king and the crown prince don their uniforms and gallop to the place of conflagration. As I watched them clattering by under our windows, one evening, and smiled a little at the idea of his majesty "running with the machine," I was rebuked with dignity by the stately nobleman beside me. "Mademoiselle," he said gravely, "wherever his people are in danger, that is the place for a king to be." It was a worthy rendering of the old maxim, *noblesse oblige*.

Indeed, among the aristocracy of this nation, so quiet, so earnest, so self-respecting, so full of loyalty, of simple heroism, of unflinching truth, I felt for the first time the true quality of race; that *nobilitatis virtus non stemma character*, which in age after age in this very nation has held out against oppression and persecution, and has found its best expression in some of the noblest names of history.

The life in winter was one succession of balls and routs and *thé dansants*, given by the various members of the royal family in their respective palaces. These entertainments were reciprocated by the nobles and members of the cabinet, and such of the diplomatists as could afford more elaborate outlay than that demanded by the inevitable dinner parties. At these private balls the queen and the crown prince were often present, and the princesses added to the splendor of the occasion; though the royal personages were very much in the way of the dancers, on account of the difficulty of not turning one's back upon any of them, if one happened to be in their neighborhood. Also, if the princesses expressed their desire to dance with any gentleman, — for no man could presume to ask such a favor, — etiquette required him to release the lady whom he might already have engaged, in order to carry out her royal highness's desire. Fortunately the king and queen were considerate, and generally went away early, leaving the dancers to their own pleasure.

The gala ball, with which the season always opened, was a very splendid affair, On other occasions the requirements of dress were simple, and the gentlemen appeared in plain clothes, relieved only by such decorations and ribbons as their membership of some order entitled them to assume; but on this opening night every one was in uniform or full court dress, and the ladies in their bravest attire, so that the whole effect was very brilliant and splendid.

The diplomates on this occasion were received in a room by themselves, — the same handsome salon in which our presentation to the queen took place. The gentlemen ranged themselves in rows on one side, in their due order of precedence, — the Pope's nuncio at the head, in accordance with some ancient custom, the secretaries of legation and attachés behind their respective *chefs;* while the ladies, also in due order, took their places on the opposite side of the room.

"Mademoiselle," said the Swedish minister, who spoke a little English, to one of the American girls, who was calmly surveying this splendid array, "does not all this impose upon you?"

But republican arrogance was able to hold its own, even in the presence of this

accumulated splendor, though truly, to an unaccustomed eye, it might well have been an imposing sight; for the brilliant uniforms of white and crimson and blue, glittering with rich embroideries and sparkling with jeweled orders; the handsome men of various and widely differing nationalities, — "noblemen of a thousand years," as one of their order once proudly boasted, — haughty and magnificent in their self-consciousness; the fair and graceful women, with their fine raiment and glistening diamonds; the richly appointed room; the blazing wax-lights, that softened and illumined the gay scene, — all made a picture at once interesting and splendid, whose beauty awoke a thousand associations with bygone princely festivities.

After some delay a rustle was heard in the adjoining apartment. A stately chamberlain, with a golden key embroidered on his coat and a tall white wand in his hand, entered the room at the upper end, walking backward, and announcing by repeated taps of his wand upon the floor the arrival of the royal party. First came the king and queen, who separated as they entered, and moved slowly down between the lines of diplomates, the king addressing to the gentlemen, and the queen to the ladies, a few pleasant words of salutation. They were followed by the crown prince and the members of their different households, the latter remaining grouped in the anteroom, while the prince also addressed the members of the diplomatic corps. By the time this ceremony was completed the other princes and princesses arrived, and were affectionately greeted by the queen, who advanced to meet her cousins, and embraced the ladies in foreign fashion on each cheek. Then the king, offering his arm to his uncle's wife, the queen taking that of her uncle, led the way into the ball-room, followed by the prince and princesses, and then by the members of their households, the diplomates falling into line in their regular order of precedence. At this point the orchestra began the national hymn, and as we entered the great hall we found the whole court assembled in glittering array awaiting the royal entrance. The sovereigns took their seats upon an elevated dais, the ladies of the diplomatic corps upon tabourets at their right, and the princesses upon the left. Each side of the room was lined with officers in uniform, who stood in ranks behind the ladies' chairs, and were grouped around the seat of the king and queen.

The dancing began immediately, the royal party leading off in a quadrille, and continued with great zeal until the small hours of the morning, the king and queen withdrawing about midnight. The suppers were splendid affairs, the table being adorned with mighty structures of jellies and ices; birds à la Russe, with their feathers on, in wonderful piled-up groups, reminding one irresistibly of the four and twenty blackbirds of the nursery rhyme; with all the other concomitants of a truly regal repast.

The first time this spectacle met my dazzled eyes, I thought I had never seen so many handsome men; but as time wore on, and I learned to know the people, and met them at other festivities in their ordinary dress, I found that after all the stronger sex is as much indebted as the weaker to the accidents of costume for its dazzling effect. The royal and diplomatic dinners were conducted with great pomp and state, lasting sometimes three hours, with an apparently unending succession of courses, served in the French manner.

But most of all we used to enjoy the quiet little teas to which we were informally bidden at the houses of the different noble ladies of our acquaintance. The dinner being eaten at a late hour, the tea was simply served in the drawing-room, with no accompaniment but a delicate cake, or sometimes an ice. The hot water was brought in a curious bronze tea-kettle, kept boiling over a little brazier filled with turf; the tea-cups were of the most delicate Indian or Saxony china, and after the repast were washed on the tray by the mistress of the house herself in the presence of the guests, and put away thriftily in a cabinet, or ranged bottom up on some exquisite lacquered

waiter upon a little table in the corner of the drawing-room. This bit of housewifery was never omitted even by the maid of honor herself, who washed the queen's tea-cups in her own little parlor, as quite too precious to entrust to the hands of the daintiest waiting-maid.

The simplicity of manner pervading even the queen's household may be illustrated by a little anecdote of one of our tea-drinkings at the palace. The youngest of our party, being somewhat awkward, managed to drop her teaspoon of ice-cream in the lap of her new silk gown. Dismayed at the accident, but with true Spartan determination resolved to hide this gnawing fox of ruin, she covered the spot promptly with her handkerchief. But the queen's quick eye had discerned the disaster, and with charming consideration she turned to the unlucky maiden and sympathizingly said, "You must have some water at once to wash it out;" so with her own royal hands she rang the bell, and sent the footman for water, and then calmly pursued her conversation with the elders, while the maid of honor and the victim removed the stain. When this was successfully accomplished, the queen inquired amiably if the spot was gone, having thus by her timely interest saved permanent injury, and displayed a simple and kindly thoughtfulness that Miss Burney's experiences had hardly led us to look for in high places.

On this occasion the queen showed us numerous interesting miniatures and curiosities which she was looking over to send to some loan exhibition, and we saw curious old portraits of sovereigns and statesmen, and a charming snuff-box presented by La Pompadour *à son meilleur ami*, which had been the property of the Duc de Richelieu. There was a portrait of Louis Napoleon hanging on the wall, and for the original her majesty professed a warm regard; and when the American minister spoke of him casually as a usurper, "What of that?" said the queen, in the true spirit of a race in which Romanoff and Brandenburg have mingled their blood.

What royal house, indeed, might escape this fling at its founder? What means usurpation to them but the dominion of the fittest? And if a Napoleon may not rule by the aid of a plebiscite, what is to become of all the modern dramatic effects of *coups d'état* and the grand finales of Waterloo and Sedan?

But scarcely diplomatic caution could suppress a smile at the frank and affectionate eulogy pronounced upon Le Décembriseur by the occupant of a throne which owed its existence to his uncle, and the somewhat feminine and undiscriminating delight the queen expressed in the excellence of his character was a treat to republican ears, albeit not unused to these gentle delusions in high places.

"Citizen," said the head of the French directory, on taking leave of Dr. Franklin, — "Citizen, adieu, with our regrets; but remember that America owes her liberty to France!"

Thus as our ancestors mildly pocketed the self-glorification of the France of '93, we, some seventy years later, learned to smile upon the pretensions of the empire, and even to listen without flinching to the amiable estimate in which the interloper was held by that family of sovereigns to which he had gained a temporary admission.

As those old days come back shining with the cheery light of youth and novelty, and the pageant moves like a panorama before my memory, I find that details form but a small part of the impression produced, and that the record can be at best but meagre. Life is always more or less dramatic, but the scenes and the surroundings must be emphasized by the histories and adventures of the people who moved among them to make the recital interesting. The mere chronicle of feasts and entertainments becomes bald and wearisome apart from the characters who lent them their charm. Still, amidst this pleasant monotony of festivity one dramatic occurrence stands forth in bold relief, and this is the young men's ball at the Academy of Fine Arts.

It came nearly at the close of a gay season in which one entertainment had

rivaled another in splendor and gayety. The royal balls were no sooner at an end than the princes took up the theme, and the nobles followed. There were routs and dinners and dances, and a *bal costumé*, and even a children's ball at the palace in honor of the youngest prince, which was reported a charming affair by those who were fortunate enough to have younger brothers and sisters to accompany.

At last the unmarried gentlemen, with the crown prince at their head, determined to repay the civilities they had received at the hands of the ladies; and we were promised a brilliant and mysterious entertainment, about which nothing positive was known, but concerning which various exciting rumors were afloat that piqued curiosity and stimulated interest. The ladies were all requested to appear in white or pink dresses, in order to suit the decorations of the ball-room, and we heard of fine furniture and pictures borrowed from the palace and the different wealthy houses to lend added splendor to the occasion.

At last the hour so impatiently longed for arrived, and our carriage deposited us at the foot of the broad stone steps that led up to the spacious building which was used ordinarily for their annual exhibitions of pictures by the artists. The huge and lofty hall to which we were accustomed had, however, disappeared, and was divided into a suite of fine apartments by false partitions draped in muslin. The vestibule was filled with huge tropical plants in pots. Over our heads waved palm-trees, among whose branches hung colored lamps, and giant ferns cast a shadow in cool recesses. The reception-room into which we first entered was draped with crimson and furnished with gilded furniture from the palace, while the walls were hung with fine pictures lent by a nobleman whose collection was renowned for its variety and beauty. Beyond, a great ball-room had risen as by magic, the hangings of white and rose-color, the chandeliers wreathed with roses, mighty festoons of tarlatan and lace hiding the plainness of the ceiling, and wonderful garlands of artificial flowers drooping gracefully among them. The huge lustres glittered with wax-lights, and all around the lofty cornice rows upon rows of candles shed down a soft brilliance upon the pretty white and rosy draperies of the rapidly moving figures. It was a unique and charming scene, the whole effect having been most artistically contrived.

But while the gay young dancers pursued their giddy and careless round, the elders looked up at the ceiling and watched the unprotected candles flickering in the fierce draught, in dangerous proximity to the paper roses and the floating inflammable draperies.

"It is a tinder-box," said the Prussian minister. "There is danger; *je me sauve*," and he shuffled away to his carriage, glad of an excuse to escape a ball, which was to him always a terrible bore; but as he went, he hissed in the ear of a chamberlain, "*Mon cher*, I think I see a hundred devils on that cornice, fanning those flickering flames." But everybody knew the count was a little out of his head at times, so no one paid much attention to his warning.

As the evening wore on, the sound of soft concealed music reached our ears, and the orchestra ceased playing. Then we heard voices singing in sweet concord the beautiful national hymn, and the great curtains at the upper end of the ball-room were swept aside, and what seemed an enchanted grotto met our astonished view. The soft, moon-like radiance of an electric light illumined an ivy-draped recess, in which, under the shade of palms and camellias, a royal banquet was spread. In the foreground a white marble fountain, in which played perfumed water, sparkled in the pale, clear light. The table was in horseshoe form, and behind the royal chairs hung splendid velvet banners of crimson and gold, bearing the arms of Courcanale emblazoned on their rich folds.

A murmur of applause broke from the admiring crowd as the crown prince led his mother to her seat, and the court and the diplomates took their places, at his request, around her and the king. Then,

as if by magic, the ball-room was filled with little tables brought in by attendants, on which was served a sumptuous supper, of which the dancers speedily availed themselves.

Taking the proffered arm of one of the chamberlains, I found a place near the door of the reception-room, somewhat apart from the crowd in the ball-room, and we were peacefully discussing the *paté de foie gras* and commenting upon the beauty of the scene, when a curious, prolonged *whish* was heard in the adjoining room, and then the sudden, hasty pushing back of hundreds of chairs and the sound of a rushing multitude. The lady next me dropped her knife and fork in horror.

"Oh, mon Dieu!" she cried, "le feu!"

Yes, roaring up the flimsy drapery of the walls, winding in serpent-like convolutions along the festoons of paper roses, frescoing the ceiling with terrible devices, rushed on the destroyer. Down went the tables in confused heaps; over them sprang the frightened maidens with their wild cavaliers. On came the crowd of white, scared faces. I can see that struggling, anxious, seething mass of heads this minute, and the awful thought, "Where are my own people?" came with all its swift quiver of agony, for I knew they were in the inner room. We ourselves were near the entrance; our exit was assured. The king, at the first sign of danger, had sprung thither and caused the great doors to be flung wide open, and before us shone the stars, and the quiet of the cool night contrasted with the burning flood within.

Through the opening into the ball-room came pouring the frightened and flying women. Over their heads burst through the thin partition a great red flame. I waited with an anxious heart, and presently my eye fell upon those I sought. They were safe! We went out together into the darkness, and listened, trembling, to the heart-rending cries of parents and children calling for one another in wild distress, while we clung to each other with deep thankfulness that we were united.

Fortunately the doors were wide, the egress was easy, and the throng rushed out with safety. The fire-engines were quickly on the spot, and the conflagration was promptly extinguished without injury to the building. But the graceful decorations, the fine furniture, and, worst of all, the beautiful borrowed pictures lay a blackened and crumbling mass within the solid, unyielding stone walls of the Academy. The supper was picked up with fragments of feminine attire intermingled. A lady's satin shoe was found in the middle of a salmon; fans and handkerchiefs, bouquets and gloves, were stirred in with the truffles; and the jellies were variegated with lost curls and torn rosettes.

Countless amusing and dangerous adventures formed the theme of the next day's discourse. The king's brother, mistaking a door that led into an ante-chamber for the exit, found himself imprisoned in a *coulisse*. The fire was behind him, — no possible escape before. He pounded lustily upon the thin partition; luckily he was heard, and a dozen hands knocked away the frail wall, and rescued the unhappy prince.

The queen was left alone in the supper-room, and tranquilly watched the burning ball-room until the chandelier fell, when she began to think of escape. Her chamberlains were gone; her maids of honor had fled; the king was thinking of his people; her son was Heaven knows where!

We asked, when she told us the story, if she felt alarmed. "Not at all," she coolly replied. "It reminded me of the last scene in the opera of the Prophet!"

But by and by the dean of the diplomatic corps remembered her, and went back and led her away by a rear door. Her majesty went out into a little street, and waited in the dark and cold until somebody's carriage came by and picked her up and carried her home.

Of course all the girls caught cold, for they could not stop for their wraps, but rushed out with their thin robes thrown over their bare arms and shoulders; yet no one was injured; so the dis-

aster proved but a nine days' wonder, after all.

The cavaliers went back, and after the fire was extinguished feasted gayly on the scorched remains of the supper. The crown prince worked like a Trojan, pulling down the blazing tarlatans from the walls, and doing his best to save everything. He was a young fellow then, and after it was all over, and he had shown himself gallant and cool, as the men of his race have always been in moments of danger, they say he broke down and wept like a child for a few minutes. However, he promptly revived, and held his place bravely at the impromptu supper, and promised his gentlemen a grand Bal Phœnix at his own palace to recompense them for their disappointment.

And thus in smoke and ashes I close my brief narration. Many of the actors in that little drama have passed away. The queen dowager lies in her stately mausoleum; the Outer Rest is no longer guarded by the sentries who proclaim a royal tenant. The kindly queen's brave heart is still; a younger woman reigns in her stead. Some of the gentle princesses have died; others are married and live in foreign lands. The crown prince has been gathered to his fathers. The former maids of honor are scattered; the gentlemen of the court have gone their several ways. Some linger yet and perform the old functions in the old stately fashion. But the king still lives on, and the court goes its round,

"Till in due time, one by one,
Some with lives that came to nothing, some
With deeds as well undone,
Death comes silently and leads them
Where they never see the sun."

*Sidney Hyde.*

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## SINCERE DEMAGOGY.

I HAVE recently had much conversation, on subjects connected with politics and our national life and interests, with several thoughtful and earnest men in two of the principal New England States. Some of them are laborers in cotton mills; some are manufacturers and capitalists; others are farmers. Some are possessors of considerable property, and live in easy comfort, if not in affluence; others are very poor. There is a noticeable agreement of ideas or convictions among them in regard to some problems which are becoming more and more important for the people of our country. I asked the same questions of these representatives of various classes of my fellow-citizens; and the absolute identity, not only of thought or belief, but of the forms of expression, in most of the answers, indicates, I think, a pretty thorough indoctrination by the same teachers of the whole school or party holding these sentiments. I give, for the most part, my own questions, with the replies, which were nearly the same from all. Much of the language is reported exactly, from notes made while we talked. Some slight verbal changes were necessary, but the meaning is given as accurately as possible throughout.

The first question was, usually, "Do you think the condition of our country prosperous and encouraging?" And the answer was, uniformly, "Not for the many, the mass of the people. There can be no real prosperity for our country under such conditions as now exist for laboring people."

"What do you regard as the chief dangers of our country?"

"There are two great dangers. The first is the aggregation of wealth in a few hands, especially the aggregation of wealth in the possession of large corporations, in which ambitious and unscrupulous men use the power which money gives as a means for the control of legis-

lation and of public thought and its expression. The great moneyed corporations, or a few rich men in them, own all the influential newspapers, and they allow no thought opposed to their opinions or interests to reach the people. No one can speak for the interests of the people except through a few feeble and obscure journals. The control of the great moneyed corporations over legislation is, in our country, almost absolute."

"The other great danger is the growing belief in the necessity of a strong government, and the fear, even in the minds of good men, that the people cannot safely be trusted, and that some men must be kept away from the polls. There seems to be a growing tendency in the minds of literary men to regard universal suffrage as a failure, and to wish the possession of the ballot to be confined to a more select body than the whole people. It is believed that the history of republics shows that every experiment in republican government has ended in an aristocracy; — in the elevation of a few men to complete control; and that our system must have the same result and end. We have already made some changes in this direction. The cry is that the people of cities are not fit to govern them. There is a strong tendency in recent legislation to limit the right of suffrage in the name of political purity."

"The two greatest dangers are the corruptions of aggregated wealth, and the indisposition to trust the whole people with a share in the government."

"All history shows that the many have never done wrong to the few, but the few have often done wrong to the many. All legislation by the people has been honest and fair to the few. History acquaints us with no instance to the contrary."

"Delusions never seize upon, possess, or mislead the many, the mass of the people, but always have their development and mischievous influence in some select class, — among persons who are, by their tastes or culture, separated from the mass of the people."

"When a particular, select body or class of men acquire what is now commonly called education (it is usually partial and unpractical), they are thereby enabled to impose their theories upon the people, thus deluding and enslaving the masses for the aggrandizement of their self-appointed guides. Massachusetts is, in greater degree than any other part of our country, the prey of delusions of all kinds, as she has more of what is called culture than any other State."

"But is not education or culture necessary to fit the people for the duties of citizenship, especially in our country, where problems so grave and difficult require solution?"

"There is already sufficient intelligence in the possession of the mass of the people to enable them to govern wisely, justly, and beneficently, if they were not thwarted, misled, and oppressed by the few. The people go wrong, not from lack of intelligence, but from being deceived; and in this respect things are growing worse in our country. The people do not think, but allow editors to think for them."

"What can we do to hinder or prevent the aggregation of wealth in the hands of a few men, and in the possession of great corporations?"

"When the fathers formed the constitution of our country, they did not imagine it possible that such evils or abuses could ever arise under its operation. We ought to have laws requiring the absolutely equal division of estates, at the death of parents, among all their children. We should adopt measures looking to the abolition of the corporate possession and management of wealth."

"All moneyed corporations should be dissolved, and, in time, their charters should be revoked. The constitution of the United States should contain an absolute prohibition of national corporations."

"We should repeal all laws that limit the right of suffrage; should make the ballot absolutely secret; and should give the ballot to every man simply because he is a man. No State should have power to limit the suffrage, or to exclude any

class of men from the exercise of this sacred right."

"The many always know more than the few about every subject connected with the science of government and its practical working. Any ten thousand men know more than any one man."

"As to matters of national finance, we would have the government issue all the currency the people need in the form of paper money. Neither gold nor silver should hereafter be used as money. Our financial and industrial depression is the result of our having reduced everything to a gold standard of value. We have brought everything to a low value; that is, we have destroyed a great part of the wealth of the country, by making gold the standard, because there is not gold enough to go around. We have issued only enough greenbacks and paper money to produce some slight alleviation of our difficulties."

"The gold standard has paralyzed our industries. Money is invested by hundreds of millions in bonds at a low rate of interest. Nobody can engage in any productive industrial enterprise. There is frightful speculation in stocks and bonds of worthless companies, but nothing is undertaken that, if it were successful, would add to the real wealth of the country. Money is put into four per cent. bonds, because the gold standard has made it impossible to obtain any considerable profit from any legitimate business or industry."

"What we should do is to have money issued by the government according to the wants of the people. The government pays out some hundreds of millions of dollars each year to the people who work for it, — to soldiers and sailors, to clerks and officers, in its service. Let it pay them in its own paper money, which shall be used for all purposes for which money is needed, and shall be the only money of the country. Our opponents assert that we wish the government to give money to the people without equivalent or service from them, but this is not true."

"Money should be made of some material which has no intrinsic value, so that it cannot be made an article of commerce. Its sole value should consist in the government stamp upon it."

"The government should derive all its revenues from direct taxation, chiefly from the taxation of incomes, with taxes on tobacco, whisky, and other articles of luxury."

"Would you permit unlimited immigration from all parts of the world to our country?"

"Yes; let everybody come who comes freely and of his own motion. All our troubles connected with immigration have resulted from imported labor, as in the case of the negroes and the Chinese. But those who are influenced by their own judgment to seek better opportunities for themselves and their children will benefit our country, not injure it."

"Is there no danger of our country's being overcrowded?"

"No; we have room and ample means of support for five hundred millions of people in this country. Our having assimilated so many races here, mingling the blood of all the principal nations of the world, is one of the chief causes of our superiority over all other countries and their people."

"Then you think Americans are superior to all other nations?"

"Undoubtedly. We are developing a higher type of manhood than has ever existed anywhere. Americans are more conscientious than any other people. The average intellectual character of our people is much higher and better than it was a hundred years ago. Our national morality is improving."

"How would you have the railroads of the country managed?"

"We should break up the corporations, and the railroads should be owned by the government. They should be made common highways, and every man who might wish to put a car on the road, and engage in the business of transporting freight or passengers, should be permitted to do so, under suitable regulations. The roads should be supported by taxation, if necessary. It is absurd to say that a navigable river is a public highway, and belongs to the people,

while a railroad which runs by the side of the river, along its whole length, cannot be a common highway, but must be the exclusive possession of a few men in a chartered corporation."

"What would you have the people taught in regard to morality, or the ground and standard of moral obligation?"

"Temperance, industry, and probity constitute all the morality a man in this country needs."

"Is falsehood ever profitable to a man in public life, or to a political party?"

"No man ever succeeds by falsehood. The man who uses it comes to an end. There is no political success, no future, for a man or a political party guilty of falsehood. Frank truthfulness is wisdom and strength. Pretense and concealment are folly and weakness. There never was a cause strong enough, or good enough, to sustain the injury of lying and dishonesty on the part of its supporters or advocates."

"What are your wishes in regard to our system of public education?"

"We would not make much change. We would require every child to go to school, but would not teach a little of everything, as is done now. We would make education more practical, and more thorough in the branches of knowledge which would benefit the common people."

"Are your people generally optimists? Are you hopeful about our country's near future?"

"We are growing worse as to the impoverishment of the people. We have a greater number of men now who are enormously rich than ever before. These great aggregations of wealth make extreme poverty inevitable for the mass of the people. We do not expect speedy improvement. Perhaps there will have to be a great uprising of the people to right these wrongs. The ballot is the remedy for every evil and wrong in this country, and if the people can have the ballot they will make everything right. But if the ballot is withheld from any class, the people may take things into their own hands. We may be sure that the people will have their rights in one way or another."

"What kind of income tax would you approve?"

"We should tax all incomes, large and small, at the same rate. But we should define income as that which 'comes in' from invested wealth. The earnings of labor and the profits on the business of a merchant should not be regarded as income. Dividends received for money which is no longer in the owners' hands, which are paid year after year to men who do nothing to earn them, should be taxed. They constitute real income. We should also have a heavy legacy tax. These arrangements would enable us to tax the income from bonds of every kind and class."

"Great accumulations of property in a few hands caused the downfall of Rome, and are now the worst curse of England. How soon the people may see these things, and assert their rights, nobody can tell, but all these reforms must come in time. There will probably be a great deal of trouble before the people open their eyes and take possession of their rights. At present the country is not proceeding or acting upon any rational system or method; we are merely stumbling, and tumbling, and wallowing along."

"What can be done to give the people greater advantages in connection with journalism?"

"We hope for electrical printing; for such advancements in science and invention, and such improvements in machinery, as will make printing so cheap that everybody can enjoy the advantages and opportunities which are now the exclusive possession of the very rich. There is no limit to what science may do for us. The earth is made for man, and all the powers and elements of nature are for his use and benefit. There is abundant provision for all human wants, if nature's rich gifts are not monopolized by the few to the exclusion and injury of the many."

"Are there some good and honest men who oppose you and your doctrines?"

"Oh, yes. The cultivated men do

not believe in the people. We do. We trust the people. We think this country belongs to the people, and that they have a right to govern it. The Harvard men think we would ruin the country, but we only want the people to have what belongs to them."

"But would not your doctrines open the way to frequent and radical changes of our system of government, and thus imperil some things which are of great importance, — some things which are essential to our free institutions and our national life?"

"The very essence and object of our system of government, as the fathers established it, is that the people shall govern, and shall make any changes which in practice or experience they may see to be necessary."

Having thus reported the opinions of my fellow-citizens as fully as possible in the form in which they were expressed in conversation, I wish to add some account of the impressions made upon me by the persons themselves. About the time of the close of our great civil war, or a little before, I had many opportunities of becoming acquainted with ideas and sentiments closely resembling those which are here described; and since that time it has seemed worth while to study these tendencies and products of the intellectual life of our country directly, to converse with men of all classes and conditions of life who hold these opinions, in order really to know what they believe and seek, and upon what grounds they hold such convictions and cherish such aims. I have not adopted the judgment of their enemies, or that of their friends, in regard to the doctrines or the character of these men, but have sought to obtain first their own account of their principles.

I think these men are, as a class, thoroughly sincere in their opinions and sentiments regarding political subjects. They honestly believe what they profess, upon grounds which to them appear reasonable and sufficient. They manifest greater earnestness, or intensity of conviction, than is exhibited at present by the members of the other political parties of the country. This may result naturally from the fact that their party has never been in power, and that they are in consequence free from responsibility for the mistakes and evils of the time. They are likely to gain more and lose less than others by a frank avowal of their aims, even by the bold profession of doctrines which are generally regarded as extreme and dangerous. It is commonly remarked that both the old political parties are now somewhat wanting in earnestness, or strength of conviction, in regard to some important political doctrines. This is natural, and in a way inevitable, because both parties are manœuvring for position for the opening of the canvass preceding the next national elections. Probably the party managers do not greatly care upon what ground the contest is waged, if they can, at the beginning of the fray, secure advantages which will give them hope of "breaking the enemy's line, and throwing his forces into confusion." They do not, on either side, quite believe the dreadful things they have been saying of their adversaries. What I wish here to point out is that, while this manœuvring and the want of moral earnestness which it reveals are, under the circumstances, inevitable, and required by the necessities of political warfare, such tactics have certain disadvantages and embarrassments connected with them, from which our friends of the third party are entirely free. Boldness and frankness are elements of power in their appeal to the people. These men have more of sentiment than any other political class, and can more readily and successfully appeal to "the great American ideas of freedom and the rights of man." They are the natural heirs of some of the heroic elements and influences which formerly belonged to the attitude of the antislavery people. Upon examination this will be found a matter of considerable practical importance. I think that our fellow-citizens of this class may be said to be characterized by amiable and generous qualities. They are usually possessed of benevolent dispositions and

strong sympathies. They all hold extremely hopeful and optimistic views of human nature, and sincerely believe that the common people are sages, saints, and heroes.

As to their thought or doctrines, these friends of ours have remarkably clear and definite ideas in regard to the objects of their efforts, and the means by which they expect to attain them. They believe that nature has provided abundantly for the wants of all her children, that the earth rightly belongs to the people, and that if men were not wrongfully deprived of their heritage all would live in comfort. Happiness is the object of human life. Man has a natural right to happiness, but the masses are robbed of their rights by the misrule and oppression of the few. They believe that excessive toil is one of the chief causes of unhappiness among the people, and they intend to shorten the hours of toil. They think that the labor of the common people is inadequately paid, and that the capitalist receives far too large a proportion of the profits of labor, and they intend to transfer a considerable proportion of these profits to the laborer himself. They believe that unhappiness and pain, weariness and poverty, can be in a very great measure abolished, and they mean to accomplish this by reorganizing society under the rule of the common people. They think it entirely right to change all constitutional provisions or other features of our system of government which are found to obstruct the will of the people, and that such changes should be made as often as the people may think it necessary, and in such ways as the people may prefer.

These friends of ours believe that the people, as they are, are capable of governing rightly and wisely, and that if they had the power in their hands their rule would always be just and beneficent. They think the notion that there is anything very difficult in the science of government or its practical administration, which requires peculiar wisdom, or culture superior to that possessed by the mass of the people, is a fiction, an invention of the oppressors of the people, by which they seek to strengthen their wrongful rule over the masses. They hold that "the hearts of the people are always right;" that the people love justice with a passionate and enthusiastic worship, that they are superior to all such unworthy and injurious passions as revenge, greed, envy, and selfishness, and that they are as wise as they are good; that the best dreams and ideals of poets and prophets are realized in the character of the common people of our country.

In conversing with my countrymen who cherish these sentiments and opinions, I am constantly reminded of Rousseau. Their ideas, and even their phrases and forms of expression, are often identical with his. I quote a few sentences from the Emilius (Nugent's translation, London, 1763):—

"Conscience affords greater light than all the philosophers; we have no occasion to read Cicero's Offices in order to learn to be honest." (Vol. ii. p. 271.)

"It is evident to the last degree that the learned societies of Europe are no more than public schools of falsehood; and there are certainly more errors propagated by the members of the Academy of Sciences than are to be found among a whole nation of savages." (Vol. i. p. 304.)

"It is in vain that we aspire at liberty under the protection of the laws. Laws! Where are they? And where are they respected? Wherever you have directed your steps, you have seen concealed under this sacred name nothing but self-interest and human passions. But the eternal laws of nature and of order are still in being. They supply the place of positive laws in the eye of the man of prudence; they are written in the inmost recess of his heart by the hands of reason and conscience; it is to these he ought to submit in order to be free." (Vol. ii. p. 392.)

"It is the common people that constitute the bulk of mankind; the rest above that order are so few in number that they are not worth our consideration." (Vol. i. p. 339.)

"You should therefore respect your

species: remember that it is essentially composed of the common people; that if all the kings and philosophers were to be taken away, they would not be missed, and affairs would be conducted as well without them." (Vol. i. p. 341.)

"Were we to divide all human science into two parts, one common to the generality of mankind, the other particular to the learned, the latter would be very trifling compared to the former." (Vol. i. p. 48.)

It is not probable that these resemblances of thought and language proceed from familiarity on the part of my friends with the writings of Rousseau. Few of them, I suppose, have read anything from his pen. Such thoughts and ideas have arisen naturally in their minds, as they did in his. These opinions and beliefs regarding the political and social interests and relations of mankind have been produced or developed here anew by the conditions of our national life. If we consider the circumstances of our people, their education and experience, and the natural and necessary effect of democracy, or the universal suffrage arrangement of society, I think we must expect a general development of such doctrines among the masses, and that the influence of these tendencies may possibly become so wide-spread and potent as to subject our system of government and the structure of society in this country to a very considerable strain. We shall not understand the causes, direction, or power of these ideas while we regard their development and career among us as accidental or anomalous. Their appearance and growth result from causes adequate to produce them. The phenomena attending their operation are not likely to be so transitory as to make examination difficult. We shall probably have time to study them.

Our friends appear to think that men of wealth and culture are of a nature essentially different from that of "the people." They always speak of them as belonging to a different class, and as being inspired by motives, passions, and principles entirely unlike those of the people. They think that the circumstances and position of men of property and culture, and the effect of the system of social and political organization under which they have so much power, necessarily make them selfish, grasping, unjust, and oppressive. They are convinced that there is no reason to hope for the improvement of society while the men of wealth and culture retain control, and are therefore determined to displace them. I am obliged to say that, while our fellow-citizens thus contemn culture, many of them have about as much of what now goes by that name as is possessed by most of those who belong to the "cultivated classes." So in regard to their ideas of wealth: they think it dangerous under the existing system and order of things, — likely to produce extreme selfishness, and alienation from the cause and interests of the people; yet some of them are themselves capitalists, and possess the means of enjoying what they denounce as luxury when it is exhibited by those who are not "of the people."

It is curious and interesting to note the frequent resemblances between the doctrines which I am now examining and the fundamental ideas and assumptions of much of the best literature which our country has produced. That part of our national literature which contains the direct expression of opinions in regard to the nature of man, the principles of social and political order, the genius of our institutions, and the true meaning and mission of America is almost all intensely optimistic, and it supplies great store of maxims and arguments of the highest dignity and respectability, which would serve as most convenient weapons in the hands of our friends against many features of the existing order of things.

One of the most important and characteristic elements of influence in the movement which I am describing is to be found in the ideas regarding science which are held by this class of our people, and propagated by their teachers. They expect a millennium of universal plenty and happiness, a golden age, under the dominion of science. No imaginable invention for producing food,

dispensing with labor, or creating wealth appears to them impossible. If a great inventor should announce that he had discovered a method by which he could evolve from a pail of water power sufficient to drive a freight-train from New York to San Francisco, or that by establishing connections between the opposite corners of a square league of desert and the poles of a powerful electrical battery he could in a few hours change the barren sands to soil of matchless fertility, many of these friends of ours would say, truthfully, that they had long expected such achievements. Their faith in "positive and negative electricity" would scarcely be staggered by any possible story of miraculous power or performance. They know of no reason why anything which they would like to have done for them should not be accomplished by means of this wonderful natural force; or, indeed, why any human want should remain unsupplied. Their ideas and methods of thought in regard to science, and the expectations which they cherish respecting the deliverance of mankind from the necessity of toil by means of scientific invention and discovery, are becoming important factors in our political and social conditions.

I have observed that the men in comfortable circumstances, who hold these doctrines, usually appear to feel but little personal enmity or bitterness against the classes whom they denounce. They say it is the system which is to be condemned, rather than the persons who sustain or administer it. But many of the poorer men and laborers seem to feel a degree of exultation in the prospect of the overthrow of the classes who, as they declare, have so long oppressed the people. All classes of believers in these doctrines are convinced that if the people are much longer thwarted and oppressed; if the ballot, which would enable them to right all their wrongs by peaceful means, is kept out of their hands, or its effect neutralized by the machinations of the money power, then the masses will rise in their might, and crush at once the system which is the source of their adversity. Most of them appear to feel a kind of sadness in view of the terrible suffering that may necessarily precede the coronation of the people, but they think it is all fated and inevitable. This mood, now becoming so common, is one in which many things are possible.

I see nothing to prevent the rise of a leader of this class, — of a man who, despising culture, shall possess as much of it as most of his antagonists, and, while denouncing wealth as the chief source of danger to the liberties of the people, shall himself be rich; who, holding these political and social doctrines in sincerity, shall advocate them with enthusiasm. If such a man should appear, and should add to these means of influence the potency of attractive social qualities, great kindness of heart, readiness of resource, commanding eloquence, and a stainless personal character, it may be that under such circumstances these ideas would attract more serious attention than they have yet received from our teachers and leaders.

Some of the opinions and sentiments here described appear to me erroneous and untrustworthy. The fundamental doctrine of the divine right of the people, for instance, as taught by our friends, is but the old doctrine of the divine right of kings in a new form. Its essence is unchanged. Under the new conditions of national life which accompany democracy, or result from it, the doctrine means the divine right of the majority. And as the believers in the divinely appointed rule of kings hold that the king can do no wrong, we are witnessing the development, under democratic forms of government, of the doctrine that the people — that is, the majority — can do no wrong; that the people are always unselfish, patriotic, and incorruptible, and possessed of wisdom adequate for every emergency, rendering injustice and serious error impossible under their sway. Now this doctrine of the divine right of a ruling class, and its supernatural equipment with all needed virtues, is a crude and barbarous conception, belonging naturally to the prehistoric or savage condi-

tions of society under which it had its rise and development. It does not appear to have been improved by presenting it in its modern form, in association with democracy, nor can I learn that any new reasons or arguments have been brought forward in its support.

If this doctrine is true, then in a state composed of one million citizens, divided into two parties by their political opinions, five hundred and ten thousand men might constitute the party of the people. They would of course be in the utmost degree wise and just, and the four hundred and ninety thousand opposed to them would be unwise, and misled by dangerous error, if they were not selfish and corrupt. If the people are wise and right, those opposed to them must be foolish and wrong. But as a matter of fact it frequently happens that the foolish minority is able to convince and win over a small portion of the majority; and then the minority, without any change of principles, character, or aims, itself becomes the divinely authorized majority. That is, those who were last year the enemies of the people are now, though cherishing the same purposes which so recently made them dangerous enemies to liberty, themselves the people, and the only true friends of freedom. At the same time, some hundreds of thousands of men, who were last year members of the wise and virtuous majority, though still battling as earnestly as ever in support of the ideas which were then the perfection of wisdom and virtue, now constitute a deluded minority, and are the only "enemies of the people." No, friends, majorities are often wrong. The people are sometimes in error in regard to very important practical matters. They are sometimes ill informed and influenced by prejudice and passion, and are consequently unjust. There was a time when the people believed that the sun went around the earth every day. It is most probable that for ages the whole human race believed human sacrifices to be right. If the people are right today, they must often have been wrong in the past, for they have changed their beliefs again and again under the influence of advancing culture. Though they may be wiser than ever before, there is nothing to support the assumption that they have become infallible. The theory that the dominion of the people will secure mankind against all dangerous error, and abolish the evils which now afflict society and imperil civilization, is a convenient fiction.

Is it true that "any ten thousand men always know more than any one man"? If one man were instructed in navigation, would he not know more about it than ten thousand men who had never seen a boat, or water enough to float it? A similar question might be asked in regard to the art of printing, the science of chemistry, the profession of law, and many other things. Does not any one man who can speak, write, and teach the German language correctly know more about it than any million of men who have never heard or seen a word of it? The art of government, of organizing the life of a nation and administering its affairs, is not the simple and easy task which our friends assume it to be; it must rather be one of the most complex and difficult of human achievements. To persuade the persons who are intrusted with the government of a country like ours that their work requires no serious preparation or sense of responsibility is to propagate a most dangerous delusion.

Our friends regard the production and perpetuation of wealth as being due almost entirely to labor. They often say that laboring men — as distinct from the class of capitalists and cultivated people — have created the wealth of the country, and it is sometimes added that it justly belongs to them. The working people do not generally understand how much the production and existence of wealth depend upon other elements than mere muscular exertion. They do not appreciate the part which is performed by cultivated men and capitalists in organizing and equipping business enterprises, in adapting production to the markets of the world, and in so directing the labor of multitudes of men and the

use of costly machinery as not to impair the capital invested. They do not even understand clearly that the destruction of capital ruins the laborers of the country by destroying the business which gives them employment. Many laborers think they are in some way benefited by all the losses sustained by capitalists. Wealth is not so stable or permanent as our friends believe. It is of a sensitive nature, and does not bear rough handling. It is easy to destroy the value of any kind of property or investment by injurious legislation or mischievous municipal administration. But many men believe that by means of legislation "in the interests of labor," and by severe taxation, most of the wealth now in the possession of rich men and corporations can be transferred, without impairment, to the hands of the working people. I think the actual result, if their plans could be carried out, would be the gradual annihilation and expulsion of the wealth of the country. There would no longer be any disparity of conditions between rich and poor, because all would be poor alike. Our organized industries would be destroyed. All machinery which requires the coöperation of many laborers would be disused, and we should be obliged to return to the conditions and methods of life of the days before the introduction of improved labor-saving machinery, when the people of our country depended almost wholly upon agriculture and such manufactures as could be carried on in their homes. The world's wealth will not be perpetuated or reproduced if the essential conditions under which it has been created are destroyed.

Might does not make right or justice on the side of the people, any more than on that of the tyrannical few who are regarded as their oppressors. Excessive taxation is robbery, though the guilt and dishonor of it may be distributed among millions of voters. When the people make a law which compels the capitalists of a city to deliver up their wealth at the doors of the city treasury, for distribution among the laborers of the municipality, in the form of unnecessary and dishonest appropriations for improvements, the act is not more honest because committed by the people under the forms of law. It is not wise to teach the people of our country that nothing in their political action can be wrong or unjust; that robbery and injustice are to be accounted right when perpetrated by the majority by means of the ballot.

The beliefs of our friends regarding nature or providence, and the attainable objects and ideals of human life, are natural in the earlier stages of mental and social development. They are the products of subjective conditions, of what people call their own intuitions. Strong and passionate desires, unchastened by reason or experience, are regarded as evidence that whatever they crave has been specially created for their gratification. It is held that "men have a right to be happy, have a right to the possession of whatever will satisfy their nature." Here, again, our friends are in error in regarding the order of human life, or the system of universal being, as something extremely simple and transparent. It is not so easily explicable. We are of such a nature that we want many things, but I cannot find that there is any provision or arrangement in the order or laws of nature for our having whatever we want. Much of the popular teaching about the wise and beneficent adaptation of everything to everything else in the universe, the relation between all natural wants and the means for satisfying them, and the wonderful economies of nature rendering waste and failure impossible in her domain is pure assumption, and will not bear examination. We do not really know so much about these matters as many people suppose. Whether we talk of the bounty of nature or the wisdom and goodness of God, the difficulties are the same. The subject is too deep for us. It is pleasant and comfortable to believe that everything is made for our happiness, and that the universe is pervaded and controlled by a wise and omnipotent tenderness. But as a matter of experience and fact, there is measureless pain in the world, failure and cruelty, hideous and uncompensated

wrong and suffering. Life is a stern, hard service, and the wisest and noblest have learned to think little about happiness, and to give their strength to the work of the day, because "the night cometh, when no man can work." I have myself tried living for happiness, and have found that the effort, even when successful, tends to disintegration and chaos. My observation of the lives of others convinces me that these doctrines which lead men to feel that they have a right to be happy, and that they are wronged and oppressed unless they have everything they want, are the result of defective analysis. The people who hold this philosophy of life are sincere, but their thinking is erroneous. It does not follow that we are to make no effort for the deliverance of mankind from injustice and oppression. To right what is wrong, and improve the conditions of human life, is the noblest work to which we can give our hearts in this world. But our friends of whom I am now writing fail in large measure, and injure their own work, because they have not given sufficient attention or patience to the endeavor to understand the difficulties that lie in our way. It is not so easy as they think to know what are the best means for bringing about the changes which all good men should desire to see accomplished. Our friends especially need more knowledge, in order to be able to discriminate truly between objects that are really desirable and attainable and those which human passion naturally craves in its early, "unchartered freedom," but which are either impossible of attainment, or of a nature to cause injury and loss when attained.

This brings me to the error of our friends in rejecting and denouncing culture. They might do good by exposing what is crude, superficial, and unpractical in what goes by the name of culture, and by expressing their sense of the need of something better. If the working people would thoughtfully try to understand what is defective in the education of their class, and would give their countrymen their judgment regarding what is most needed for the equipment of their own children for their place and work in life, it would be a valuable service. If the state undertakes the education of the children of the people, as it does in this country, I think the workingmen have a right to claim for their children the best education the state can give; that is, such an education as will in the largest measure possible fit them for the work and experience of their life. The people of our country, without exception or distinction of classes, need more knowledge and better education. The people of wealth and culture have much to learn and to do. They do not yet understand how insecure is their own position. They have little real knowledge of the new conditions of society in this country. The people of whom I have here written are not wholly wrong. They have some measure of truth and right on their side, some reason for discontent. Our politics are deficient in patriotism, and our partisan leaders have too little interest in the welfare and guidance of the people. The people of wealth and culture need a closer acquaintance and association with the working people and the poor. They generally lack something of the fraternal spirit which they should feel, but they are especially wanting in the manifestation or expression of such kindly and fraternal feelings as they really have in their hearts. The workingmen misapprehend the people of wealth and culture. There is, indeed, mutual misapprehension and want of acquaintance between the working people and their employers. If the opinions of the masses are wrong and their aims impracticable, it is worth while to do far more than has yet been done in this country to show them how they are wrong, and to teach them whatever fundamental principles are available for their guidance. There is too much impatience shown by many of our writers and leaders because the masses do not learn more rapidly, are so persistently wrong-headed, etc. What is the value, after all, of the culture which qualifies us to dispute learnedly regarding the chief social and political tendencies of the people of ancient Greece and Rome

at every period of their history, but does not equip us for any real study of the life of our own time and country, nor enable us to understand the growth of destructive tendencies in the society of which we are members? It is most mischievous to assume, as is constantly done on both sides, that some of the different classes of our people are already so completely separate and distinct that it is next to impossible for them to understand or influence one another. It is the assumption of those who are too indolent to study the facts of our condition. The cultivated people have not yet made a tithe of the effort to teach the working classes which is necessary to prove whether they can be taught or not. There is great unteachableness, not only among the working people, but in the cultivated classes; yet no large class in this country is hopelessly inaccessible to teaching, or insusceptible of guidance. (Could not something be done in the way of increased publicity on the part of their managers regarding the essential features, methods, and conditions of the great business and manufacturing enterprises of the country, so that workmen could better understand the justice and necessity of the course of action pursued by their employers?)

It is somewhat strange and ominous that so many cultivated people should insist, apparently with a degree of pride, that they are themselves incapable of addressing the working people so as to be understood by them; that they have no power to establish such relations with them as would enable them to influence their opinions. When, a few months ago, I suggested — with other measures for producing a better understanding between the different classes in our country — the publication, by those who believe in property and in culture, of small, low-priced newspapers for circulation among workingmen, there were emphatic protests from prominent journalists, who assured me that a newspaper dealing with the life and wants of operatives, if edited by capitalists, manufacturers, and cultivated people, would certainly fail of influence among the class whom it would be designed to benefit, for the reason that their inevitable aversion to everything bearing the stamp of capital would strangle the well-meant enterprise at its birth. This indicates want of acquaintance, on the part of such writers, with the feelings, spirit, and character of our working people. There is not yet any such incurable alienation and hostility between the workingmen and their employers, the capitalists of the country. There is much misunderstanding, and some of the facts of our condition are gravely unfavorable; but they do not by any means sustain the despairing conclusion that no direct effort to enlighten and convince the workingmen would be of any avail. My own opinion is that the workingmen are, as a class, quite as accessible to teaching or enlightenment as our cultivated optimists.

In endeavoring to understand the spread of false and hurtful ideas among the workingmen, we observe, first, that these beliefs arise naturally and legitimately in many minds under such conditions as have prevailed here during the last eighteen years. In the next place, we should recognize the fact that many persons have devoted themselves with remarkable zeal, energy, and success to the propagation and inculcation of these opinions and sentiments. The chief remaining feature in the matter is the entire absence of corresponding or adequate activity on the part of those who should feel most interest in preserving and extending whatever is valuable in the results of our civilization. In this inaction, this want of coöperation and of direct effort for the propagation of their own convictions, on the part of those who believe in property and culture, and in the value and necessity of constitutional government, is the chief source of danger for our country. All these interests are seriously imperiled, not alone by the ideas of the working class, but by the general operation of disintegrating influences in our society, and by the want of better training and principles, and higher character, among all classes of our population. The dainty and querulous tone of many who should be among

the teachers and leaders of our time shows that the disorganizing influences of the age are already affecting the cultivated classes, and diminishing our national vitality.

There is great need of wise and effective resistance to the attack upon constitutional government. Most of our people need a better understanding of the necessity of some accepted principles and system of national organization and administration, which shall not be subject to change at every election. Some of the strongest tendencies of the time lead in the direction of the absolute empire of the majority, without restriction or limitation from any source whatever, — the rule of the caprice of the hour, and the entire repudiation of all precedents, pledges, charters, and constitutional regulations and provisions. We have adopted universal suffrage to begin with, and now we must prepare for it afterward. The essential and distinguishing feature of our system is that it is government by the people. But the mere adoption of this system of government does not confer upon the people the wisdom which they need for its administration. That must be obtained by other means. Our system was not devised by its founders to introduce and maintain the absolute and tyrannical rule of mere majorities, though this view of its purpose and character is now urged with great vehemence. It was meant that changes in our political methods should be made slowly, and that they should not extend so far as to destroy the organic character of the national government.

If the people who do not approve the doctrines I have here described are in earnest, it is necessary that they should learn to address the masses. Those who believe that property and culture are essential to our civilization must present their case. They and their interests are on trial, and it is time for them to plead the cause of what they most value. It is not a matter of extreme difficulty. Surely our cultivated men should be able to speak intelligibly to the whole nation and to every class it contains. To admit that capitalists and cultivated men cannot gain the attention and confidence of the workingmen implies distrust of the justice and reasonableness of the principles and position of the conservative class. Americans who feel that their cause is a righteous one should not fear to speak for it before their own countrymen. I have had considerable experience in writing for the working people to read, and have found that they can understand plain speaking and sincerity. If I had the money required for such an enterprise, I should at once proceed to establish such a newspaper as I have recommended. What we most need cannot be accomplished by ordinary political journalism, though political parties are necessary and useful. The need of the time is the education of the people in the principles and duties of American citizenship and fraternity. I have not attempted a complete examination of these subjects, — that is a work for the people of our country; but I have hoped to bring about a more general and thorough discussion of these questions of the time. I am not devoted to any particular plans or measures for improvement. I should be glad to see each of my suggestions set aside for something better.

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## ON LYNN TERRACE.

(1879.)

All day to watch the blue wave curl and break,
All night to hear it plunging on the shore, —
In this sea-dream such draughts of life I take,
I cannot ask for more.

Behind me lie the idle life and vain,
The task unfinished, and the weary hours;
That long wave bears me softly back to Spain
And the Alhambra's towers!

Once more I halt in Andalusian pass,
To list the mule-bells jingling on the height;
Below, against the dull esparto grass,
The almonds glimmer white.

Huge gateways, wrinkled, with rich grays and browns,
Invite my fancy, and I wander through
The gable-shadowed, zigzag streets of towns
The world's first sailors knew.

Or, if I will, from out this thin sea-haze
Low-lying cliffs of lovely Calais rise;
Or yonder, with the pomp of olden days,
Venice salutes my eyes.

Or some gaunt castle lures me up its stair;
I see, far off, the red-tiled hamlets shine,
And catch, through slits of windows here and there,
Blue glimpses of the Rhine.

And now I linger in green English lanes,
By garden-plots of rose and heliotrope;
And now I face the sudden pelting rains
On some lone Alpine slope.

Now at Tangier, among the packed bazaars,
I saunter, and the merchants at the doors
Smile, and entice me: here are jewels like stars,
And curved knives of the Moors;

Cloths of Damascus, strings of amber dates;
What would Howadji . . . silver, gold, or stone?
Prone on the sun-scorched plain outside the gates
The camels make their moan.

All this is mine, as I lie dreaming here,
High on the windy terrace, day by day;
And mine the children's laughter, sweet and clear,
Ringing across the bay.

For me the clouds; the ships sail by for me;
For me the petulant sea-gull takes its flight;
And mine the tender moonrise on the sea,
And hollow caves of night!

*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

## BURNS AND SCOTCH SONG BEFORE HIM.

LYRICAL poetry is poetry in its intensest and purest essence. Other forms of poetry may be greater, more intellectual, — may combine elements more numerous and diverse, and demand more varied powers for their production; but no other kind contains within the same compass so much of the true poetic ore, of that simple and vivid essence which to all true poetry is the breath of life.

For what is it that is the primal source, the earliest impulse, out of which all true poetry in the past has sprung, out of which alone it ever can spring? Is it not the descent upon the soul, or the flashing up from its inmost depths, of some thought, sentiment, emotion, which possesses it, fills it, kindles it, as we say inspires it? It may be some new truth, which the poet has been the first to discern. It may be some world-old truth, borne in on his soul so vividly that he seems to have been the first man who has ever seen it. New to him, as if no other eye had ever seen it, the light of it makes all it touches new. In remote times, before poetry had molded for itself settled forms, it could only be some impulse torrent strong, some fountain of thought bursting from the deepest and freshest seats of the soul, that could cleave for itself channels of utterance. In later times, when a poetic language had been framed, poetic forms stereotyped, and poetry had become an art, or even a literary trade, a far feebler impulse might borrow these forms and express itself poetically. But originally it was not so. In primitive times, as Ewald says, it was only the marvelous, overmastering power, the irresistible impulse of some quite new and creative thought, which, descending upon a man, could become within him the spirit and impelling force of poetry.

To our modern ears all this sounds unreal, — a thing you read of in æsthetic books, but never meet with in actual life. Our civilization, with its stereotyped ways and smooth conventionalities, has done so much to repress strong feeling, above all English reserve so peremptorily forbids all exhibition of it, even when most genuine, that if any are visited by it they must learn to keep it to themselves, and be content to know "the lonely rapture of lonely minds." And yet even in this century of ours such things have been possible.

A modern poet, whose own experience and productions have fully exemplified his words, has told us, "A man cannot say, I will write poetry;" the greatest poet cannot say it, for the mind in creation is as a fading coal, which some irresistible influence, like an inconstant wind, awakens to transitory brightness. This power arises from within, like the color of a flower which dims and changes as it is developed, and the conscious portions of our nature are unprophetic either of its approach or of its departure.

Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds. This, if in a measure true of all poetry, is especially descriptive of lyrical poetry.

The thought, sentiment, situation, which shall lay hold of the soul with the intense force I have spoken of, and rise to the highest elevation, must be single, solitary. Other thoughts may attach themselves to the ruling one, and contribute to body it forth, but these are merely accessory and subordinate. One ruling paramount thought or emotion there must be, if the mind is to rise to its highest elevation, to be kindled and concentrated into its warmest glow. And what we call a lyric poem is the adequate and consummate expression of some supreme moment, some one such rapturous mood. Single we said the inspiring mood must be, — whole, unmingled, all-absorbing. When a mood of mind, a thought, a sentiment, or an emotion, or a situation or an incident possessing these characters, has filled, overmastered,

the singer's soul, then the vehicle most fitted to express it is the form of words which we call lyrical or musical.

When and how the adequate utterance of the inward visitation comes is an interesting question, which, however, need not detain us now. There may have been instances in which the poet, in the first flush of emotion, projected it into language perfect and complete. This, however, I should believe, is but rare, and only when the faculty of poetic utterance has been trained to the finest. Far more often, I should believe, a few burning words, a line here and there, have sprung to life in the first moment of excitement, and then have remained in the mind as the keynotes, till afterwards the propitious hour arrives which shall round off the whole thought into perfect language. Other instances there are in which the profound impressions have come and gone, and found no words at the time, but lain long dumb within, till, retouched in some happy moment by memory and imagination, they have taken to themselves wings, and bodied themselves forever in language adequate to their original brightness. This it is of which Wordsworth speaks when he calls poetry "emotion remembered in tranquillity." It is seen exemplified in his own best lyrics, many of which were no doubt born in this way; preëminently is it seen in that master ode of his on Intimations of Immortality. And if those moments of remembered fervor, seen through the atmosphere of memory, lose something of their original intensity, they win instead a pensive and spiritual light, which forms I know not how much of their charm.

But however and whenever the one inspiring impulse finds words to embody it, one thing is certain, — that embodiment must be in language which has in it rhythm and melody. The expression must be musical, and for this reason. There is a strange kinship between inward fervor of emotion and outward melody of voice. When one overmastering impulse entirely fills the soul, there is a heaving of emotion within which is in its nature rhythmical, — is indeed music, though unuttered music. And when this passes outward into expression, it of necessity seeks to embody itself in some form of words which shall be musical, the outward melody of language answering to the already rhythmical and musical volume of feeling that is billowing within. We see this in the fact that whenever any one is more than usually moved the excitement, passing outward, changes the tones of his voice, and makes them musical. Lyrical poetry is but the concentrating into regular form and carrying to a higher power this natural propensity.

To make the perfect lyric two things must conspire: more than usual depth, intensity, and tenderness in the original emotion, and a corresponding mastery over language to give it fitting utterance. The light that flashes up in the first creative moment must be so vivid and penetrating that it fills and illumines every syllable of the language, even as the light of the setting sun fills the cloud and transfigures it into its own brightness. When this depth and tenderness of susceptibility meet with perfect power of expression, we have the great lyric poems of the world. When such a creation has been accomplished, we have, as I have already said, the largest amount of the true poetic essence condensed within the smallest compass, and projected in the directest form and with the most thrilling power of which human language is capable.

Lyric poems are in a special way the creation of youth and the delight of age. Longer poems, the epic, the tragedy, demand more varied and maturer powers, and have generally been composed by men who have reached middle life. The intense glow, the tumultuous rush of feeling, which are the essence of the song belong preëminently to youth, and can seldom in their first freshness be perpetuated even in those who have carried the boy's heart furthest into manhood.

The wear and tear of life and the continual sight of mortality pressing home cool down the most ardent glow and abate the strongest impulse. Hence it is that most of the greatest lyrists have done

their pipings before forty; many have ceased to sing even earlier. The songs or lyric poems composed in mature life are mainly such as those which Wordsworth speaks of, — products of emotion remembered in tranquillity. These no doubt have a charm of their own, in which the fervor of early feeling is tempered and mellowed by the ripeness of age.

In the sequel I shall try to illustrate one of the many possible kinds of lyrics. There is an obvious division of lyrics suggested by a passage which I recently read in the literary studies of the late Mr. Walter Bagehot. That very able man, who was long known chiefly as an original writer on political economy, seems to have been even more at home in the deepest problems of metaphysics and the finest shades of poetic feeling than when discussing the doctrine of rent or the currency. Speaking of lyric poetry, he says, "That species of art may be divided roughly into the human and the abstract. The sphere of the former is of course the actual life, passions, and actions of real men. In early ages there is no subject for art but natural life and primitive passion. At a later time, when from the deposit of the *debris* of a hundred philosophies a large number of half-personified abstractions are part of the familiar thoughts and language of all mankind, there are new objects to excite the feelings, — we might even say there are new feelings to be excited; the rough substance of original passion is sublimated and attenuated, till we hardly recognize its identity." Out of this last state of feeling comes the abstract, or I may call it the intellectual lyric. I propose to dwell on the former of these two kinds.

There is a very general impression, especially in England, that Burns created Scottish song, and that all that is valuable in it is his work. Instead of saying that Burns created Scottish song, it would be more true to say that Scottish song created Burns, and that in him it culminated. He was born at a happy hour for a national songster, with a great background of song centuries old behind him, and breathing from his childhood a very atmosphere of melody. From the earliest times the Scotch have been a song-loving people, meaning by song both the tunes, or airs, and words. This is not the side which the Scotchman turns to the world, when he goes abroad into it to push his fortune. We all know the character that passes current as that of the typical Scot, — sandy-haired, hard-featured, clannish to his countrymen, shrewd, cautious, self-seeking, self-reliant, persevering, unsympathetic to strangers, difficult to drive a bargain with, impossible to circumvent. The last thing a stranger would credit him with would be the love of song. Yet when that hard, calculating trader has retired from the 'change or the market-place to his own fireside, perhaps the things he loves best, almost as much as his dividends, will be those simple national melodies he has known from his childhood. Till a very recent time the whole air of Scotland, among the country people, was redolent of song. You heard the milkmaid singing some old chant, as she milked the cows in field or byre; the housewife went about her work, or span at her wheel, with a lilt upon her lips. In the Highland glen you might hear some solitary reaper singing like her whom Wordsworth has immortalized; in the Lowland harvest field, now one, now another, of the reapers taking up an old-world melody, and then the whole band breaking out into some well-known chorus. The plowman, too, in winter, as he turned over the lea furrows, beguiled the time by humming or whistling a tune; even the weaver, as he clashed his shuttle between the threads, mellowed the harsh sound with a song. In former days song was the great amusement of the peasantry, as they of a winter night met for a hamlet-gathering by each other's firesides. This was the usage in Scotland for centuries, and I am not sure that the radical newspaper which has superseded it is an improvement.

In general it may be said that the airs of melodies are older than the words: almost all the tunes have had at least two sets of words, an earlier and a later; many

of them have outlived more. There is much rather vague discussion as to the source from which the Scottish national tunes came. Some writers would refer them to James I., of whom we are told that he "invented a new, melancholy, and plaintive style of music, different from all others." Some would trace them to the old Celtic music, which has infiltrated itself unawares from the Highlands into the Scottish Lowlands, and it cannot be doubted that to this source we owe some of our finest melodies. Others would make the Lowland music a Scandinavian rather than a Celtic immigration. Others, with not a little probability, have found a chief origin of it in the plain-song, Gregorian chants, or other sacred tunes of the mediæval church, still clinging to the hearts and memories of the people after they had been banished from the churches. Whatever may have been their origin, these old airs or melodies, which have been sung by so many generations, are full of character, and have a marked individuality of their own. They are simple, yet strong, wild, yet sweet, answering wonderfully to the heart's primary emotions, lending themselves alike to sadness or gayety, humor, drollery, or pathos, manly independence and resolve or heart-broken lamentation. What musical peculiarities distinguish them I cannot say, knowing nothing of music but only the delight it gives. If any one cares to know what the musical characteristics of Scotch music are, I would refer him to a publication called The Thistle, which is now being brought out by Mr. Colin Brown, of Glasgow. In that miscellany of Scottish song there is a disquisition on the nature of the national music, which seems to me to make the whole matter more plain and intelligible than any other of the treatises I have met with. But whatever may have been the origin, whatever may be the characteristics, of the Scottish tunes or melodies, the thing to be remembered is that in general the musical airs are older than the words of the songs which we now have, and were in a great measure the inspirers of the words.

About the poetry of the oldest songs, since I cannot analyze or describe the music, let me say a word or two. It is songs I speak of now, not ballads. For though these two terms are often used indiscriminately, I should wish to keep them distinct. A ballad is a poem which narrates an event in a simple style, noticing the several incidents of it successively as they occurred; not indulging in sentiment or reflection, but conveying whatever sentiment is in it indirectly, in the way the facts are told, rather than by direct expression. A song, on the other hand, contains little or no narrative, tells no facts, or gives only allusively the thinnest possible frame-work of fact with a view to convey some one prevailing sentiment, — one sentiment, one emotion, simple, passionate, unalloyed with intellectualizing or analysis. It is of feeling all compact; the words are translucent with the light of the one all-pervading emotion, the essence of the true song. Mr. Carlyle well describes the true song when he says, "The story, the feeling, is not detailed, but suggested; not said or spouted in rhetorical completeness and coherence, but sung in fitful gushes, in glowing hints, in fantastic breaks, in warblings not of the voice only, but of the whole mind."

As to the history of these songs, it was only in the last century that men began to think them worth collecting, and only in this century that they have sought to trace their age and history. There are few, if any, entire songs of which we can be sure that they existed, in the form in which we now have them, before the Reformation. Snatches and fragments there are of much older date, some as early as the war of independence, when in the days of Robert Bruce the Scotch sang in triumph, —

> "Maidens of England
> Sore may ye mourne
> For your lemmans ye hae lost
> At Bannockburn."

James I., that wonderful artist, is said, besides his graver poems, to have composed songs in the vernacular which were sung by the people; but these have perished, or are now unknown. James V. celebrated his adventures among the

peasantry in the somewhat free ballad or song, The Gaberlunzie Man.

With the dawn of the eighteenth century, there came in Scotland an awakening, some would say a revival, of literature of various kinds, and among these a taste for the national songs, which had hitherto been almost entirely left to the peasantry. The first symptom of this was the publication in 1706 of Watson's collection of Scotch poems, which contained a number of old songs. But that which marked most decisively the turn of the tide in favor of the old popular songs was the publication by Allan Ramsay of his Tea Table Miscellany in 1724. Ramsay was himself a poet and a song writer, and, living in Edinburgh as a book-seller, undertook to supply the upper ranks with the songs which he had heard in his moorland birth-place. The Tea Table Miscellany was intended, as its name suggests, to furnish the more polished circles of Edinburgh, at their social meetings, with the best specimens of their national melodies. Through that collection the homely strains which had been born in cottages, and described the manners and feelings of peasants, found their way to the drawing-rooms of the rich and refined.

In this collection honest Allan preserved a good deal of the genuine old ware of our songs, which but for him might have perished. Many old strains he recast after his own taste, substituting for the names of Jock and Jennie Damon and Phyllis, and for sun and moon Phœbus and Cynthia. A great deal was done at this time to spoil the genuine old poetry with importations of a false classicism from Virgil's Eclogues, or perhaps from Pope's imitations of these. Much was then irretrievably spoiled; but we may be glad that so much was allowed to escape the touch of the spoilers.

After Ramsay's time the love of Scottish song spread through all ranks in Scotland, and many exquisite melodies, both tune and words, were added to the current stock by distinguished men of the time, and especially by ladies of what Lockhart used to call "fine old Scotch families." Conspicuous among the lady songstresses stands Lady Grisell Baillie. She was a girl during the troublous times of Charles II. and James II., and died a widow in 1746. By her heroic conduct in preserving the life of her father, the covenanting Earl of Marchmont, she had won the admiration of her countrymen before she was known as a poetess. To the heroic Christian character which she displayed while still a girl she added the accomplishment of song. One of her songs begins, —

"There was ance a may, and she loved na man;"

and it has for a chorus, —

"And were na my heart licht I would die."

The song, excellent in itself, was made more famous by having been quoted by Burns on a well-known occasion in his later days. Lady Grisell was a native of the Borders, and a large proportion of our best songs, as of our ballads, came from the Border land.

Other Border ladies followed her in the path of song, especially Miss Jane Elliot, of Minto, and Miss Rutherford, of Fairniche, afterwards Mrs. Cockburn, who lived to be, in her old age, a friend of Scott's boyhood. Each of these made herself famous by one immortal song. Miss Elliot, taking up one old line, —

"I 've heard the lilting at our gowe-milking,"

and a refrain that remained from the lament sung for the warriors of Ettrick Forest who had died at Flodden, —

"The flowers o' the Forest are a wed awa,"

sang it anew in a strain which breathes the finest spirit of antiquity. Miss Rutherford, born herself on the border of Ettrick Forest, took up the same refrain, and adapted it to a more recent calamity which befell in her own time, when many lairds of the Forest were overwhelmed with ruin and swept away. The songs of these three ladies, while they are true to the old spirit and manner of our native minstrelsy, did something toward refining it, by showing of how pure and elevated a sentiment it might be made the vehicle.

These ladies' songs were first made

known to the world by appearing in a collection of Scottish songs, ancient and modern, published in 1769 by David Herd, a zealous antiquary and collector. After Ramsay's Miscellany, this publication of Herd's marks another epoch in the history of Scottish song. Herd preserved many precious relics of the past, which otherwise would have disappeared. He was indefatigable in searching out every scrap that was old and genuine, and his eye to the genuinely antique was far truer than Ramsay's. This, however, may be said: he was so faithful and indiscriminate in his zeal for antiquity that, along with the pure ore, he retained much baser metal that might well have been left to perish. Not a few of the songs in his collection are coarse and indecent. As has often been said, if we wish to know what Burns did to purify Scottish song, we have only to compare those which he has left us with many which Herd incorporated in his collection and published not twenty years before Burns appeared.

Scottish song is true pastoral poetry, — the truest pastoral poetry I know. That is, it expresses the lives, thoughts, feelings, manners, incidents, of men and women who were shepherds, peasants, crofters, and small moorland farmers, in the very language and phrases which they used at their firesides. As I have said elsewhere, the productions, many of them, not of book-learned men, but of country people, with country life, cottage characters and incidents, for their subjects, they utter the feelings which poor men have known in the very words and phrases which poor men have used. No wonder the Scottish people love them; for never was the heart of any people more fully rendered in poetry than Scotland's heart in these songs. Like the homely hodden-gray, formerly the cotter's only wear, warped in woof, they are entirely homespun. The stuff out of which they are composed,

> "The cardin o't, the spinnin o't,
> The warpin o't, the winnin o't,"

is the heart fibre of a stout and hardy peasantry.

Every way you take them, — in authorship, in sentiment, in tone, in language, — they are the creation and property of the people. And if educated men and high-born ladies, and even some of Scotland's kings, have added to the store, it was only because they had lived familiarly among the peasantry, felt as they felt, and spoken their language that they were enabled to sing strains that their country's heart would not disown. For the whole character of these melodies, various as they are, is so peculiar and so pronounced that the smallest foreign element introduced, one word out of keeping, grates on the ear and mars the music. Scottish song has both a spirit and a frame-work of its own, within which it rigorously keeps. Into that frame-work, these molds, it is wonderful how much strong and manly thought, how much deep and tender human-heartedness, can be poured. But so entirely unique is the inner spirit, as well as the outward setting, that no one, not even Burns, could stretch it beyond its compass without your being at once aware of a falsetto note. It was the glory of Burns that, taking the old form of Scottish song as his instrument, he was able to elicit from it so much. That Burns was the creator of Scottish song no one would have denied more vehemently than himself. When he appeared, in 1786, as the national poet of his country, the tide of popular taste was running strong in favor of Scottish song. He took up that tide of feeling, or rather he was taken up by it, and he carried it to its height. He was nurtured in a home that was full of song. His mother's memory was stored with old tunes or songs of her country, and she sang them to her eldest boy from his cradle-time all through his boyhood. Amid the multifarious reading of his early years, the book he most prized was an old song book, which he carried with him wherever he went, poring over it, he says, as he drove his cart or walked to labor, song by song, verse by verse, carefully distinguishing the true, tender, or sublime from affectation and fustian. Thus he learned his song-craft and his critic-craft together. The earliest poem he composed

was in his seventeenth summer, a simple love song in praise of a girl who was his companion as a reaper in the harvest field. The last strain he breathed was from his death-bed, in remembrance of some former affection.

Yet deep as were the love and power of song, the true lyric throb of heart within him, it was not as a lyrist or song writer that he became famous. The first Kilmarnock volume, which carried him at once to the height of poetic fame, contained only three songs, and these, though full of promise, perhaps not his best. A song which he addressed to his first love, while he was still young and innocent, before he had composed almost any of his other poems, has a tenderness and delicacy seldom reached in his other love songs, and was the first of his productions which revealed his lyric genius:

"Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw;
Though this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town
I sigh'd, and said among them a',
'Ye are na Mary Morison.'

"O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut was loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown!
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison."

It was during the last eight years of his life that Burns threw his whole genius into song. Many have been the lamentations over this. Scott has expressed his regret that in his later and more evil days Burns was guided by no fixed purpose, — did not gird himself to some great dramatic work, such as he once contemplated. Mr. Carlyle has bewailed that "our son of thunder should have been constrained to pour all the lightning of his genius through the narrow cranny of Scottish song, — the narrowest cranny ever vouchsafed to any son of thunder." We may well regret that his later years were so desultory; we cannot but lament the evil habits to which latterly he yielded; we may allow that the supplying two collections with weekly cargoes of songs must have "degenerated into a slavish labor, which no genius could support." All this may well be granted, and yet we cannot but feel that Burns was predestined, alike by his own native instinct and by his outward circumstances, to be the great songster of his country, — I may add, of the world. Song was the form of literature which he had drunk in with his mother's milk; it was the only subject which he knew better and had keener insight into than any one else. He had longed from boyhood to shed upon the unknown streams of his native Ayrshire some of the power which generations of minstrels had shed upon Yarrow and Tweed. He tells us in his own vernacular verse that from boyhood he had —

"Ev'n then a wish (I mind its power),
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast,
That I for poor old Scotland's sake
Some usefu' plan or book could make,
Or sing a song at least."

He had a compassionate sympathy for the old nameless song makers of his country, lying in their unknown graves, all Scotland over. When he had leisure for a few brief tours, he went to gaze on the places, the names of which were embalmed in their old melodies, to find their birth-places, or look upon the graves where they lie buried, as Wilson beautifully says, in kirkyards that have ceased to exist and returned to the wilderness. The molds which those old singers had bequeathed him, the channels they had dug, Burns gladly accepted, and into these he poured all the fervor of his large and melodious heart. He perceived how great capabilities lay in the old vernacular Lowland dialect, and in the pastoral form and style of the old Scotch songs, and availed himself of these, and expanded and enriched them, — this he did, but more than this: he entered with his whole soul into the old airs and melodies with which the earliest songs were associated, and these old melodies became his inspirers. He tells us that he laid it down as a rule, from his first attempts at song writing, to sound some old tune over and over till he caught its inspiration. He never composed a lyric without first crooning a

melody in his mind to kindle his emotion and regulate the rhythm of his words. Sometimes he got an old woman to hum the tune to him; sometimes the village musician to scrape it on his fiddle, or a piper to drone it on his bagpipe; oftener his own wife to sing it aloud to him, with her wood-note wild. And so his songs are not, like many modern ones, set to music; they are themselves music, conceived in an atmosphere of music, rising out of it, and with music instinct to their last syllable. But the essential melody that was in him might have effected little, if he had not possessed a large background of mind to draw upon; a broad and deep world of thought and feeling to turn to melody; a nature largely receptive of all beauty, of all influences from man and the outward world; most tender sensibility; vivid and many-sided sympathy with all that breathes; passionate, headlong impulse, — all these forces acting from behind and through an intellect the most powerful of his time, and driving it home with penetrating insight to the very core of men and things. Yet keen as was his intellect, no one knew so well as Burns that in song writing intellect must be wholly subordinate to feeling; that it must be soothed and gently charmed; that if for a moment it is allowed to preponderate over feeling, the song is killed. It is the equipoise and perfect intermingling of thought and emotion, the strong sense latent through the prevailing melody, that makes Burns's songs what they are, the most perfect the world has seen. Happy as a singer Burns was in this, that his own strong nature, his birth, and all his circumstances conspired to fix his interest on the primary and permanent affections, the great fundamental relations of life, which men have always with them, — not on the social conventions and ephemeral modes, which are here in our day, forgotten in the next generation. In this how much happier than Moore or Béranger, or other song writers of society living in a late civilization! Burns had his foot on the primary granite, which is not likely to move while anything on earth remains steadfast.

Consider, too, the perfect naturalness, the entire spontaneity, of his singing. It gushes from him as easily, as clearly, as sunnily, as the sky-lark's song does. In this he surpasses all other song composers. In truth, when he is at his best, and his soul is really filled with his subject, it is not composing at all; the word is not applicable to him. He sings because he cannot help singing, — because his heart is full, and could not otherwise relieve itself of its burden.

Consider, again, that while it is the primary emotions, the fundamental and permanent relations and situations of human nature, with which he deals in his songs, how great is the variety of those moods and feelings, how large the range of them, to which he has given voice! One emotion with him, no doubt, is paramount, — that of love. And it must be owned that he does harp on this string to weariness, that he does drive the amatory muse to death. As our eye ranges over his songs, we could wish that, both for his own peace and for our satisfaction, he had touched this note more sparingly. As Sir Walter says, "There is evidence enough that even the genius of Burns could not support him in the monotonous task of writing love verses on heaving bosoms and sparkling eyes, and twisting them into such rhythmical form as might suit Scotch reels, ports, and strathspeys."

Yet, allowing all this, when he was really serious, how many phases of this emotion has he rendered into words which have long since become a part of the mother tongue! What husband ever breathed to his absent wife words more natural and beautiful than those in

> "Of a' the airts the winds can blaw"?

Then, when did blighted and broken-hearted love mingle itself with the sights and sounds of nature more touchingly than in

> "Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
> How can ye blume sae fair!
> How can ye chant, ye little birds,
> And I sae fu' o' care?"

Where is the wooing match that for pointed humor and drollery can compare with that of Duncan Gray, when "Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig," and

Duncan "spak o' lowpin o'er a linn!" These are lines that for happy humor none but Burns could have hit off. Many more of his love songs are equally felicitous, but there is a limitation. It has been remarked, and I think truly, of Burns's love songs that their rapture is without reverence. The distant awe with which chivalry approaches the beauty it admires is unknown to him; it was Scott's privilege above all poets to feel and express this. Perhaps Burns made some slight approach toward this more refined sentiment in his love song after the manner of the old minstrels: —

> "My luve is like a red, red rose
> That 's newly sprung in June:
> My luve is like a melodie
> That 's sweetly play'd in tune."

And again in that early song of his to Mary Morison, which has been already quoted.

But besides those effusions of young ardor in which he generally indulges, how well has he conceived and depicted the sober certainty of long-wedded love in calm and cheerful pathos in "John Anderson, my jo, John!"

But besides the one emotion which was paramount with Burns, how many other moods has he rendered! What can be simpler, easier (one might think), to compose than such a song as "Should auld acquaintance be forgot"? Yet who else has done it? There is about this song almost a biblical character, such as we find in the words of Naomi, or of one of the old Hebrew patriarchs. For, as has been said, the whole inevitable essential conditions of human life, the whole of its plain, natural joys and sorrows, are described, often only assumed, in the Old Testament as they are described nowhere else. In songs like Auld Lang Syne Burns has approached nearer to this biblical character than any other poet I know. Again, if wild revelry or bacchaneal joy is to find a voice in song, where else has it found one to compare with that of "Willie brewed a peck o' maut?" Certainly not in the "Nunc est bibendum" of Horace. The heroic chord, too, Burns has touched with a powerful hand in "Scots, wha hae." The greatest living Scottish writer has said of it, "As long as there is warm blood in the heart of Scotchmen, or of man, it will move in fierce thrills under this war ode, the best, I believe, that was ever written by any pen." To this oracle I suppose every Scotchman must say Amen. And yet I have my own misgivings. I think that it is to the charm of music and old associations rather than to any surpassing excellence in the words that the song owes its power. Another mood is uttered and a strange, wild fascination dwells in the defiant Farewell of Macpherson, the Highland Reever, who

> "liv'd a life of sturt and strife,
> And died of treachery;"

and to whose last words Burns has added this matchless chorus: —

> "Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
> Sae dauntingly gaed he;
> He play'd a spring and danc'd it round,
> Below the gallows tree."

Last, I shall but name "A man 's a man for a that," which, though not without a touch of democratic bitterness, embalms in words of power, not to be matched out of Shakespeare, the sense of the native dignity of man and of the essential equality of all men: —

> "The rank is but the guinea stamp;
> The man 's the gowd for a' that."

That is a word for all time.

These are but a few samples of the many moods of mind which Burns has set to melody. He composed in all nearly three hundred songs, and of these from thirty to forty represent him at his best, at the highest flood mark of his singing power. They are perfect in sentiment, perfect in form. Amid the much that was sad and heart-depressing in his later years, the making of these songs was his comfort and delight. Besides the solace he had in the exercise of his powers, he found some satisfaction in the thought that he was doing something to atone for the waste of the great gifts with which he had been entrusted. Of these three hundred songs some were founded on old words, which he took, retouched, or recast; sometimes an old verse or line served as the hint, whence he struck off an original song, far better than the lost

one. For others he made new words from beginning to end, keeping to some old tune, and preserving the native pastoral style and vernacular dialect.

Every one of them contains some touch of tenderness or humor, some delicate grace or stroke of power, which could have come from no other but his master hand. And to his great credit be it ever remembered that in doing this he purified the ancient songs from much coarseness, and made them fit to be heard in decent society. The poems and even some of the songs of Burns are not free from grossness, which he himself regretted at the last. But in justice to his memory it should ever be borne in mind how many songs he purged of their coarser element, — how many tunes he found associated with most unworthy words, and left them married to verses, pure and beautiful, of his own composing. Those old Scottish melodies, said Thomas Aird, himself a poet, "sweet and strong though they were, strong and sweet, were all the more, from their very strength and sweetness, a moral plague, from the indecent words to which many of them had been set." How was the plague to be stayed? All the preachers in the land could not divorce the grossness from the music.

The only way was to put something better in its stead. That inestimable something, not to be bought by all the mines of California, Burns gave us. And in doing so, he accomplished a social reform beyond the power of pulpit or Parliament to effect. That which we have seen to be the native quality of Scottish song Burns took up and carried to a higher effect. The qualities and characteristics which we find in the best old Scottish songs, and preëminently in the best songs of Burns, are: (1.) Absolute truthfulness: truthfulness to the great facts of life; truthfulness also to the singer's own feelings, — what we call sincerity. (2.) Perfect naturalness. The feeling embodies itself in a form and language as natural to the poet as its song is to the bird. This is what Pitt noted when he said that no verse since Shakespeare's "has so much the appearance of coming sweetly from nature." I should venture to hint that in this gift of perfect spontaneity Burns was even beyond Shakespeare. (3.) What is perhaps but another form of the same thing, you have in Burns's songs what, in the language of logicians, I would call the "first intention" of thought and feeling. You overhear in them the first throb of the heart, not reflected over, not subtilized or refined, but projected warm with the first glow of feeling. (4.) To express all this his native Scottish vernacular, which no one has ever used like Burns, contributed I know not how much. That dialect, broadening so many vowels and dropping so many consonants, lends itself especially to humor and tenderness, and brings out many shades of those feelings which in English would entirely evaporate. Nothing, I think, more shows the power of Burns than this. That dialect, which but for him would have perished ere now, he has made classical, — an imperishable portion of the English language. This is but one way of putting a broader and very striking fact: that while everything about Burns would seem to localize and limit his influence, the language he employed, the coloring, the manner, the whole environment, he has informed all these with such a strength and breadth of catholic humanity that of every emotion which he has sung his became the permanent and accepted voice wherever the English tongue is spoken.

Scottish song, I have said, culminated in Burns. I might have gone further, and said that he gave to the song a power and a dignity before undreamt of. The thing became a trumpet in his hand, whence he blew soul-animating strains. Is there any other form of poetry or of literature which so lays hold of the heart, — which penetrates so deep and is remembered so long? Although no singer equal to Burns has arisen in Scotland since his day, or will arise again, yet in the generation which followed him song in his country gained a new impetus from what he had done for it. Tannahill, the Ettrick Shepherd, Walter Scott, Lady Nairn, Hugh Ainslie, and many more contributed some new treasure to swell

their country's stores. Other nameless men there are who will yet be remembered in Scotland, each as the author of one unforgotten song. Lady Nairn, I am apt to fancy, is almost our best song composer since Burns. She has given us four or five, each in a different vein, which might be placed next to the best of Burns.

Whether the roll of Scottish song is not now closed is a thought which will often recur to the heart of those who love their country better for its songs' sake. The melodies, the form, the language, the feeling, of those national lyrics belong to an early state of society. Can the old molds be stretched to admit modern feeling without breaking? Can the old root put forth fresh shoots amid our modern civilization? Are not school boards and educational apparatus doing their best to stamp out the grand old dialect, and to make the country people ashamed of it?

Can the leisure and the full-heartedness in which song is born any longer survive, amid the hurry of life, the roar of railways, the clash of machinery, the universal devotion to manufacture and money making?

I should be loth to answer No; but I must own to a painful misgiving when I remember that during the present generation, that is, during the last thirty years, Scotland has produced no song that I know of that can be named along with our old favorites.

I said that Burns had given a voice to a wide range of emotion, — to many moods; I did not say to all, — that would have been to exaggerate. There is the whole range of sentiment which belongs to the learned and philosophic, that which is born of subtile, perhaps over-refined intellect, which he has not touched. No Scottish song has touched it. Into that region it could not intrude without abrogating its nature and destroying its intrinsic charm. That charm is that it makes us breathe awhile the air of the mountains and the moors, not that of the schools. But there is another side on which Scottish song is limited, which it is not so easy to explain. It is this: there is little, almost no allusion to religion in it. It is almost as entirely destitute of the spiritual element as if it had been composed by pagans. Certainly, if we wished to express any real Christian feeling or aspiration, we should have to look elsewhere than to these songs. Had this been peculiarly confined to Burns's songs, we might have accounted for it, since he, though not without a haunting sense of religion, lived a life that shut him out from its serener side; he never had the heart set free, from which alone religious poetry can flow. But the same want is apparent in almost all Scottish songs of every age. The Scotch have passed hitherto for a religious people, and, I hope, not without reason. Yet there is hardly one of their popular songs which breathes any deep religious emotions, which expresses any of those thoughts that wander towards eternity. This is to be accounted for partly by the fact that the early Scottish songs were so mingled with coarseness and indecency that the teachers of religion and guardians of purity could not do otherwise than set their face against them. Song and all pertaining to it got to be looked upon as irreligious. Moreover, the old stern, strong religion of Scotland was somewhat repressive of natural feeling, and divided things sacred from things profane by an over-rigid partition; and songs and song singing were reckoned among things profane. Yet the native melodies were so beautiful, and the words, with all their frequent coarseness, contained so much that was healthful, so much that was true to human nature, that they could not be put down, but kept singing themselves on in the hearts and homes of the people, in spite of all denunciations. In the old time, it was often the same people who read their Bibles most whose memories were the greatest store-houses of these countless melodies. As a modern poetess has said,

> "They sang by turns
> The psalms of David and the songs of Burns."

Lady Nairn, who was a devoutly religious person, and yet loved her country's songs, and felt how much there was

in them which, if not directly religious, was yet "not far from the kingdom of heaven," was fain to remove the barrier; and she sang one strain, The Land o' the Leal, which, even were there none other such, would remain to prove how little alien to Christianity is the genuine sentiment of Scottish song, — how easily it can rise from true human feeling into the pure air of spiritual religion. If any Scottish religious teacher of modern times ever possessed a high spiritual ideal, and could set forth the stern side of righteousness, it was Edward Irving; yet in his devoutest moods he could ever take with him the remembrance of the melodies and songs he had loved in childhood. With a passage from his sermon on Religious Meditation, I shall conclude: "I have seen Sabbath sights and joined in Sabbath worships which took the heart with their simplicity and thrilled it with sublime emotions. I have crossed the hills in the sober, contemplative autumn to reach the retired, lonely church betimes; and as we descended towards the simple edifice, whither every heart and every foot directed itself from the country around on the Sabbath morn, we beheld issuing from every glen its little train of worshipers coming up to the congregation of the Lord's house, round which the bones of their fathers reposed. In so holy a place the people assembled under a roof where ye of the plentiful South would not have lodged the porter of your gate; but under that roof the people sat and sang their Maker's praise, 'tuning their hearts, by far the noblest aim,' and the pastor poured forth to God the simple wants of the people, and poured into their attentive ears the scope of Christian doctrine and duty. The men were shepherds, and came up in their shepherd's guise, and the very brute, the shepherd's servant and companion, rejoiced to come at his feet. It was a Sabbath, — a Sabbath of rest! But were the people stupid? Yes, in what an over-excited citizen would call stupid; that is, they cared not for Parliaments, for plays, routs, or assemblies, but they cared for their wives and their children, their laws, their religion, and their God; and they sang their own native songs in their own native vales, — songs which the men I speak of can alone imagine and compose. And from them we citizens have to be served with songs and melodies, too, for we can make none ourselves."

*J. C. Shairp.*

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## ALBERT GALLATIN.[1]

It is probably impossible to discover in the history of this country any statesman who has left behind him a reputation so poorly proportioned to his ability and influence as has Albert Gallatin. Why this is so; why he appears as little more than a name, an almost impersonal exponent of certain political measures; why he alone, among all the men of his time, can be mentioned without awakening any warm sentiment of liking or aversion; why we can agree with him without sympathy, and disagree with him without enmity, becomes apparent from the picture of the man now furnished by this biography. Not especially attractive in life, he remains singularly uninteresting since his death. A chapter, much too long, in Mr. Adams's book concerning his youth fails to introduce him in an agreeable light. Enjoying every advantage which the best social position, an excellent education, and a family only too kind could give, he yet chose at an early age to run

[1] *The Life of Albert Gallatin.* By Henry Adams. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1879.
*The Writings of Albert Gallatin.* Edited by Henry Adams. Three volumes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. 1879.

away. This venture, if not altogether without an object, was at least devoid of any sufficient cause or excuse. He was evidently soon ashamed of it; but, as is the freakish habit of poor human nature in such circumstances, he visited the punishment for his folly upon the relatives whom he had injured rather than upon himself, neglecting to send the simplest information concerning his fortunes to those who never ceased to manifest a solicitude as tender as it was undeserved concerning these matters.

This coldness of nature never wore off throughout his long life. The only evidence of warmth of feeling which we ever find in him was shown towards his second wife, who seems to have made his home thoroughly happy and attractive. In this respect, as in so many others, he offers a striking contrast to Hamilton, with whom it is impossible not to compare him. Both landed as strangers upon our shores. In less than a year after he arrived in New York, Hamilton had made more and warmer friends than Gallatin ever secured throughout his life, long, useful, and honorable as it was. And as years went on, Hamilton constantly and largely increased the number of those who, apart from their political faith in him, dearly loved the man. Gallatin never had so much as the nucleus of a personal following. What he gave and what he got in the world constituted an equation quite remarkable. People met him as he met them, with much temperateness both in affection and in hatred. In an age of vituperation he seldom used those potent epithets of abuse for which his contemporaries must have ransacked the dictionaries and synonym books; in return he enjoyed an exceptional freedom from the more scurrilous personalities then in vogue. His bitter enemies were never his opponents in the opposite party, but a pitiful faction of spoils-seekers, who struggled to crawl up from the bottom of his own party by planting their teeth in those above them; men like Giles and Duane, whose hostility followed all upright and able men without distinction of political creed.

If a public man would escape obscurity, enemies are perhaps no less essential to him than friends. Gallatin's deficiency in both is also partly attributable to the fact that he never became thoroughly an American. He was cosmopolitan to the end. He never served the United States as one of her own sons, nor embarked in party conflicts as in a family quarrel. His regard for the new country was rather of the head than of the heart. He saw in it a field wherein political and social theories which he believed in were likely to have a chance of trial. Had this chance diminished here and reappeared with better promise elsewhere, he would have migrated with little homesickness in pursuit of his will-o'-the-wisp. His feeling towards the federalists was by no means that hearty fraternal vindictiveness which would have induced Mr. Jefferson to play Cain to Mr. Adams's Abel; he simply disliked Hamilton as a man who had embraced erroneous doctrines, disagreeably antagonistic to his own sounder theories for the political development and happiness of mankind. Even Mr. Adams's praise is measured, deliberate, instinct with meagre vital warmth; surely there must be some defect in a hero, concerning whom so exhaustive a study, developed into so long and minute a biography, fails to nourish some small flame of partisanship.

In July, 1780, being then nineteen years of age, Gallatin landed at Gloucester. It provokes a smile to see the fortune-seeking lad turn his face to the eastward even from the extremity of Cape Ann, and actually make his way to Machias. But becoming convinced, erelong, that he had not been happy in this choice of a neighborhood, he finally made his home in Western Pennsylvania. Here he began his public career, at first hardly under auspicious stars. In 1790 he entered the state legislature, and rendered such good service there for three years that a federalist majority was content to elect him United States senator. Party divisions were then embryotic, almost non-existent. But unfortunately for him, at this juncture the whisky re-

bellion broke out in the western counties of his State. Mr. Adams seeks to palliate the conduct of his hero in this disgraceful and ill-starred opposition to lawful authority, and to show that his chief function was that of the moderate counselor and wise restorer of order. Such, however, was far from being the opinion of his contemporaries, and probably the best that can be said for him is that in an affair in which he had little or no personal interest, having cast himself into the company of extremely violent men, he could not quite keep pace with his comrades. Certainly for the time being he was in ill repute with the party representing law and order, and his seat in Congress was disputed on the ground of his not having been a citizen long enough to render him eligible. The federalists controlled the vote, and threw him out; not, however, before he had had time to indicate his hostility to them and their leader by a motion calling for certain financial statements from the treasury. The next year, sufficient time having elapsed to remove all question on the score of eligibility, he was chosen a member of the national house of representatives. Again, however, he found himself in difficulty: the state legislature annulled the election on the ground that the whisky insurrectionists had overawed the voters. But a second polling showed substantially the same result, and at length the thrice-elected candidate was permitted to retain his place. It was not long before his political opponents learned that he was not the man they had thought him; that, however he might compel them to respect his intellect and to fear his power in debate, he was no agitator, demagogue, or disaffected revolutionist. He proved so formidable that they actually contemplated a very absurd constitutional amendment concerning citizenship, expressly designed to render him ineligible. But as they saw him always maintain a cool and even temper in the hottest conflicts, they soon came to treat him with a personal courtesy quite noteworthy in comparison with the flagellations dealt out to some of his more offensive coadjutors.

Gallatin's career in Congress extended from 1795 to 1801. His own reminiscences of this period are expressed with self-satisfaction oddly commingled with a more judicial temper: "It is certainly a subject of self-gratulation that I should have been allowed to take the lead with such coadjutors as Madison, Giles, Livingston, and Nicholas, and that when deprived of the powerful assistance of the two first, who had both withdrawn in 1798, I was able to contend on equal terms with the host of talents collected in the federal party, — Griswold, Bayard, Harper, Goodrich, Otis, Smith, Sitgreaves, Dana, and even J. Marshall. Yet I was destitute of eloquence, and had to surmount the obstacle of speaking in a foreign language with a very bad pronunciation. My advantages consisted in laborious investigation, habits of analysis, thorough knowledge of the subjects under discussion, and more extensive general information, due to an excellent early education, to which I think I may add quickness of apprehension and a sound judgment." This was not an unfair estimate of himself; Gallatin's cool head was equal even to the delicate task of weighing his own powers, and comparing his abilities with those of his rivals and opponents. It should, however, be said that his own party was very poor in parliamentary talent, and he would have held by no means so exalted a position amid the unusually able array of debaters on the federal side.

Upon the road to more interesting portions of Gallatin's life we can give but a brief paragraph to his congressional career. It began just after Jay's treaty had been ratified, which he found his party seeking practically to annul by refusing to enact the legislation necessary for its fulfillment, thus raising a nice and dangerous constitutional question concerning the power of the lower house, — a question only lately, if indeed yet, finally settled by the debates concerning the Alaska treaty. Mr. Gallatin of course sustained the authority of the representatives in arguments of much ingenuity, if not so utterly unanswerable as

Mr. Adams declares them. But with his wonted lack of regard for purely partisan tactics, after vigorously maintaining the right of the house to annul the treaty, he closed by deprecating any such action, thus fastening a federalist snapper upon a democratic lash.

During the famous voting which resulted in the election of Jefferson as against Burr for the presidency, it would appear from this biography that Mr. Gallatin marshaled the forces of the successful candidate, devised the strategy, and secured an ultimate success which from the outset he had certainly anticipated with tranquil confidence. Other narratives have assigned positions of different relative importance to Mr. Gallatin and other prominent friends of Jefferson. The character of king-maker is so attractive that it is not surprising that no one person should have been allowed to retain it uncontested. It is only natural that when General Samuel Smith represented himself as having been the efficient agent at the critical moments, Gallatin should repudiate the idea and prefer his own claims. But when he further intimates, apparently with Mr. Adams's full approval, that Jefferson himself was utterly passive, intrusting his whole fortunes to Gallatin, and going calmly to sleep so soon as he had established this Palinurus at the helm, we must be permitted to rescue our credulity from so severe a strain. No man in the country was better fitted than Jefferson, in point of nature, taste, and training, to conduct such a struggle, and that he so religiously refrained from touching any of the wires that moved the puppets never has been and never will be believed.

In the distribution of offices which took place upon Jefferson's accession, Gallatin of course deserved and received a distinguished position. He was made secretary of the treasury; and the narrative of the twelve years of his incumbency is an interesting and instructive tale, pointed with a sad, almost a depressing, moral. At this time he cherished many exalted theories, of a mingled political and social character, which strangely enough do more credit to the heart than to the head of this so cold, sagacious, and thoughtful statesman. His chief aim was the material welfare of the people of the United States. He reversed what had been the general doctrine of those who, up to that day, had been concerned with the actual government of their fellow-men. He did not seek to make the country great, regarding greatness as the pedestal of prosperity; but he wished to make it prosperous, expecting power to result from mercantile success. What he desired was to see the people building ships, trading, conducting an extensive commerce, heaping up dollars, paying off the national debt, thriving generally in their financial affairs. Not till they had grown rich and could afford the expensive luxury of fighting did he wish to see them keeping up an army ever so trifling, a navy however small. Meantime, during the process of accumulation, the nation was not to be disturbed, but should submit to almost any humiliation rather than engage in war. He fully agreed with Mr. Jefferson during the period when that gentleman improved so much upon the scriptural injunction that while England smote one cheek he turned the other to France, then at once reversed with astonishing rapidity, and, indeed, thus succeeded in keeping the national countenance in so continuously receptive a condition that the game of striking almost ceased to interest the strikers. It cannot be denied that this ideal of a growing, prosperous, commercial nation, making money, gathering comforts, at peace with all the world, sure of ultimately attaining that respect and influence which national riches ever bring, is far higher and more agreeable than the Napoleonic ideal, which the world was then watching, as it reduced Europe to the condition of a prize-ring wherein nations were the contestants. Yet there must be the *modus in rebus;* the Jew of the Middle Ages, seeking much the same ends which Gallatin proposed for the United States, bore insults with a meekness which few would wish to emulate. Nor can one read the

tale of democratic politics, as shaped by Jefferson and Gallatin, without the too frequent flush of anger and mortification.

Yet in the main Gallatin's ends were noble, useful, and wise; and his highest claims to the affection of mankind lie in his firm purpose to promote their welfare, and his resolute belief that a well-being better than that of victorious war could be furnished to the great mass of the people. The treasury department was a position endowing him with extensive power in exactly those directions in which he wished to exercise influence, and he came into it, in his self-reliant way, thoroughly sanguine of success in carrying out his aspirations. In all history there is hardly to be found a more extraordinary instance of complete defeat. It is a stale remark that the radical out of office becomes the conservative in office. This was not precisely Gallatin's case, in so far as this saying points to a change of the inward man, because he did not so much alter any of his abstract convictions as he did bitterly take home to himself the lesson of the omnipotent force of circumstances and the feeble power of man. No other statesman ever had more reason to be charitable in judging his political opponents than had Gallatin by the time that he retired from public life. Within that period he had seen himself, while consciously retaining perfect honesty of mind and heart throughout, occupying positions in the latter half of his career precisely antagonistic to nearly every position which he had assumed in the earlier half. There was hardly anything for which this assailant of the federalists vehemently upbraided them which in time he did not himself come to do. He began by being willing to endure any insult rather than to be forced into a war; in due season he found himself the chief member of a war cabinet. He fiercely assailed the alien and sedition laws; but he lived to demand and to receive powers which have never been denied to be vastly more arbitrary and dangerous than any contained in those bad acts. In 1795–96 he vigorously opposed a modest appropriation for building three frigates; a few years later he was giving his best endeavors in aid of the construction of an efficient navy. He assailed the federalist secretaries of the treasury because their system did not involve specific appropriations, to be kept distinct and applied separately; as secretary he discovered the utter futility of seeking to carry out his own plans in this regard. He had an antipathy to all diplomatic connections abroad, and resolutely opposed the appropriations for their support; in good time it fell to his lot to pass many years in Europe in the diplomatic service of the United States, — years far from being poisoned by any sense of the wasteful folly of such employment. He vehemently ridiculed the commercial treaties advocated by the federalists, but himself afterward expended much time and toil in negotiating precisely similar treaties. He allied himself with the party which strenuously resisted the creation of the national bank, and became himself the strongest advocate of the renewal of its charter. The same party had bitterly attacked the principle of internal improvements as unconstitutional, but Gallatin within a few years formed the most elaborate scheme of internal improvements ever conceived by an American statesman. Yet Gallatin was neither fickle nor inconsistent, was devoid neither of fixed principles nor of honest perseverance. It only so happened that a long series of years passed in unbroken opposition were succeeded by a long series of years passed in equally continuous power; and malicious fate amused herself during the second series in testing and destroying pretty much all the theories developed during the earlier series. It was, on the whole, creditable to Gallatin that he could learn and practice the lessons which circumstances taught him, even at an age when most men have grown too rigid to accept instruction.

Neither Jefferson nor Gallatin doubted their power to achieve their favorite purposes. Gallatin at the head of the treasury department was where he wished

to be. With that frankness with which he was wont to state his own good points, he once said of himself, speaking of his early days in Congress, that he had made himself complete master of the subject of finance, and had occupied that field almost exclusively. Mr. Adams, echoing his hero, tells us that "to Mr. Gallatin finance was an instinct." Historians have compared Gallatin with Hamilton, as the greatest democratic with the greatest federalist secretary, and have sometimes ventured to declare the two men to be well matched in financial ability. In fact, the comparison cannot be made. The circumstances in which the two were placed were so utterly different that no parallel can be run. It is impossible to say that Gallatin was or was not the equal of Hamilton, for the simple reason that he never encountered an occasion which enabled him to show such equality, if he possessed it. Hamilton created and organized the whole treasury department; reduced to a system, upon an entirely new basis, the entire public indebtedness, both state and national, of the country; established a revenue; and devised the whole plan of customs-duties and internal taxation. When Gallatin succeeded Hamilton's successor, all the herculean labors had been performed. The power of origination was no longer needed. The national debt was in simple shape, relieved from all political embarrassments as well as from all financial complications; the machinery of the treasury was incapable of improvement, as has been shown in the long series of years which have since elapsed without bringing substantial change; the tax system was complete, and if not altogether unobjectionable was at least no worse than it has been ever since. Really, all that Mr. Gallatin had to do was what all sensible men have to do, namely, see to it that the outgo did not exceed the income, and try to lay aside something every year towards paying outstanding notes and borrowed capital. With the country prosperous and the yield from the taxes steadily and rapidly increasing, this was no very difficult task. Indeed, Mr. Gallatin even thought that he could afford to remit altogether all those excise taxes which he had so long reviled the federalists for establishing. But he soon found it necessary to increase other duties to supply the place of those thus abolished; and in this instance, also, it in time became part of his untoward fate to lose much popularity by insisting upon the reintroduction of precisely those abolished taxes.

Yet the duty which he had to do he did excellently, and the end which he placed before his eyes was admirable. He longed to see the United States owing nothing to anybody, and with an annual income abundantly sufficient to meet her annual expenses. He was anxious to simplify the system of accounts and of the various funds, so that the amount of yearly expenditure should plainly appear as a gross sum, and the amount of yearly income should be plainly set against it as another gross sum, with no obscurity in any details wherein a cheerful self-deception might snugly harbor. No chicanery of figures was ever permitted to delude himself or the public. In all this there was nothing of genius; nor indeed was there room for genius in the processes employed. But it was certainly the best possible doctrine, the noblest possible end, and was pursued by Mr. Gallatin, in his clear-headed, resolute way, to the uttermost moment and to the verge of success. Yet, quite in accord with his singular destiny, the very excellence of his administration of the treasury furnished the most conclusive refutation of his previous attacks upon the administrations of Hamilton and Wolcott. Improvements he could not suggest, and heartily as he was bent upon economy, and sincerely as he expected to achieve it, he yet totally failed to accomplish any reduction in the actual cost of running the government. In his budgets he always overestimated expenses and underestimated receipts, the better to insure his darling annual surplus for the bond-holders. But it was because he received more, not because he spent less, than Hamilton and Wolcott that he was able to reduce a debt which they

could not prevent from increasing. In a word, as secretary of the treasury, he found that the treasury could not be better managed than it had been by his predecessors, and learned that the assaults, doubtless honestly made by him, had been wholly unjust, — that he had required impossibilities, and had quarreled with the inevitable.

Patient persistence will have its reward, and in the seventh year of his secretaryship Gallatin had the pleasure of seeing all the national debt which had become payable actually paid, and a handsome surplus accumulating in his coffers, promising more than to discharge the balance as it should mature. Under these circumstances, with a cheerful indifference for the long-cherished hostility of the democratic party towards internal improvements, he began to map out a system of such enterprises, comprehensive and costly enough to startle even this generation, apparently resolved that, whether Jefferson and the rest were pleased or not, his canals and great national roads should be built. But these fascinating dreams of practical improvement, so dear to a mind like Gallatin's, were destined to be speedily dissipated. The nation suddenly found itself spinning rapidly down the grooves which ended by precipitating it into the miserable conflict of 1812. From the time that this progress definitely and visibly began Gallatin appears ill at ease and wavering, like one treading among unfamiliar surroundings and uncertain as to his path. At first, with an honorable spirit of indignation, he anticipated war, seemingly without grave regret, sinking for the moment any sense of disappointment at the failure of his plans in his natural wrath at the outrageous wrongs heaped with such insult and contumely upon the country. It appealed directly to his feelings to see England pursuing a deliberate, relentless, and well-devised scheme for utterly banishing from the face of the seas the prosperous commerce of the United States. He regarded his surplus with supreme pleasure as he thought what a start it would give the country in a costly conflict. But when an embargo became the party measure in place of war, he was less gratified. This was playing too much into the adversary's hand. It impoverished the people; worse still, it cut down the income of the treasury in a doleful manner. He advocated that at least it should be made a temporary measure, to be followed, if not effectual in a short time, by war. But his advice was not permitted to prevail. The embargo soon appeared to be destined to indefinite duration, and threatened to become the normal condition of the country. In the mean time his dearly-cherished surplus rapidly disappeared, frittered away in a hundred petty and foolish directions by measures which the democrats described as preparatory and military, but of which the futility was only too apparent. Non-intercourse followed embargo, as a step from one blunder to another, and Mr. Gallatin fell into helpless despair. He had changed from his warlike temper to a more pacific disposition, through dread that the treasury could not stand the drain of military expenditure. But now, influenced by the greater dread of national ruin, he reverted to his earlier frame of mind, and seeming to regard war as ultimately inevitable he became eager to see it precipitated at the earliest day possible, giving to the present wretched condition of things as short a time as might be for growing still worse before the crisis should come.

Thus bent upon aiding the war party, and for once losing his head, Gallatin committed the great error of his life. He sent in a disingenuous report to Congress, based upon the assumed accuracy of the military and naval estimates in the event of hostilities, and designed to show that the probable cost of war could be met by the regular income from present taxes, aided by loans, and without an increase of taxation. He did not say, what he well knew, that the military and naval estimates were grossly below the truth, and that the interest on the loans would inevitably necessitate a larger income. Mr. Adams glosses this over as an unfortunate inadvertence. But his hero, as elsewhere depicted in his book,

was altogether incapable of so extraordinary an inadvertence. In fact, he was carried away by his excessive anxiety to aid the friends of strong measures. He achieved his object, but bitterly did he suffer for it erelong, when the enormous cost of the war utterly belied the halcyon promises of his report, and gave to his detractors weapons which they used, and unfortunately could not be blamed for using, with terrible effect.

Office could hardly have been grateful to Mr. Gallatin at this period; and certainly, when his views were so constantly, almost uniformly, counteracted, it was at least his privilege, even if it was not his duty, to resign. Yet he did not do so, but rather clung to his position with a very singular tenacity, — so much so, indeed, that the manner of his quitting it is very indefinite, and is left by his biographer wholly in the clouds. In the midst of his multitudinous troubles there reached the cabinet from Russia a kindly proposition for intervention. This was snatched at, and commissioners to go abroad and treat were appointed, with a haste not altogether discreet. Gallatin was one of them. Any doubt as to the propriety of appointing a cabinet officer might be supposed to be set at rest by the federalist precedent of dispatching the chief-justice of the United States upon a like errand; and not improbably, had the federal party alone been concerned to annoy Mr. Gallatin, this so obvious answer might have forestalled their complaints. But when Congress came together, it was found that his enemies within his own party were resolved to defeat the nomination; nor was it difficult for them, with the aid of more regular opponents of the administration, to do so. Their evident design was to oust him from the treasury, and they saw that the chances were that these tactics would accomplish this purpose.

By the time, however, that information of the failure to confirm could reach Europe, the negotiations were already well advanced, and the country had had the benefit of Mr. Gallatin's services in spite of the hostility of the Smiths and Duane. Very valuable indeed those services were; and in truth one cannot but think that, having seen Gallatin serve as debater, financier, and diplomate, with distinction in each department, the meed of highest praise must be awarded to him in his latest character. The extraordinary and unexplainable episode connected with this mission concerns Mr. Gallatin's behavior when he learned the news of the non-confirmation of his appointment on the ground of his holding a cabinet office. This contingency, not unanticipated by others, he had refused to consider, and had neglected, before his departure, to indicate to his friends what would be his wishes in such an event. They were authorized to do nothing on his behalf, and strangely enough he himself did nothing when the news reached him, — neither resigning his secretaryship in order to be renominated as commissioner, nor returning home to attend to the treasury. Indeed, how he ever technically got out of the treasury is a conundrum which Mr. Adams neither solves nor admits to be insoluble, but passes over in a silence only less surprising than the transaction itself. All that is known is that Gallatin never resigned and was never formally dismissed, but that, in the language of his friend and successor in the office, Mr. Dallas, it soon "became necessary to treat the treasury department as vacant." A successor was appointed; Mr. Gallatin, in a queer way, as it were slid out, and, being out, was again nominated and at once confirmed as commissioner. Then, rejoining his colleagues, he concluded negotiations wherein unequaled difficulty was crowned with astonishing success, and achieved, in our opinion, the greatest feat of his life.

From this time forth there is little of especial interest to note in his career. His chief remaining function was, in spite of his old antipathy to diplomatic missions and of his quondam contempt for commercial treaties, to reside in Europe as the diplomatic representative of the United States at various courts, where, as it happened, he found himself chiefly engaged in arranging treaties of commerce. It was probably neither the

least successful nor the least happy part of his life. He was admirably fitted for tasks of this nature; he mingled in society which he could hardly fail to find more congenial than that which he encountered on this side of the water. He actually had the grace to visit Geneva and the few survivors among his old friends. In 1829 he finally retired from public life, occupying himself thereafterward with business and ethnological studies, but never failing to take an active interest in public affairs. The reward of his even temperament was found in a long and agreeable age, closing no longer ago than 1849, when he died at the ripe age of eighty-eight.

A word should be added to our foregoing comments, ere parting with Mr. Adams's book, upon its general scope and character. It is unquestionably a very valuable work for all students of American history. It is thorough and accurate; with the exception of occasional slurs upon Mr. Hamilton, and a dark background of profound antipathy to Mr. Jefferson, it would be admitted by federalist and democratic partisans alike to be almost judicial in tone. It is the gift of a student to students. It was probably intended to bear this character, and not to be addressed to the general reader; for not even the partiality of a biographer could induce Mr. Adams to expect any save persons exceptionally interested in American history to read faithfully nearly seven hundred large pages about Mr. Gallatin. There is no just proportion between such a biography and the time which most persons, even of literary and historical tastes, can devote to the career of a single individual, questionably of the first importance. The opening portion of the book is tedious; but of the rest this cannot be said, only that it is too elaborate and upon much too large a scale. We say this frankly, because we cannot but regret that a writer of Mr. Adams's ability and exhaustive knowledge in the domain of our national history should permit his usefulness to be gravely impaired by what may be not unfairly described as doing his work too well.

*J. T. M. Jr.*

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## SOCIALISM IN GERMANY.

### I.

It has been thought strange that in docile Germany, where order and submission have been proverbial, socialism, with which in the ordinary mind the excesses of the French Revolution are most intimately associated, could ever rise to the height of a strong party, and assume proportions which for solidity and the prospect of continuation and growth have been equaled in no other country. There are two main causes of this strength: first, the condition of the German laborer is, on account of natural and social causes, one of hardship; and, next, the German nature is made up of feeling to a greater degree than any other European character, — of feeling deep and solid, which, when roused in philanthropy or from convictions of personal injustice, is not turned to this side or that by some slight accident, as is the case in French character, but carries the philanthropist to the end in his plans for assistance; and the heavy, stolid, deep nature of the laborer keeps him consistent in his opposition to a condition of society which his leaders tell him is the cause of his misfortunes. The German laborer, then, is discontented, and educated philanthropists, in sympathy with him, think that in socialism they have found a cure for his hard condition, — a condition depending primarily on backwardness in industries and the poverty of the Ger-

man soil, which, though fertile in the south, is generally hard, unyielding, and sterile.[1]

Under such circumstances all labor must be poorly remunerated; but other causes tend still further to decrease the rewards of the laborer. The German is over-governed; the desire for good government and the implicit faith which the common citizen places in his rulers render possible an abnormally large number of officials, while the over-watchful care which the latter place on all the ordinary affairs of life, and the cumbrous and complicated forms regulating even the simplest official business, have created a mass of civil servants whose number to an American or Englishman is astounding. It must also be remembered that Germany now supports a standing army of four hundred thousand men, while her military improvements and constructions have for years been on an immense scale. In this condition we should expect incomes to be small and the luxuries of life few. For example, take the case of Prussia, which is the poorest of the German states. The Political Economical Society of Königsberg published, in 1873, an article by the banker and economist, Adolf Samter, which gave the state of the incomes of Prussia at the end of 1871. Herr Samter stated that out of a population of 24,673,066, 8,900,000 had self-supporting incomes; and of these, 7,251,927, more than 82 per cent., had an income less than 200 thalers, on which they and their families could live. To place the whole in tabular form, it stood: —

| | |
|---|---|
| 7,251,927 had less than 200 thalers, or of the whole number, | 82.36 per cent. |
| 1,197,899 had between 200 and 400 thalers, or of the whole number, | 12.45 per cent. |
| 291,436 had between 400 and 900 thalers, or of the whole number, | 3.29 per cent. |
| 159,238 had over 900 thalers, or of the whole number, | 1.80 per cent. |

Thus of the population of Prussia only 159,238 have over $675 a year; while among 23,044,993 people, or over 96 per cent. of the whole population, not one has an annual income over $150. No better test exists of a nation's standard of living than its consumption of sugar, and that of Germany is the lowest of the leading European nations, Russia excepted.

Let us look now at the position of the German peasant. Any one who has traveled through the northeastern part of Germany knows well the hard condition of the peasants, — knows that they are ill fed, hard worked, and that their hovels, many of them with only one window, some lacking even one, are hardly fit for the fowls which share them with the family. There are many huts containing only one room, with damp earth as a floor, and not more than fifteen feet square, where two families dwell; where sons bring their wives; where young and old of both sexes are thrown together; where modesty can furnish no barrier to vice, and fine feelings, if any could arise, are crushed by hard surroundings. There is a look of dejection on most faces, while the women especially seem utterly downcast. One feels that here are the descendants of those who for hundreds of years have been underlings, in whom habits of submission and obedience have been so thoroughly grounded that all will be borne to the last. But there is also a stolid strength here, that, when once roused, knows no retreat.

Dr. Von Goltz, in 1864, published at Berlin a work on the peasants of Northeast Germany. As domain administra-

[1] The relative production of wheat is a fair example of the productivity of different soils. In Prussia, in 1867, a fine year, the average production of wheat per acre was 17.1 bushels. In 1870, according to the British Review of 1871, the yield was eight bushels, these two years representing extremes. In Bavaria in 1863 the yield was 16.3, and in Würtemberg in 1874, a most fruitful year, 21.3 bushels. The general average of Great Britain (not England, which is far higher) for the last ten years is placed at from twenty-eight to thirty bushels. But Germany's poverty of soil by no means represents her whole disadvantage in agriculture when compared with a country like England, since, on account of the clumsiness of implements and the lack of labor-saving machinery in German agriculture, more time is expended on an acre than in England. In manufacturing, Germany is at the same disadvantage. The division of labor has proceeded there but slightly; the use of machinery is backward, old-fashioned conservatism is still powerful in industry, and the productions of the laborer are correspondingly small.

tor of Prussia, it was for his interest to furnish as favorable an account as possible, while his optimistic tendencies would lead him in the same direction. In the domain of Waldau, where, he states, "the condition is neither better nor worse than in other parts of the land," he found that the peasants generally worked by threes, — a man, his wife, and a grown-up child or hired assistant. The combined wages of these three averaged in summer twenty-six cents, and in winter twenty-three cents. Besides this, the head of the family received a hut, a small lot of land, a pig, sometimes a cow, and a certain amount of corn, straw, etc. The whole amount, together with the wages received by the three, Von Goltz estimated to be $170 a year. If the third assistant be not of the family, and must be paid, the amount remaining for the family is $132.50, which, he says, is not sufficient for the satisfaction of the wants of healthy life. In 1874 he calculated that $225 at least was needed properly to support such a family.

Under such a state of feudalism, the miserable condition of the peasant can be greatly alleviated by the generosity of the *Graf* or proprietor. The latter cannot well let his dependents starve, and he is frequently obliged to dispense large sums in charity. Such a state renders the peasant shiftless and careless; he works with bad grace and without vigor, for he knows he can never obtain more than a bare subsistence, and that must be furnished him of necessity. The amount of self-reliance engendered among the peasants from this life can be imagined.

Yet their state is far better than that of the independent laborer. In fact, the proprietors have within the last year offered to pay these semi-serfs in money only, that the peasant might have a motive to work for himself, and that they might be relieved from the care of his support. The peasant, however, refused, knowing the conditions of the independent laborer. Liebknecht, in his work on the land and soil question, states of the independent laborers: "They work for daily wages which in summer vary from twenty-six cents to thirty-six cents for men, and eighteen cents to twenty-five cents for women. From this scanty pay they must save enough to live through the winter, when there is seldom an opportunity to work. As one can imagine, the tendency to save does not always prevail, and then the hunger fever must again restore the social equilibrium. In the winter of 1867 to 1868, this deliverer of society rode through the province of Eastern Prussia, and purged the proletarian classes, especially the independent laborers, with frightful thoroughness." The condition of the city workmen has been naturally better than that of the poorest peasants, but even here hardship is visible enough.[1]

Those habits of docility and subordination which nature and years of iron rule have instilled into the German laborer, having followed him in his demands from his employers, have brought it about that the part of wages which is governed more by custom and by the personal influence of man with man than by economic laws, has been especially large in Germany, and it has operated against the lowest forms of labor. Again, the poverty of the lower classes not permitting them to remain long without employment, they are placed at the mercy of the capitalist. All these causes, combined with the fact that the backward state of German growth has not matured those finer qualities of leniency toward the weaker element in society, have caused the wages of unskilled labor to hover at the very edge of the necessities of existence.[2]

Nor are the prices of food much lower

[1] The Leipzig Bureau of Statistics for the year 1877 gives the pay of masons at five cents per hour, wool-combers six cents per hour, spinners, best, $4.25 a week, and book printers $3.94. But for the lowest forms of labor, or mere brute force, the wages are much smaller.

[2] Mere unskilled labor varies from twenty-five to sixty-two cents per day, with the average about forty-three cents. In Leipzig at present the city employs men on a new canal, who, coming from the country, work twelve to fourteen hours per day, walk back often five to ten miles, and receive thirty-seven cents.

in Germany than in England. Wheat, indeed, is cheaper, but meat is not.[1] It must, however, be confessed that as little meat is consumed by the German laborer, meat being but rarely added to his scanty meal of potatoes and black bread, the food consumed is cheaper in Germany. It is now impossible for a common German laborer to support a family by working ten or twelve hours a day. All must labor, — father, mother, children; the few household duties being cared for by the youngest members of the family in their hours from school.

The present embarrassed condition of industry and trade adds to the laborer's hardships. Thousands are now wandering in vain in search of employment, from the confines of Russia to France. This last and heavy straw it is which has broken the German laborer's patience. He sees others in prosperity, while he is in misery. His long-suffering is at last worn out, and he clamors for a change, for assistance against his hard surroundings, for relief from giving two or three of his best years to military service, for relief from taxation, for anything that will lighten his burdens.

Meanwhile, thinkers had been studying his case; men of deep sympathy, and in whom feeling played a predominant part, — men like Rodbertus, Lassalle, Marx, Liebknecht, and Bebel. They had come to the conclusion that the lot of the laborer had been growing worse for generations; that property was rapidly coming into fewer hands, and the laborer becoming more and more the slave of the capitalists; that free competition and the demands of liberalism led to the servitude of the masses; and in socialism, in the state ownership of capital, in the regulation of wages by the state, they saw the only remedy for existing evils. Soon these leaders collected around them a band of enthusiasts, men of warm hearts and sympathetic feelings, thoroughly imbued with the truth of their doctrines, and glowing with ardor. Some of them were fine orators, and they threw themselves into proselytizing, both by public speaking and writing. Nor in private conversation was any opportunity missed of making converts. They were missionaries as zealous as Calvinists, whose force, fed by that lasting power in the German nature, never failed or diminished.

The enthusiasm of the social democrats is remarkable. Previous to the restrictions of the government, they congregated nightly in their clubs, read with avidity works on political economy, history, and politics, the writings of Mill, Lassalle, and Marx, while conversation partook of topics well befitting the halls of ambassadors. Nor were men of culture absent. Many a wealthy philanthropist was a member, while a striking element at these clubs was the student. In Leipzig and Berlin many of the ablest students belonged to social democratic clubs, assisting most freely in giving lectures on history, literature, art, and politics; while many of the leading articles among the sixty-five social-democratic journals were from the pens of students. They preached unceasingly to the masses; in their meetings eloquence never lacked response, and there all the brotherhood and love of union which lies in the sentimental German nature came out. All were equals. The student drank to the porter's health, and rich and poor took hands as the meeting joined in song. There are few scenes where a stranger is influenced with such strong contagion by his surroundings as in a socialist meeting. All is simple and unaffected. The charm acts particularly on the young, and it is an indisputable fact that the majority of young laborers and a large part of young men in Germany have leanings towards the social democrats. Clubs have been formed, libraries purchased, and socialistic works and statistics innumerable disseminated broadcast among the people It is not strange that a few men of preëminent abilities, like Lassalle, Liebknecht, and Bebel, have won over that vast mass of discontented laborers. The workman saw idlers in luxury, and heard that under socialism the fruits of labor would

[1] The average price of wheat in Pomerania from 1848-74 was $12.00 a quarter, and in England for the same time $13.50.

be enjoyed by none but those who had helped to produce them. He felt that he was wronged of his proper wages, and socialism demanded state help for labor. He was told that every man has a right to the necessaries of life; that while one single person suffers, no one has a right to luxuries. He was told that property once belonged to the community; that private possessions in land were first caused by robbery of individuals from society; that labor being the only justification of property, land belongs to no one person, but to all; that the laborer in every generation is coming more completely into the power of the capitalist; that the boasted policy of liberalism has only increased the evils; that all else but socialism has been fairly tried, and in socialism alone is relief.

Great assistance has been given to socialism by the bitter feeling existing against religion amongst the working classes. With fierce resentment they see themselves forced to pay taxes, specifically mentioned on their tax-bills, for the support of a religion which they hate and despise. Socialism, openly irreligious, and advocating the disestablishment of the church, has gained, on this account, many adherents.

Suppose that you ask the laborer how the blessings promised by socialism are possible without an iron restriction on the liberty of the individual, — a restriction far beyond that under any despotism now existing; whether he does not think that progress comes best under the greatest liberty; whether individualism, and not socialism, should be our aim. In answer, many will say that the matter is now in such a chaotic state that it is impossible to say there will or will not be any restriction of liberty. The great majority, however, will reply to these questions, "I do not understand such matters. Let Marx, Lange, and Schäffle reason them out to their fullest extent. But the statistics of Liebknecht, our heavy burdens of army service, our enforced payment towards a religion in which we have no faith, the restrictions upon our liberty of speech, our ever-worsening condition, — these I understand. On these the leading socialists and the workmen are one, and on this account we will support them. What we want is freedom; relief from excessive army service; a government which shall treat foreign nations as brothers, not as foes; bread for our families; our own improvement, — these we seek, whether by socialism or individualism we care not. Experience and time will teach us where to go."

Here, then, is a distinction; the vast body of social democrats in Germany are first democrats, and afterwards socialists. They are imbued with hatred of monarchies, of kings and princes, of all forms of caste, and the inherited enjoyment of peculiar privilege. But in regard to the doctrine of socialism, which they for the most part hardly comprehend, they are not confident, and demand time before deciding. Socialism in Germany among the laboring classes is simply the present and half-accidental form which the complaint against hardship and the resistance to over-government have assumed. The leaders of the movement, on the contrary, are socialists as well as democrats. They favor centralization of power, as tending to fit the people for the socialistic state, and are bitter opponents of the *laissez-faire* principle. Thus occurs the singular anomaly that in sympathy the ordinary mass of social democrats are with liberalism, when liberalism attempts to extend the prerogative of suffrage, and in all democratic movements. The masses, not understanding the fierce conflict of economic tendencies, are drawn by sympathy to the most advanced liberals. On democratic principles, the social democrats are ultra-liberals; while on economic principles and in reference to centralization, those of the social democrats who are socialists are ultra-conservatives.

They are particularly silent in explaining the full methods of their system, seeming to spend their present power on the denunciation of the evils of life. The positive requests of the leaders are comparatively modest, and consist only of the famous Lassalle demand, — that the state shall first found a number of co-operative societies, whose members shall

regulate their affairs, subject to the oversight of the state ; which societies, as the socialist hopes, will so increase by their own prosperity that finally the combined capital of the land will be brought by natural means under their control.

I am opposed to socialism, but I believe that the measures which the German government has directed against the social democrats are mistakes. The open discussion during the last ten years has caused the social democracy to cast away many of its worst tenets. Division of property is no longer to be demanded, and capital is to be made the property of the state by a slow and natural progress, permitting experiments of the worth of socialistic theories before they can be carried to perilous limits. Socialistic plans are chaotic, mixed, uncertain, but rarely revolutionary. If free discussion can go on, the party will continue casting aside its worst tenets, as it grows in wisdom and insight. Proper freedom would make that vast mass of earnest thinkers and laborers — men eager to learn and improve, seeking only their own good and that of humanity — a party of progress, of advanced liberalism, a strength and benefit to the German nation. Restriction, on the other hand, if carried far, will exasperate that sturdy iron band, in which there lies a force too immense to be crushed by the oppression of government, and transform it into an agency of stern, hard revolution.

## II.

Having looked at socialism from the laborer's stand-point, it is now necessary for us to take a short view of its purely political history. German socialism of to-day dates with Rodbertus, a man respected by all, and of the greatest personal influence, who, living in the retirement of study, wrote continually from 1842 to 1875, and furnished the basis of all modern socialistic thought. The rise of those advocating Rodbertus's views into a party is due to Lassalle and Karl Marx : the former founding by his brilliant powers a German party ; while Marx, working from London, founded the internationals, who, after the death of Lassalle, swallowed the German party, and now in Germany constitutes the social democracy.

The workingmen of Germany were first awakened to a consciousness of their power by the liberals, under the leadership of Schulze-Delitzsch. Born in 1808, in Delitzsch, Schulze came to Berlin in 1848, and threw himself into that struggle in which the employers fought against the socialistic tendencies of the workmen and the democratic leanings of the day. Workingmen's societies innumerable, helped often by wealthy capitalists, rose and fell. Everything was in confusion ; all thought some change must be wrought, but few understood how. In the midst of this chaos Schulze came out prominently by his ability, courage, and energy, and promised the laborers relief under the principles of liberalism. Endowed with wonderful energy, he founded, with the help of capitalists, productive societies, loan societies, and, most important of all, the Laborer's Improvement Society. But in all these the aim was to keep the control in the hands of a select few, to exclude the masses from power, to raise the choicest of the laborers to the class of the *bourgeoisie*, and to supply their places by others taken from the ranks. Schulze thus hoped to cement the workingmen to the party of progress, and prevent, what he most dreaded, their becoming a separate party. The laborers were taught to oppose both the conservative platform and the state control of religion, and the progressist party had, by 1862, drawn to itself the great mass of workingmen, in opposition to the enlargement of the army and an increase of taxes, the aim of Bismarck at that time. But the workingmen were by no means contented with the power they held in the party of Schulze, as they saw that his purpose was to receive their support and give them no active control in political affairs. Moreover, the writings of Rodbertus and Marx had become known, and many saw no help for the laborer under liberalism.

In the midst of this feeling Lassalle came upon the scene. Born of wealthy Jewish parents, in 1825, he was now thirty-seven, endowed with wonderful mental capacities, of a proud, vain nature, and with ability to move and inspire men, which, as his enemies confess, had never been excelled in any orator. He had first allied himself to the party of Schulze, but his opinions by no means coincided with those of his chief, and his anger at the cold reception given him by the progressists determined him to found a party of his own, gathered from the workingmen. In October, 1862, in a political speech at Berlin, he stated that the workingmen could expect nothing from the progressist party; that they must care for their own interests, obtain universal suffrage, and thus bring into their hands the power of the state. He now went through Germany with wonderful success, gathering by his fiery eloquence thousands in every large city. He was often imprisoned, but his confinement gave him opportunity to write his best works. In August, 1864, he was killed in a duel, having in two years raised the workingmen into a distinct party, and acquired a personal following of two hundred thousand devoted adherents.

Meanwhile, Karl Marx had been at work. Born in 1815, at Trier, he left a brilliant career in the service of the state in order to carry out his socialistic views. Driven from Brussels and Cologne, he settled in 1849 in London, whence he has since worked to form an international socialist party. International congresses were held until 1871, but in Germany the advent of Lassalle destroyed Marx's power for a while in his native country. Lassalle cared not for the international question; his Verein was eminently German; he opposed the federation of Marx, and desired centralization and a strong state. He gradually drew away from Marx, and as the proud character of each could ill brook a rival, their respective parties bitterly resisted each other. After the death of Lassalle, the control of his Verein passed to Von Schweitzer, who vainly opposed the growing power of the internationalists. Liebknecht, the friend and disciple of Marx, and second alone to Lassalle in influence over the masses, separated from Schweitzer in 1865, and began to form a party of his own, — the social democrats. Acting in a manner the reverse of Lassalle's, Liebknecht attached himself to the extreme left wing of the liberal party, and attempted to bring it slowly to socialism. He was joined by Bebel, who, having been the right-hand man of Schulze, at last became convinced of the utter hopelessness of benefiting the workingmen by Schulze's method; and these two had by 1868 brought seventy-four of Schulze's one hundred and eleven societies over to their side and that of Marx. In 1871 the social democrats elected Bebel to the Reichstag, while Schweitzer was defeated, and resigned the control of his party. More and more Liebknecht drew the political reins into his own hands from 1871 to 1874, until at the election for the German Reichstag in 1874 six social democrats — among them Liebknecht, Bebel, Most, and Vahltrich — were elected, the party casting 160,000 votes; while the followers of Lassalle, though casting 200,000 votes, elected only three members. Since that time the social democrats have gradually brought the followers of Lassalle under the banner of internationalism, and in 1877 polled 493,288 votes and elected twelve members to the Reichstag.[1]

The first political programme was put

[1] The following constitutes the vote of Germany for the Reichstag in 1877: —

| | No. of Votes. | No. in Reichstag. |
|---|---|---|
| Social democrats | 493,288 | 12 |
| German conservatives | 526,038 | 40 |
| German Reich party | 426,637 | 38 |
| Liberals, neither national liberals nor Fortschritt | 134,811 | 13 |
| National liberals | 1,469,527 | 128 |
| Fortschritt, or the party of progress | 417,824 | 35 |
| Centrum or ultramontanists | 1,404,903 | 97 |
| Poles | 216,157 | 14 |
| People's party | 44,894 | 4 |
| Particularists | 148,072 | 9 |
| Protesters | 102,816 | 7 |
| Scattering | 16,053 | |
| | 5,401,021 | 397 |

forth by the party at the Congress of Gotha in 1875; and although it has not been officially modified, its worst features have since been discarded through discussion, and the next programme, if permitted by the government to come forth, will appear moderate in comparison. The programme first states that "labor is the source of all wealth and culture; and as general beneficial labor is possible only through society, to society belong the combined products of all labor; that is, to all its members, with the general duty of work, with equal rights, and according to the reasonable needs of each." The cause of the misery and slavery of the laborer is the monopoly of the means of labor by the capital classes. The destruction of this monopoly, of the system of wages, of profit in every form, and of all social and political inequality is the ultimate aim of socialism. The first step is the creation by the state of socialistic productive societies, which are to be under the democratic control of the workmen.

The programme demands, as the basis of the state, universal, equal, and direct suffrage for all members of the state above twenty years; the decision of war, peace, and law by the people; liberty of opinion and speech; the abolition of the standing army, and the creation of a people's guard instead; the general right to carry arms; compulsory education, and free education in the highest forms of culture; and the disestablishment of the church. The demands within the present state of society are the greatest possible extension of political liberties; a simple progressive income tax, taking the place of all other taxes; a stated normal day's labor, suited to the needs of society; prohibition of Sunday labor, and of all detrimental children's and women's labor; "laws for protection of the life and property of the laborer;" sanitary control of the laborers' houses and workshops; control of prison labor by the state; and "full control by the laborers of all help and moneys from the state."

The organization of the party is most complete; the German tendency towards machine-like order having united with burning enthusiasm and that willingness in the ranks to yield to the leaders, caused by the latter's intense zeal and the great disparity in intellect between the two. The recent political events in Germany — the fact that the social democrats, though burdened by two attempts against the life of the emperor by assassination, and opposed in a general election both by all other parties and the full strength of the government, often exercised unconstitutionally, have nevertheless increased their total vote in the country, and almost held their own in the Reichstag — are too well known for comment. The repressive measures against the socialists, already purged of their severity by the Reichstag, are by no means successful, their harshness depending on the character of local officials. In Leipzig and Dresden there is comparative liberty, and in the latter city the social democrats so fully attended a conservative meeting, recently, that, on the right of speaking being denied to one of their number, they voted to adjourn. The policy of the leaders is to let the oppressive system run itself out, and they are by no means gloomy in regard to the future of the party. Even Fritzsche, the Berlin member of the Reichstag, who is followed continually by the police, recently said to a friend of mine concerning the imperial chancellor, "Had I been in his place, I should have adopted very different measures. If he had met us on the ground of philosophical discussion, shown the character of our ultimate aims, the apparent impossibility, the extreme improbability, of their realization, he could have kept the people from us for years to come, and postponed indefinitely the spread of our doctrines."

The measures against the social democrats are more harassing and aggravating than crushing. Their newspapers have been suppressed, but copies can be had if any one will take pains to find them; and although they are prohibited from having meetings of their own, they can express themselves at those of their opponents, and their own meetings are

often held under disguised names. Socialism in Germany cannot be crushed by the present oppressive measures, harsh as they are, and to harsher measures the people of Germany at this age will not submit.

III.

In proposing to sketch the opinions of the leading socialists, our only trouble comes from the great mass of material; for it has been truly said of socialistic literature in Germany, "Its name is legion," and no other subject has drawn so many writers in Germany during the last decade. Rodbertus, professing to rest on Ricardo and Smith, finds the cause of pauperism, commercial crises, and the hindrance to a regular and unbroken progress of society in the fact "that with the increasing productivity of the labor of society the wages of the working classes are ever a smaller part of the national product." Moreover, if the laborers could perceive that by a different combination of the same simple operations they could get more for their labor, they are not in condition to withstand the force of capital, on whose side fights their own hunger and the suffering of their families. On this account they throw away their labor in order to live in misery, and they obtain a remuneration dependent only on the amount required for mere existence and propagation. As means to change the present condition of society, — a condition the worst possible, since under it the few thrive at the expense of the many, — he demanded the removal of the wages contract system and the institution of a normal day's labor; exclusive control by the state of the present circulating capital, which may be emitted to an unlimited amount in the form of bank-notes, representing commercial products, in order to fix wages by special application; and the institution of a public magazine system, in order to control prices. By these means he hoped to bring men into the state where property is based alone on earnings, and thence gradually to the highest social order.

Lassalle was the follower of Rodbertus, and though he discovered no new principles he breathed into Rodbertus's teachings the fire of life, and threw them burning among the masses. He starts with the Malthusian theory that the remuneration of the laborer must always gravitate around the starvation point, and gives as a cause the present system of wages. Two changes are necessary for the emancipation of the laborer: first, the abolition of the wages system; second, the ability of the laborers to carry on large industries. Through the state alone can these changes be effected, and Lassalle makes the famous demand that the state shall gradually institute productive societies, where all property is in common and wages are governed by the vote of the workmen.

Marx, the master socialist, in his Das Capital asks how it is possible for the capitalist to increase his wealth, — how an article can be sold for more than was paid for it; and the answer is, Because it is bought for less or sold for more than its worth. The capital classes cannot prey upon themselves, but they find the laborer powerless before them, and prosper by preying upon him. Capital is a dead thing, and of itself gives nothing to production; labor alone gives increase, and should receive all products; but the fact is that capital, which creates nothing, but as a parasite drags down the laborer, takes by force the greater part of all products. The more the capitalist grinds the laborer, the longer and more severely the latter works, the more gain to the capitalist, since to him fall all products above the barest wants of the laborer. To improve this hard lot, Marx desires the state appropriation of capital, which he divides into two classes, — the means of production, and the articles produced. The first class, such as lands, factories, etc., he wishes to be common, while these of the second are to be given only to those creating them. All labor is to be on a large scale, and every community banded together. Marx is not pleased with the Lassalle demand for gradual change; he requires the expropriation of capitalists and the overthrow

of the present condition of production and exchange.

Liebknecht's best work is on the Land and Soil Question. He takes England and France as examples where land is owned respectively by few and by many, and then shows that in both cases, under competition, the lot of the agricultural laborer is wretched. He sums up his result: "In France the land is divided into many hands, 7,846,000 being owners out of a population of 31,000,000. The result is small return from the soil and general indebtedness of the peasants, who are the indirect slaves of capital, and for the most part in miserable condition."[1] On the other hand, in England, in place of free peasants we see unhappy slaves of wages, whose standard of comfort is lower than that of paupers. The French system ruins the state, the land, and the peasant; while the English system robs the working classes of the fruits of their labor, throws them into abject poverty, and allows much of their production to be squandered by the sons of their masters, — a system bad for all, immoral in the extreme. Germany, coming between England and France, is fast approaching the condition of the former country; every year the land is coming into fewer hands, and we have only to look at the misery of the working classes in rich England to consider what it will be in poor Germany. There is only one remedy, — the state ownership of land.

Of that small class of socialist writers who dare foretell the consequences of socialism — a class too few, and who leave most of what they attempt to prove for the experience of the future — Dr. Schäffle is by far the most able, and in his Die Quintessenz des Socialismus maps out the socialistic state. The change, he thinks, will not come before a century: first, centralization must so increase that the state can carry on the immense fabric of industry now carried on by private persons, and this will be helped by the centralization of wealth in few hands. Demand and supply are to be regulated by a board of statistics, which shall give for each year the amount of food, clothing, etc., needed for the community, and labor is to be governed accordingly. Money and trade will be destroyed, the former being replaced by certificates representing certain amounts of goods payable at the state stores. There is to be no interference in the private affairs of life; individuals as far as possible may choose their own occupations, and such professions as medicine, which cannot be centralized, can remain outside the central control. But the great question is, Can socialism be made to enter against this great power of individualism which controls trade? To do this, Schäffle says, socialism must first cause each individual to work as earnestly for society as he now works for himself; and then it must find an automatic control of wages; otherwise, if controlled by officials, we cannot be more sure of just wages than at present. Schäffle confesses that so far no such means have been found, and the solution of the question, together with that of the possibility of the state to control all labor and at the same time not restrict the liberty of the individual, he leaves (following the example of most of his brother socialists) to the future.

## IV.

In examining the tenets of the socialists, it must first be conceded that in their two main assertions they are right: first, that there is much misery and injustice in life, of which the lower classes have the larger share; and, second, that the relative amount of production received by the working classes has, dur-

[1] De Veance, a member of the French Lower House, said in 1866, "According to the census of 1851, the mortgages of land owners amounted to 10,000,000,000 francs. Since then matters have become far worse, but all attempts to induce the government to publish the census of 1860 have failed. Of the 7,846,000 land owners in France, 3,600,000 are certified by the General Office to be unable to pay a personal tax." Since that speech the statistics have been published, the mortgages amounting to 12,000,000,000 francs. According to the census of 1851, 346,000 houses had no other opening than the door, and 1,817,535 had only one window.

ing the last two centuries, diminished, while capital has lately tended towards fewer hands.

The two latter facts are caused by the vast development of the division of labor, whereby great brain powers are more valuable in aiding production than formerly. Two centuries ago, when industry was mainly carried on by hand labor, there were no large factories and no demand for high executive ability. But at present a vigorous mind is the first requisite for success in trade or agriculture, and the scarcity of such a quality puts on it a high price. It is, then, the more complicated conditions of production which have in late years placed a high premium on brains. Men of the best mental capacities have become the capitalists, taking the place of the great nobles. It is therefore seen that this increase of the amount given to the enterprisers is only the payment for their rare business qualities. The recent gathering of capital into few hands is caused by the advantage that the large enterprisers have over the small, since the former can carry the division of labor to a further extent. But in countries like the United States, where large industrial corporations are frequent, this has not been the case, as the smaller owners have clubbed together, and can more than compete with their rich rivals; and thus nearly all the large industries are corporations, much of whose stock is owned by the working classes. This so-called gathering of property into fewer hands is the first necessary step towards the transition of the industry of a country from a small to a large scale.

The small enterprisers will hold out as long as possible, to their own loss and the great undertakers' gain. But when the tide has set towards industry on a large scale, the large capitalists have no advantage; and as the inherited acquisition of wealth tends to diminish those qualities of mind fitted to acquire and preserve it, property is very likely, when unrestricted by law, not to remain long in the same families.

As to Marx's assertion, that as capital is a dead thing, doing nothing towards production, it has therefore no right to receive any part of the products, I must say, with the socialists, that right being a matter of utility, the question is whether it is best to interfere with this self-working order, and deprive capital of the share that mankind at present are willing to give to it. This brings us to the root of the whole question. At present, in a society where the laissez-faire system rules, every manufacturer, proprietor, or laborer is a servant. The large mill owner serves an immense body of consumers, and manages his factory according to their wants. All these servants of society are paid according to the estimation that society places on their services. If one line is particularly well paid, all are at liberty to enter it and try their powers; and wherever demand for certain qualities exceeds supply, those obtain a corresponding high reward. It is not a majority vote, but each member of the minority, as well as of the majority, makes his vote count in the total payment. What now does socialism wish? It is not satisfied with the remuneration which certain classes receive, and so wishes to have the community control wages. But that is done at present, and each member votes every day of his life, his vote being cast in the exact proportion of his conflicting judgments.

It is impossible for the people to give directly by actual ballot, or by means of representation, their estimation of the relative merits of different labor. It surely would not be correct to reward all labor the same. Philosophically, perhaps one sort of labor is as necessary to production as another; but it is not so judged by the combined opinions of the people, and that is the only just estimate. It is said that at present the strong oppress the weak, and personal influence does much to regulate the amount of wages. Does any one think this personal influence would not work if the value of labor were decided by a commission? Would not overbearingness, sycophancy, and underhanded play work more effectually than now? What better chance for hatred, cruelty, and injustice than under a scheme where wages

are governed by officials? For so must wages be governed under socialism; only under laissez faire can a self-acting system be possible. When there is a restriction on that system, wages must be given by dictum, not by contract.

Nor is it possible to see how a board of officials can govern the infinite ramifications of industry and trade. There is no man, or number of men, existing who can fully comprehend the combined conditions of commerce in a city like London so as to guide its massive and intricate movements to advantage. No government has ever attempted one hundredth of that contemplated by socialism, and yet we know that all attempts at interference with industry have hitherto been disastrous. Even on such questions as free trade there have been differences of opinion among the ablest men. What, then, can a government do when it takes on its shoulders the entire control of a country's industry and trade?

Again, it is a well-established fact that government works are carried on more expensively than private works. The former are noted for being slow, cumbrous, and lacking in progress, because they are outside of the sphere of competition. The removal of individual enterprise will take away many a spur to progress, and mankind, not made by nature to rise with rapidity, will proceed still more slowly. The control of industry and trade by the state can be effected only by restrictions on individual activity, and this must decrease production.

In time, again, the state officials must form a class, whence a despotism must arise, despite the forms of universal suffrage. But the greatest evil is that this system interferes with the freedom and judgment of the individual by allotting to government or society an increase of authority over the ordinary affairs of life. Society is to be one vast machine, in which only the heads are the thinkers, the vast majority of its members being mere automata. Progress is the progress of individuals, and that comes only from experience, the only teacher, the only improver of man's character; and experience should be left as free and as wide as possible.

A man does not always advance from having more food and clothing. Pure advancement is in character and prudence, which proceed from a man's free experience. A man is not made prudent or far-sighted by outside restriction, but only when he has worked himself to that point can he stand there without help. The progress that has been made during ten centuries shows that in the nature of man good predominates over evil. Let, then, that nature work out its own salvation without restriction. I sympathize with socialists in their noble love for their suffering brothers. But what can we do? How will the forms of socialism change the injustice and cruelty of life for the better?

I am with socialists in condemnation of those beings who, having inherited the labor of thousands, live in luxury and idleness, doing nothing for the advance of their fellows, or to repay the boon they have received from the labor of those who have lived before them. There is no class more worthy of contempt. But what can be done? Restrictions can be placed on them only by general laws affecting the liberty of society. The most feasible plan is for the state to place a high tax on inheritance. But even that could be avoided by transfer, or mock sale, before death. It will doubtless be the first step, if any, towards socialism, and is destined to be a future political question. For the present, we must fall back on the hope that progress will instill into the nature of all the desire and pride of giving to the world as much as has been received.

*Willard Brown.*

## WITHERED ROSES.

I.

Not waked by worth, nor marred by flaw,
Not won by good, nor lost by ill,
Love is its own and only law,
And lives and dies by its own will.
It was our fate, and not our sin,
That we should love, and love should win.

II.

Not bound by oath, nor stayed by prayer,
Nor held by thirst of strong desire,
Love lives like fragrance in the air,
And dies as breaking waves expire.
'T was death, not falsehood, bade us part, —
The death of love, that broke my heart.

III.

Not kind, as dreaming poets think,
Nor merciful, as sages say, —
Love heeds not where its victims sink,
When once its heart is torn away.
'T was nature, it was not disdain,
That made thee careless of my pain.

IV.

Not thralled by law, nor ruled by right,
Love keeps no audit with the skies:
Its star, that once is quenched in night,
Has set, — and never more will rise.
My soul is dead, by thee forgot,
And there 's no heaven where thou art not.

V.

But happy he, though scathed and lone,
Who sees, afar, love's fading wings, —
Whose seared and blighted soul has known
The splendid agony it brings!
No life that is, no life to be,
Can ever take the past from me!

VI.

Red roses, bloom for other lives —
Your withered leaves alone are mine!
Yet, not for all that time survives
Would I your heavenly gift resign, —
Now cold and dead, once warm and true,
The love that lived and died in you.

*William Winter.*

# A DAY AT WINDSOR.

It was on a bright October morning that I took an early train from London to Windsor. No autumnal tints had yet touched the trees, which stood amply robed in vivid green, nor was the grass a blade thinner or a shade paler than it was in summer. The sky was almost cloudless, and of that pale gray-blue which is its brightest color between the narrow seas. I never saw the heaven quite void of clouds in England; and I am not sure that if I had seen it so I should have liked it better. The wind — but there did not seem to be any wind, not even a breeze, only a gentle motion of soft air which stirred just enough to make you conscious of its presence. There was not that glow above and that rich, deep-hued splendor below that make the autumn of New England appear so glorious; but the absence of those bright colors which our year, like a dolphin, takes on as it is dying was more than made up for me by the fullness of life and the freshness of beauty which, when we had left the city behind us, I saw all around me. I admit that I am quite willing to do without any evidences of decay, however brilliant may be its phosphorescence, and that there is no flower which compensates me for the loss of June roses.

In the approach to Windsor there is nothing remarkable; but rural England under a bright sky is always beautiful, and it was after as pleasant an hour as railway traveling will permit that I left the train at the town which clusters around the base of England's royal castle.

What a little place! It seemed hardly big enough to hold so fat a man as Falstaff. And then it is so small for its age. Think that it should have been there these eight hundred years, and yet have grown no larger! Moreover, there is the surprise of finding in such a very small town such a very big castle. Indeed, it is absurd to say that the castle is at Windsor: it is Windsor that is at the castle. But the smallness of the town, its age, and its apparent incapacity for becoming any larger were all charms in my eyes. It was a new and delightful sensation in England, — the coming upon places that were finished, that were neither great nor growing, and that plainly had no enterprise. It gave rest to a certain stunned and weary feeling which comes upon one in the streets of New York, and in the streets of other places which are daily, with more or less success, doing all they can to be like New York, that dashing, dirty, demirep of cities.

Before going to the castle I walked about the town a little, — not, however, with any Shakespearean purpose. Not in the town, nor in the park, nor in the neighborhood did I make passionate pilgrimage to the scenes of Shakespeare's only comedy of English life. To what good end or pleasant thought should I have done so? There is not a place nor an object there that Shakespeare has mentioned which is what he saw or had in mind, or which he himself would recognize were he brought back to earth again. Herne's oak is gone; and if it were not, in what would it differ from any other old oak? And why should I go to Frogmore simply because it is mentioned in The Merry Wives? If places have any beauty or any real charm of association, the sight of them is a source of a great and a pure pleasure. Could I have seen the house that Shakespeare had in mind as Ford's, or that might have been Ford's house; could I have seen Mistress Ford or sweet Anne Page, or portraits of the women that stood to Shakespeare as models for those personages — if he had any models, — I would gladly have gone twenty miles afoot to enjoy the sight; but since I could not, since I could see nothing of the sort, not even the "bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang," what need to follow the delusion of an empty name!

Even at Stratford there is little that has real association with Shakespeare, except the old Guild Chapel and the Hathaway cottage, which remain much as Shakespeare knew them. The house in Henley Street has been "restored" beyond all patient tolerance, and filled with gimcracks and "Shakespearean" vanity. And so I left the places mentioned in The Merry Wives unvisited.

In Windsor itself I found little of interest. The town is not new, but it is modern. Its Elizabethan features have all been improved away. It is chiefly filled with people who live upon the castle, and upon the railway that brings other people to the castle. The glorifying beams of royalty fall upon everything. On a little hut by the river-side I saw a sign, "All Kinds of Bait. Patronized by the Royal Family;" and I had some comfort in picturing to myself the Prince of Wales and the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught going there for worms and minnows when they went out fishing on half holidays, — although, poor fellows, I fear they never had the true boyish pleasure of carrying their worms, not exactly, like Mr. Punch's boy, in their mouths, but in boxes in their own pockets, and of putting them on the hooks themselves, and then of taking home a good catch of fish for the royal breakfast-table. Who would be a prince, to have his hook baited by an attendant, and his gun loaded by a gamekeeper! In pleasure dignity dulls the edge of enjoyment. But nevertheless a bait-house patronized by the royal family was a thing to see.

In a little public-house in a by-street I saw in the window a card: "Bean Feasts and Parties Supplied." And this I hailed as evidence that pork and beans came into New England with the Mayflower, quite as trustworthy, to say the least, as that on which some noble families are said to have come into Old England with the Conqueror. And I was also glad to see in it evidence that the bean-eaters had their little merry-makings and picnickings, not unlike those festivals which produce here a dreadful variety of iced cream and consequent stomachic derangements for Sunday-school children.

In the course of my stroll I came upon a house which had recently been burned, the ruins of which stood just as they had been left by the fire. The house had not been wholly destroyed, and the skeleton still held together. It seemed to have been built some forty or fifty years ago. I was surprised at the flimsiness of its construction. The bricks were poor and the mortar was bad; the beams were out of proportion, small, and badly joined; the tenon and mortise work was not only clumsy, but weak and insufficient. A house so built may be found anywhere; and I should not mention this but as the occasion of remarking that I found the same inferior builder's work wherever I went in England. According to my observation, modern English houses, unless they are built with special care and unusual expense, are very slightly put together, with bad materials and poor workmanship. It is the custom there to put up the shells of houses, usually three or four together, and to leave them to be finished according to the wishes of an intending tenant or purchaser. They are called "carcasses." I examined many of these without finding one even tolerably well built. The walls brought to mind the scoff of Tobiah the Ammonite against the newly rebuilt wall of Jerusalem: "If a fox go up he shall break down their stone wall." The mortar, although it had been set for years, would crumble under the touch of my stick, even of my thumb nail. And walls of the modern-built villa houses that I visited were rarely more substantial, while the joiner's work was both flimsy and coarse. I also remarked that where recent additions had been made to the height of garden walls the mortar in the new part, although in general it was plainly ten or twenty, or even thirty, years old, was more like mud than like mortar. Indeed, I did not see in England, in a new private building of moderate pretensions, any mortar worthy of the name. This attracted my attention, I need hardly say, because of the notion generally prevailing, and sedulously encouraged by British writers,

that all English work is distinguished from other work of its kind by excellence of material and thoroughness of workmanship; that although it might not have elegance it was sure to be substantial. I did not find it so. In this respect, in many ways, I was disappointed. That such was once the character of the work of English artisans and manufacturers I believe is not to be disputed; but during the last fifty years this one glory of England seems to have departed.

Visitors to Windsor Castle are required to register their names in a book, when they receive tickets, without which they cannot pass the gate. No fee is expected or allowed to be taken for this preliminary process, which is performed at a little shop in the principal street of the town. I offered a half crown to the respectable and cheerful dame who thus equipped me; but she told me, with a smile, that she could take nothing, but that she had guide-books which she could sell me. Whereupon I whipped her particular devil around her particular stump, to her entire satisfaction. As to her books, they were naught, as such book are most commonly. While I was doing this it occurred to me that I wanted some ginger-pop, a potation which I had not yet tasted, and which I would by no means have left England without enjoying. For in my boyish days I had been made thirsty by reading of the revelings of English boys in this exhilarating drink, just as I had been made hungry by reading in Scott's novels of knights and cavaliers devouring venison pasties. I asked for some ginger-pop. But the lady replied with some dignity that she did not keep it, adding kindly and with some condescension that I might get it at a little shop down the street. Hereupon a cheery young voice broke out, "I'll show you, sir, where you can get some pop." I turned, and saw a lad some twelve or fourteen years old, and, thanking him, asked him if the pop would be good. He assured me that it would, adding by way of proof, "All the fellows of our school go there." Momentarily forgetful, I asked, What school? "Why, Eton, of course," he replied. We went off together, and soon pledged each other in the fizzing fluid, which, to my great disappointment, I found to be nothing more than poor soda-water flavored with poor ginger syrup. But I was well recompensed for this disillusion. My companion's views upon the subject of ginger-pop were different from mine, and he beamed and expanded under its influence. I told him that I had come to see the castle, and asked him some questions about it. Of course he knew Windsor through and through, and after we had chatted a while he offered to go with me and be my guide.

We set off immediately, and at the castle we became part of a group or squad of visitors who were about to make the round of the state apartments. For here, as at other great show places, it is the custom for an attendant to start upon a tour either at certain intervals, or when visitors to the number of a dozen to a score have assembled. I shall not be so superfluous as to give any description of these apartments, which did not impress me either with their magnificence or their good taste. I expected both; I would have been satisfied with one; I found neither. There was an absence of grandeur and stateliness in proportion and in arrangement, a lack both of splendor and of elegance in decoration, which surprised me. Nor was there any impression of antiquity in keeping with the age of this venerable palace and fortress. Two of the apartments were of great interest, — the Vandyke room and St. George's Hall. The Vandyke room is filled with portraits by that master-painter of gentlemen and gentlewomen. Of the twenty-two canvases one half are portraits of Charles I. or of his family. There are three of Charles himself; of Henrietta Maria four, besides that in the family group. One wearies a little of Charles's handsome, high-bred, melancholy face, with its peaked beard dividing the singularly elegant, but certainly most unmanly, Vandyke collar. And after all, notwithstanding Charles's beauty and his air of refinement, he had not a kingly look. His face lacked strength. The Earl of

Strafford, whose portrait is perhaps the greatest head that Vandyke ever painted, looked far more kingly; and, with all Strafford's faults, he was more kingly than his master. The most interesting of the other and not royal portraits are those of Tom Killigrew, of Carew, and of Vandyke himself.

St. George's Hall is interesting from the fact that it has upon its walls and its ceiling the arms and the names of all the knights of the Garter who have been installed since the foundation of the order. The general effect is that of a rich series of heraldic mosaics. As to the knights, there is, as Sir Pertinax Macsycophant might say, "sic an admeexture." Not that there was a "Jew and a beeshop," — at least there was no Jew's name yet visible when I was there in 1876; but the admixture is of men of mark and distinction with men who were merely the commonplace sons of commonplace fathers, inheritors of high rank and great estates, who but for their inheritance would never have been heard of beyond the bounds of their own parishes, and who as simple gentlemen would have had no claim to admiration and little to respect. And yet the Garter is the great prize of life in England. To win it men will peril body and soul, although it is the emptiest of all distinctions. For a knight of the Most Noble Order, except by his star and his garter, does not differ in virtue of his knighthood from any other human mortal. A peerage brings station and power and privilege and ennobling duty and opportunity; but the Garter and the Golden Fleece and the Black Eagle, — what are they? Can any one tell what good they do the man who wears them, or of what merit they are the sign? They are not like the Victoria Cross, or the Order of Merit, or even like that much-cheapened distinction the Legion of Honor, tokens of courage, or of ability, or of character. But a knight of the Garter is one of a body of not more than some fifty men (originally but twenty-five), who have the sovereign for their chief and foreign kings and princes among their number; and therefore it is the most coveted distinction in Europe, although it means nothing, and the order does nothing. This hall of the order of St. George is two hundred feet long, but as it is only thirty-four feet wide its effect is not one of grandeur; on the contrary, it seems like a decorated passage-way to some really grand apartment.

The Waterloo Chamber, although not very spacious considering that it is one of the principal state apartments in the principal palace of the British sovereign, is yet a noble room. It is hung with some thirty or forty portraits, nearly all at full length, of distinguished personages who were connected in some way with the great battle which ended Napoleon's career. Most of these portraits are by Sir Thomas Lawrence. As one looks around it, the old exclamation, "My stars and garters!" (which was still heard in New England thirty years ago), is brought forcibly to mind. Such an exhibition of starred coats and gartered legs, and of robes and of ermine and of human upholstery in general, with faces appended thereto in Lawrence's weak, pretty style, is not to be found elsewhere. It is amusing to see that whatever the figures of the men may be, which are hidden by the velvet and the fur, their legs are all alike. Lawrence evidently had one pair as models, and furnished them to all his sitters with impartial pencil.

It was more amusing to see the awful admiration with which these and other magnificences were regarded by the visitors, who were all, with the single exception of myself, British sight-seers of the middle and lower-middle classes, out on a holiday. Of the Vandykes they took little notice; they were more disposed to admire the vast inanities of Verrio and Zuccarelli in the audience chamber and the drawing-room. But these robed and jeweled full-length portraits of kings and princes and dukes and earls, whose names they knew, were to them manifestly glimpses of glory. They were also much interested in furniture, gilded chairs and tables and vases, and the like.

My Eton boy kept near me, but he had found two or three young compan-

ions, and when he was not playing good-natured cicerone to me (and he showed intelligence and good taste in what he said) he chatted with them. I saw that our official attendant fretted at this, particularly when the lad spoke to me. He was a consequential man, more like one of John Leech's butlers than any real butler that I saw in England. His squat figure was carefully dressed in black; his shoes were polished to an obtrusive brightness, so that they looked like large lumps of authracite coal; and he shone at both ends, for he must have had an ounce of highly perfumed oil upon his straight black hair, which was coaxed into the semblance of a curl above each ear. He delivered himself of his explanations with pompous dignity. At last, on one occasion, when my young companion had spoken somewhat eagerly to me, and had then turned to his fellows, and their tongues disturbed the almost awful hush with which the small crowd of Philistines listened to his descriptions, the man stopped short in the midst of an harangue, and, wheeling about upon my Eton guide, broke out, "Wot *har* you a-talkin' about? Wot do *you* know about hanything in the castle? *Will* you by quiet wen hI'm a-talkin'! 'Ow *can* the ladies and gentlemen hunderstand the castle if they can't 'ear me speak?" The boy held his peace, of course; but as soon as the man turned round again, looked up at me with a most impenitent wink, and thrust his tongue into his cheek with an expression that, if his rebuker had seen it, would have made him choke with suppressed wrath.

The weary round of the state apartments having been finished, I went to St. George's Chapel, which, although worth seeing, seemed to me less so than any church of note that I visited in England. The monument to the Princess Charlotte is one of those elaborate exhibitions of bad taste which were put up at great expense in England at the end of the last century and the beginning of this. Indeed, I did not see in any church in the country a modern monument which was well designed or really beautiful. The modern monuments in Westminster Abbey are mostly monstrosities in marble.

The noble round tower of Windsor Castle is its chief beauty. It dominates and harmonizes all the other architectural features of the pile. It is the round tower that makes Windsor Castle imposing. We all know Windsor by that tower, which sits like a great crown upon the castle-palace of the British sovereigns. Up the hundred stone steps of this tower I went with my young Eton friend; and if the steps had been a thousand I should have been well repaid for the ascent by the sight that greeted me on all sides, as I looked off from the battlements. The guide-books say that when the atmosphere is unclouded twelve counties, Middlesex, Hertford, Essex, Oxford, Wilts, Kent, Hants, Bedford, Sussex, Berks, Bucks, and Surrey, may be seen from this elevation. I must then have seen my full dozen; for although there were clouds, they were few and light, and themselves so beautiful that I would not have given the sight of them for the sight of six more counties; and the day was bright and clear with a soft, golden clearness. Except from Richmond Hill, off which I looked on such another day, I had no sight of English land that was to be compared with this in its beauty and in its peculiarly English character. It was picturesque, but it had no striking features. Its charm was, as I have remarked before, upon other occasions, in the blending of man's work with nature's; in the alternation of the noble and the simple; in the grand harmony of things beautiful in themselves, yet not very striking if seen alone, like the rich blending of simple themes in great orchestral music. It was a grand symphony in form and color. For it seemed, like a symphony, to have been constructed, yet with such art that the succession and relation of its beauties seemed also perfectly natural. To have disturbed their order, or to have regarded one without regarding the others also, would have been destructive of its highest charm, — that of the extension and continuity of varied, self-developed beauty. I wan-

dered around the great circle of the parapet, and leaning into the golden-tinted air drank in delight that filled me with a gentle happiness.

But I was not allowed to muse in solitude. Soon a warder came up to me, telescope in hand, and began his official function. He called my attention to this great house and to the other, seeming to think that the chief pleasure in looking from Windsor Castle consisted in seeing the seat of this or of that nobleman. I did not take his prying telescope, and after a word or two walked away and changed my point of view. Soon he followed me, and began again his verbal catalogue and index, and again offered me his brazen tube. Annoyed by his persistence, and wishing at once to be left alone and not to offend him in the performance of his office, as the easiest way of accomplishing my double purpose I listened to him a moment, took the telescope, and sweeping the horizon slowly with it, handed it back to him with thanks and the customary shilling. He took the telescope, of course, but to my surprise he refused the shilling.[1] His manner was very respectful, but equally decided. Fearing that he might fasten himself upon me as a gratuitous guide, I pressed the coin upon him on the ground that I had used his telescope. "No, indeed, sir, you did n't," he replied, with civil and even deferential manner. "I saw you did n't, and I 've done nothing for the tip." I yielded, and was moving away again, when, after looking at me a moment, he said, "I beg your pardon, but I think you must be an American gentleman. I should n't have thought it, if you had n't been so suspicious. American gentlemen are always so suspicious."

The man's respectful but outspoken manner pleased me. I was a little puzzled by his epithet, but apprehended him in a moment. He had no conception of the feeling which made me desire to be alone, and supposed that I regarded him as a sort of impostor, who for the sake of my shilling professed to show me what he did not know himself. For the rest, —

[1] My only experience of this kind in England.

'ow was I to hunderstand the castle if I did n't 'ear him speak? Then I put myself into his hands, and let him show me his landscape and his country seats; and in the course of our talk I learned from him that Americans were more apt than Englishmen to decline his offices. This he thought was because they were so sharp, "bein' so accustomed, you see, sir, to be taken in at 'ome." That was richly worth the shilling, which I offered him again, and which he now took thankfully.

My nativity had been detected by a stranger only once before; and that was by a tailor, who spoke of it casually as, soon after my arrival, I was trying on a water-proof overcoat at a shop in Regent Street. I asked him how he knew it. He smiled, and said, pointing to my coat, "I knew that coat, sir, was never made in England." He was right; and I should have known it myself if I had seen the coat upon another man, although it was cut after a London pattern, and was made of English cloth by an English tailor. This stamp of nationality in handiwork is universally borne. Why it is so seems almost unaccountable. But a book, for example, bound in New York or at Riverside by an English binder, with English tools and English materials, after an English pattern carefully copied, can be distinguished from a London-bound book almost at a glance by an observant book-lover. It may be as well bound, or better, but it will not be the same. So a London-made watch-case copied here line for line, and in tint of metal to a shade, will be easily distinguishable from the original, even although the pattern is "engine-turned" and worked by a machine in both cases. The critic would not perhaps find a ready reason for his discrimination, and might find it impossible to give one; but none the less he would be safe in making it.

Just as I was turning from my warder, he said, "If you like old churches, sir, yonder 's one that 's one of the three or four oldest in the kingdom, they say, — St. Andrew's of Clure;" and he pointed off to a little spire that shot up from among some trees and hay-stacks two or

three miles off. This was welcome news; and after a word or two with him on the subject, I sought and found my Eton boy, and asked him if he knew the way to that little church. "To be sure," he said, mentioning the name. "I 've been there many a time. Would you like to go? We need n't go by the road; I know paths through the fields." We set off without more words. He took me down through by-streets, and then through workshops and stables, and at last brought me out upon a broad, low meadow; and then we followed by-paths and lanes. And here, from this out-of-the-way place, I got a view of the castle which surpassed in grandeur and in noble picturesqueness all views of it that I had seen before, either with my own eyes or in prints and pictures. The sky line was much finer, the whole pile had much more dignity, and the long, level foreground over which I looked stretched out directly to the base of the mound out of which that majestic growth of stone seems to spring.

As we walked, the lad, upon a little leading, told me about himself. He was a foundation scholar. His family had been a wealthy county family, but had decayed and become poor, — by means, I suspect, from what dropped casually with his story, of a scampish father and grandfather. But his friends had interest enough to get him a foundation scholarship at Eton, where he had been two years. But the poor fellow had not prospered; for he confessed to me that he had been plucked twice. Moreover, he told me how hard a life he led among the sons of noblemen and rich gentlemen who filled the school; how they scorned him and scoffed him, and at best slighted him, and took no more notice of him "than if he had been a puppy dog." I did not tell him, but I saw that the reason of this treatment was not only his being on the foundation, as he said, but his being neither clever nor strong. He was intelligent enough, and not a weakling; but he had been plucked twice, and I saw that he would not have counted for much at foot-ball or at cricket. He lacked both nervous energy and strength of fibre; and this in a foundation boy who was nothing at his books of course made him a nonentity at such a school as Eton, where, most of all places in England, the traditionary creed is held that

> They should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can.

But he was a good-hearted fellow, and with some independence, as I found; for he would take no tip from me, and had declined, as we came through the town from the castle, to have luncheon, suspecting, as I saw plainly, that I proposed it on his account. Poor, weak, sensitive soul! — sure not to succeed in life; able neither to take nor to keep, and ashamed to receive, yet far more worthy of respect than many who get both gain and glory.

After a pleasant walk we came out close by the little church, which stood almost literally among the hay-stacks, and which might have been hidden entirely from view, except its spire, by any one of many hay-stacks that I have seen in Pennsylvania; for it was no larger than a country school-house. But outside and inside it was a little jewel, of quaintest design, if design could be asserted of what bore the marks of different hands and different periods, — Saxon, Norman, and Early English. Part of it is said to have been built in the seventh century. It stood in its churchyard almost like a summer-house in a garden. It was composed of two parts, one much longer than the other. Its walls were of chalk and flint, and its roof was of flat, red tiles. It had a low, square tower, very heavily buttressed at the angles, from which rose, with a curved base, a small, sharp spire. The little porch at the side showed its rafters, as the whole church did; those of the porch were like an A. Although so small, it had a nave and side aisles, and little clear-story windows, the sills of which almost rested upon round arches supported by rude pillars. It had a pretty carved altarpiece; and there were the old high pews, — actually old, but comparatively very new; for at least one part of the church had been built centuries before pews and Protestantism came in together. It was by far the prettiest

country church that I saw in England, and much the most interesting, notwithstanding the superior age claimed for St. Martin's at Canterbury and the associations of the Hospital church at Harbledown. Yet upon after-inquiry among those of my friends who had been educated at Eton, I did not find one who had seen St. Andrew's of Clure, although he had been within an hour's easy walk of it for three years.

As I entered the church, there appeared at the porch, I know not how, as if she had come up out of a vault, an old woman, who smiled and courtesied and gave me good-day as I went in. She wore a cap, a folded kerchief, and an apron, all as neat as wax and as white as snow. I saw, of course, that the little place was her show; but how she managed to be there as I came in, the queen's head upon a shilling only knows; for there cannot be a visitor a day to this little place. I expected to hear her soon whining beside me; but no, she remained quietly at the porch, while I sauntered about the church until I got my fill of it; nor did she offer to speak to me until I called her to me and asked a question. She answered in so sweet a voice and with so pleasant a manner that she won my heart on the spot; but it had been half won, as I encountered her, by her smile, her cap, her kerchief, and her apron. She showed me the little that there was to be shown, and told me the little that there was to be told, about the church, which for its age was very bare of legend and of monument. As I passed out I observed the font close by the porch, — a large, low, dark-colored bath of stone, half filled with water. Around the edge, which was a full span deep, was arranged a garland of roses, the most beautiful, I think, that I ever saw. They were white and red and yellow, and their perfume filled the whole of the quaint old shrine; for the little church was hardly more. The old woman, seeing my admiration of them, told me that the rector's daughters had put them there "because to-day was St. Michael's and hall hangels." She dropped a little courtesy as she said it; and if St. Michael and all the other angels were not pleased with her simple obeisance, they must be harder to propitiate than I believe they are.

We went out into the church-yard, which had as much beauty as such a place can have, — more than any other that I ever saw. It was full of small dark evergreens (the Irish yew), which shot up, pointed like spires, from the emerald grass, the flowers, and the old head-stones. Although the place was so small and so rustic, there were others than "the rude forefathers of the hamlet" buried there. And as I went about among the stones the old woman, whom I kept near me by constant questions, that I might enjoy the pleasure of her speech, stooped to some planks which I had thought were the temporary cover of a new and unfilled grave, and removing one of them showed me a large and handsome vault. It was of white marble, finely finished, and had slabs for two coffins. She told me that a Colonel —— was building it for himself and for his wife; and she pointed out to me with evident pride its elegance and costliness. "See, sir," she said, "what a beautiful resting-place the Colonel is building for himself, and for his lady too, when it pleases God to call them. Could there be anything finer? See, sir, white marble and polished that the porch of your own house could n't be finer. [No, indeed, good soul; there you are nearer right than you seem to think.] It must be such a consolation to them, sir." And she spoke quite as if she thought that the Colonel and his "lady" ought to be very thankful, when it pleased God to call them, to be laid away in so grand and elegant a place.

I left her smiling and courteseying, and walked back to Windsor with my young Eton friend. I have since heard that she herself lies now in the church-yard; and although there will be no marble around or above her humble coffin, I have no doubt that she sleeps as well as if she lay in the tomb that she regarded as so inviting. Peace be with her; for she had a gentle way, a sweet voice, and she did not speak unbidden.

We crossed the Thames, going thus from Windsor to Eton, and from Berkshire into Bucks; but we were not out of one until we were in the other, and indeed it seemed to me as if, excepting the castle, both places could be covered with a large blanket. In this is one of the charms of England, and I believe of other European countries, — that in small towns which have always been small you may find buildings, like Windsor Castle and Eton College, which have always been large; and the cultivated fields and the green meadows come close up to the walls or to the houses. Eton is a very small place, but is full of houses in which it must be a delight to live, so indicative are their outsides of comfort and refinement, and, not least, of reserve. And this expression of reserve, which pertains more or less to the houses in all small towns in England, is much helped in all by the winding, irregular streets. You cannot stand and look down a row of houses a quarter of a mile long as if you were inspecting a file of soldiers.

It was now long after noon, and I saw in a field an Eton game of foot-ball. It was played with spirit, but with less dash than I had been led to expect. At another time, however, there may have been more. Apart from their uniforms, the players could not have been distinguished from the same number of Yankee boys, of like condition in life, engaged in the same sport. I also met a large party of "old boys," as they came up, in their uniforms, from a cricket match. A lathier lot of young fellows I never saw. Not that they were either weak looking or unhealthy; but they were not at all what the writings of English critics had led me to expect. Not one was robust; only one had color; and there was not a curling auburn head among them. I saw Eton boys by scores, and found them neither ruddy nor plump, but, like most other boys between twelve and twenty, rather pale and slender.

The full-dress Eton costume is a ridiculous one. It is a short jacket or roundabout, with a very broad turn-over shirt collar, and a chimney-pot hat. The combination is grotesque; and it is made more so by the solemnity of most of the young chaps when they have it on.

Hunger drove me and my young companion into a restaurant, and I shall never forget the looks of a little Eton prig who entered as we were sitting, and took a place over against us. He kept on his preposterous hat, gave his order as if it were for his own capital execution, and ate his cakes and drank his chocolate as if that event were to take place at the conclusion of his repast. My poor fellow was not one tenth part so dignified, although he was, I am sure, a hundred times more agreeable. And when the time came for us to part, and I thanked him for his company, he stood up and made me a bow, and said, "I have had a very pleasant day, sir, and I hope you have." We went out and shook hands, and he turned toward the school, and I across the Thames toward Windsor. I should be glad to know that he was no longer snubbed, or worse, and that he was not plucked at his next examination. I was soon in the train, and as we steamed away towards London, although it was only five o'clock in the afternoon, I saw the mist rising and lying in level bars across the trees some six or eight feet above the ground. It was so dense that it was plainly visible at a distance of not more than one hundred yards, — plain enough for me to make a memorandum sketch of it. But this seems to breed no malaria. The tertian ague of our forefathers has departed from England. Did it come over here with pork and beans and some other English blessings in the Mayflower?

*Richard Grant White.*

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

For the highest forms of art must we continue to go abroad? A partial answer to this question comes back, not from the oldest society of the Atlantic sea-board, but from a city in the Ohio Valley, where it must seem that American influences are almost exclusively at work. Whatever the Cincinnati faïence may indicate in other ways, it appears as a purely American achievement, and is for that reason full of suggestiveness to the reflective. Here is a young lady who, with a delicate feeling for art, has combined such inventive and analytic powers as have enabled her to work out, patiently and alone, a secret in pottery which has puzzled experts and practical potters in Europe for centuries. Miss Louise McLaughlin has produced a faïence such as only Deck of Paris and the Havilands at Limoges have produced hitherto. At the Exhibition of the Society of Decorative Art in New York several specimens of the ware were shown, and the full significance of the discovery was recognized by the high-priests of ceramic art in the metropolis, Mr. W. C. Prime and Mr. Bennett. This artistic inventor of Cincinnati (from whence Duveneck and Dengler also came), be it understood, has never been in Europe, and of course could have known nothing of the carefully concealed French processes.

The pottery made of an earth treated with a coating of enamel or glaze, and now commonly known as faïence, is not prized, as is porcelain, for its fineness or thinness. The various glazes which are in practical use in the manufacture of faïence are far greater in number than is usually supposed: in one establishment the foreman has the directions in his note-book for more than three hundred different glazes. It is now sometimes necessary to define the word "glaze" as that external finish which does not enter into combination with the colors or body beneath, and "enamel" as the finish which is incorporated with, and enters into a union with, the colors lying on the body beneath; but the word glaze is commonly used, generically, to include both glazes and enamels. Stated generally, there cannot be less than two firings in the manufacture of faïence (passing over salt glazes). The first firing is necessary to drive out all moisture, and to prevent further shrinkage when fired a second time at a heat sufficiently great to vitrify the glaze or enamel. But the earthenware treated with a so-called plumbiferous (containing lead) enamel, if colorless, was used to produce the faïence of Oiron (improperly called Henri Deux ware); the Wedgwood, with its bas-reliefs of white, etc.; and, if colored, such products as the Palissy ware, now successfully imitated in Paris. Without speaking of the stanniferous (tin) enamel, it is claimed that these wares have been surpassed in brilliancy of color by using a "transparent alkaline enamel." But it is highly probable that while better effects have been gained with glazes (to use the word in a generic sense) containing more or less of an alkaline element, too much emphasis has been laid on the mere matter of the glaze, and not enough on the more difficult preparation of the body on which the colors are laid before glazing and firing. The main fact, however, to be kept in mind is that until the last few years modern Europe could produce faïence decorated only in a thin style of painting, and with few colors, chiefly blue. The object to be desired at the present time is to paint on pottery under the glaze or enamel with a free choice of color and great brilliancy, and fix the results in firing by a proper protecting surface. The pieces of ancient Chinese and Persian ware have, until lately, existed only to excite unsatisfied longings for their reproduction.

A few years ago the Lambeth potteries made some progress in the handling

of color. But at last, in 1873, Laurin, by his discovery at Bourg-la-Reine, in France, gave an impetus to the movement which has finally reached high perfection. He made possible a decoration limited only by the decorative skill and coloring power of the artist. He led the way to a process which was in its effects to the old what heavy oil-painting is to thin water-coloring. But the glaze of the Bourg-la-Reine ware is said to be the softest of the glazes, yielding to the point of a knife, and the ware shows bubbles in its surface. Being fired at no great temperature, this glaze makes easily possible the preservation of the lines of the decoration in all their sharpness; but the ware lacks the brilliancy of coloring gained in firing by such processes as admit a very high temperature. What is gained in one way has been usually lost in another. Other faïence, it is true, has been made with a harder glaze than that of Bourg-la-Reine ware, but only in the old thin style of painting. Both these different wares lack the much-desired "diaphanous" effect, in which the colors seem to melt away into the enamel, and give the impression of brilliant colors seen under the surface of perfectly clear water. This *summum bonum* was not reached until Chaplet, the partner of Laurin, left Bourg-la-Reine, and united his processes with those of the Havilands (an American firm from New York, manufacturing at Limoges in France), who erected kilns especially adapted for the purpose at Auteuil. The ware now known to every one as Limoges faïence was then first produced in 1875; but none was publicly exhibited until 1876, at the Philadelphia Exposition in this country, where the pieces naturally excited great attention.

The indirect effects of such expositions receive curious illustration from our present subject. It was here that Miss Louise McLaughlin saw this ware, and without further clue set to work to secure the same effects. And now she can produce in the kiln of a manufacturer of common, coarse pottery in Cincinnati a faïence decorated with as great a variety and brilliancy of color as has been achieved by the Havilands of Limoges. It should be understood that after the technical processes which allow the wide range of coloring are mastered, the value of any one piece depends on the skill of the artist, as entirely as when canvas is used. To produce such ware, any one person must not only be a skillful potter of great inventive powers, but must have such artistic mastery of form and color as is required merely of a painter. Miss McLaughlin had, like many others, painted porcelain in the common manner, *over* the glaze (known as "china-painting"), and had given the results of her experience to the public in a little work on that subject in 1877. But in that year she boldly set herself to the ambitious task of reproducing the brilliant and heavily painted Limoges faïence. To paint *over* the glaze, as our many amateurs know, is easily and readily learned; but to paint *under* the glaze, with an unlimited palette and the desired brilliancy, demanded a combination of artistic and inventive powers not often seen. Then it is to be remembered, also, that the French processes were kept secret, and that her aids were only those to be found in the manufactures of common, coarse ware. The process of discovery was at first wholly empirical. For a long time, and through almost a hundred carefully made experiments, it was the old story of discouraging failure: a changing from one clay to another, a reversing of each part of the process, or a painful mastering of petty details. Each experiment was carefully recorded, and each new one made only after a study of the failures, or supposed success, of previous trials, until by a patient differentiation of disturbing elements there came gleams of partial success. At last, a substantial success was achieved in October, 1877; but as yet the threshold only had been gained. Late in the spring of 1878, a few specimens, although far from the results aimed at, were sent to Paris after the opening of the Exposition, and in competition with work there displayed received honorable mention from the

jury on ceramic products. The difficulties of working under the glaze are the greater, because the colors, as laid on, are often so entirely different from the intended effect when fired that, unlike canvas painting, the contrasts and harmonies can be kept during the painting only in the mind of the artist, who is in no way assisted by her sight. The effect can be seen only after the piece is fired, and when change or correction is impossible. But as to the actual processes used in the Cincinnati ware, nothing of course is known. Identical effects, however, were produced, as in the pieces sent to the Paris Exposition, when the coloring was applied to the ware before and after the first firing.

The finish used by Miss McLaughlin is technically an enamel, which fuses with the colors underneath. It is sometimes supposed that the Cincinnati faïence is the result of the discovery of a new glaze or enamel, merely; but in fact the glaze is but one part, and by no means the most important part, of a whole process of decoration, in which the preparation of the ware before firing and glazing occupies the chief place. That this is true is shown by the fact that Miss McLaughlin can produce similar effects by the use of different glazes. Nor is she dependent for the glaze she uses on the potter who makes it. The matter of the glaze is, however, on other grounds, a very important one, and it is quite certain that the young lady has made an improvement even on the work at Limoges. A glaze which, while being satisfactory in other respects, should be of such composition as to contract in cooling in the same proportion as the body underneath has hardly been attained even by the Havilands. Any one who goes the round of the china stores can see for themselves that in almost every piece of Haviland ware is to be found many fine cracks, which produce what is known as a "crazed" surface, caused by an unequal contraction in cooling. The same trouble showed itself at first in the Cincinnati faïence; but further experiments corrected this, so that in the largest number of pieces fired in 1878, and in all of those fired in 1879, no crazing is to be discovered. If the crazing does not appear within two months after the piece has been taken from the kiln, it does not usually occur.

That the discoverer reached her results by exactly the same processes, if she gained exactly the same effects, as in the Limoges is *a priori* most probable; but it may not be so. Her glaze does contain an alkaline element, but it would hardly be classified as an alkaline glaze in the sense used by the Havilands. The Havilands also state that an alkaline glaze cannot be applied in a liquid state; but in the manufacture of the Cincinnati ware the glaze can be applied in a liquid or powdered state. And, moreover, the Cincinnati and Limoges wares are fired at different temperatures. Ordinary porcelain, decorated over the glaze (if fired only once, as is usual here), requires a heat ranging from fourteen hundred to sixteen hundred degrees. The Limoges ware is fired, as is reported, at a temperature of about fifty-four hundred degrees; while the Cincinnati ware, in a kiln for common, coarse ware, is subjected to a heat of about nine thousand degrees.

As a consequence, while the effect of the decoration is brilliant and diaphanous, its surface will resist the point of the hardest steel instrument. Hence, should this system of decoration ever be used in the exteriors of buildings, like the terra-cotta work in the Boston Art Museum, these colors, as soft, varied, and brilliant as those of any canvas, would resist the action of rain, heat, and frost, and be practically imperishable. The discoverer already proposes to adapt her processes to portraiture and the higher forms of art. I have seen a head of large size on a flat surface produced by this process; the piece had unfortunately been broken in firing, but it showed the same distinguishing features as the pottery. In fact, in any form, the Cincinnati can be readily distinguished from the other wares. In each of the wares of Deck and Haviland, also, there are distinctive characteristics not to be mistaken.

Our country is as full of materials for fine ceramic products as a bountiful nature could well supply, and it would be strange if American skill and art did not create an industry here whose extent would in the future surpass any of our present conceptions.

— One of the most discouraging frailties of our race to those who feel called upon to observe and reprove the weaknesses of their kind is the propensity to keep old letters, — family letters, love-letters, gossip and idle-hour letters. Everybody intends, nobody likes, to destroy them. The pain that accompanies the re-reading of letters laid aside to be burned is put off as long as possible. Some thought of a future rainy day, when the fire shall be clear and everybody gone out, flits through the mind as the desirable time to bring the boxes of letters from their seclusion to be consumed. And yet Wisdom, remonstrating with careless Folly, and bringing up the unpleasant suggestion that strangers who intermeddle not with her living will interestedly pore over her treasured manuscripts when she is dead, — Wisdom will be silenced either by a promise to burn them "some day," or by an intimation given that Folly's feelings are so tender that she cannot make way with what is so dead "just yet;" as if it did not tighten the strings of Wisdom's heart to see the old letters go! — to watch the records of joy, of grief, of confident friendship or bitter experience, the links that bound her to life, perhaps, curl into gray ash! Would she not be spared the deadly faintness that follows the destruction of that yellowed paper with those short brown curls; that half-contemptuous smile over the ten-page "note," in which he said her conduct was maddening, and spelt maddening with one *d*? It is *vingt ans après*, and he is dead in the South.

The charming letters of foreign travel; those graphic sketches of intimate friends, illustrated by pen-and-ink drawings (what has become of the Miss Gushington on her Eastern camel?); the folded writings of our dead, — those who rest in the Lord, and those whose faces chill indifference has turned from us forever; and . . . the little tissue paper with one soft, flossy, yellow curl, with only a date over the blue ribbon, — let Wisdom burn these all, lest further accumulation make her mad before the gods come!

And Folly, who hesitates and lingers, will some day find that her nephew has been writing his school exercises on the backs of her old sweetheart's letters, and her nephew's class is moved by curiosity to find out who could ever have addressed Mrs. Folly as "My Sweetest Lamb and Blossom;" and this because poor Folly could not bear to burn up her old letters, and so consigned them to the house-maid as waste paper, at the risk of wringing Mr. Folly's heart could he have known how lovely woman stooped.

While the mania for collecting a million of stamps lasts, people supinely yield not only their present envelopes to the eager fingers that follow the more eager eyes fixed on the coveted stamp, but they relinquish their old stores of missives to be stripped of their badges. Give the stamps, by all means, but might it not be well to remember, O ladies fair, that these letters of purple ink and fine linen paper may trouble some heart you would be loth to grieve? Burn them, first cutting off the stamp; no one is called to account for idle words spoken, but those written and kept may do harm.

On reading the above, my wife said, "When I depart, I shall not leave any letters about for you to croak over, and there are never any in *your* pockets, I 'm very sure."

"Alas, there is very little of anything in my pockets," said I sadly. I was filled with astonishment at the direct manner in which the feminine mind arrives at conclusions.

— "Much has been said, and on the whole well said," on this village question, since the truth seems to lie, like a pie, between the upper and under crusts of statement. While in all the larger, and in most of the smaller, villages "something is going on" of a public and social nature, if not continually, yet I often think I never knew a young resident of average physique and intelligence who

was not eternally complaining of the dullness of country life.

Though probably no village exists in New England where there are literally no young people, yet in many there are so few left at home as to make life pretty forlorn. The effect is like a pulse with too few beats to the second, as any one may prove who will try for years to carry on a public meeting of any sort, with a decided doubt preliminary to each stated time of gathering whether enough will be present to say "*we.*"

Just as in a hall or church mere numbers of people assembled will raise the thermometer several degrees Fahrenheit, so the spiritual thermometer, sympathetically affected, rises from the massing of men together. In youth, when all the animal instincts are strongest, this one of mere gregariousness is peculiarly felt, and no "getting up of good times" at home, though useful, will ever fill the void.

When this time of tumultuous unrest, except when circumstances can keep the soul at the flood tide of living, is past, village life becomes very pleasant, especially to persons of simple tastes and limited means; and it is so because the theoretical and very often practical idea on which such life is founded, certainly in Massachusetts, is that propinquity of residence makes friends. What if they are not always congenial! Despite all the slurs cast upon the Christian idea of neighborhood life, any one who has passed his manhood in a village has tested a degree of kindness and self-sacrifice unheard of in cities except among near friends; and I protest it is not a worse hot-bed of gossip than the daily newspapers prove cities to be.

It is quite possible that the visible standard of social morality may be lower in villages than in the city, — which holds most of the best, as well as most of the worst, of men, — owing to the lack of a public opinion whose pressure can be felt; only there is more truth-telling in proportion in the former than in the latter.

The tide, by constant attrition, grinds the pebbles subjected to its action into what often seems a tameness of uniformity, but it does rub the corners off; and this fact of the pressure of public opinion may help to explain the greater tendency to insanity in the villages, if statistics prove this to be really so. I knew a lady who, living remote from cities, held high views on the subject of dress reform, and cared no more for the openly expressed disapproval of neighbors to whom she felt intellectually superior than for the whistling of the wind. She removed, at length, to a city, and was one day walking on the street with her husband, when he looked down, and asked, "Is n't your dress rather short?" The tide washed them out to sea; at once fashionable clothes on my strong-minded friend proved their power. What we country people notice in those on whom the city has placed her polishing hand are greater expensiveness of living every way, more repression of the outward show of certain animal instincts and idiosyncrasies, not more truthfulness or honesty, but less simplicity, and by no means, with greater knowledge of men, a necessarily higher degree of wisdom.

— Did you ever try "sketching on the spot" in verse? For instance, sitting on a breezy bluff, with the green sea rolling in upon the white beach below you, and the sea-gulls drifting away into the golden morning mists before you, did you ever attempt, then and there, to outline on paper some such stanzas as the initial ones of Edgar Fawcett's Passion and Fantasy? If you ever did, I venture to remind you of your utter failure. Honey is gathered in the open air and sunshine, from the flowers and leaves and buds; but it is made in the hive, where the worker is shut away from the bewildering influence of an excess of materials. When a poetic impression is forming in the mind is no time for artistic labor. The memory is storing away the ingredients of future inspirations, as the bee fills its honey-sack and loads its thighs for the making and filling of amber cells. Some day, in the quiet of your study, you will be seized by a fancy, and compelled to build a poem. Piece by piece

the beautiful stuffs will come to hand from some mysterious source, and swiftly the cloth of gold and purple and silver will be woven. You are surprised and delighted, not knowing that all this is but a kaleidoscopic turn of memory, by which the effects of nature, caught here and there, are brought to the light, after lying many days and nights in the most shadowy chambers of the mind, where they have absorbed the characteristic flavor, or essence, or *chic*, of your genius.

— Were you ever troubled by the ghost of a poem? I mean one of those shadowy, yet perfectly outlined fancies, which elude expression just in the way that a blue smoke-wreath escapes the grasp of a child's hand. Often I have chased one for days together, trying every kind of phrasing for a net in which to catch it; but no mesh ever seemed strong enough or fine enough. It would dance before my fancy's eye, gay colored, graceful, heavenly sweet, a mocking phantom of the perfect poem. It sometimes comes out of an indefinable suggestion, caught, as if by indirect vision, from some other poem. A mere phrase, even a word used in a new sense, a peculiarly musical rhyme, or the rhythm of a verse, may serve to call up one of these delightfully unmanageable shadows of song. I often wonder if just here may not be drawn the line dividing genius from mere talent by saying that it is genius which can capture, and talent which can only worry itself with trying to capture, this beautiful, ethereal thing as it wavers and shines in the subdued light of fancy. It may be that it eludes talent only to fly into the open hands of genius. But, somehow, to me, along with the charming apparition comes always a whispered hint that even the most exalted genius may get bewildered following this ghost of a poem, this will-o'-the-wisp of the border land of dreams. Then I smile, and am much consoled with the thought that some day, after gathering a rich heap of those "ruby and diamond and sapphire words" of which Théophile Gautier speaks, I shall write the perfect poem.

— It seems strange, when we have made such shifts for exercise as dumb-bells, Indian clubs, parallel bars, etc., that we should have left archery in the lurch. In a six-foot bow and a quiver of arrows you have a whole gymnasium. One of its advantages is that it is a game that you can play social or solitaire, as you like. Another advantage is that, while most of our athletic sports are masculine, this is neither masculine nor feminine, but human.

Archery to be anything must be taken hold of in earnest. As Roger Ascham says, "a man should wrestle with his gear," and Hansard declares that a man ought not to begin with a bow under fifty pounds, — I would say under forty. Mr. Maurice Thomson cautions against the danger of over-bowing one's self, but I have seen more persons under-bowed than over-bowed.

A word here in regard to bows. If you mean to *play* archery, you may buy all you like of these three-pieced inventions: otherwise, away with them! The English long bow, or a domestic bow of the English pattern, I think the most suitable for target practice. The domestic bows made after the Highfield pattern, high-backed, are the best.

I have used in hunting and roving a seven-foot Japanese bow: it is pleasant to shoot roving shots with; not so good for target practice, however. The belly of it is lance-wood, the back bamboo; it is wrapped and glued, and then japanned over. Most of the archers I know confine themselves to target practice, neglecting that free and life-giving part which Thomson has made so vivid for us, — hunting. I find I can concentrate on a living mark much more easily than a dead one.

When we compel ourselves to physical activity for the sake of health, that is exercise; but when we are active for the love of the thing itself, then exercise becomes recreation. We get muscle by any physical activity, but graceful muscles by doing the things we love. Hansard says, "We esteem it the peculiar excellence of archery that neither satiety nor fatigue attends it. At the close of the livelong summer's day I believe no

archer ever heard the upshot given without regret, — without wishing that the pastime was but then to commence. Everything connected with it has a fascination for me. I make my own arrows, and I enjoy the making of them quite as much as the shooting of them.

The archery revival wave is later in reaching New England than other parts of the country. The clubs now organizing will have to work with additional zeal to overtake the older clubs in the West. What they want first is thorough organization; then procure good tackle.[1] Buy English manufacture until our own workmen get more skillful. Then each club should have a uniform. A flannel suit cut after the sailor fashion for the gentlemen, and a sailor waist for ladies, makes a free, beautiful, and becoming archer's dress. The material may be green, if the taste of the club so direct. Each club should have a small archery library, — Roger Ascham's Toxophilus, Hansard's Book of Archery, Maurice Thomson's Witchery of Archery, A Life of Robin Hood, and the Robin Hood Ballads. Then in the room where the club or society meet it would be pleasant to have the walls, as far as possible, ornamented with bows and arrows of Indian make and the make of other nations.

There is an engraving, The Education of Achilles by Chiron, the Centaur, that ought to adorn the walls of every toxophilite society. Achilles has drawn the arrow to about half-way between his breast and ear; Chiron is showing him that he gets more power by elevating the shaft hand.

The old way among the Greeks was to draw low to the right breast; afterwards it was changed to the right ear. Ascham quotes Procopius, a Greek writer, as saying there was "no pithe" in the old way. This is, indeed, a fine stroke of the artist's, as Achilles would probably get the old way from his parents and comrades, and be taught the new way by the Centaur.

None of the writers on archery have been explicit enough in regard to the position of the fingers on the string while drawing. Maurice Thomson says, hook three fingers under the string. I think the commonly accepted way is that the string strikes the fingers midway between the tips and the first joints. I get cleaner loosing with the string nearer the tips, steadied by the thumb. Ascham, in speaking of the shooting-glove, says, "A shooting-glove is chiefly for to save a man's fingers from hurting, that he may be able to beare the sharp string to the uttermost of his strength. And when a man shooteth, the might of his shoote lyeth on the formost finger, and on the ringman, for the middle finger, which is the longest, like a lubber starteth backe, and beareth no waight of the string in a manner at all. Therefore the two other fingers must have thick leather, and that must have thickest of all whereon a man looseth most. And for sure loosing the formost finger is most apt, because it holdeth best, and for that purpose nature hath, as a man would say, yoked it with the thumb."

In my experience in arrow-making I have found two feathers glued spirally on the shaft to answer quite as well as three. I have shot arrows of my own making with Highfield's best, and had them go quite as true. I found after I had adopted two feathers that the Indians of South America used the same method of feathering. A pair of wings answer quite as well for an arrow as for a bird.

— Your notice of the Life of Mrs. Eliza A. Seton recalls the memory of one who was a conspicuous figure of my childish days. There is a certain stiffness about one's idea of a lady superior, the founder of an order, but there was nothing of the sort in the real Mrs. Seton, whom we used to know and love. She was the dear and intimate friend of our mother, who was, like her, a convert to the Catholic religion, and our two families were almost the only Americans of that faith in the city (New York). We Catholics were indeed at that time but a slender colony; in all the United States we had but a single bishop, Bishop Carroll, of Baltimore, —

[1] The word tackle in Welsh means arrow.

a brother, I think, of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton. In New York we had only one church, St. Peter's in Barclay Street; and what a plain little place it was! Mrs. Seton lived in Stuyvesant Street, near St. Mark's church, a locality then quite out of town. She was a loving-hearted woman, and one who openly manifested her affection for those she cared about. Her portrait is prefixed to the Memoir of her Life, written some years since by her grandson, Mgr. Seton. This does her no sort of justice, and, to my mind, hardly resembles her. Her eyes were peculiarly beautiful, of a soft, dark brown, as were those of her children, insomuch that the "Seton eyes" were proverbial among us. Yet it was not beauty of person so much as charm of manner that rendered her so universally attractive. She won hearts wherever she appeared. The Setons were indeed a very lovable family, and endowed in unusual degree with those poor, perishing charms on which we are warned not to set an undue value.

It was in 1808 (or 1809) that Mrs. Seton left us, to found the sisterhood at St. Joseph's, near Emmettsburg, Maryland; and we children never saw her again, though frequent intercourse was for years maintained by letter. Of her work it may truly be said that it was sown in weakness, but raised in power. From that humble beginning came the order whose beneficent labors are too well known that I should need to recount them here. But, like other pioneers of great enterprises, the little community underwent sad hardships. They were but a handful of women, alone in an unsettled region, and they were bitterly poor. I remember a little anecdote in illustration, half ludicrous, half pathetic. Among the inmates was Sister Rose, a strong-minded, energetic person, who looked a good deal after the temporalities of the place. One of the younger sisters was suffering from toothache, to relieve which an application of ginger was proposed. "Susan, dear," said Sister Rose, "*had n't you better offer up the pain to God, and save the ginger?*" We may be sure that such economical devotion was not enforced where our kind Mrs. Seton reigned; but think of the state of things where such a saving could be considered an object!

— The article in defense of Uncle Sam, in the August number of The Atlantic, answers itself pretty well. The argument is about this: I admit that my client has acquired possession of property belonging to A; that he knows the owner; that he does not notify the owner; that he cautions all of his subordinates to keep it a secret: but I insist that if the owner or his duly accredited agent will make demand of my client's chief clerk in proper form, he will be accorded both the information and the money. Suppose one were to apply this sort of reasoning to the ordinary case of a dropped pocket-book. I know the owner, but he does not know that he has any claim against me. Is it enough for me to say that when he demands his property I will hand it over, or if he asks me for information I will give *that*, — meanwhile cautioning all my employees to keep the finding a secret, on pain of dismissal? What if there *is* a possibility that an announcement might open the door to fraud! No fraud could be worse than retaining what does not belong to me. I insist that Uncle Sam is amenable to the same moral rules as other people, and that he ought (for the sake of example) to be more careful than any one else to pay every cent which he owes.

Now I have never prosecuted a claim for a dollar against the government, either on my own behalf or that of any one else, and very likely I never shall. Uncle Sam owes me nothing. But in the course of some seventeen years of intermittent residence at Washington I have seen and heard enough to satisfy me that the system in vogue of dealing with money wrongly in governmental hands is by no means a creditable one.

# RECENT LITERATURE.

In the new edition of Webster's Unabridged[1] we read the possibility of a periodical dictionary recording the verbal changes and additions which the growth of a spoken and written language compels. It is sixteen years since the last great revision of the dictionary; at the close of this period the editors, who from time to time have silently corrected or improved the body of the work, present a supplement of nearly five thousand words. How many years will pass before a new set of plates is made, absorbing this supplement and later accretions, it is impossible to say; but there are manifest practical difficulties in the way of an indefinite series of supplements. The natural order would seem to be one supplement and then a new complete edition, followed again by a supplement to that edition; and in this way the student of our language would be furnished with a guide to the changes which take place and are recorded, say, twice in a generation. With a row of successive editions and supplements on his shelf, the future student will enter upon his scientific study of the evolution of language with great boldness and hope. To our minds, this dictionary has ceased to be encumbered with the personality of Webster. The name of its founder still rightly clings to it, and the very height of the growing shadow lends something to the stature of the original personality which gave birth to this mighty thing; but the impetus which this concretion of scholarship has now obtained, together with all the material interests involved in its fortunes, gives us a right to regard the dictionary as an organic institution, with an interest for all Americans, quite freed from any petty considerations of partisanship.

An American Dictionary of the English Language, as Webster fondly called it, with more prophetic truthfulness than the skeptics of that day would allow, is at length justifying its title, and for better or worse is establishing itself as the representative repository of our speech.

It is of course to be understood that the supplement contains not only words which have gained admission into the language since the publication of the last edition of the dictionary, but many which were previously overlooked. The principle continues to govern that the dictionary records words and meanings, and exercises the judicial faculty sparingly. The great bulk of additions is derived from the manufacture of terms which our scientists indulge in, and no single work can indicate so strongly as this the immense industry in science which has characterized the last half generation. We fancy that the editors have been embarrassed here by the claims which have come before them for adjudication, and we suspect that the array of terms with their definitions is anticipatory, in some cases, of general usage. A scientific writer invents a term to express a new classification which he has made, and accounts for it at the outset. He may be the only writer who will ever use it, and in that case the word need not find admission into the dictionary. Its general adoption by other writers must determine whether or not it is coin of the realm. Perhaps some such reason as this has determined, for instance, the omission of the useful word *antigeny*, lately thrust forward, and of *Algic*, which Schoolcraft in vain urged as the adjective of Algonquin. We miss *goloid* also, and trust the absurd composition will disappear from our public discussions before the editors find it necessary to put the word itself into their cabinet. *Antimacassar* appears, but the reader of Happy Thoughts looks in vain for the mysterious *antigropelos*. *Send* as a noun, used by Longfellow in the line,

> "Borne on the send of the sea, and the swelling hearts of the Pilgrims,"

does not appear; nor does *remede*, which Emerson uses in Monadnoc: —

> "Thou dost succor and remede."

In Browning's recent poem, Ned Bratts, occurs the word *outstreat*, and in a foot-note he points to Donne as authority: —

[1] *An American Dictionary of the English Language.* By Noah Webster, LL. D. Thoroughly revised, and greatly enlarged and improved, by Chauncey A. Goodrich, D. D., late Professor in Yale College, and Noah Porter, D. D., LL. D., President of Yale College. With an appendix of useful tables. To which is added a Supplement of nearly five thousand new words, with their definitions, etc.; also a new Pronouncing Biographical Dictionary, containing nearly ten thousand names of noted persons in ancient and modern times, giving their nationality, their occupation, and the dates of their birth and death. Springfield, Mass.: G. & C. Merriam. 1880.

"They did not eat
His flesh, nor suck those oils which thence outstreat."

*Dagos*, as people of Spanish parentage born in Louisiana were once called, does not appear, and the use of *death* in the phrase *to be death on* might as properly be noted as in the phrase *to be the death of;* the disagreeable commercial phrase *to value* for *to accept a draft* is fortunately not given, but it would have been interesting to find the artistic term *values* of a picture noted. Several of Ben Jonson's classic importations fail of a place, among them *tribade* in his line —

"Or with thy tribade trine invent new sports."

*Chalk*, in the phrase *by a long chalk*, might properly have been admitted under *Add.*, since the phrase "to know chalk from cheese" is recorded *s. v. chalk* in the body of the work. Lowell says, in his Biglow Papers, —

"'T will take more emptins, *by a long chalk*, than this new party 's got."

It is indeed very easy to convict a dictionary of inconsistency. Why is *cent shop* here, and not *dollar store?* One might preach a sermon upon these two phrases, and trace the decadence of thrift in them. *Figuline* is given, but not its friend, if not substitute, *figurine*. *To go back on* occurs under *go*, but not the phrase *to go for*, with its curious double use in exactly antagonistic meaning. *Shebeen* is given, but not the more idiomatic *shebang*. *Launder* as v. t. is set down as obsolete, and reference made to Shakespeare; but the editor could have seen the word on street signs as he took his daily walk after working on the dictionary. *Millerite* in the supplement should have appeared as an additional term to the same word in the body of the book. *Infair*, a characteristic Southern and Western word for the reception of a wedding party at the bridegroom's house, is not here; nor is *sen*, a Japanese coin. *Rose-cold* and *hay fever* are pronounced one and the same thing; but is not this unmedical? The definition of *kindergarten*, etymologically, strikes us as defective. Was it the mere accessory of a garden, or was it not the treating of children as plants and flowers, which supplied Fröbel with the word? — a word which is protected only by its German form from being disagreeable to our anti-sentimental ears. *Derringer* is given with a correct definition, but the reader is not told that it owes its name to a Philadelphia inventor and manufacturer in the first instance. We miss *fly* in its technical sense as employed by the vast army of base-ball players; and considering the fact that the game of base-ball generally occupies more space in the daily paper than the game of European politics and war, we think all its terms might find explanation. The modest and convenient word *comradery*, as good as its French brother, is omitted, and so, we are happy to say, is the foolish *walkist*. *Croquet* is given with the accent on the second syllable, as becomes an American dictionary; in England it is accented on the first.

So we have noted at random words and phrases which came to mind in running over these pages, and we offer thus our contribution toward that complete dictionary in which all members of the republic of letters have an interest. A new edition is not yet under discussion, we presume; when it is made, we hope space will be saved and order introduced by marshaling under a root word all the derivatives and compounds which now hold independent places. The growth of the dictionary in bulk is something to alarm a thoughtful man when he thinks of his great-grandchildren. The appendix in this edition is enriched by a new and useful brief biographical dictionary, which has the virtue of giving the names of living men and women; and by means of this and other convenient compilations, one's library of reference is brought within the covers of a single book. We are glad that the editors have not yet thought it necessary to add a concordance to the Bible and Shakespeare. We dare not say boldly that they never thought of such a thing.

— The reissue, with nearly threescore portraits, of J. C. Hamilton's Life of Alexander Hamilton,[1] containing the great body of his writings, will bring freshly before the minds of students the importance of the study of Hamilton's works and career. We might have preferred to have Mr. Hamilton print his father's papers distinct from his own comment, following Sparks's plan in his Life and Writings of Washington, but the main advantage rests with us in having so full a magazine, not only of Hamilton's writings, but of facts and rumors concerning him. It cannot be said that the fathers of the republic have been neglected. Washington, Franklin, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Munroe, Hamilton, Sam Adams, Gal-

[1] *Life of Alexander Hamilton.* A History of the Republic of the United States of America, as traced in his Writings and in those of his Contemporaries. By John C. Hamilton. Illustrated with numerous Portraits. In seven Volumes. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

latin, John Quincy Adams, have all been preserved in stately octavos; Pickering, indeed, still lacks fit presentment, and so does Rufus King and possibly Otis, good as Tudor's Life is; but the first duty of collecting and arranging the materials illustrating the birth of the republic has largely been fulfilled. Undoubtedly, the same work in some instances must be done again, since fresh material has come to light. Washington's writings, for example, ought to be re-collected and reëdited with scrupulous regard to the original MSS., and with reference to the many scattered letters which have come to light since the publication of Sparks's edition. An admirable opportunity awaits some critical scholar, with a wide historical sympathy, for the publication of Washington's complete writings upon the plan followed by Mr. Spedding in his splendid edition of Bacon's works, the biography accompanying, commenting on, and established by the writings, which by a simple typographical arrangement are made distinct from the editor's work.

We look confidently for a class of critical scholars who shall expend unreserved labor upon authoritative editions of the writings of the men who translated the logic of events into the logic of words; but we apprehend that at the present time another class of writers is forming of which there is more urgent need. Mere antiquarianism, or even scientific scholarship, applied to the constitutional history of the country, can wait a little; but the historical writing to-day which interprets Hamilton or Jefferson as organically connected with present phases of national life appeals to us with great force. As was remarked in this journal when the first volume of Dr. von Holst's work was under consideration:[1] "The make-shift habit . . . has so impressed itself on the minds of our people that we have only too few students who want to learn from the past how to avoid the follies and dangers of the future. No question was ever better argued than the tariff question was, in the years between 1820 and 1833. But the reader of our newspapers to-day would hardly know that the question of protection had then been carefully argued on its principles." But we think there are faint signs of a better condition of things. Historical and political students are beginning to read current affairs in the light of our own historical precedents, and a literature is slowly forming which is concerned with the broad relations of the republic to its own genesis and to the history of freedom. Indications of this spirit of inquiry were given by Dr. Lodge's Life of Cabot, Mr. Morse's Life of Hamilton, and now again by Judge Shea's Life and Epoch of Hamilton.[2]

The volume before us finds a chronological close at the adoption of Hamilton into Washington's military family; at that point Hamilton's youth ended, if indeed it ever began; but Judge Shea's work being a historical rather than a biographical study, he has found abundant material for his handsome and substantial volume. Hamilton as a personal actor figures slightly in its pages, but the preliminary discussions have so far cleared the way that the subsequent volumes, which the author hopes, but does not promise, to give, will probably be more closely connected with Hamilton's career. Meanwhile, the present volume may yet be taken, independently, as an examination into the political principles involved in the erection of the United States, or, to use Judge Shea's favorite term, the States in Empire. The author's method has been to sketch, as a proem, the relation which Hamilton bore to the new nation; and having thus justified himself in giving Hamilton's name to the epoch, to proceed with a detailed analysis of Hamilton's career. A third of the volume is thus taken up with an introductory canvass of the whole subject; and of the remaining two thirds much the greater part consists of a historical survey of the time before 1776, with which date the volume closes. Hamilton's significant action was confined to the remarkable incidents of his speech in the fields, his controversy with Seabury, and his clever handling of his artillery company in the early engagements at White Plains and the crossing of the Raritan. The book cannot therefore be regarded as a portrayal of Hamilton in any such sense as Morse's excellent Life; it must be taken as a historical and political study, especially of the times preceding the war, and as such it is worth and will receive careful attention. Judge Shea frankly confesses his immense admiration for Hamilton; but then he gives a reason for his admiration, and his reason leads him into wide discussion of political generation. His delineation of Hamilton's individual characteristics requires him to

[1] Atlantic Monthly, xxxix. 631.

[2] *The Life and Epoch of Alexander Hamilton.* A Historical Study. By the Hon. GEORGE SHEA, Chief Justice of the Marine Court. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

make two comparisons, one with Talleyrand, the other with Burr. He does not distinctly declare Talleyrand's obligation to Hamilton, but he draws the comparison with such shrewdness that the reader will form the conclusion which the author holds in his own mind; in the comparison with Burr, which turns mainly on the elementary characteristics of the two men, excellent use is made of Hamilton's own frank confessions. From intimations here and there, it is plain that Judge Shea has used opportunities for what is next to personal acquaintance, — the acquaintance with those who knew Hamilton intimately. It is to be hoped that he will also make use of material illustrative of Hamilton's career as an advocate, not preserved in J. C. Hamilton's edition.

The value of the work follows, we apprehend, from the clearness with which the author has seized upon certain leading political principles of which Hamilton was the great exponent, and has illustrated them by his reading of history. Judge Shea thinks continentally, as Hamilton did, and he has the advantage of Hamilton's thought and of historical evolution. In a single sentence he has stated the gist of his political philosophy, and many of his most pregnant passages are in expansion of this idea: "A war is near at hand. Not one, as [Hamilton] so early wished, which might maintain and extend the dominion of England; but one that will end by dividing its empire, yet vindicating its ancient principles of constitutional liberty." Thus he sees clearly and expounds forcibly the great fact that the war for independence was a constitutional war, fought by men who were unwittingly saving England as well as establishing the United States. Thus all the measures looking toward conciliation with England, the aspect of the several parties in America, the attitude of Burke and Shelburne, are related with a definite understanding of the underlying sentiment which accounted for many otherwise perplexing facts. One of the most admirable passages in the volume is that which closes the detailed and vivid account of Bishop Seabury, and in the analysis of this man's action and motives Judge Shea justifies his claim to write history.

His interest in his special subject has misled him, we think, into paying too much attention to Hamilton's juvenile letters and occupations. The scrutiny, for instance, which he gives to the letter to Edward Stevens brings up results out of all proportion to the importance of the letter. Perhaps he has deferred his illustrations of the political temper of the times; at any rate, his slight allusion to Hamilton's tone toward his opponents is not enough to account for the personal antagonism which grew out of his cabinet relations. In a literary point of view, it is to be regretted that a style not too attractive at its best should have been marred by forms and phrases which a more rigid criticism could have obviated. Such are the Scottishly obtuse use of *will* twice in the introduction, and elsewhere in the body of the book; the defective punctuation or careless formation, which erects conditional sentences into complete ones; the use of such confusing or awkward phrases as these: "France and Scotland have not been unkindred alliances" (page 148); "Each was distinctly a gem — yet alike" (page 30); "Hamilton, and the nationalists of that period who followed his lead, knew that a commonwealth or a Cromwellian era was alike not to the purpose of settling for their country a beneficial, competent, and permanent government" (page 11); "When England acquired Canada by the peace of 1763 from France, that, bringing Canada under the English dominion, relieved the New England colonies from the active hostilities of a people with whom those colonies were ever at enmity — aliens, as the New England colonists would have said, in blood and religion" (page 322), — where the important word *that* is tucked away almost out of sight. We do not like such words as *viability*, out of a law book, nor *essentiality*, nor *exceptless;* nor do we feel comfortable at reading, "Concerning this we shall hereafter have proper occasions to sufficiently elaborate" (page 58). We want Judge Shea to speak his mind freely for three volumes more if possible, but to take the pebbles out of his mouth when he speaks it. These blemishes may cost him some readers, and for the readers' sake we hope they will disappear in future volumes and in a revision of this. Meanwhile, a journey over a corduroy road, even, may be taken when it is laid through an interesting country.

— There are books which, however gracefully written, appeal less to our literary taste than to our domestic, and the memoirs of the Baroness Bunsen[1] is one of them. Her husband was a prominent figure in the group of intellectual men who were so intimately con-

[1] *The Life and Letters of Frances, Baroness Bunsen.* By Augustus J. C. Hare, author of Memorials of a Quiet Life, etc. In two volumes. New York [and London]: George Routledge and Sons. 1879.

cerned in the religious life of England and Germany which accompanied the historical Renaissance of Niebuhr and Arnold; his labors and his books have long been the possession of the world, and his life has more recently been published. Who Bunsen was and what he had done could have been answered by many persons in America very clearly before his life appeared, but no one can well read the memoirs of Bunsen's wife without being reminded how large and important a part of a public man's life may be wholly screened from the world. If the Baroness Bunsen's memoirs had not been published, we should have had glimpses only of an inner world in which Bunsen lived, — we should have heard by reports of visitors to it of its charm and sacred seclusion; by this disclosure we have enriched our personal acquaintance, not only by getting new knowledge of Bunsen, but by forming a personal and friendly attachment to his wife.

The character of the baroness, as amply illustrated in her letters and in the details of her family life, was one of rare fullness and strength, of integrity and delicacy, which blossomed and flowered within the natural domestic and social boundaries of her existence. We have rarely had presented in literature so fine an example of womanly repose. The circumstances of her childhood and youth, so quaint in their old-fashioned loveliness, were like a hedge of roses to hem in her undeviating way toward an honest yet broad womanhood. Bunsen plainly influenced her mind in a theological direction; but the somewhat vague and ethnical views which caused him often to be misunderstood, perhaps by himself also, served chiefly to expand her charity and to extend the reach of her fine susceptibilities. There was a rock of solid, unquestioning devotion in her nature, which never for an instant was shaken. The course of her life was constantly interrupted by adverse circumstance, growing out of her husband's public career, and by death after death in her family circle; but the agitations and regrets which spring up naturally are overcome by a triumphant, unconscious devotion, which makes the reader half forget the funeral procession which winds through the pages of the book, especially in the second volume, when Madam Bunsen's growing age is told off by the passing bell for almost all her friends.

There is nothing very complex in such a character to the ordinary eye, and the illustration of it is not marked by a great variety of incident. We can easily believe that the book would be pronounced dull by many, and that some disappointment would arise upon seeing so many names of eminent contemporaries and so little in the way of gossip about them. The book certainly is a leisurely one. Mr. Hare might have omitted many letters, and the continuity of the narrative would not have been broken; he might doubtless have added many more without materially increasing the range of our impression; we simply take it as it is. It will not afford vast entertainment, nor tickle one's jaded nerves with smart epigrams; but there yet remain people who, loving orderly and high-minded life, are glad to refresh themselves with a slow and quiet book which takes them from the agitations and noise of the world about them, into the cool retreat of a family circle where the highest aims are pursued and the best things give the greatest pleasure. Madam Bunsen's life, though led often in court surroundings, and drawing vitality from intellectual sources, was after all a singularly domestic one. She lived most intensely in that growing circle of children and grandchildren of which she was the charming centre; and it reinforces one's confidence in the world of to-day to be permitted to have so intimate an association with that *fons et origo* of Christian civilization, the family. Such a life as Baroness Bunsen lived is possible, apart from its circumstances, to many an American matron, and no one can carefully scrutinize it without borrowing something of its charm and learning to feel a finer scorn for meanness of living.

— It appears to us that Mr. Didier[1] has managed discreetly a nice and difficult affair. He had to let appear the character of a famous woman in whom no one of all those who pity her misfortunes can fail to see the hardness and untempered ambition, and he has left the work mainly to Madame Bonaparte herself, who is fully equal to it, in the many extremely clear and strenuous revelations of her own letters. The world has long known the story of how this beautiful American girl of eighteen married the brother of the First Consul, and was divorced from him by the order of the Emperor, and thereafter wasted her life in the vain endeavor to get recognition and money out of her husband's family. They were thoroughly vulgar people, all those Bonapartes, except Joseph and

[1] *The Life and Letters of Madame Bonaparte.* By EUGENE L. DIDIER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.

Lucian, and they were not so much shocked as other people would have been by the persistence of the wife of Jerome, who would have been ready at any time to take anything from them. She had been atrociously wronged by the unscrupulous adventurer on the imperial throne, but he remained her ideal of greatness, and she longed for nothing so much as admission to his presence. There is little reason to doubt that, as Mr. Didier suggests, she would have been a true mate to Napoleon: she was equally aspiring, she was even harder, and she had a courage and will that none could surpass. She made little pretense of romantic affection for Jerome, who indeed deserved no affection; she scoffed at the imbecility of love; she sought herself in her marriage with him; and it is doubtful if she suffered by her separation except through a cruelly foiled ambition. She was long willing to receive the help he always meanly withheld; and she seems scarcely to have felt any resentment towards him, or enmity towards his second wife. After the failure of her hopes, she remained in Europe for the education of her son and his settlement in life. When he married outside of the Bonaparte family, the last blow was dealt to her hopes, and she returned to the country upon whose petty provincial dullness and commercial vulgarity she could not heap loathing enough in her letters. They form a unique study of an entirely worldly soul, without one gleam of desire or purpose beyond "the pride of life." She was a woman of very strong mind, and a shrewd and unerring thinker upon the level she chose; but that level was the lowest that any mind, untainted by vice, as hers certainly was, could choose. She placed all her hopes upon this world. One after another they failed her utterly, and left her life a monumental ruin, hardly less imposing to the student of character than that of the great Napoleon himself. It is pathetic, but it is even more terrible, — the life-long defeat of that able intellect, that indomitable will, that heroic courage; and it remains a warning, not an appeal, because it does not seem to have involved the anguish of a heart.

— Whatever a journalist of Mr. Reid's experience might have to say of his profession would be worth the attention of the public. What he does say in his recent address before the New York and Ohio editorial associations [1] is curiously full of instruction and interest. He has known practically almost every department of journalism, beginning with the editorship of a country newspaper in his own State, and arriving at the management of one of the first journals in the commercial metropolis; he has been a reporter and a war correspondent; he has been news-editor and writer of leaders; he speaks with authority. The general reader ought not to care less for his ideas than the class to whom they were especially addressed, for hardly any one is more concerned in newspapers than the general reader of them; but we doubt if the clear formulation of opinions and reasons will be more surprising to him than to many, perhaps most, of Mr. Reid's fellow journalists. It has, for instance, long been the prevalent impression that the prosperity of a newspaper is to be measured by the extent of its advertising; but Mr. Reid shows that after the advertising passes a certain amount it is received at a loss to the publisher, who must print supplements to contain it, and who cannot make any extra charge for these supplements. Mr. Reid's belief is that the great journals must reduce the bulk of their advertising by increasing their rates, and that the cheap advertising must seek cheap mediums. His ideal newspaper, the journal of the future, somewhat vaguely shadowed forth, is one in which there will perhaps be no advertising at all. This not impossible sheet will be of such limitations as to size that the reader need not leave anything in it unread; and contemporary history will be presented with as much clearness, succinctness, and literary art as the old news which the historians rehearse for us. Mr. Reid says with perfect justice that there is no reason why Motleys and Macaulays should not be employed in writing contemporary history; and we trust in the day when the publishers of newspapers will find their account in paying what it will cost to employ historians to write their news. Till that day comes, we need not quite content ourselves with history as it is written by the slightly paid, but apparently not underpaid, beginners in journalism, who are not only not able to philosophize their material, but cannot begin to give it form. Money can tell here, at once, — a very little more money than is spent now; but the publishers may be sure that a man of talent will not work for just as little as a man of no talent. Money, however, will not suffice

[1] *Some Newspaper Tendencies.* An Address delivered before the Editorial Associations of New York and Ohio. By Whitelaw Reid. New York. Henry Holt & Co. 1879.

alone. The historian, or the journalist, must be allowed to select and reject. You cannot expect him to record day after day that Daniel O'Brien dealt a severe scalp-wound to Mrs. O'Brien with a flat-iron, both parties being drunk, and keep his literary self-respect. The day will soon come when he will not say that O'Brien was drunk, but beastly intoxicated, and the rest will follow, and you will have local-reporting in all its native magnificence again. Mr. Reid, in deprecating the publication of criminal news, — we wish he could have spoken more decidedly, — has suggested one difficulty in the way. But it is not in the narration of the great criminal events, which really concern civilization, that a man must lose heart and pride; it is in dealing with the bloody and filthy trivialities of the day. Perhaps the news-gatherer should not be allowed to write at all, and certainly the writer should be left undisputed master of his material. You cannot get Macaulays and Motleys on any other terms.

We think that Mr. Reid is perfectly right in saying that the press has never been so decent, so able, and so powerful as at present; and that its advance has been as constant as it has been immense. He derides the hope that newspapers will ever again be as cheap as they were before the war, for the simple reason that their making is now twice as costly, and they are so infinitely better that their readers would not tolerate a journal of the earlier date. He gives some very interesting and valuable details from the books of The Tribune relative to the expense of making a paper in those simple times when an editor's salary was less than a book-keeper's, and not comparable to the wages of a journeyman plumber; and he measures the growth of journalism by the fact that whenever a great editor of former days returns to newspaper life, he sadly and amusingly fails, to the surprise of all his reverent juniors.

Mr. Reid believes in the autocracy of the managing editor. He should be absolutely independent of the counting-room, and should be master of the paper down to the last particular of its advertising. That it should be necessary to say this is rather melancholy; but it is very well to have it said squarely, and we hope his hearers took it to heart.

He has not, he owns, realized his ideals in all points, but he is a man of a conspicuous genius for journalism; and there are no observers of our civilization who will not forgive his short-comings for the sake of his achievements. Not the least of these is the extinction of personalities in all the decenter New York papers, — a good which we believe we may attribute chiefly to his theories and example.

— That very large and respectable class of readers who suppose themselves familiar with the history of England could hardly amuse themselves more profitably than by making a comparative study of it in the widely differing works of Mr. Green[1] and David Hume, Esq.[2] It is not that these authors differ so much in their facts, though their different use of the same facts hardly leaves them the same. Their instructive and entertaining disparity is in their respective moods, attitudes, and theories. David Hume, Esq., wrote at the period of the self-satisfied eighteenth century when it was perhaps most self-satisfied; when its accurate little sciences had got its whole little universe well in hand; when politics, learning, and all the polite interests were definitely ascertained to be the affair of well-born people, who, if not always cultivated themselves, had their culture done for them, as the Turks have their dancing, by respectful dependents; when government was the business of princes and their ministers, and religion the concern of the clergy, and philosophy of the philosophers. Hume belonged to the philosophers, and he had his eighteenth-century doubts of religion, — doubts that compared with the regretfuller skepticism of our day seem a part of the smug and cheerful complacency of that time. He united to his Voltairean way of thinking about religion the highest high Tory opinions in politics, and his history is a curious blending of reverence for the crown and irreverence for the church: a saint meets small honor at his hands, but a prince, if he be tolerably wrong-headed and tricky (not too far gone that way, like John), receives full homage. Saint Dunstan and Charles I. are hardly to be known for the same people in the respective pages of Mr. Hume and Mr. Green. But Hume had the true eighteenth-century slight for early English history, and dismissed with contemptuous brevity

[1] *History of the English People.* By JOHN RICHARD GREEN, M. A. In three Volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879.

[2] *The History of England, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Revolution in* 1688. By DAVID HUME, ESQR. A new Edition, with the Author's last Corrections and Improvements, to which is prefixed a short Account of his Life, written by himself. In six Volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879.

the annals of Saxon kingdoms in which Green searches painfully for the origins of English character and civilization. "The sudden, violent, and unprepared revolutions incident to barbarians . . . disgust us by the uniformity of their appearance," he says; and "the dark industry of antiquaries . . . would in vain attempt to pierce into that deep obscurity which covers the remote history of those nations." He had himself so little of this "dark industry" that his enemies accused him of annotating his page with the names of authorities which he knew only at second hand; but he wrote a style which was the despair of the great Mr. Gibbon, and which is still charming, and all the more charming because some of its turns are grown quaint and a little archaic. It is not, of course, the style that a clever man would write nowadays; it is too formal, too poised, too academic, trimming its movement, as the taste was in those days, with a spread of antithesis, like the waver of wings with which the ostrich helps itself forward; but it is strong enough, and neat and clear, and it is characteristic, which so much of our contemporary style is not. It is the full-dress style of that period, but it is not too pompous to unbend to details concerning the life of the people at different periods, and by no means concerns itself merely with affairs of state, for the dignity of history was not one of Hume's superstitions. Though prejudiced, and sometimes not quite honest, he was not always unjust. He hated the Puritans, but he could not help recognizing greatness like Cromwell's, and his study of the character of that greatest of English rulers is not at all such as one might expect of "a man who had presumed to shed a generous tear for the fate of Charles I. and the Earl of Strafford," as he swellingly says of himself in his autobiography. Nor is his portrait of James II. drawn with a flattering hand; and though we should hardly think the private life of Charles II. "in the main laudable," because he was "an easy, generous lover, a civil, obliging husband, a friendly brother, an indulgent father, and a good-natured master," yet we cannot accuse a historian of gross adulation who stops short with this praise. In fine, Hume was too shrewd a thinker, too wise a man, to let the Toryism of his nerves blind him to the truth. The limitations of his history are characteristic of a period before histories were exhaustively written, and before history in its universal significance was dreamed of. But it is graceful, easy, and lucid narrative, and it has survived to our time through its literary virtues. If the reader cares to know what contemporary and succeeding critics thought of it, he will find much to his purpose collated by the "dark industry" of Mr. Allibone, in his laborious Dictionary. Mr. Huxley's essay,[1] also, has been opportunely published for those who would have a completer view of the man and his whole work, offered by a kindred spirit. But those who have time will not misspend it in making Hume's acquaintance through his history, which the publishers have newly presented with all those advantages of paper, print, and binding so admirable in the companion editions of Macaulay and Motley.

Mr. Green's work is the result of the great acceptance of his Short History of the English People, and we do not know how it could well be more satisfactory than it is. Its mood and temper and thought are those of enlightened and modern-minded men. The spirit in which it examines the remoter past is careful and sympathetic, and is always rather reverent than patronizing. It is at all times interesting, and in its treatment of the great epochs — those of Alfred, William, the Reformation, Elizabeth, the Commonwealth, the Revolution — it is soberly just and humanely liberal. It is always the people, their origin, their growth, their destiny, that the author keeps in mind; but it is their history in the larger sense that he writes, and he does not bind himself to be perpetually giving details of what they ate and what they drank and wherewithal they were clothed. There is more of this in Macaulay, and perhaps even in Hume. He is not a brilliant writer, nor a very original thinker; his plainness sometimes verges upon bareness, but his good sense and his right-mindedness are unfailing, and if one can have but one history of England these virtues make his the one to have.

— Mr. Ingersoll's book consists of a historical sketch of the War Department;[2] some notices of the duties and methods of the various offices which compose it; bits of history relating to our regular service,

[1] *English Men of Letters. Hume.* By Professor Huxley. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879.

[2] *A History of the War Department of the United States, with Biographical Sketches of the Secretaries.* By L. D. Ingersoll, author of The Life and Times of Horace Greeley, Iowa and the Rebellion, etc. Washington, D. C.: Francis B. Mohun. 1879.

our militia, and our volunteers; and brief biographies of the successive secretaries. It reminds us anew of certain facts well worthy of incessant consideration: such as that our regular army has always been admirable in quality, but far too small for any great emergency; that our volunteer system furnishes capital troops, providing we can have time to embody, drill, and discipline them; and that our state militia is utterly worthless in war except to supply drill instructors for the volunteers. The war of 1812 found us with an army of 6744 men and officers; the governors of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island refused to order out militia except for the defense of their respective States; such militia as did take the field sometimes refused to cross the frontier, and usually ran away in field engagements. The army which ignominiously recoiled at Bladensburg, leaving our capital to a trivial force of invaders, consisted chiefly of militia.

The Mexican war saw something better arise. Militiamen could not, fortunately, be sent abroad, and the government hit upon the happy expedient of "United States volunteers." During our civil war the militia was tried once more, and showed once more its military insufficiency. The giant struggle was fought out by a volunteer army, zealously but feebly assisted by the slender array of regulars (sixty thousand men from first to last), and guided by our scientifically educated regular officers, without whom even the intelligent and willing volunteers would have been little better than a military mob. Such are the most important facts which are impressed upon us by Mr. Ingersoll's far from impressive narrative. They stimulate one to believe that the general government ought to assume the duty of selecting the regimental officers of its own volunteers, and that the regular service should be liberally used as a source of supply for these very important positions. Colonels and lieutenant-colonels, detailed from among the company officers of the permanent army, would soon drill and discipline regiments of intelligent citizens, and fit them for early victory. Personal experience justifies the assertion that volunteers prefer such commanders, and fight with increased confidence under their guidance. The troops once organized and in the field, promotion might be made in the usual manner, so that volunteer officers should be stimulated to good conduct. Of course, such a system implies that the battalions of the regular army should be somewhat numerous, and that they should be abundantly supplied — in peace, oversupplied — with officers. The plan would cost money, but a policy of niggardliness will in the end cost much more; besides which, it is pretty sure to open every war with a year or so of disaster and disgrace.

Of Mr. Ingersoll's treatment of his topic one wants to say little, because it is impossible to say anything flattering. His book is scrappy in statement; confused in its collocation of facts; inelegant and ungrammatical and rustic in style; full of *emphase* as to events and people, no matter how commonplace; redolent of puffery for influential politicians; and, in short, a poor production every way. The trumpeting of panegyric is general and laughable; everybody seems to be great and good, — even Simon Cameron. The sketch of this noble secretary closes with the statement that he was lately "the object in a court of justice of a most disgraceful blackmailing assault, which was promptly repelled, to the great gratification of every pure and well-regulated mind." Probably our "pure and well-regulated minds" will be surprised to learn that they took any interest in the vulgar squabble. The sentence is characteristic of the book in judgment and taste and style. On the whole, here is a subject of national importance very poorly treated, and we are once more reminded that it is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

D. Appleton & Co., New York: Essays from the North American Review. Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice. — Epiphanies of the Risen Lord. By George Dana Boardman. — The Development of English Literature: The Old English Period. By Brother Azarias of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. — Money. A Tale. By Jules Tardieu. — Classical Writers. Edited by John Richard Green. Milton. By Stopford A. Brooke. — Freedom in Science and Teaching. From the German of Ernst Haeckel. With a Prefatory Note by T. H. Huxley, F. R. S. — The Human Species. By A. De Quatrefages, Professor of Anthropology in the Museum of Natural History, Paris. — The Life of His Royal Highness, the Prince Consort. By Theodore Martin. With Portraits. Vol. IV. — "My Queen." — Peg Woffington. By Charles Reade.

Harper and Brothers, New York: History of the United Netherlands from the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce, 1609. By John Lothrop Motley, D. C. L., LL. D. In four volumes. — Half Hour Series. The Lover's Tale. By Alfred Tennyson. — The House of Lys. One Book of its History. A Tale. By Major-General W. G. Ham-

ley. — Readings from English History. Selected and edited by John Richard Green, M. A., LL. D. — Half Hour Series. The Lady of the Lake. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. — The Task. By William Cowper. — Labor and Capital Allies, not Enemies. By Edward Atkinson. — The Rivals and The School for Scandal. By Richard Brinsley Sheridan. — Marmion. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. — Mr. Leslie of Underwood. By Mary Patrick. — The History of Henry Esmond, Esq. By William Makepeace Thackeray. — The Life of Charles Lever. By W. J. Fitzpatrick, LL. D. — A Ragged Register (of People, Places, and Opinions). By Anna E. Dickinson. — A True Republic. By Albert Stickney. — Shakespeare's Tragedy of Othello. Edited with notes by William J. Rolfe, A. M. — Modern Whist, with the Laws of the Game. By Fisher Ames. — Wassail. By Colonel Charles Hamley. — Holidays in Eastern France. By M. Betham-Edwards. — Dorcas. A Novel. By Georgiana M. Craik. — The "Green Hand." By George Cupples. — The Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland. With a View of the Primary Causes and Movements of the Thirty Years' War. By John Lothrop Motley, D. C. L., LL. D. In two volumes.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: Delicia. By Beatrice May Butt. — Some Newspaper Tendencies. An Address delivered before the Editorial Associations of New York and Ohio. By Whitelaw Reid.

Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston: Spain in Profile: A Summer among the Olives and Aloes. By James Albert Harrison. — The Philosophy of Music. Being the Substance of a Course of Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, in February and March, 1877. By William Pole, F. R. S., F. R. S. E., Mus. Doc. Oxon. — The Law of Hotel Life; or, The Wrongs and Rights of Host and Guest. By R. Vashon Rogers, Jr. — Tanagra Figurines.

Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago: Maiden Rachel. By Ella A. Giles.

Proportional Representation. The True Reform. By John H. Ward.

Provost & Co., London: To my Lady, and Other Poems. By Pakenham Beatty.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: The Bible of To-Day. A Course of Lectures. By John W. Chadwick. — Cupid and the Sphinx. By Harford Flemming. — The Art of Flower Painting. By Mrs. William Duffield. With Twelve Illustrations by Dalziel. From the Twelfth London Edition. Edited by Susan N. Carter, Principal of the Woman's Art School, Cooper Union. — Outlines of Ontological Science; or, A Philosophy of Knowledge and of Being. By Henry N. Day. — The Morning Star. A Poem. By Edward Ryder. — A History of American Literature. 1607-1765. By Moses Coit Tyler, Professor of English Literature in the University of Michigan. — The Leavenworth Case: A Lawyer's Story. By Anna Katharine Green. — An Essay on Free Trade. By Richard Hawley. — Six to One. A Nantucket Idyl. — German Classics. Goethe's Faust. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by James Morgan Hart. — What is the Bible? An attempt to answer the question in the light of the best scholarship, and in the most reverent and catholic spirit. By J. T. Sunderland. — Catholicity in its Relationship to Protestantism and Romanism. Being six conferences delivered at Newark, N. J., at the request of leading laymen of that city. By the Rev. F. C. Ewer, S. T. D. — Thanatopsis. By William Cullen Bryant. Illustrated by W. J. Linton. — Bryant among his Countrymen. The Poet, the Patriot, the Man. An Oration before the Goethe Club, Wednesday Evening, October 30, 1878. By Samuel Osgood, D. D., LL. D. — Hampton Tracts for the People: A Haunted House. By Mrs. M. F. Armstrong. — Who Found Jamie? By Helen W. Ludlow. — Preventable Diseases. By Mrs. M. F. Armstrong. — Duty of Teachers. By E. Collingwood. — The Health Laws of Moses. By Helen W. Ludlow. — Soldier and Pioneer. A Biographical Sketch of Lieut.-Colonel Richardson C. Anderson, of the Continental Army. By E. L. Anderson. — Gerrit Smith. A Biography. By Octavius Brooks Frothingham. — The Library Companion. Vol. II 1878. — Visions of the Future, and other Discourses. By O. B. Frothingham. — A Popular Treatise on the Currency Question. Written from a Southern Point of View. By Robert W. Hughes. — Fasting Girls: Their Physiology and Pathology. By William A. Hammond, M. D. — Improved Dwellings for the Laboring Classes. — Free Trade as Promoting Peace and Good Will among Men. By Charles L. Brace. — Hindrances to Prosperity; or, Causes which retard Financial and Political Reforms in the United States. By Simon Sterne. — Honest Money and Labor. An Address delivered in Boston, October 23, 1878. By the Hon. Carl Schurz. — National Banking. A Discussion of the Merits of the Present System. By M. L. Scudder, Jr. — International Copyright. Considered in some of its Relations to Ethics and Political Economy. By George Haven Putnam. — The Secret of Success; or, How to Get on in the World. By W. H. Davenport Adams. — Thoughts on the Religious Life. By Joseph Alden, D. D., LL. D. With an Introduction by William Cullen Bryant. — The Art of Figure Drawing. Containing Practical Instructions for a Course of Study in this Branch of Art. By Charles H. Wiegall. Edited by Susan N. Carter. — Proposed Legislation on the Adulteration of Food and Medicine. By Edward R. Squibb. — Emergencies. How to Avoid them and How to Meet them. Compiled by Burt G. Wilder, M. D. — Briefs by a Barrister. Occasional Verses. By Edward R. Johnes. — The Assailants of Christianity. A Lecture. By O. B. Frothingham. — Poesie für Haus und Schule. A Collection of German Poems for use in Schools and Families. Selected and Arranged by L. R. Klemm. — The Puritan and the Quaker. A Story of Colonial Times. — Bohême. By Charles Stuart Welles. — Man's Moral Nature. An Essay. By Richard Maurice Bucke, M. D. — The Great Fur Land; or, Sketches of Life in the Hudson's Bay Territory. By H. M. Robinson. — Roman Days. From the Swedish of Viktor Rydberg. By Alfred Corning Clark. — A Bundle of Papers. By Paul Siegvolk. — Is Life Worth Living? By William Hurrell Mallock. — The Round Trip by Way of Panama, through California, Oregon, Nevada, Utah, Idaho, and Colorado. By John Codman. — Proceedings at a Reception in Honor of the Rev. O. B. Frothingham. Given by the Independent Liberal Church at the Union League Theatre, Tuesday evening, April 22, 1879. Together with the Report of the Farewell Sermon delivered by him at Masonic Temple, April 27, 1879. — The Breton Mills. A Romance. By Charles J. Bellamy. — Under the Bells. A Romance. By Leonard Kip. — Bi-Metallism. A Lecture delivered at Harvard University, May 8, 1879. By the Hon. Hugh McCullough. — Studies of Paris. By Edmondo de Amicis. Translated from the Italian by W. W. C.

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO.'S

LITERARY BULLETIN.

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., Publishers, Winthrop Square, BOSTON.

**** *The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of the price by the Publishers,* MESSRS. HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., *Winthrop Square, Boston. Prices are given on page 12.*

**Longfellow's Poems, — Subscription Edition.** — The sumptuous edition of Mr. Longfellow's Poems now appearing in numbers kindles hearty admiration wherever it is seen. Love for the poet whose songs are already household treasures all over the world, and the exquisite art with which his felicitous descriptions are realized in the pictures which accompany the finely printed letter-press, combine to render this work one of remarkable attractions.

The New York *Tribune* expresses very aptly the public sentiment for Mr. Longfellow and the judgment of the best critics concerning this edition of his Poems: —

The edition of Mr. Longfellow's Poetical Works, published by Houghton, Osgood & Co., forms a superb and attractive illustration of the place which is held by the honored poet in the hearts of the American people. Among the engravings is a new steel portrait of Mr. Longfellow from a photograph especially selected by the author himself, and doing rare justice to his expressive and gracious features. The landscape views which are freely scattered throughout the numbers are actual transcripts from nature, reproducing some of the most beautiful portions of American scenery which have gained a wide celebrity by the exquisite delineations of the poet. . . . . The numbers already issued show the high water mark of wood engraving in this country; and the profusion with which the illustrations sprinkle the pages is the best proof of the liberal scale upon which this noble tribute to America's most popular poet has been planned.

The New York *Christian Intelligencer* remarks: —

Of the many beautiful works which have been issued from the famous Riverside Press, we recall none which compares with this sumptuous edition of the works of the veteran poet of America.

**Fireside Emerson.** — A new edition of Mr. Emerson's works is just ready in five handsome volumes, which will be sold only in sets. It comprises the same as the "Little Classic" edition, and is bound in attractive styles in cloth and half calf. This is a very compact, and — considering its small cost — ought to be a very popular edition of Mr. Emerson's writings. Of the rank and value of these writings it would be difficult to speak too strongly. The grateful consent of the best minds in America and in Europe places them and the beautiful and majestic personal character behind them among the most potent and salutary influences in the literature and life of our generation.

**A New "Bodley" Book** is nearly ready, and probably it would be difficult to make another announcement which would be hailed more enthusiastically from one end of the country to the other. The "Bodley" books seem to have become an institution, a necessary part of the year's good things, an indispensable preparation for holidays and birthdays. Each of these books yet issued has been in greater demand than that of the previous year, and each has caused all the volumes published before to be sought after eagerly. "The Doings of the Bodley Family" were necessary to a satisfactory understanding of "The Bodleys Telling Stories," and both of these to a full enjoyment of "The Bodleys on Wheels." Having read these, a boy or girl is now ready for "The Bodleys Afoot," which will come early in October. The cheery family travel on foot from Boston to New York, the time being occupied in listening to stories of the places through which they go, and other stories; pleasant poems come in occasionally; little chapters of history add special interest to many localities; and, on the whole, they have an exceedingly happy time. Mr. Scudder, the story-teller, is good for this. The book will have many interesting and pretty pictures, and the covers, inside and outside, will be curiously attractive. Please note this on your memorandum book.

**A New Book by Miss Phelps** is always a very welcome announcement to a large circle of readers. The book which is promised this season is not a novel but a volume of short stories, named from its leading story, "Sealed Orders." Miss Phelps became famous years ago, on the publication of her "Men, Women, and Ghosts," as one of the most successful of short story writers; and years have added wisdom, varied observation, and assured literary skill to the freshness, power, and noble impulse shown in her earlier stories. "Sealed Orders" will appear in October, and can hardly fail to be

one of the best and most popular books of the year.

**Old Friends and New.** — Under this title Miss Jewett has gathered several stories and sketches which have appeared in the ATLANTIC and other periodicals. They have all the simple sincerity and exquisite literary tact which have made Miss Jewett's "Deephaven" one of the most charming books of recent years.

**Her Lover's Friend, and Other Poems.** — Miss Nora Perry, whose name is pleasantly familiar to readers both by her magazine stories and poems, and by her book "After the Ball," has collected the poems she has written since the appearance of that attractive book into a volume which will be published shortly. Its airy, alert, readable qualities, in addition to its genuine poetical merits, will not fail to win for it an army of delighted readers.

**A New Book by Bret Harte** is in preparation, entitled, "The Twins of Table Mountain and other Sketches." It includes, in addition to the leading story, "An Heiress of Red Dog," "The Great Deadwood Mystery," "A Legend of Sammtstadt," and "Views from a German Spion." Most of these stories fall within the domain of which Mr. Harte is acknowledged master; and the felicity of touch in which he is unsurpassed; the rapid, definite characterization for which he is distinguished; and the humor which pervades his writings, give to this little book elements of wide popularity.

**Oliver Wendell Holmes,** on completing his seventieth year, received from the press a most gratifying and unanimous recognition of the great and varied and delightful service he has rendered to literature. As representing the general spirit of the tributes paid to him, we copy the following paragraph from the Boston *Advertiser*: —

To-day Dr. Holmes is seventy years old, and there will be no reserve in the unspoken wish from thousands of hearts that many a summer may yet await him, and round each year with sunshine. It may truly be said of him that he has never printed a dull page; and probably no one ever read his books "skipping." In the "Breakfast-Table" company, the *Autocrat*, the *Professor*, and the *Poet*, and in the romance of "Elsie Venner," there is overflowing wit, and no sparing of thought and speculation that make books worth reading. The satire is sharp, and sometimes falls upon the innocent countryfolk as well as the guilty; but the wounds are not deep, and the hand that hurts cures as well. A fresh reading might make the old wounds sensitive, but in remembering the books there is only pleasure; they were enlivening; they afforded substance and stimulus for conversation for a long while, and their characters make part of the small — it is hardly safe yet to say undying — but long-lived company in American literature.

Dr. Holmes's place among poets is very high. We are not sure that it is not the highest among Americans. . . . . No poet was ever more versatile. Whether his poems are for class dinners or church dedications; whether they welcome the Princes of Russia or France, China or Japan; whether they greet a political, military, or mercantile hero; whether they overflow with rollicking fun or touch the most serious things in life; whether they eulogize the dead or inspire the living, — they are always exquisitely adapted to the occasion. There is one other characteristic which Dr. Holmes shares with all the distinguished poets, and prose writers, too, of America, and that is entire purity. While the poets of other countries often choose coarse and most disagreeable subjects, and make them more demoralizing by their treatment, the American poets — Dr. Holmes, Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell — never offend by word or suggestion.

**Dramatic Persons and Moods** is the title chosen by Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt for a new book which is nearly ready. It comprises the poems she has written since the publication of "That New World," and exemplifies afresh the unusual imagination and poetic power which have won for Mrs. Piatt so high and enviable a place among American poets.

**Reader's Handbook of the American Revolution.** — Mr. Justin Winsor, the accomplished librarian and professor of bibliography in Harvard College, has prepared a very useful book with the above title. It is a thoroughly digested and classified statement of all publications, whether books, pamphlets, or newspaper articles, relating to the Revolution, and making clear the successive steps and events, as well as the accompanying opinions and passions, of that momentous time. It is not intended as a history, but to point out to one who wishes to study that history minutely, or any special section or aspect of it, all the available materials, and enable him to do this with the least trouble and fruitless search. Mr. Winsor has a positive genius for systematizing and perfecting such a book as this.

**Household Parnassus.** — This collection of poetry, which had the high honor of being selected and edited by Mr. Emerson, is now published in a new Household Edition, uniform with the popular Household Editions of Whittier, Tennyson, and other poets. It has an introductory essay by Mr. Emerson, which discusses poetry and poets in a charming fashion. When "Parnassus" first appeared, one critic spoke of it as having "no equal in our language, for it includes the pith and bloom of English verse from Chaucer down to our own time." The Hartford *Courant* pronounced it "one of the most delightful household books of poetry, if not the most enjoyable of all compilations, that have ever been published."

"**American Poems**" is the fitting title chosen for a book just published, which contains some of the most characteristic poems of several of the most eminent of American poets. It includes Longfellow's Evangeline, Miles Standish, and the Building of the Ship; Whittier's Snow-Bound, Among the Hills, Mabel Martin, Maud Muller, and several other pieces; Bryant's Sella, and The Little People of the Snow; Holmes's Grandmother's Story of the Battle

of Bunker Hill, and The School-Boy; Lowell's Vision of Sir Launfal, Under the Willows, Under the Old Elm, and Agassiz; and Emerson's The Adirondacs, The Titmouse, and Monadnoc. This will be recognized, by any one at all familiar with the best American poetry, as a remarkably choice collection. The editor, whose name is a guaranty of excellent taste and conscientious literary accomplishment, has prefixed to the selections from each poet a sketch of the poet's life and writings, and has added materially to the value of the book by foot-notes explaining the historical and personal allusions, and whatever else requires explanation. The book is primarily intended for use in schools, for which it is admirably adapted; but it is also a most desirable volume for private and public libraries. Very rarely is a book published which contains so much that is in the highest degree attractive.

**Scott and Dickens,— Illustrated Library Edition.** — This edition of Dickens's entire Works and of the Waverley Novels is now completed. Waverley is comprised in twenty-five volumes, Dickens in twenty-nine. The former has upwards of fifty-five steel engravings, including a spirited portrait of Sir Walter; the latter has more than 550 illustrations by the best English and American artists. Though the price of these books is so small ($1.00 each for Waverley, $1.50 for Dickens), the paper and binding are exceptionally good, rendering them peculiarly serviceable, as they are in all respects desirable, for library use. Every public library, and every private library but the smallest, must have Dickens and Waverley in some form; and this *Illustrated Library Edition* of these delightful classics is confidently recommended to all who wish "the best of literature in the best form possible."

"**Breathings of the Better Life,**" a book which has been cherished with unusual gratitude by its many thoughtful readers, is now published in the "Little Classic" style and at half its former price. Miss Larcom, the compiler, has made considerable additions to it, including — as many will be glad to know — some extracts from her own writings. It is a religious anthology of remarkable value; not a mere collection of brilliant sentences, but rather comprising the best, sincerest, most helpful thoughts of the wisest and best men and women of all ages. No sect can claim it; the thoughts here reproduced sprang from that lofty and noble mood which lifts above the petty divisions of sect, and which imparts something of its own spirit to those who are capable of appreciating it.

**Mrs. Whitney's Stories,** which have charmed and quickened hosts of readers, are now published in uniform style and price by Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co. The list comprises the following books, named in the order of their publication: Faith Gartney's Girlhood, The Gayworthys, A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life, Patience Strong's Outings, Hitherto, We Girls, Real Folks, The Other Girls, and Sights and Insights (in two volumes). Very few writers can show a series of stories in which the charm of the narrative is so great while the spirit of the whole is so pure, the impulse and suggestion so salutary and ennobling, so free from mawkish goodness and yet so thoroughly good, and with so much humor and good humor pervading them. As Mr. Whipple once said: —

> The purity, sweetness, shrewdness, tenderness, humor, the elevated but still homely Christian faith which find expression in her writings, endear her to thousands.

**Taylor's Faust.** — Bayard Taylor's admirable translation of Goethe's "Faust" is just ready in a single volume, uniform with the single-volume edition of Bryant's noble translation of the Iliad and Odyssey. It contains not only the First Part, which has been translated many times, but also the Second Part, of which very few versions have been attempted. Mr. Taylor, with his patient genius for work, his keen and comprehensive insight, and his admiring enthusiasm for Goethe and his masterwork, not only made a most successful translation of this Part, but furnished an analysis which competent scholars accept as the satisfactory solution of what had been generally regarded as an insoluble problem. A German critic, speaking of this work, says: "It is such a masterpiece of translation that we scarcely know another which can be placed beside it."

The London *Saturday Review* testified: —

> It can be safely maintained that the rich and varied music of "Faust" has never before been as faithfully represented to English ears.

And the New York *Evening Post* pronounced it "a transfer of the spirit and the form of that wonderful book into our own tongue to an extent which would have been thought impossible had it not been made."

**Lockhart's Life of Scott,** which, by common consent, ranks as one of the masterpieces of biography, has just been reissued in three volumes, uniform with the new Illustrated Library Edition of the Waverley Novels. It has several fine portraits and steel plates. Alison, in his "History of Europe," speaks of this work as

> "Executed with so much skill, and in so admirable a manner, that, next to 'Boswell's Life of Johnson,' it will probably always be considered as the most interesting work of biography in the English language."

**Scott's Tales of a Grandfather** have just appeared in three volumes uniform with the Illustrated Library Waverley. It is a very handsome edition of these famous pictures of Scottish history, and worthy an honorable place in all libraries.

"**Detmold**" has received a degree and kind of notice from the critics that must be very gratifying to Mr. Bishop, and hardly less so to his admirers. The New York *Tribune* point

out the "spirited and graphic sketches of the peculiar features of foreign capitals," the great effect with which the characters are handled, the consummate skill shown in the portrayal of the heroine, and says: "The peculiar charm of 'Detmold,' as a literary production, is the rare union of perfect naturalness with artistic finish of composition," adding that in reading it you are "startled and waylaid by a reflection of unexpected boldness, an original flash of thought, or a suggestion acute and pointed even to subtlety, betraying a writer of no everyday accomplishments, with whom the construction of a novel is not the task of an artisan, but the inspiration of an artist."

**Globe Waverley and Dickens.** — To meet the demand for an edition of the novels of Scott, very cheap but printed from type of good size and well bound, Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co. have prepared what they call the *Globe* Edition, comprising all the Waverley novels in thirteen volumes, substantially uniform with the *Globe* Edition of Dickens in fifteen volumes, at one dollar each. The type is excellent, so that the page is as legible as that of the costliest editions. All good citizens, except perhaps the oculists, will welcome editions of these charming novels so inexpensive that all can own them, and sure not to ruin the readers' eyes.

**Good Drainage** is so vital a matter, and has come to hold so prominent a place in modern sanitary science, that anybody who throws new light upon it is a public benefactor. Col. Waring is a persistent worker in this line of philanthropy, and he has just brought out a new edition of his work on "The Sanitary Drainage of Houses and Towns," including in it his recent article in *Harper's Magazine* on "The Draining of a Village," and that on "Recent Modifications in Sanitary Drainage" in the July ATLANTIC. The book now merits more than before the Hartford *Courant's* indorsement, —

It ought to be in every house and be consulted there. It is worth a dozen of the household "doctors' books" that are treasured up by anxious parents against the coming of sickness, for this is intended to keep preventable sickness away altogether.

**Greene's "English Language"** has already excited no little interest among educators. One of the foremost in the country, Mr. William T. Harris, Superintendent of Public Schools in St. Louis, writes: —

I have looked over Mr. Greene's work on English Language with interest, and do not hesitate to say that I think it will prove a valuable text-book for those advanced pupils for whom it is intended.

Mr. D. N. Camp, principal of New Britain Seminary, Connecticut, says: —

The work is very comprehensive, and seems to be exhaustive in its presentation of the forms of language. It will give a careful student a thorough knowledge of the English language, and prepare him to understand more readily the structure of other languages.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

**The Waverley Novels.** By SIR WALTER SCOTT. *Globe Edition.* With Steel Portrait and many Steel Plates. 13 volumes, 16mo.....$13.00

**Tales of a Grandfather.** By SIR WALTER SCOTT. Uniform with Illustrated Library Edition of Waverley. Illustrated. 3 vols. crown 8vo..... 4.50

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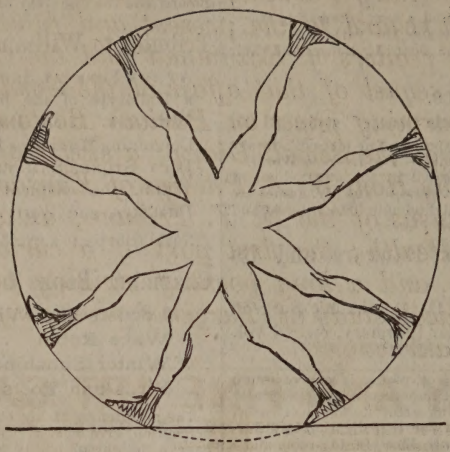

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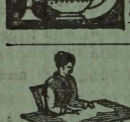

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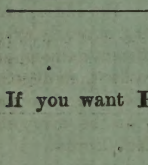

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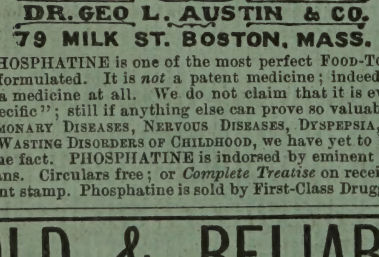
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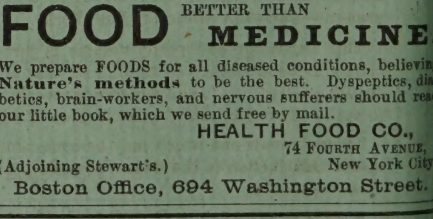

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VOL. XLIV.—NOVEMBER, 1879.—No. CCLXV.

## OUR MILITARY PAST AND FUTURE.

AN observing visitor to a Southern plantation, having noticed an entirely tailless cat enter a hole in a corn-rick backwards, asked a colored agriculturalist if he knew the reason of that singular mode of ingress.

"Why, ye see, boss," was the reply, "dat ar cat use ter go inter dat hole headfomuss, jess like any other cat. But one day de tarrier dog, what had been layin' fur him a good spell, made a grab at him as he was a-gwine in, an' bit his tail squar' off. An' ever sence den, boss, dat ar cat goes inter dat hole hinefomuss, so 's de tarrier dog can't bite off his tail agin."

If the Southern extremity of our commonwealth had been carried clean away by the terrier dog of secession, instead of hanging painfully by a shred for several years, and at last getting cobbled on rather crazily, it is probable that we should have taken extreme precautions against a repetition of the amputating performance. In plain words (if any words can be plainer), what remained of our federative state would have conceded great powers to its general government, and would have provided it with a sufficient army.

But secession failed: we beat it after four years of doubtful war; we beat it at the price of half a million of lives and thousands of millions of money. Delighted with our success, and apparently all the more delighted with it because of its fearful cost in blood and treasure, we have fallen back upon our old belief that we need only the simulacrum of a military force. We have so enfeebled our army that we cannot concentrate a thousand men without difficulty, and must constantly hurry its thin battalions from point to point to meet the needs of a vast frontier. There is a strong political party which pretends to fear it as an engine of tyranny, and endeavors every now and then to weaken it still further, or to stop its pay. One is tempted to admit that republics are indeed forgetful and short-sighted beyond all other governments.

We certainly need all the men that we have. Any attempt to reduce our military establishment below the present niggardly estimates should be discountenanced as the act of an ill-intentioned or silly demagogue. Indeed, a force of thirty-five or forty thousand regulars would not be more than we could employ profitably, nor more than it would be true wisdom and frugality to support. The fewness of our troops, so far from being productive of unmixed saving, necessitates extraordinary outlays in transportation, sufficient to maintain several thousand additional soldiers. At any moment we are liable to an Indian war,

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considerable enough to break through our slender lines. Finally, and far the most important consideration of all, there is the always possible chance of a contest with some civilized power, and the consequent need of a strong regular force to serve as a nucleus for our citizen troops, and to furnish them with instruction and leadership.

Meantime, it is wise to admit that the American people will not maintain in time of peace such a land service as would be necessary in a great conflict. Of the political traditions of the free and self-governing Anglo-Saxon race, one of the very strongest is jealousy of a standing army. Our popular belief is that it is a potency hostile to liberty, and that it should not only be restrained to mere military action, but should be kept so weak in numbers as to be incapable of political influence. Our politicians dislike it because its cardinal motive of *obedience* cares naught for their arts of persuasion; because its modes of action are beyond their understanding, and largely beyond their direction; and because they cannot use its dignities as rewards for their adherents. Finally, our national frugality, or rather our simulation of that quality, militates against an institution which seems to be slightly needed in peace, and which, we constantly hope, will not be much needed in war. The result of these aversions and beliefs is that our permanent army has always been small, and that it will probably continue to be small for many years to come. It is but practical and wise to concede that in all great wars our principal reliance for numbers will be upon our citizen soldiers.

Of these we have two kinds, quite distinct in law from each other, — the militia of the different States, and the national volunteers. The latter, non-existent in time of peace, are in war on the same footing with the regular army, serving under an oath to the general government, and bound by its direct orders. The militia are not United States troops, but legally and strictly state troops, — the soldiers of Connecticut, of South Carolina, etc. The statutes of the United States on this subject go no farther than to require the enrollment in the militia of all able-bodied males between eighteen and forty-five, excepting those who are exempted by the laws of the United States, or who may be exempted by the laws of the different States. The troops of each State are organized, and their officers are appointed, by the authorities of that State. Nor can the general government call them directly into service; it can do that only through a requisition on the governor. In short, the militia is not a national force by constitution, and can be used temporarily as such only when the state rulers are loyal and willing.

Of these two very different kinds of citizen soldiers, which will be our main reliance in war, and which best deserves some serious national thought as to preparation and instruction? Let us look to the past for a reply. At the risk of terribly wounding American vanity, I shall present a truthful summary of

### THE MILITARY HISTORY OF THE MILITIA.

The militia of the Revolution was what the troops of semi-independent communities must always be. It was badly organized, because provincial governments cannot make a good organization; it was undisciplined, because it chose its own officers, and claimed privileges as local troops and as men who had not ceased to be citizens; it was inexperienced, because it seldom remained in the field more than three months at a time. In addition to these defects, it was ununiformed, armed with all sorts of guns, often ill supplied with ammunition, and generally destitute of bayonets. The short term of service was a great disadvantage to *morale;* a man who goes to war for three months means to come back. The election of the officers by the men was equally disastrous; the discipline was very like that of her majesty's ship Pinafore. Let us see how these most unmilitary soldiers, though patriotic and zealous citizens, conducted themselves in the presence of an enemy.

The affair after Lexington was a vig-

orous harassing, from behind cover, of a column which had effected its purpose, and was returning by order to its post. The political importance of the skirmish was very far greater than its military interest; the militia-men showed themselves high-spirited citizens rather than skillful soldiers capable of decisive operations; they could worry an inferior force, but could not capture it. Bunker's Hill was highly creditable to the militia, and also to the English troops, both deserving more praise than the English generals. Some fifteen hundred novices endured patiently a cannonade to which they could not reply, resisted three thousand fine regulars until their ammunition was exhausted, inflicted a loss of over one thousand killed and wounded, and lost themselves four hundred and twenty, with only thirty prisoners. We must observe, however, that they were favored by an eminence and well covered by field-works, and that on an even field they would undoubtedly have been out-manœuvred and out-fought without difficulty. Thanks to such leaders as Montgomery, Arnold, Morgan, Greene, and Wooster, the invasion of Canada was a wonderful performance; but Montgomery pronounced the New Englanders "the worst possible material for soldiers," except the New Yorkers. "The privates," he wrote, "are all generals, but not soldiers." It is singular, by the way, that the finest feats of the citizen troops should have been done early in the war.

In the battle of Brooklyn Heights an army of militia was outwitted and whipped with the greatest ease. At Trenton our victorious column consisted mainly of Continentals; the two auxiliary columns of militia failed to cross the icy river. At Princeton the militia, forming three fourths of the army, fired two or three volleys, and then fled before the bayonet, leaving the battle to the Continental regiments, the ragged and barefooted sufferers of the New Jersey bivouacs, starved by a Congress which even in war was jealous of a regular army. The force which defended Fort Sullivan under Moultrie was a battalion of South Carolina regulars, not yet turned over to the general government. The battle of Bennington was honorable to the militia; but their antagonists were less than half as numerous, and had the additional disadvantage of coming into the field by detachments; there was no one period of the action during which the Americans were less than four to one. The army which conquered near Saratoga consisted, at the close of the operations, of 9093 Continentals and 4129 militia. I have no means of deciding whether the latter did their numerical share of the fighting; but the study of other Revolutionary conflicts leads one to suppose the contrary.

At the Brandywine Stirling's regular brigade stood firm long after both its flanks had been uncovered by a stampede of militia. After the battle Congress summoned Continentals from all quarters, showing that it had begun to lose confidence in its citizen soldiers, and leading us to infer that they had behaved even worse than the writers of the time confess. At Germantown the regulars lost in killed and wounded one hundred and twenty-seven commissioned and non-commissioned, and four hundred and eighty-seven privates. The militia, comprising about a quarter of the army, lost in commissioned and non-commissioned three killed, four wounded, and eleven missing, the latter supposed to be runaways or prisoners. Its loss in privates was not reported, but probably had the same unhappy proportion of missing, always an ugly item for the honor of a force. So far as these figures go, they show that the regulars fought the battle pretty much alone. In the combat of Brier Creek the militia fled promptly, some of them without firing; and the only troops who kept in shape, even for a little, were a few scores of Georgia Continentals. The storming of Stony Point, the finest American feat of the war, was done by regulars alone.

At Camden the Virginia militia, although they had bayonets; ran at the first volley, followed by all the North Carolina militia except one regiment, which stood next the Continentals. The

regulars fought magnificently till their uncovered flanks were crushed, and, if we may credit the imperfect returns, more than one third of them were *killed*. It is difficult to believe that the militiamen could be of the same race with these heroes. Organization and discipline made the whole difference. At Cowpens the militia retreated with its usual alacrity, and the battle was saved by a volley and charge from Howard's two hundred and ninety Continentals, supported by a few regular riflemen, and followed up by the dash of Colonel Washington's regular troopers. Quite wonderful was the cool dexterity of Howard and the steadiness of his handful of infantry. Overlapped in consequence of the flight of the militia, he obliqued his line, retired a short distance, faced about as if on parade, and struck at the flank of the hurrying and disordered pursuers. No body of "state troops" ever performed such a movement under circumstances anything like so trying. It was, by the way, the first time, and perhaps also the last time, that a Highland regiment was ever seen to run.

At Guilford Court House eleven hundred North Carolina militia fled before it lost a man, and seventeen hundred Virginia militia followed it after a few volleys. Fifteen hundred Continentals, aided by two hundred regular cavalry, bore the whole brunt of the action, although there was only one veteran regiment present, the rest being raw recruits. The losses were, Continentals, three hundred killed and wounded; Virginia militia, one hundred ditto and two hundred and ninety-four missing; North Carolina militia, nine ditto and five hundred and fifty-two missing. "As is always the case after a battle," wrote Lee, "the missing might be found safe at their own firesides." At Eutaw Springs the militia behaved with unwonted steadiness, some regiments of them firing as many as seventeen rounds. Once broken, however, they left the field as usual, and the battle was fought out by the Continentals. Of the force which brought Cornwallis to surrender, the American part consisted of about seven thousand regulars and about four thousand militia. Only the former were used in assaulting, or could have been serviceable as artillerists, or could be trusted to do important guard duty, so that the contribution of the latter to the result must have been small.

The above summary of the principal conflicts of the Revolutionary struggle shows clearly enough that if our forces had been wholly militia we should probably have failed to achieve our independence; and that if they had been wholly regulars we should have achieved it with fewer defeats and in much less time.

Our subsequent wars with the Indians and the war of 1812 with Great Britain tell the same humiliating story as to the unreliability of state troops. In the defeat of St. Clair a vanguard of three hundred Kentucky militia, good marksmen and accustomed to forest adventures, broke at the first fire, and carried confusion into the main body. At Tippecanoe the militia, eight hundred and fifty strong, was supported by three hundred and fifty regulars, while the Shawnee warriors were not numerous, and their war-chief was absent. In 1812 General Hopkins had to give up an expedition against the Indians because his two thousand Kentuckians mutinied and turned back.

In the beginning of the war of 1812 the governors of Massachusetts and Connecticut declined to call out their troops at the call of the president, on the sole ground that their States were not threatened with invasion. Hull, the dismal hero of the surrender of Detroit, was tormented by his Ohio militia. One company amused itself with riding its officers on a rail; others fell back on their supposed legal rights and refused to cross the frontier. He said to Miller, the colonel of his only regular regiment, "Without the Fourth I could not march these other men to Detroit." In a skirmish which was remarkable as the first of the war, and which certainly did not furnish a cheering augury, one hundred and seventeen militia fled, with a loss of eight men, carrying along in their panic a considerable reinforcement. In the next

skirmish two hundred militia ran away from a troop of Indians, with a loss of seventeen killed and a few wounded, all of whom were abandoned. In a third skirmish six hundred Americans, who differed from their inefficient comrades only in the fact that they were nearly all regulars, defeated an equal force of British, Canadians, and Indians. Hull's surrender was a timorous act, resulting partly from the feebleness of age and infirmity, and partly from a justifiable lack of confidence in the great majority of his troops. A good subordinate officer in the Revolution, he had been twenty-five years in civil life, and he was nearly sixty years old.

At Queenstown the militia general in command declined the assistance of a regular regiment under Winfield Scott, in order to give the direction of the invasion and the honor of a victory to his own son, also a militia officer. After a successful landing had been effected, some fifteen hundred New York state troops became frightened at the sight of battle, set up a claim that they were not legally bound to cross the frontier, and would not enter the boats. Of the eight hundred in the advance columns five hundred surrendered without fighting, and the others took small part in the engagement. The three hundred regulars present did nearly all the work and behaved with really astonishing spirit, although they were mostly recruits, and were commanded during the greater part of the day by boyish officers of six months' standing.

The melodramatic failure on the Upper Niagara (November, 1812) was the work partly of General Smyth, one of the few incapables who have appeared in the regular army; partly of the Pennsylvania volunteers, who set up a claim that they were state troops, and would not cross the frontier; and partly of the New York militia, who showed the same reverence for boundaries. Over and over in this war, as in that of the Revolution, bodies of militia went home on the expiration of their term, no matter how much they might be needed. Meantime their officers posted one another as cowards, exchanged challenges, and sometimes fought duels. The generals, mostly old Revolutionary heroes recalled to war from twenty-five years of civil life, could do nothing with such soldiers but cover the enemy with glory. In the South, where there were only half-civilized Indians to fight, and the militia was always twice as numerous as its antagonists, it gained some victories under an energetic leader, in spite of its tendency to break when charged.

The massacre of the River Raisin and the defeat of Colonel Dudley were militia disasters. The storming of York under General Pike was the feat of four regiments of regulars, supported by a small body of a new kind of troops, — United States volunteers. The storming of Fort George was done by regulars and a few volunteers, led by Winfield Scott. At Sackett's Harbor about eight hundred militia fled after one volley, headed by a still famous officer, who "started first because he was a little lame," leaving their general to give his undivided attention to a small band of stubborn regulars. Eventually a false report of victory decoyed some three hundred of them near the field of conflict; and by appearing on the flank of the English they inadvertently decided the latter to retreat. The successful defense of Fort Stephenson was conducted by Major Croghan of the seventeenth regulars, with one hundred and forty of his own men and seven volunteers. During the operations of Cockburn on the Maryland and Virginia shore, the local troops ran away invariably, and usually at the first fire, although they were defending their homes. The battle of the Thames was a militia victory, gained over a very inferior force of regulars and Indians. The English commander committed the fatal errors of forming his infantry in open order to resist cavalry, and of interposing a swamp between his wings, so that they could not support each other.

At Chippewa, our first creditable field engagement, there were no militia; and the volunteers, although they fought well for a time, eventually left the battle to

the regulars. The victory at Lundy's Lane, by far our most honorable conflict during the war, was won by regulars alone. Fort Erie was triumphantly defended by both regulars and volunteers, and both shared equally in the well-managed and victorious sortie. At Plattsburg the regulars stood firm, while the militia broke and fled, abandoning a ford and nearly ruining everything. The retreat of Sir George Prevost was not due to the resistance by land, but to the destruction of his squadron on the lake, and the consequent impossibility of feeding his column during an advance. Of the seven thousand men under Winder, who gave up our capital to four thousand English, six thousand were local troops. At Bladensburg they not only broke, leaving the flanks of the regulars uncovered, but they at once sought the peace of their own firesides. No man loves his home more than the militia-man, especially in a period of disorder and violence. Our total loss in that farcical skirmish was twenty-six killed and fifty-one wounded. The general in command was an able lawyer.

The struggle in front of New Orleans shows the excellences of a militia of marksmen and the defects of all militia. The night attack on the British camp was executed with great spirit; but the assailants had an unusually inspiring leader, and two fifths of them were regulars. In the deciding conflict the troops on the left bank were more than three fourths militia; but they held an unflankable line of field-works, and the result was a slaughtering victory. On the right bank there were no regulars, and the position could be turned, and the result was an easy defeat. It is the old militia tale of a good fight behind ramparts, and a very poor one in the field.

Such is the history of the American as a soldier, when he goes forth to battle without organization and discipline, invested with the uniform, the supposed legal privileges, and the military ignorance of our home guards. Is there anywhere, in the records of civilized and gallant races, such another monotonous chronicle of disaster and disgrace? One is tempted to suggest a comic history of the militia with Cruikshank illustrations. When we talk about "the heroism of our forefathers" we ought to state that we do not mean the troops of the local governments. To deserve the epithet of heroic it is not sufficient merely to shoot well from behind breast-works; it is necessary also to stand firm upon an equal field, to carry strong positions, and to storm ramparts; and not one of these things has been done by our militia.

Does the American people, a people of brave and intelligent men, like such a military history? Is it proud of producing battalions whose wretched organization and lack of discipline are sure, in an open field, to send them to the right-about before an advance of good troops? If it wishes for a more Spartan record in future wars, it must get rid of its provincial system of defense, and devise something more practical. The entire antiquated and feeble jumble, with its forty civilian head-quarters and its party-colored host of predestined runaways, should be swept out of existence. In place of state troops who will not cross frontiers and who owe allegiance to governors, let us have a force of national volunteers, willing to march wherever they can see the enemies of their country, and bound by oath to obey its Congress and chief magistrate. Only we must remember that even these will need the backing of a good regular army, to furnish them with instructors and commanders of a high grade, and to steady them in their first battles.

### THE UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS.

It has already been noted that the volunteer made his advent into American warfare (and cast his mighty shadow, it may be added, upon future American politics) during the struggle of 1812. At first thought one is surprised that the champions of state sovereignty should have permitted the birth of an idea so conducive to national unity. But Great Britain menaced; the militia-man was remembered for his stampedes from Revolutionary battle-fields and his scruples as to frontiers; the regular army

was "an engine of tyranny," and its recruitment was difficult; and thus the national volunteer was accepted. The new force was not, however, well organized, nor much used. Few volunteer regiments were raised; the term of service was too short to allow of the introduction of thorough discipline; the men seem to have thought themselves state troops, and sometimes refused to cross boundaries; their only memorable achievement was the part which they took in the sortie from Fort Erie. But the potent national idea remained, and in after days brought forth noble fruit.

In the conflict with Mexico, an admirably managed war in every respect, there were thirty volunteer regiments. This revolution in our military methods was established and confirmed by the excellent behavior of the newly devised force. From the Rio Grande to California, and from Vera Cruz to the enemy's capital, the volunteers marched and battled by the side of the regulars with a long-winded patience, obedience, and steadiness wholly unknown to militia. They recognized and showed that they were United States troops, under the same statutes and the same rules of honor with the permanent army, and able to abide by them. They proved that the American citizen needs but a rational military organization to become in a short time an excellent soldier. They took the heart of the people, as they took the heights of Monterey, by storm. Henceforward the republic was in possession of an idea full of military power and of the promise of national unity.

Every one knows the history of our civil war. The militia of the seceding States refused to obey the president, and held by their allegiance to their disloyal governors and legislatures. A few organizations of loyal militia disappeared in a short time from the conflict, or remained in it only as regiments of national volunteers. The regular army, twelve thousand strong at the outset, was recruited with difficulty, and from first to last numbered but sixty-seven thousand men. The war was mainly fought out by some two million of volunteers, whose military oath bound them to the service of the United States government, and to no other.[1] What this army could endure is shown in a roll of eighty thousand slain in battle, of three or four times that number wounded, and of two hundred and fifty thousand dead of disease or hardship. What it could do appears in the crushing of a confederacy which was able to raise eight hundred thousand brave troops, and to set at their head such remarkable commanders as Lee, Jackson, and Johnston.

And yet the organization of the volunteers was incomplete and in some respects vicious. There was no proper system of recruitment; the sterling old regiments of 1862 were suffered to dwindle to skeletons; when more men were needed, new battalions were raised, — battalions green throughout, and of course ill fitted for service. Wisconsin alone had the genius, the firmness, and the patriotism to establish a strict conscription, and thus keep its veteran regiments full; the result being that Wisconsin troops had a uniform character for steadiness, and that a Wisconsin brigade was nearly equivalent in power to an average division. Let me observe, in passing, that the same lesson is taught us by the example and experience of the South. Without the conscription a population of eight or ten millions could not possibly have faced, on hundreds of battle-fields, a population of twenty-five or twenty-eight millions. It produced not only numbers, but also excellence, both of rank and file and of officers.

Another fault of our system was that, while the volunteers were strictly United States troops, the selection of their officers was left to the governors of the States. The result was that political influence, social influence, and in general civilian influence dictated the choice. Nepotism and favoritism flourished. A

[1] There were enlistments equivalent to 2,254,063 three years' enlistments, of course including many reënlistments; the exact number of men is unknown. The statement as to losses excludes regular troops and colored

democrat could sometimes get a field position by promising that his adherents should run a "split ticket." The general rule was that the commissions should go to the men who could secure enlistments. Examinations were a sham, because real ones would have thrown out nearly all the applicants; my own, for instance, consisted of a few minutes of genial conversation about the chances of European interference. Every volunteer officer remembers some sad or ridiculous consequence of this hap-hazard method of appointment. We learned that even ward managers, heads of fire-companies, bosses of mining gangs, heroes of the prize-ring, professional gamblers, popular bar-keepers, and martial tailors might be cowards, as well as knaves or fools. I knew a lieutenant commanding who, during a storming party, proposed to loan and did loan his company to another lieutenant, and betook himself to distant cover. I knew a captain who, when reprimanded for consorting with his enlisted men, replied that before the war they had been customers of his "saloon," that he might again be dependent on their favor for his subsistence, and that, rather than offend them, he chose to resign. I knew a major whose scandalous poltroonery drove him from the service, but who was reappointed to a new regiment by the governor of his State, for the sake of "whitewashing" him and enabling him to "go on the stump." I knew a captain (foreign by birth) who sold stores to his own men, and transit across the lines to the enemy. For plenty more of this sort of thing consult the records of the Bureau of Military Justice.

Such cases, however, were not the rule. Moreover, the dastards and imbeciles were rapidly weeded out by their own terrors, by the stern demands of field service, and by courts-martial. After the first year, the great mass of the volunteer officers were brave men, of honorable character, and already military in their habits and ideas. Perhaps the governors made as good appointments as could be expected under the circumstances. They were civilians themselves, and so poor judges of soldierly qualities. They were politicians, naturally eager to carry elections, and so disposed to please voters and men who influenced voters. Finally, it was a perplexing task to glean officers out of a population which knew nothing of war, and very little of preparation for it. At first the best that could be done was to commission such militia-men as had learned something of the manual and of company movements, and to add thereto such stray West Pointers, college graduates, leading politicians, clever clerks, and martial adventurers as chance offered.

Beyond a very little drill, our officers at the outset knew nothing of their duties. I have seen a colonel, a man of much militia experience, deploy column under fire in such fashion as to bring his rear rank in front, and the right of every company where the left should be, with the necessary result of throwing his regiment into utter confusion. I have known a captain sent out on vidette when he did not know what a vidette was, and formed his men as skirmishers. Commandants of grand guards were ignorant of the necessity of vigilance, and thought it a shame not to let their tired "boys" sleep on post. No one can estimate the number of brave men who perished uselessly in small operations because their immediate officers did not know how to manage them. In large operations it was still worse. Of men fit for independent commands, or even fit to handle a division under clear instructions, the state troops had none to offer, as they always will have none. If we had not been opposed to troops about as ill directed as ourselves, and if we had not had the science of West Point and the regular service to organize and discipline and guide us, our early experiences would have been far more disastrous than they were.

The chief strength of the volunteer forces lay in the very superior character of the rank and file. They were brave, intelligent, self-respecting citizens, determined to master their new duties, and determined to win. Mere drill they

learned rapidly, and to admirable perfection. They soon discovered, too, the necessity of discipline, and actually aided their officers in establishing it. Of their patience under the cruelty of forced marches, and of their courage on the field of battle, I cannot write even now without a throb of emotion. The fragment of my old company, in its last bloody fight with a gallant enemy, made charge after charge under a corporal. "You don't go into such a hole because you like it," explained a trooper, describing a dash through a cannon-swept valley; "you go in because you are ashamed to go back on the boys." "It 's a burning shame that the captain should be sent up without his own company!" exclaimed a private soldier, when his officer was ordered forward to rally a forlorn hope which had already lost three commandants. "We may as well do it to-day as to-morrow," said the men to one another, as they advanced under Sheridan to recover the field of Cedar Creek. Such was the spirit of the masses of that memorable army, and, also, as I suppose, of the very similar army which confronted it. Self-respect, a noble feeling of comradeship, earnest purpose, and common sense supplied in great measure the lack of complete discipline and of trained regimental officers.

With all their defects of ignorance and non-preparation, the volunteers will be our chief resource in war. I predict that, in case of another great conflict, the regular army will not be largely increased, and the militia organizations will scarcely be used. The first momentous military act of the government will be to levy half a million of United States volunteers. If it is wise it will do more: it will at once establish a conscription; and it will assume the duty of officering its own soldiers. Thus the regiments will be kept full; the recruits will be rapidly disciplined by educated commanders and veteran comrades; the expense and demoralization of bounty brokerage will be unknown. It is an important fact, in connection with the question of appointments, that our citizen soldiers prefer regularly trained officers. My recollection is positive that my old companions in arms soon came to look upon a regiment which had a West Point colonel as a fortunate regiment. It is positive also as to the fact that we were quite right in this belief, inasmuch as such a regiment was always notable for its fine condition and drill, and rarely failed to acquire special fame as a fighting corps. What men desire above all things, and soldiers above all other men, is success. A leader who gives his followers victory and fame is sure of their preference and devotion.

But why should there not be some preparation in peace for the inevitable coming of that tiger in ambush, our next war? Would it not be well, this very year, to establish a national guard of United States volunteers, organized by the only war department that we have, instructed by officers detailed from our thoroughly trained army, and commanded by the national chief magistrate? As for our provincial forces, let them "vanish in a torrent of laughter and cheers," except so far as the governors might want a body-guard for parade purposes, or to escort them to the frontier in case of invasion. Something would be added to the budget of the nation, but the same sum would be deducted from the budgets of the States; and we should have a movable and serviceable national guard, instead of an uncollectable, feeble miscellany of local guards, — a solid nucleus for a fighting army, instead of a spectre sure to vanish before three months of warfare.

Another act of wise preparation would be the introduction of a system of

### POPULAR MILITARY INSTRUCTION.

I have a bold and broad proposition to make, open, no doubt, to some practical objections, and perhaps open to ridicule. It seems to me that a people which is determined to do the most of its own fighting might properly add the elements of military science to the number of its enforced studies. Why should we not learn somewhat of this most important part of a citizen's duty in the

same institutions which supply us with our other bits and scraps of knowledge? An American youth, whether in the public school or in the university, will as readily commit to memory a lesson in outpost duty as a lesson in grammar or logic. He will be as willing to draw on the blackboard an order of battle as a problem from Euclid. The military figure, indeed, would interest him more than the other, and would remain in his memory longer. It is highly probable that the art of war would become his preferred study. There will be no objection to this scheme on the side of the scholar.

But who will be the teacher? I reply that at first it must of course be the text-book. Why not this science by text-book, as well as another? What does the ordinary school-master or tutor practically know of astronomy? Yet with the aid of text-books he is able to give his pupils a fairly correct idea of it. I have before me a small duodecimo of three hundred and twenty-six pages, prepared for the use of the cadets at West Point by Brevet Colonel J. B. Wheeler, and entitled A Course of Instruction in the Elements of the Art and Science of War. It is my belief that there is nothing in it which an intelligent civilian teacher could not soon comprehend, and easily convey to the minds of his maturer youngsters. A series of questions at the foot of the page would facilitate the process of instruction. A blackboard for drawing the few simple illustrative figures would be essential.

My proposal is to popularize the science and art of war through our schools and universities. In a country like ours, which occasionally needs military tuition urgently, and which believes in the general diffusion of all knowledge, it is a marvel that this has not already been done. The idea is as practicable as the idea of common schools, — as practicable as the project of teaching a whole nation anything, a project which a century ago would have been scouted as visionary. If the American people decide upon it, if the people of any one State decide upon it, it will be accomplished while men are still calling it impossible.

In the teaching itself there are no insuperable difficulties; no other science, I imagine, could be popularized more easily. Its first principles are common sense itself; its reasonings are more obvious than those of metaphysics or geology; its processes are simpler than those of chemistry. What can be more comprehensible or undeniable than the statement that in general two men will whip one? Or this other, that the two had better whip the one before he can get away or obtain help? Yet these (in other words) are the two foundation maxims of modern strategy and tactics. They are the same as saying: (1) Concentrate a superior force on some point of the enemy's line. (2.) Make your attack speedily, before the enemy can divine your purpose and take measures to frustrate it. A youth in the public school or in college will memorize such lessons as easily as a youth at West Point; and the first snow-balling match in which he puts them to a practical test will convince him of their soundness.

Other maxims of the science of war are simply instructions as to the execution of these foundation principles. Read, for instance, the following, taken substantially from the memoirs of Napoleon, — a genius vulgarly supposed to have acted outside of the sphere of ordinary human intelligence: "The forces employed should be proportioned to the resistance to be overcome." "On the day of battle neglect no chance of success; a battalion sometimes decides the fate of a day." "In presence of a superior enemy avoid a decisive struggle, and supply the lack of numbers by activity." "Make no considerable detachments on the eve of a serious conflict." All these rules are as reasonable and comprehensible as the statement that "two men will generally beat one;" they simply mean, "Have more troops at the fighting point than the enemy, and not fewer troops."

A boy who is scuffling with another boy knows very well that if he presents

his side to his antagonist at close quarters the latter will have a fair chance to hit him or trip him. Why, then, should he not instantly see the value of the precept, "Make no flank movements within sight or reach of the enemy"? Obvious enough, also, is the good sense of the principle that "all complicated plans of attack are liable to failure, through the necessary lack of constant communication and understanding between isolated columns, and through unforeseen obstacles delaying the advance of one or more of them." Even an urchin learns, after he has managed one or two snow-balling contests, that he cannot strictly depend upon the party which proposes to make a circuit and fall upon the hostile rear, and that it would be best to keep it within reach of his voice and heroic example. Equally plain and sensible is the maxim, "Be prepared to meet the enemy at all hours of the day and night, whether in camp or on the march." The youth who holds himself thus ready against teacher or professor will be sure to graduate creditably.

Such as these are the famous "principles" of scientific warfare. They perhaps seem too general to be of practical use to a novice. Critics will perhaps liken them to that famous motto of a business man, "Buy when things are cheap, and sell when they are dear." But the fact is that they would have afforded precious light to many a citizen soldier of our late war. They are scarcely less applicable to the handling of an isolated regiment, or company, than to the direction of a great army. Nor is it at all certain that the cleverest volunteer would by himself discover these apparently self-evident truths. The generals of veteran Europe did not fully apprehend the two cardinal principles of modern warfare until the concentration and swiftness of Napoleon had stolen a score of victories. Consider, too, how liable even an able man is to lose his head amid novel circumstances, and to take the most irrational steps. With a few settled principles in his memory he would do, perhaps not perfectly well, but much better; at least, he would be able to decide upon some one course, and thus avoid that terrible vice of delay, so noxious in war. Every one who has learned whist knows how helpful are the phrases, "second hand low," "third hand high," etc. Hesitation ends; the hand is played quickly; in general the right card is thrown; the tyro does pretty nearly as well as the veteran,— at all events, far better than if he had been obliged to invent his own game.

Of course these simple and obvious axioms are not the whole of military science. They have to be carried out amidst obstacles, perplexities, surprises, and perils which render necessary a host of preparations and precautions. Hence come the minor rules of the science, — rules showing how the grand maxims should be put into execution under varying circumstances; rules mainly of a practical nature, and descending gradually to minute details; in technical phrase, the rules of the art of war. Of Colonel Wheeler's sixteen chapters only two or three deal with general principles. He lectures briefly on strategy and tactics and the nature of modern warfare, and at length on orders of battle, the execution of marches, the choice of positions, advanced guards and outposts, detachments and convoys, reconnaissances and topography, camps and bivouacs and cantonments. He directs, down to the strength of an advanced guard and the position of its scouts, the arrangement of a column in march through a hostile region, — Dryasdust details, at first sight, but terribly important in this awful science, and capable on study of intelligent interest. For instance, a minute account of two different methods of moving a train of artillery does not seem to promise alluring reading. But when we learn that one of these methods resulted in a successful march of eighty-five miles in three days, and the other in wearing out the horses and dispersing the convoy, we are struck with the ever-fascinating problem of cause and effect, and we give the passage a second perusal.

A boy who should memorize this lesson could hardly fail to understand it, and would be long in forgetting it. I use the

word memorize in full seriousness. The elements of war should be learned by heart, like any other elements. The scholar should become as familiar with their technical words as with those of grammar or geometry. He should be able to draw on the blackboard the formation, or the movement, which he has described. There should be faithful reviewing and sharp examination. Popularized military education need not be broad, — it need cover no more than the action of infantry and cavalry; but within that limit it should thoroughly use the understanding and memory. As I have already said, the text-book will be the principal teacher. But from the text-book a vast deal can be learned, if I am not greatly and absurdly mistaken.

Whether the drill-book should be added to the elements is questionable. The manual of arms and the school of the company (the points of knowledge where our militia usually halts) are not difficult to learn, but must be learned by practice. These things might be left to the day when the youngster enters a company of militia or a battalion of volunteers. They will then be quickly mastered. In our service, movements have been greatly simplified by the admirable changes of Upton. The formation of squares, the perplexing pivot-wheel, and the awkward method of doubling into fours are all gone. Company manœuvres can now be learned in half the time that they cost before and during the civil war. As for the manual of arms, it is sheer coxcombry, of the smallest possible use. On the whole, considering how much our embryo citizens have to study, I advise to omit the drill-book.

But the schools should not be furnished with text-books alone. There should be military histories in their libraries, — not the trashy, misleading ones which prattle of "billows of cavalry" and "infantry standing like rocks;" not such stuff as the world has had about war from a host of ignorant romancers calling themselves historians; but books which show just what war is, and what to do amidst its difficulties and perplexities. There are no more billows of cavalry, if there ever were any; cavalry dismounts now, and fires from behind walls and thickets and other cover; only now and then does it steal a charge on other cavalry, or on broken infantry, — never on infantry not already broken. Nor does infantry stand like a rock, but rather like reeds shaken by the wind. It stands as well as it can against shrieking flights of missiles, scattering wounds and death. It stands firmest when it lies down, using what shelter and hiding it can find, — a ripple of ground, clumps of bushes, tall herbage. It stands, not in solid masses, but in fragile groups or slender lines, swaying backwards and forwards unexpectedly, gaping open here and there with slaughter or sudden quailing, cobbled into temporary form by hoarse and anxious officers, supported hastily by panting reinforcements, doing its suffering best perhaps, but not at all like a rock. The columns of attack which one reads of are frail and fluctuating threads, for the most part dragging wearily along as if on a march, though sometimes breaking forth in brief, partial spurts. What they advance against the spectator can seldom discern with the eye; he only guesses it when a long, light roll of smoke leaps from the earth in front, followed by a continuous harsh roar; something invisible and perhaps altogether unexpected is causing regiments and brigades to vanish away. Or if the charge succeeds, it seems marvelous that the defeated should have fled, the conquerors look so scattered and few. A return attack will surely sweep them backward, and the master of the science of war is still needed, or victory will be turned to defeat.

A military history is useless, or even noxious, which does not show clearly that the best soldiers sometimes reel under blasts of destruction; that they must have sagacious guidance and swift aid to carry them through their fieriest trials; and that this guidance and aid consist of certain definite things, to be done in certain approved ways. No rhetorical generalities, such as are produced by most civilian historians, should go on the military shelf of the school libraries. What

is wanted there is such practical and instructive writing as Cæsar's Commentaries, the Memoirs of Napoleon, Napier's Peninsular War, Carlyle's Life of Frederick the Great, Kinglake's War in the Crimea, and other like volumes, — sadly few in number, — which give a faithful picture of war and a clear explanation of its giant mechanism and sublime logic.

THE VALUE OF MILITARY STUDIES.

It is worth while, in more ways than one, for a people to know somewhat of the art and science of war. It is worth while to us as a people of readers, — as a people which takes, I think, a particular interest in history, — as a people which, because it manages its own affairs, ought to read history understandingly. Now no other portion of the chronicle of humanity is in general so incompletely presented and so imperfectly comprehended as that which relates to military events. As history is usually written, an ordinary civilian may read about campaigns and battles all his life, without ever really knowing why one army failed and another succeeded. His first supposition probably is that the victors were braver than the vanquished. Then he is puzzled to account for the apparently resulting fact that Germans, for instance, are sometimes braver than Frenchmen, and sometimes not so brave. If he is a liberal in politics, he explains this by talking about "the spirit of an age." If he is a hero-worshiper, he speaks of the genius of Frederick, or the genius of Napoleon. But in neither case can he show the process by which his favorite cause produced the given effect.

On the other hand, the intelligent military student really and clearly sees why this or that battle ended as it did. He concedes, of course, a difference in the morale of armies, and a difference in commanders. But he investigates more minutely than this: he inquires into the particulars of organization, discipline, and other preparation; he studies the geography and topography of the scene of action, and the handling of the opposing columns; to this final circumstance, indeed, he attributes an almost decisive influence. Examining the details of Rossbach, for example, and remembering the principle "not to make a flank march within sight and reach of an active enemy," he understands why forty-six thousand French and allies were beaten by twenty-two thousand Prussians. Examining Napoleon's first campaign in Italy, and remembering the principle "not to make detachments on the eve of a conflict," he understands why seventy-five thousand Austrians and Piedmontese were crushed by forty-four thousand French. With the same ease many minor mysteries of military history are unlocked by the minor keys of military science. An outpost is captured, or a convoy comes to grief, through lack of small precautions, all well known to the educated soldier, though sometimes neglected by him, and all beyond even the guessing range of the mere civilian.

To Americans it is especially interesting to note how perfectly the principles of war explain certain extraordinary events of our great civil conflict. When, for instance, we read of one hundred and twenty thousand Americans under Hooker recoiling before seventy thousand Americans under Lee, we cannot at first tell what to make of it. We suspect, perhaps, that the one hundred and twenty thousand were not so brave as the seventy thousand. There is a little sense in that supposition, as applied to the period in question. The army of the Potomac at Chancellorsville was depressed by repeated failures, while the army of Virginia was confident through repeated successes. But that was not the only, nor indeed the principal, cause of this remarkable repulse. Hooker was only half-way an able commander. He had enough knowledge of strategy to make an excellent plan on paper, but he had not the moral force to carry it out in the face of unexpected aggressiveness. He knew perfectly well that two men would be likely to beat one, but he neglected the other grand principle, that they should do it promptly. The skill which he showed in crossing the Rappahannock and getting upon the left flank of Lee was admirable. Displaying three

corps in front of Fredericksburg, and thus alluring the mass of the Southern army to that point, he at the same time slipped four corps across the river some miles further north, and then quietly drew after him one of the corps which had amused Lee. So far all was perfect: he had turned the left wing of the Confederates with a great army; he had only to advance and crush them between himself and Sedgwick, who was now seizing Fredericksburg.

But the moment Lee wheeled upon him he lost courage and retreated. The offensive was his rôle, but he took to intrenching. He lay still, — nothing more. He saw Jackson moving around his right, and did not attack his extended column of march, — a thing which Napoleon would have been almost certain to do, and no doubt with tremendous success. After enduring several assaults in front and rear, after suffering himself to be in a manner besieged by an inferior enemy, he retired across the Rappahannock. At least one third of his numerous and fine army had not fired a musket. He had brought upon the field of operations a far larger force than his antagonist, and then had used but a part of it, and that only in self-defense. Lee, who was to have been overwhelmed by numbers and enterprise, was allowed to recover the offensive, and to turn his whole power, first upon Hooker, and then upon Sedgwick. A novice in the science of war can see that what ruined the campaign of Chancellorsville was inattention to the Napoleonic principle that "a force must act with the greatest possible velocity." It was this same lack of energy and speed which spoiled the plan of McDowell at Bull Run, and of Burnside at Fredericksburg, and which made McClellan but half-way a great general.

But, objects a doubter, popularized military education is not likely to produce chiefs of armies; and of what possible use will a study of "grand warfare" be to subordinate officers? I repeat that the principles which govern large operations and great battles are frequently applicable to the movements and combats of detachments. At Ligny Napoleon pounded the Prussian right till he induced Blücher to reinforce it heavily, and then suddenly pushed a strong column through his enemy's weakened centre, deciding the conflict at a blow. The chief of a line of skirmishers, if he is adroit and determined and prompt, may play the same game upon an opposing line of skirmishers, and with the same success. Just as Blücher, after Ligny, got clear of Grouchy by changing his direct withdrawal to a flank march, so a retiring company may sometimes escape pursuit by slyly quitting its natural line of retreat for another. Just as Wurmser found it bad policy to divide an army of eighty thousand men into isolated columns, so did Custer, in his last battle, find it bad policy thus to break up a single regiment.

But if the fairly complete education of professional soldiers often produces imperfect officers, what can be expected of the far more superficial one which I propose? If a graduate of West Point could forget the grand principles of war at Chancellorsville, what is the use of imparting a smattering of them to a student at Harvard? In a country like ours, where the self-made man and the self-taught man have played the part of Romulus and Remus, and are the objects of popular worship, — in a country where the thoroughly trained expert is to some extent a mark for suspicion and aversion, as a species of intellectual aristocrat, — these questions require more notice than they deserve. When the Shah of Persia was invited to attend the Derby, he replied, "It is already known to me that one horse will run faster than another." Well, we learn a truth of about the same nature from the campaign of Chancellorsville, — we learn that one professional soldier may have more promptness in deciding and acting than another.

Yet just as the slowest of a stable of racers will outpace a good family horse, so an inferior "regular" will outwit and beat an intelligent novice in warfare. If Hooker had been opposed to Floyd or Pillow, it is not at all likely that he would have lost confidence and been tricked out of his tactical advantage. Consider,

too, what a help it would have been to him, morally as well as otherwise, to be supported throughout by trained subordinates. Let us suppose that for ten years previous to the rebellion the schools of the North had taught the elements of the art of war, and had furnished the loyal army with officers who knew somewhat of military principles and of minor military methods. In such a case, Hooker, who was naturally a brave and pugnacious man, would have believed in his troops. He would have been encouraged, at every forward step, by finding that the details of his movement were cleverly executed, and that the preliminary skirmishes were mostly in his favor. He would not have been so likely to turn faint-hearted on the news that Lee was advancing. He would probably have pushed his fine plan to the end, and he could hardly have failed to see it result in victory.

It will be perceived that I do not exaggerate the value of popularized military instruction. I do not expect to evoke great generals from the public schools; only good regimental and company officers, who may grow to be able chiefs of division, etc., — though that, let us remember, is more than we had in our great extremity of 1861. Useful as an elementary study of warfare may be to a democracy which fights most of its own battles, it will not do away with the need of a permanent army, furnished with highly trained officers. For commanders of large independent columns we shall probably always have to look to our regular service and to West Point. Civilian life has not produced a distinguished leader in war since Cromwell, unless we except Washington [1] and some few insurrectionary chiefs, such as the heroes of La Vendée. Napoleon and all his marshals were either graduates of military schools, or professional soldiers in youth. The best of our citizen generals, Terry and Logan and Sickles, rarely acted except under the direction of regulars; and the success of the former was perhaps due to the fact that years before the war he had a military library and the zeal to study it. That very acute and energetic civilian, Benjamin F. Butler, found in warfare nothing but fiascos. Banks, another civilian of considerable talent and force, ordered assaults at Port Hudson without due preparation, and arranged on the Red River the most stupid of advances. During the whole contest neither side gained a notable victory, or performed a creditable manœuvre on a large scale, except under the supervision of a West Pointer. The solemn fact is that to know much of the science of war the cleverest man needs years of study and experience; and another solemn fact is that in such a momentous business we had better look for supreme guidance to experts, and to experts alone.

The facts and suggestions of this article are addressed not only to the national authorities, but also to the American people. It cannot be expected that Congress, in time of peace, should enter upon broad and radical changes in our military system, until the people shall demand them. If the ideas which I propose ever become law, it will be through the insistence of patriotic citizens and union-loving communities, prevailing over the champions of local sovereignty and of the right of secession. As for details, there will be time enough to draw them up when the measures themselves receive popular sanction; and the delicate task should properly be left to legal and military experts. I will therefore conclude by summing up my recommendations as follows: —

(1.) To do away with the militia, or troops of the States.

(2.) To substitute therefor a force of national volunteers, organized by the war department and commanded by the president.

(3.) To maintain an efficient permanent army, sufficiently officered to furnish instructors to the volunteers in time of peace and commanders of high grade in time of war.

(4.) To establish a system of popular instruction in the elements of the art and science of war.

[1] A soldier in youth, and hardly a first-class general.

## SISTER MARY'S STORY.

It happened to me, some years ago, to fall ill of a fever in a New England city where I was an entire stranger. I was traveling alone. Almost as soon as the fever set in, I became delirious, and the people of the hotel, not wishing to be burdened with the care of me, and not finding among my papers the address of any one whom they might summon to my assistance, had me removed to a hospital, and dismissed me from their minds, — taking care, however, to reimburse themselves most liberally from my purse for the few days I had spent under their roof.

When I came to my senses, I found myself lying in bed in a small room with bare white walls and a single window. By my side there sat an elderly woman, attired in the dress of the Sisters of Charity, with the exception of the white bonnet. On her head she wore a cap more like the cap of a matron in the sect of Friends. Her hair, white as snow and very thin, was put back plainly above her ears, and the cap was drawn closely around her face and tied by a broad black ribbon under her chin. Her features were delicate; her eyes of a pale and faded gray; except for a look of great firmness about the mouth and chin, the face would have seemed a feeble one. She was sitting with her hands clasped tight in her lap and her eyes fixed on the window. So sad and yet so quiet a look I never saw on any other human countenance. As I made a slight movement in the bed, she turned her head, and seeing that I was conscious rose very quickly, poured a few drops from a vial into a spoon, and held it to my lips, saying in a low and pleasant voice, "Don't you say a word, now. You jest drink this. You 've been pretty sick, an' the doctor, he said you was n't to speak a word when you fust waked up;" and she took a plantain leaf from a saucer on the stand and laid it on my forehead. The coolness of the leaf, the pressure of her hand, were indescribably grateful to me; the queer old New England vernacular, which I had known so well in my childhood, and had not heard for a quarter of a century, seemed to transport me at once back again into the land of delirious dreams from which I had but just roused. I fell asleep instantly, and did not awake again, Sister Mary told me afterwards, for eight hours.

"But the doctor, when he come, he said 't was all right. I wa'n't to wake ye up, if ye slept a hull day. But the look ye had on yer face jest that second ye looked at me kind o' harnted me," she continued. "Ye looked at me so kind o' wishful like, I kept a-wishin' I 'd let ye speak. I thought mebbe ye hed something ye wanted to say; an' if ye did n't never come out o' the sleep again, — for the doctor, he 'd thought more 'n oncet that ye 'd go off in some o' them long sleeps, — I 'd ha' reproached myself, most likely, if any o' yer friends had ha' come. There might ha' been somebody whose heart 'ud ha' half broke for want of a message from ye."

There was a something in Sister Mary's face, and still more in her voice, as she said these words which smote on my heart. It meant sorrow of no common sort. Yet the woman's usual expression was shrewd, kindly, and not without humor. She never looked at me without a smile, and she spoke habitually in hearty, cheery tones. But I could not forget the look I had first seen on her face. I asked myself if it might not have been partly born of my delirious fancy, still not wholly cured; but the impression was too vivid, and hardly a day passed without my seeing on her face, at moments when she did not suppose I saw her, expressions of a similar sadness. They changed her whole face, as a dark cloud changes a clear sky. In a moment she seemed to grow many years older; and there was a certain hopelessness in the look which was piteous, — like

the look one would wear who knew that his pain was to outlast eternity.

I grew better very slowly, and for weeks needed to be cared for about like a little child. Sister Mary's patience and kindness were untiring. She attended upon me more like a mother than like a hired nurse. I said as much to the doctor, one day.

"Yes," he replied. "I have never known such a nurse in all my practice. She is worth her weight in gold. I have offered her enormous wages, if she would go out as a private nurse. I could keep her employed all the time with my own patients. But nothing will tempt her to leave this hospital."

"I suppose it is her Roman Catholic faith which keeps her here," I said.

The doctor laughed. "You did n't suppose that shrewd Yankee woman was a Roman Catholic, did you?" he replied. "She is n't any more a Roman Catholic than you are. She wears the gown and lets them call her 'sister' so that she can be a nurse here; but she would n't put on the bonnet of the order. She said 'she 'd never wear that cocked-up sun-bunnet in the house, not for nobody; she 'd go to another hospital fust;' and they were only too glad to let her stay on her own terms."

"Why was she so set upon being in this hospital?" I asked.

"Oh, did you not know this is entirely a charity hospital?" asked the doctor. "No patients are brought here except those who are too poor to pay anything, and in rare cases, like yours, strangers who happen to be helpless and unknown in the city. The poorer the patients are, the more Sister Mary seems to like to take care of them."

"She has seen some very great and peculiar sorrow, I think," said I.

"Sorrow! Sister Mary had a sorrow!" the doctor shouted, shaking with laughter. "Why, bless my heart, you must be still a little out of your head. She 's the cheeriest soul in the building; got more fun in her in one month than all the rest of them in a year. That 's one reason she 's such a good nurse. I 'll have to give you some more valerian, if you get any more such notions in your head as that!"

"Sister Mary! Sister Mary!" he cried, as at that moment she entered the door, "What do you think this patient of yours says? We have n't got her quite cured yet! She says she thinks you have some secret sorrow. Ha, ha!" and the jovial doctor laughed harder than ever, — laughed so hard that he did not see what I did, — a flush spread over Sister Mary's face, and something like a spasm pass across her mouth. It was gone in a second, however, and she exclaimed, laughing as hard as the doctor, "I guess she don't see quite straight! It don't seem to me I look to favor a person given over to melancholy very much. It did n't ever run in our family to be that way," and Sister Mary bustled about the little room with unusual energy, and continued to laugh softly to herself.

After the doctor had gone out, I said to her, —

"Sister Mary, I did not say you were given over to melancholy. That was n't at all what I meant."

She looked at me affectionately, and said, "Tut, tut! Now you jest stop spekerlatin' about an old woman like me. I ain't one o' the pinin' kind, I warrant ye. I've got my hands too full."

I was silenced for the time, but my instinct was not diverted from its certainty. The next day I waked suddenly, from a long nap. Sister Mary was sitting by my bed. I did not open my eyes. I was almost sure I heard a low sob; no, it was only a sigh, but it was one of the sighs which would be a sob if it dared. I opened my eyes. Sister Mary turned her head away quickly, and sprang to her feet, but not before I had seen tears on her face.

"There! you are crying!" I exclaimed, "you dear, kind, darling old nurse. I knew something troubled you; and you need n't try to hide it away all the time. Do tell me about it. What are you crying about?"

She walked back to the bedside, blowing her nose vigorously, and rubbing her cheeks with a half-spiteful energy. "Crying about something that happened

goin' on twenty years ago; an' if that ain't bein' a fool, I don't know what is, an' I'm ashamed yer caught me at it. But it 's part your fault. You kind o' upset me yesterday, sayin' what yer did. I 've nussed in this hospital fifteen years, day an' night, an' you 're the fust person that 's ever seen any farther than skin-deep on my face; an' it 's kind o' upset me," and Sister Mary gave up at last, and cried hard. I was very near crying also.

"Oh, do tell me about it," I said. "Can't I help you? You 've been so good to me, I 'd like to help you."

"Did n't I tell ye 't all happened goin' on twenty years ago?" she said, half sharply. "Ef a woman can't help herself from bein' a fool over things 's dead 'n' gone 's that, I guess there can't nobody help her. I 'm 'shamed enough ye caught me cryin'."

All I could say was, "Oh, do tell me. I am so sorry for you, — so sorry, so sorry. It seems to me I could comfort you, if you 'd only tell me."

She shook her head. "No, there ain't any comfort," she said, "an' there never was. But I don't know," speaking very slowly, as if reflecting, "but it might do me some good to tell ye all about it. Ye 're the fust person that 's ever mistrusted that I 'd got so much 's a heart about me for anythin' but nussin. I don't know but I 'll tell ye. I 'll think on 't," and she stopped crying, and fixed her eyes on the window.

"Oh, tell me now!" I cried.

"No," she said. "I 'll sleep on 't. I ain't goin' to tell ye now; for I should only jest cry my eyes out, an' I can't afford to cry. It 's a sin to spend your strength that way; there 's nothin' uses a woman up like a cryin' fit. I 'll tell ye the hull story to-morrow, unless I change my mind, a-sleepin' on 't;" and that was all I could make Sister Mary say that day.

I waited eagerly for the morrow. I had many misgivings that I should not hear the story; but as soon as the old woman entered my room I knew that her mind was made up to tell me. There was a softened sadness in her countenance which I had never seen there before, and a new gentleness in her voice.

"I don't exactly make out why I feel like tellin' ye," she said, as she drew her chair up closer to my bed, and laid her strong, wrinkled old hand affectionately on mine for a second; "but I do, an' I 've made up my mind to do it. I 've always felt drawn to ye, ever since I fust began nussin ye. You was the most helpless thing ever I got hold of when they brought ye here. Now I expect it 'll tire ye some to hear all I 've got to tell. I guess I can't make it very short; but if you 're too tired, I can tell the rest on 't to-morrow; or if I get to cryin', I shall stop right off, an' tell ye the rest some other time. I can't afford to cry."

"I shall not be tired, Sister Mary," I said. "You need not fear that. And please don't cry; for to see you cry would do me a great deal more harm than to be tired."

"That 's a fact," she said, dryly, "and I don't calculate to cry, for both our sakes; but ye can't always tell when you 're goin' to. Well," she continued, fixing her eyes on the window (and she never once withdrew them from the sky, during her narrative), "I 've been married. I 'm a widow."

"Yes, I know that," I replied. "The doctor told me."

"How 'd he know, I wonder!" said she. "I never told anybody here except old Father Hemsen; he knew."

She remained silent for some minutes, thinking; then, saying once more, as if to herself, "I wonder how he knew," she resumed her story.

"We lived way down in Maine. I was born in Maine, too. Maine 's a nice State to one that 's reared there and used to 't. It seems dreadful rugged to strangers. The town I was born in was right close to the sea, — a great place for shipping lumber; an' my folks were all in the lumber business, but my husband was a farmer. He used to come down to our place with stock to sell; that 's where I got acquainted with him. I was n't but eighteen when we were married; I was eighteen, and John, he was twenty-

eight. He was pretty old, he thought. We 'd been engaged two years, but he wanted to get the farm paid for first; he was always real cautious; a good business head John had. Well, we lived on the farm, and raised potatoes, and kept stock, and got on first rate. We were real well off, — that is, for those parts; not what 'ud be anythin' for city folks, but we had all we wanted, an' I don't believe there were ever two people in this world any happier 'n John an' I were, for years and years. We had one boy, the dearest little fellow that ever did live. I 've got his picture now; if you 'd care to see it, I 'll let ye some day; it 's all spotted; those old-fashioned daguerreotypes don't keep good, like the kind they take nowadays. He 'd be thirty if he was alive now, Johnnie would; it don't seem any way possible. I can't think of him 's a grown man, do all I can; I always see him jest 's he was that last winter he lived: he wa'n't but six year old when he died. 'T was the winter that the scarlet fever was ragin' all over the State; it jest went up and down, and mowed the children down like a man mowin' a swath, clean through the State. There hain't been anything like it since, an' I hope there never will be. Well, Johnnie he got it, and he wa'n't sick but three days, and he never knew anything after the first day. That was one mercy. John and I both felt that. For a little while after he died it seemed to me we 'd never be happy again, neither of us; an' I don't suppose we ever were quite 's we used to be. But we got reconciled, an' I was always a-thinkin' that I 'd have more children before long; an' I know I used to set at my sewin', day after day, an' try to make up my mind whether, if I had a boy, I should want to name it Johnnie after him, or not; an' I could n't ever get settled in my mind about it; John could n't either. Well, we 'd been married twelve years; John 'd got real gray, and he was always a steady-goin', sensible sort of man, that seemed older 'n he was. Ye 'd ha' took him for more 'n forty, a good deal, to see him goin' along the road; but when he laughed, his eyes twinkled so, he looked young 's anybody. He was forty that fall; in September his birthday came. I know the Tallman sweetings always begun to be ripe about that time, but that year they were earlier 'n common, an' I had some real ripe 'n' ready to bake for his birthday; 'n' he had n't kept eye on the tree, 'n' did n't know they were ripe, so 't was a surprise to him. An' I had a comforter I 'd knit for him, — a red yarn one, with white stripes, one of the handsomest patterns I ever saw; an' that night he says to me, 'Moll,' — he always called me Moll, — 'Moll, we 're goin' to have neighbors; Seth Barrett, don't you recollect? — he that used to live down in the Hollow. He was lame, don't you remember?'

"'The shoe-maker?' says I.

"'No,' says John, laughing, 'not your old beau; his brother, — the oldest one. I guess you 've forgotten him. He was a good deal older than I; he must be a man well on fifty now. Well, he 's got a notion the sea don't suit him, an' he 's bought this very next farm to ours. I told ye, ye know, it was up for sale. I did always mean to have that land, or the best part of it myself; but if I could n't have it, I 'd rather 't would be Seth Barrett than anybody I know. I liked Seth when I was a boy. An' they say he 's married the smartest girl on the river. They 're coming next week; an' I thought we 'd better write an' ask 'em to come right here 'n' stay with us till they get their house fixed. What d' ye say?'

"'Yes, indeed,' says I; for I was jest as pleased 's I could be at the notion of havin' neighbors so near. 'T was more 'n a mile to the nearest house that anybody lived in; an' I 'd often 'n' often looked at this old Plummer house, an' thought how nice 't would be if some real nice folks 'ud buy the farm an' move in. Well, I flew round, 'n' I made a lot o' pies, an' cleaned up the spare room; 'n' the woodbine was jest a turnin' red, I remember, 'n' I put a lot of it in a pitcher 'n' set it on the bureau, 'n' the room looked as pretty 's a picture. Ye see there was things happened afterwards that made me remember lots of little things ye would n't think I 'd recollect so long afterwards. But I

hain't forgot one minute of all that time, an' I don't suppose I ever shall, not if I live to be a hundred. I can see Nelly Barrett, this minute, jest the way she looked when she fust come in at our door, that day. She wa'n't exactly what ye 'd call pretty; but she had a kind o' laughin', winnin', honest face, with great big blue eyes, and real pretty brown hair that curled all over her head 'n' down on her shoulders. It did n't seem jest the way for a married woman to wear her hair, — 'specially a woman that had got such an old-lookin' husband 's Seth was; but he was jest that proud on her, and sort o' foolish fond, he would n't have her wear it any other way. He used to call her 'Baby,' always; an' there was something like a baby in her face, an' yet she was as smart a little housekeeper 's ever ye see. There was nothin' she could n't do, 'n' she was always a-flyin' round, from mornin' till night, 's busy 's a bee; there was n't a lazy bone 'n her whole body, not one, 'n' she was always 's cheery 's a lark, a-singin' 'n' makin' fun. I never took such a likin' to any girl in my life, 'n' we got to be great friends in no time at all; we jest took to each other, for all I was so much older 'n she; it did n't seem to make a mite o' difference. John, he liked her too, though he did n't like her at first so much 's I did. He said she was a giddy thing, and had lots o' nonsense in her; an' I used to stand up for her to him, 'n' tell him to see how she worked, 'n' it wa'n't any more 'n natural that she should like to play, too; such a kitten 's she was, 'n' all the young fellows jest as fond of takin' her out, at the bees 'n' things, 's if she wa'n't married at all. But John, he always said she 'd got a very weak side to her, 'n' sometimes I had to own up she had, too. I used to get awful vexed with her sometimes, the way she 'd train; but I was jest fond of her, 'n' I could n't help it, she was so bright an' droll, an' was always makin' ye laugh when ye did n't expect it; an' I always did like a good laugh better 'n anything in the world, an' John, he was kind o' grave by nature. He was always a-studyin' over things, 'n' would n't speak, sometimes, half a dozen words from the time he got up till he went to bed, he 'd be so busy thinkin', thinkin'; that was his way.

"Well, 't was in the fall they came, 'n' they stayed with us a week, till they got all fixed in their home; 'n' after that there wa'n't hardly a day we did n't see each other. We used to be back an' forth from one house to the other, 'n' we used to ride to meetin' together every Sunday, — we all went to the Methodist church; 'n' I really think I got fonder 'n' fonder of Nelly every day, 'n' she did of me. She was 's fond of me 's if I 'd been her own sister, — I know she was. There did n't ever come a time when I misdoubted that. She was always fond of me, an' I of her always, till the last, 'n' she never knew anything different, never. Well, John, he got to be fond of her, too, — that is, not exactly fond, but real familiar like; an' she used to kind o' coax round him, 'n' flatter him a good deal 'n one way 'n' another. I think she knew he did n't like her quite so well 's I did, 'n' it kind o' pestered her to see it; she was used to havin' all the men sort o' make love to her, 'n' be polite, 'n' John he was jest as like 's not to say a rude thing to her, if he felt like it. He was an awful plain-spoken man, John was, to everybody; 'n' he saw her little flirtin' ways with all the men that came round, 'n' he did n't like it; 'n' besides he always had a great feelin' for Seth. Seth was lame, and could n't go round 's she did; 'n' he 'd set 'n' look at her a-playin' games at the sociables, 'n' laughin' 'n' carryin' on, 'n' every now 'n' then runnin' up to him to speak to him 'n' ask if he was having a good time; 'n' John used to say, 'She 'd better be settin' quiet at home, 'n' not draggin' Seth everywhere, to all these fandangoes. He don't enjoy 'em.' But I think he did. He liked anything that she liked; he was so bound up in her. Well, by degrees she 'n' John got to be better friends; she used to talk 'n' talk, an' tell him all sorts o' things about herself 'n' her folks, 'n' he used to like to listen to her. She had a real confidin' way o' tellin' you the least little thing

that wa'n't o' any consequence at all; but she seemed to like to tell things jest like a child. After a while, John, he 'd say to me sometimes, 'Well, Moll, you 're right; she 's got a lot o' sense, that little body, if she is such a fly-about.' An' I 'd say to him, 'Did n't I say so? I thought you 'd come round. She 's a most uncommon girl, Nelly Barrett is; I don't know anybody that 's jest like her. She 'll settle down 'n' be a splendid woman one o' these days.'

"And we all jest got thicker 'n' thicker all the time, so that they did n't do anything without us, nor we without them; 'n' I jest took real comfort in seein' how John was comin' to think jest 's I did about Nelly. I suppose if I had n't been so sure about John's lovin' me, an' so full o' the greatest kind o' love for him, perhaps I should n't have liked to have him go so much with a girl like Nelly. I know I 've seen plenty of women jealous as cats that did n't have half as much to show for it 's I should have had, he 'd got to bein' so familiar with her, an' so fond of goin' where she was, an' always settin' by her an' lookin' at her, an' callin' her sort o' droll names; but it did n't once enter into my head, such a thing. I could n't any more have been jealous of John than I could — well, of the stars up in God's sky; I should have jest as soon thought of their tumbling out of their places. Do ye know what I mean? I mean that John's lovin' me seemed to me jest as fixed an' firm, so that there could n't anybody alter it, 's the stars did in their places in the sky. Ye see, I had n't ever had a thought in my life, since I first set eyes on John, that wa'n't all for him, and he had n't seemed to that wa'n't for me. That was the way it always was between us. An' we had n't ever got into the way o' havin' words, 's most married folks do; not but what John was hasty sometimes, like all men; he had a good sharp temper of his own, an' got vexed at things sometimes, but we never had anything to call a quarrel. I jest loved him so that if he was vexed it did n't seem a bit hard to me jest to go right up 'n' kiss him; 'n' he was real good-hearted, 'n' would get over things right away, if he wa'n't contradicted an' answered back. So there wa'n't ever anything between us that wa'n't over in one minute, jest 's soon 's I kissed him; 'n' I know there don't many married folks live so close t' each other 's we did, year in an' year out; 'n' I don't think but what if an angel from heaven had ha' come 'n' told me I 'd ever be jealous o' John, I should ha' laughed in his face. That 's the way I felt about John. I know once he said to me, — I remembered it afterwards; I did n't think anything of it at the time. I used to be afraid sometimes that people would talk about him an' Nelly if he was quite so free with her before folks 's he was when we was alone, an' I 'd said to him that I guessed he 'd better be a little careful how he called her droll names, an' not joke so much. An' says he, 'Moll, you 're jealous!' An' I remembered afterwards that he said it kind o' spunky like; but I jest laughed at him, an' said I, 'Jealous! If you think I 'm jealous o' Nelly Barrett, you 're awfully mistaken. It looks like it, don't it, — always tryin' to bring you together 's I am, an' plannin' for you to go here 'n' there with her. I don't want folks to think you 're foolin' round her, though, 's those other fellows do; 'n' I know too that the child 's got a vain side to her, an' she 's in danger of thinkin' there is n't a man livin' but what 'ud make love to her if he got a chance, — that 's all. There ain't a woman livin' that could make me jealous o' you, John, 's long 's I love you the way I do.' That 's the way I felt about John. Well, it got to be along towards summer; 't was real early spring, jest as it had been an early fall. Everything seemed to be a-hurryin'; an' so 't was for me, too, only I did n't know it; things were hurryin' on for me that it would ha' killed me to know was comin'.

"John, he 'd got a nice lot o' yearlins he wanted to take down 'n' ship, 'n' Seth, he wanted to go 'n' buy some leather; 'n' we 'd been talkin' all winter how we 'd all go down in the spring, 'n' have a real little kind o' play spell of 's

much 's a week. I had n't ever been home since two years after I was married. My folks was all dead or moved away, an' I did n't care much to go, though always in the spring I did get a dreadful hankerin' after the salt water. Along in May, towards the last generally, it used to seem to me that I 'd give any money for jest one good smell of the salt water, an' some of it on my face. It 's always so, I guess, with folks that 's born 'n' raised by the sea.

" 'T was a real nice day when we set out. I remember it jest like yesterday, — kind o' warm an' kind o' cool, more like fall weather than like spring; an' the mud was pretty well dried out, except in spots. John, he rode on the old black mare, a-drivin' the cattle; 'n' Seth 'n' Nelly 'n' me, we rode in the wagon. We had to go real slow, but we did n't mind; the longer the better, we thought, 't was so splendid to be out-doors an' all ridin' together; an' we went on plannin' an' plannin' all day what we 'd do when we got there. The thing Seth had set his heart on most, was showin' Nelly a place he used to go to when he was a boy. He an' his brothers used to be always goin' there. 'T was a great place, too, for excursions; people used to come from all the towns round to see it; but it wa'n't a place I ever liked. I could n't remember when I did n't hate the sight of it when I was a girl; but I was always going, because when the parties went I hated to stay behind. But 't was always a fearful, scary kind o' place to me; I could n't ever imagine what made folks like it. 'T was called the Devil's Run, an' I think they could n't have named it any better if they 'd tried. It was jest a great cut, right down through the cliffs, and then through a kind o' mountain behind them; way back into the hills it reached, an' there was a river came down through it that they used to float the logs down on. Sometimes the river would be all choked up with the logs in among the rocks, an' then the lumbermen 'd have to come down an' start 'em an' get 'em loose, an' set 'em goin' again. 'T was awful dangerous doin' this; lots o' lumbermen got drowned doin' it. When the river was high, it just rushed an' tore round the points o' the rocks, as if the very devil the place was named for was drivin' it. But the walls were so high that when you stood up on top and looked down you could n't see that the river was rushin' at all; it jest looked white where it was foamy, an' green where it was smooth, but it all looked as still as if it was painted; an' as for the great logs, they did n't look any bigger 'n little young saplings. Well, 's I said, everybody I ever heard of in the world but me thought 't was splendid to go out there 'n' scramble all along the rocks at the top, 'n' look down into this place, an' nothin' would do Seth now but that he must take Nelly there; an' he 'd told her so much about it she was jest wild to see it. So 't was settled that we should do that the very first day after we got there; 'n' the next day we were goin' after May flowers on a hill I knew, up river a piece, where I used to go with John the spring before we were married. It was real late when we got into town; we 'd been two days on the road; the cattle had acted like fury some of the time, 'n' John, he was pretty well beat out a-ridin' hither 'n' thither, keepin' 'em in the road. We went to a little tavern down near the water, where the drovers always went; it had good yards for the cattle. Nelly and I was awful tired, too; we wa'n't used to ridin' so much; 'n' the springs to our wagon wa'n't very strong, so we got jolted considerable. Jest as we was gettin' out, Nelly says to me, 'Oh, goodness me! I 'm as stiff as if I was a hundred.'

" 'So 'm I,' says I, 'as stiff 's if I was a thousand.' Ye see I recollect every word 'n' everything. So I was quite surprised when I heard her say to John, at supper, —

" 'John, can't you take me out to buy a pair of gloves? The fingers of mine have all come through, a-holdin' on to the seat these two days.'

" 'Oh, yes,' said John. 'I 'll take you right after supper.'

" It crossed my mind then that it was queer she did n't ask Seth, — he knew the town as well as John did; but I jest

thought she wanted a little run with John, 'n' I knew it would n't take ten minutes. Afterwards I recollected that John did n't ask me to go, an' I wondered I did n't think of it at the time, for John never started off anywhere without saying, 'Come, Moll, — come along.' He did n't ask me this time; but I never once thought anything, an' I went right up to my room an' laid down on the bed. I was awful tired. Pretty soon John came in an' sat down in a chair, an' says he, 'I declare, Moll, I 'm about played out. This ridin' after cattle two days is hard work. I don't know when I 've felt so used up,' an' he jest sat 's if he could n't stir. But presently he got up an' went out again, an' I heard them all talkin' in the hall; an' then they went out, an' I thought they 'd all gone together for the gloves. I was lookin' at a newspaper I found in the room, an' pretty soon I dozed off asleep, an' when I waked up the town clock was strikin' nine. I started up, an' I could n't think where I was for a minute, an' then I began to wonder where they all were. In a few minutes I heard steps comin' up; an' then I heard Nelly's voice at the door, an' she spoke real low, and says she " — Here Sister Mary stopped, and her voice choked. "There is n't any need of my repeatin' what she said; it was n't till afterwards that I put this an' that together, an' made out what it meant. Then she went right on to her room, an' John, he went away. In a minute more I heard her speakin' to Seth in her room, which was close to ours, so I knew Seth had n't gone with 'em, after all; but I did n't think anything then, — not till a few minutes after, when she came down the hall, and I heard her stop and go back a step, and then come on, and give a little knock at my door. And when I said, 'Come in,' she came in an' sat down on the bed, an' showed me her gloves, 'n' began to tell me about the store where she bought 'em, 'n' she acted so queer! She never once looked in my face, an' she seemed nervous like, an' I wondered to myself what in the world was the matter with her; but even then I never thought about John. He came in presently, 'n' sat down, 'n' pretty soon she got up and went off to bed. Then I asked John where in the world they went, to be so long; an' then he told me where they 'd been, an' it wa'n't but a few minutes' walk. I don't know what 't was, I could n't ever tell, but there was something in his way o' speakin' that did n't sound natural, — not a mite. You know you feel things, sometimes; well, I jest felt something that you could n't put into any words, an' it all came over me in a minute how queer it was, when John was so tired he could n't drag one foot after the other, for him to go walking up 'n' down with her for more than an hour. 'T was only a little after seven when we came up from tea, an' now it was after nine. I never said a single word, but I jest lay thinkin', thinkin' it over, I don't know how long, — ten minutes may be, — when all of a sudden, John, he came up and kissed me, oh, such a kiss! Well, I don't suppose I could make ye understand, if I was to try, what it was about that kiss. I don't know how to tell ye the difference, unless ye know it yourself. John had n't kissed me that way for years, — not for years an' years; it was the way he used to kiss me at the very fust, — when we were fust married. A man don't kiss ye jest the same after he 's used to bein' with ye all the time; it 's their nature, I suppose, an' a woman 's got to be real sensible not to mind it when it fust begins to be different; but if she is sensible she won't mind it; the love 's there all the same, and as like 's not better when it 's all quiet like, and nothin' wild or hasty about it. Jest as soon as John set his lips on to mine that way, I gave a little scream; I could n't help it. He jest laughed, and turned away, an' I did n't say a word; but if there 'd been a blaze o' lightnin' in the room that minute, an' the words written on the wall, I should n't ha' read it any plainer what that kiss meant. I knew he 'd been kissin' Nelly; an' that was the reason she 'd acted so queer, an' that was the reason they 'd stayed out a-wanderin' round in the dark all that time. I never spoke a word, an' when John spoke to me I pretended

to be sound asleep; an' then I laid there all that night, with my eyes wide open, thinkin' what 'd become of me, an' wishin' myself dead. Now I suppose there 's plenty o' folks that don't think there 's any great harm done if a married man does kiss a pretty girl; an' I don't go to say myself that it 's any sin. I don't suppose it can be, or the Lord would n't ha' made so many real good, honest sort o' men, with such natures that they can't help doin' it when the notion seizes 'em. But this is what I do say: that while a man loves one woman with his whole heart an' soul, he don't ever want to kiss any other woman; more 'n that, it would go against him to; he could n't. An' that 's the way I 'd always loved John, an' that 's the way I 'd always thought he loved me; an' he did, too, I know he did, till that night.

" Well, in the morning I waited for John to speak fust; soon 's I answered him I expect he knew by my voice what I was thinkin' of. I don't doubt he knew I knew all about it. We 'd often talked about such things, an' I 'd always told him that I should think any woman would know in one second if anybody 'd come between her an' her husband. He did n't say much; when he did speak, he seemed to be kind o' tryin' to say cheerful and natural things; an' every time I answered him, my voice seemed to me to get fainter 'n' fainter; it seemed to me I was jest dyin' all over. I could see he was a-thinkin' an' thinkin'. I 'm almost sure he had a notion to tell me himself jest what he 'd done; an' I 've often thought if I 'd gone up an' put my arms round him, an' burst out cryin', the way I felt like doin', he would ha' told me, an' everything would have been different. But I expect he did n't dare to; a man can't tell how a woman 'll take things; and then it would n't ha' been fair to Nelly, either. I was combin' my hair, before the glass, when he got all dressed, an' he came up behind me and put his two hands on my neck. ' Oh, don't! ' said I; ' your hands are cold.' He never said a word, but went right out o' the room. The tears jest rolled down my face soon 's he 'd shut the door. I knew now, clearer 'n ever, jest how it all was; an' what I was to do I could n't see. It seemed to me I could n't go down to breakfast, an' look Nelly Barrett in the face, without burstin' out cryin'. I did n't feel no ways angry with her, an' I wondered I did n't; but I 'd always been so fond of her, I could n't. And I did n't feel a bit mad with John either; all the jealous women I 'd ever seen had acted real mad, but I did n't feel so. I only jest felt 's if the heart had died right out o' me, and if I could jest get right away out of everybody's sight, that was all I 'd ask. But I was proud, too, an' I did n't want anybody to see I felt bad, especially Nelly. I determined that she should n't know a thing; so I went down to breakfast, and I spoke to Nelly jest the same as ever. I saw her a-lookin' at me, but I did n't take any notice. John did n't come in till after we 'd all set down at the table; he came right along, as if he was goin' to set down by me, an' then, all of a sudden, he went the other side of the table, an' set down by her, right opposite me. Now that wa'n't but a very little thing, but there 's times when the least thing 'll seem as if it 'ud kill ye; an' when he went round the other side the table, an' sat down by side o' Nelly, I could have screamed right out, it hurt me so; but I jest went right on talkin' to Seth, an' did n't seem to notice. It 's a mercy our thoughts ain't written on our faces; there would n't be any livin' in this world if they were.

" Well, we started right after breakfast. We 'd got a beautiful lunch put up in a basket; and oh my! but the sun did shine that day. They all said 't was the prettiest kind of a spring day; an' I expect it was, but to me it seemed as if it was jest blindin' with light. I wanted to shut my eyes all the time. I sat on the back seat with Nelly, an' John an' Seth, they sat for'ard. I expected John 'ud ask her to ride with him, but he did n't. He felt real sorry for me in his heart, — I know he did. I shall always think that; I always have.

" It was pretty near noon when we got

to the top o' the Run. The horses went slow; they were tired, comin' off such a long journey; it seemed to me they jest crawled an' crawled. I wanted to get there, an' get out, an' get off alone by myself an' think. When we got out o' the wagon, Nelly says, 'Now, I 'm goin' down to the bottom of the Run. Won't you take me, John?'

"'Oh, don't!' said I. 'It 's awful dangerous goin' down there. Sometimes the rocks fall, and if one was to slip under your feet ye 'd roll to the bottom. I 've heard of the narrowest escapes.'

"'I don't care,' says Nelly. 'I 'm goin' down if I have to go alone. I 'm goin' to see the whole on 't.'

"John was busy unhitchin' the horses, an' did n't hear her; but when he came up, I found they 'd talked it all over before, an' she 'd told him she meant to go down. It seemed to me I should go crazy while they stood talkin'. At last I says, 'Well, I 'm jest goin' to sit down up here, while you go scramblin' about. I 've been all round here lots o' times; it 's no new sight to me. I 'll stay where I am.'

"I thought John 'ud urge me to go along, at least part way. But he did n't. He never said one word. My heart turned sort o' faint in me, 's I saw he did n't speak; of course I saw then, plain enough, he 'd rather go alone with her; Seth could n't go far with 'em, he was so lame. Jest as they were startin', Seth, he turns to me, an' says he, jest as unsuspicious as could be, an' laughin', 'I guess I can't keep up with them long. I 'll roam round by myself.'

"I watched them as they set off, Nelly goin' ahead like a deer, an' I could n't stand it. I called out 'John!'

"'What is it?' he said, an' turned round, but never came a step back.

"'Come here a minute,' I said. He came and stood close to me, but he did n't look right square into my eyes. I guess he mistrusted what I was goin' to say.

"'Oh, John,' said I, an' I know my eyes filled up with tears, 'won't you jest go slow, and rest between whiles, so Seth can keep with ye? He said he could n't keep up with you, an' he 'd have to go alone. And, John, please don't go down into the Run; I 'd feel so much easier if ye would n't. I shall jest sit here and worry every minute, if I think ye 're goin' down there. It 's awful dangerous. Do promise me ye won't do it, John.'

"'Well, I don't want to go, myself,' said John, 'but Nelly, she 's so set to. But I guess there won't be time, anyhow,' an' he pulled out his watch and looked at it. 'No,' he said, 'we could n't do it possibly, and get back here in two hours.'

"I felt real grateful then, and I said, 'Oh, if you only won't! I 'd feel so much easier.'

"'Well, we 'll report to you,' he said, and hurried off to overtake Nelly, and never looked back at me once; an' those were the last words I ever heard John speak, an' that was the last time I ever set eyes on his face.

"I can't tell ye much about the time I sat there alone on those rocks. It seemed to me 't was a thousand years. I got a shady place, under an old cedar-tree, where I could look way down into the Run an' off to sea. You could see the line o' the river, way out to the harbor, where the great booms were that held the logs. There were ships comin' an' goin', I remember; an' I watched 'em 's far as I could; an' there were lots o' little ants crawlin' round on the ground, — ants 'n' flies 'n' several kinds o' little insects with shining wings, — all goin', goin', an' never once stoppin' to rest; an' I looked at 'em all with a kind o' pitiful wonder what God made such a world full o' creatures for, an' if there was any livin' thing that did n't have to suffer. I remember an eagle flew across the Run once, an' a lark sung out; an' when that lark sung, I jest burst out cryin', I did n't see how anything could be so glad as that bird's voice sounded. I felt 's if I 'd like to kill it for singin' so close to me. The more I thought, the more I felt sure that John would go down the wall o' the river, after all; for as I thought over what he said, I saw he had n't made any promise. He only said there would n't be time, he guessed; and

I made up my mind that he 'd all along meant to do it, if Nelly was set to go. I got up, an' walked round an' round. One minute I thought I 'd go after 'em, an' see if I could n't keep him from goin' ; but I knew I could n't ever find 'em in that wild place. There 's more 'n five hundred thousand rocks, all piled up one top of another, an' in an' out, an' every which way, along the top o' that Run. Oh, but it 's well named for the devil; it 's named true.

" At last, I took John's coat, — he 'd taken it off an' thrown it on the ground, jest as he started; he said he 'd be too warm, — I took that an' folded it up, and laid down on the ground an' put my head on it; an' 's soon 's I touched it, I jest burst out cryin' again. I jest hugged that old coat, 'n' I kissed it, 'n' I cried till, if you 'll believe me, I went to sleep. Now, was n't that a queer thing, too, that when I was a-feelin' so wretched I could ha' slept? But I was jest worn out with lyin' awake the night before, an' keepin' such a strain on myself not to show anything; an' I must have slept a good two hours, for when I waked up the sun was shinin' on my head, and it had come a good piece to do that. I jumped up an' looked round; the horses were whinnyin' like mad, and I knew by that it must be real late. They were used to bein' fed about noon. At first I thought I 'd go an' see if I could n't find John an' the rest ; but I knew that would n't be any use; so I sat down again, an' waited. I jest looked off to sea, an' never turned my eyes any other way. I did n't dare to look down into the Run. It seemed to me, if I did, I should throw myself in, sure. So I sat still 'n' looked off at that ocean and sky, till 't seemed 's if I could see right through the sky. All of a sudden I heard steps comin', and great pantin' breaths, 'n' I got up, 'n' ran up the bank. I was a little ways down on a big ledge, in the shade; an' as soon 's I got to the top, there I saw Nelly, runnin', a-holdin' on to both her sides. She could n't hardly get one foot before the other, she was pantin' so, 'n' the tears streamin' down her face, 'n' she gaspin' out, —

" ' Oh, — oh, Moll! John 's — fallen — in; Seth — he 's tryin' — to — get — down — to him; — he — says — we — must harness — right — up — 'n' drive — back — 'n' get — men — to go — up — in a boat. Perhaps — they — can — find — him — better — that — way.'

" It seemed 's if I did n't hear a thing after the first word. I kept interruptin' her. ' I 'm goin' down to him myself,' I said, an' I started to run the way she 'd come. But she grabbed hold o' me like iron.

" ' Moll, Moll!' she said, ' there could n't no mortal woman go down there; it 's a straight precipice where he went over Seth 's workin' down higher up, an' if he is on the rocks he 'll get to him after a while. But Seth said I was to tell you that he said for you to go; you 'd help best by gettin' men up the other way with a boat.'

" ' Where was you? ' said I, 's I was gettin' the harness on to old Kate. My hands trembled so I could n't hardly do anything; but Nelly, she was workin' 's if she wa'n't any mortal woman. She had Dick all harnessed before I 'd got the headstall on to Kate. ' Where was you when he fell over? How 'd he come to fall? '

" ' Oh, we were half-way down the wall,' said she, ' an' we came to a narrow ledge he thought we could walk on; 'n' he jest stepped on to it, 'n' held out his hand to me, and says, " Come on, Nelly, give me your hand. I 'll lead you across!" An' I was jest liftin' my foot to step on, an' the words wa'n't out o' his mouth, when the whole ledge fell, 'n' he went right out of my sight, and the whole rock where I was standing shook so that I fell down flat. As soon 's I could I crept out an' looked over, but I could n't see anything; it was a straight wall right down to the river. But Seth says there are lots o' ledges; he may have caught on one.'

" ' Was Seth there, too? ' said I. I spoke very slow. I seemed to be all turnin' to stone, somehow, now I found that 't was in goin' down that wall I 'd begged him so not to go down that he 'd met his death; for I knew he was dead, —

knew it jest 's well the fust minute she said, 'John's fallen in!' 's I know it now. 'Was Seth there when he fell in?' said I, slower 'n' louder. She had n't seemed to hear me.

"'Oh, no,' she said. 'Seth had n't been with us at all. He said he 'd take it easy. I found him on the top. He wa'n't very far off from the place where we went down.'

"I did n't say anything. I jest lashed those horses; I wonder we did n't break our necks, for 't was an awful road. At last my hands got so cold, for all 't was a warm day, I could n't drive, 'n' I put the reins into Nelly's hands, 'n' says I, 'You must drive; I can't;' an' that was the last thing I knew till I come to in a bed. They told me about it afterwards. They said I went into a dead faint 's soon 's I handed the reins to Nelly, an' if a man had n't come along jest that minute, a-ridin' horseback, she never could have kept me in that wagon an' driven the horses; but the man, he fastened his horse behind, and got in an' drove, and Nelly, she held me up; an' I never knew no more when they lifted me out than if I had been stone dead."

Here Sister Mary paused, drew a long sigh, clasped her hands tighter, and shut her eyes. I waited a long time for her to speak. Then I said, in a quivering voice, —

"Oh, tell me the rest! Do let me know it all!"

She opened her eyes very slowly, and looked at me with the gaze of one just awakening from a trance. Tears rolled down her cheeks, and her voice for the first time trembled, as she replied, —

"There is n't any more to tell."

"Did n't they ever find his body?" I ventured to ask.

"Yes," she said, with a sob. "They found his body; but it was a week, first. It worked down with the logs; the river was awful high. They found it in one o' the booms; but I never saw it. They said I 'd better not."

"Did you go home with Nelly an' Seth?" I asked.

A deep red mounted instantly to her cheek. "You don't suppose I could ever ha' looked into that girl's face again, do you?" said she. "Not that I blamed her a mite, — no, not a mite; but I could n't ever see her again, — that 's all. I think I should have dropped dead to look at her. Her face wa'n't ever from before my eyes, any more 'n John's was; it seemed as if I could n't even be let to think of him, even in his grave, without seein' her face along-side. I don't know how it was, but that was the way my mind worked, an' I could n't do anything with myself. I guess I wa'n't quite right in my head for a spell. I was at Parson Quimby's. They took me in; they 'd always been good friends of ours. Seth and Nelly, they stayed down 's long 's they could; an' they 'd come a dozen times a day, an' beg to see me; but I could n't. Nelly, she came up to the door o' my room once, and stood there cryin', an' callin' through to me, —

"'Oh, Moll, do jest let me kiss ye for good-by;' an' she cried so ye could hear her all over the house. Mrs. Quimby, she was sittin' with me at the time, and says she, —

"'Oh, do let that poor child in, can't ye? She 's breakin' her heart; she thinks you feel to think on her 's if she was to blame for all that 's happened.'

"But I could n't see her, I told Mrs. Quimby; an' I charged her to say it 's strong 's she could that I had n't any hard feelin' towards her, — not the least mite. I did n't hold her no ways accountable for John's bein' gone. An' that I 'd always loved her, an' she might count on it I always should; but, the Lord willin', I 'd never set my eyes on her, — not in this world. I could n't."

"No," said I, "you could n't. I don't wonder you felt so. But I don't see how you could say you loved her."

"Well, I did," replied Sister Mary, "an' it was true. I always did love the girl. She did n't live long, poor little thing; and one o' the last things she said to Seth before she died was, 'Do, oh, do send my last love to poor Moll.' He wrote it to me in a letter. I never saw him again, either. I did n't want ever to see anything or anybody to bring back those times. I sent a man up to

sell out the farm and all the things. They did n't bring much; things never do when you have to sell 'em that way. I put all the money in the bank, an' I hain't never touched it sence, — only jest the interest. I worked round there a spell; but I was n't easy till I got away, 'n came down here nussin. It 's the only thing does me any good. It 's goin' on sixteen years now I 've been nussin in this hospital."

"Now," she added, "I don't know whether I 'm goin' to feel wuss or better for rakin' all my troubles open this way. I hain't ever told a livin' soul but you since I came away from home; but I felt drawn to tell you, somehow. It seemed to me you had more sympathy than common."

For answer, I took Sister Mary's wrinkled hand in mine and kissed it; my eyes were full of tears, and I had no voice to speak.

"Was n't what I said true?" she added. "There ain't any comfort for such a trouble 's that; an' there never was, an' there never will be, not even in heaven, supposin' I 'm so lucky 's to get there, an' we know our friends when we see 'em, which I 've never been clear about in my own mind, notwithstandin' I was Methodist raised an' a member there thirty years, — no, there ain't any comfort."

"No," said I, "you spoke the truth. There is n't any comfort."

"Yes," said she, "that 's jest what I 've always felt; it 's the way I 've always looked at it. But it ain't the way o' our family to pine, or mope round much, — not so long 's there 's anything to be done."

*Jane Silsbee,*
*(Author of Massy Sprague's Daughter.)*

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## THE CERAMIC ART IN AMERICA.

Some curious information is supplied by Mr. John F. Watson regarding the treatment of "æsthetic tea," as Carlyle calls it, in the olden time. When the aromatic herb was first introduced into Salem, it was customary to boil it in an iron kettle, to strain off the liquor, and, having placed the boiled leaves in a dish, to butter them. They were then eaten, and the decoction was used, without milk or sugar, to wash them down. "Surely," says the annalist, "the modern mode of taking tea in French porcelain gilt cups, with patent loaf-sugar and cream, stirred with a silver spoon, is more delicate, refined, and elegant." This being readily conceded, and no demur being made to the substitution of the decoction for the buttered leaves, the subject of tea-drinking is not thereby taken out of the realm of debate. When the proper position of tea in domestic economy dawned upon the Western mind, the tea-service was the next topic of discussion. It has not been disposed of yet. Styles and tastes vary and change. Old-fashioned people were led away by various degrees of beautiful uniformity, or uniform beauty, and set their hearts on the services, many of which still survive to charm us with designs and colors both sombre and gay, complex and chaste. Lately there has sprung up a heresy, very attractive it must be confessed, to the effect that sets are a long-standing mistake. Good taste, it is said, demands variety, and the harlequin is the true king. Let, therefore, a heavily flowered tea-cup from China be flanked on the one hand by a delicate specimen of Sèvres, and on the other by a more robust representative of England; while elsewhere are arrayed the wares of Saxony, Berlin, Italy, Spain, and Japan.

In the ceramic art, the "centuries of far-off beauty" lead to that near at hand. The routes by which it has traveled centre in our tea-table, and its steps

are marked in our collections. As the fragrant beverage is sipped, and the light shines through the tilted porcelain cup, the different stages of the art and skill that produced it may be thought over. It may be French, English, German, or Oriental, but in any case it is the representative of an art that was, in all primitive faiths, the gift of the gods. It becomes a serious matter, too, when, to change the scene, one realizes that the massive granite ware of the restaurant is the nineteenth-century development of a skill derived by direct teaching from heaven. All that this means is, of course, that early piety in this way solved a problem that to civilized inquiry is a problem still. Whoever the first potter may have been, he laid the foundation of an art of which ceramicomania is not the least remarkable product. The refuse of the savage becomes venerable to his civilized successor, — such are the wonders of time. A broken potsherd may fill a gap in the construction of some beautiful theory of progression. The ceramic chain binding the youth of the world to its old age derives its greatest value from being unbroken; and no potter that ever lived can be overlooked, no ware, however humble, can be despised. No doubt, if some of the potters of the brave days of old could look back to this mundane sphere, they would be both amused and astonished to find how valuable have become the coarse and inartistic vessels to which they and their neighbors and customers had attached so little importance, and to see them placed in museums and collections, and commented on as links and as early buds on the ceramic branch of that art which has its roots in chaos and its loftiest branches beyond mortal ken. To handle one of these old vessels is like shaking hands with one of the pioneers of humanity across the gulf of time. If it be examined closely, a finger mark may be found, or an indentation made by the nail of a potter who lived ages ago. It represents an idea, and as it is turned round a dim perception is felt of the fact that, with all its rudeness, it is a result of the promptings of a sense of beauty, inarticulate almost, like the gasping of a dumb man trying to relieve his surcharged heart in speech. In that respect it resembles every other vessel produced by the potter's hand. It is a record, and has its place in history.

The New World, in so far as its ceramic art is concerned, differs in no essential respect from the Old. Pottery reveals a singular harmony between the ancient peoples of the two continents in religious ideas and customs. There is, for example, a close connection between the Peruvian and the Egyptian conceptions of deity. Both people appear to have been conscious of the existence of a supreme being, whom they worshiped through certain natural forms chosen as the symbols of his attributes. The fine glazed pottery of Egypt has supplied numberless illustrations of the religion of the Nile, and it is from the paintings upon pottery that we derive almost our only knowledge of the religion of ancient Peru. A similar parallel might be drawn between the Chinese and the Peruvians. In regard to the respective customs of the East and the West, the pottery of Egypt and Peru indicates many points of similarity. It is hardly necessary to make special reference to burial urns, as they appear to have been used by nearly every ancient people, both in Europe and in America. They have been found in Etruria and in Roman graves, in Gaul, England, and elsewhere in Europe, and at several places in both South, Central, and North America. There is, however, one striking feature of the burial rite as it was practiced in Egypt and Peru deserving of notice. According to Dr. Birch, the Egyptians deposited vases in their tombs, filled with various kinds of food and other substances for the future use of the deceased. Some of them disclosed traces of articles of luxury or medicaments, such as a thick, viscous fluid, the lees of wine, fragrant, solid balsamic and unctuous substances, asphalt, a bituminous paste, a snuff-colored powder, and chopped straw. Turning to Peru, we find the Inca and his poor subject alike preparing for the supposititious needs of

a future state. Graves have been opened in which, beside the remains of the dead, were discovered vessels of pottery containing maize and other edibles. That the latter were intended for subsistence in a future life there can be no doubt. From their pottery, therefore, we learn that two peoples as far removed from each other as the Egyptians and Peruvians held the same views of the next life, and regarded the indefinite future as a mere prolongation of the present.

From what has been said it may be inferred that an examination of the pottery of the New World must be conducted upon the same principles, and will be rewarded with the same historical results, as that of the pottery of the Old World. It is a matter of deep regret that the chronology of the former is very inexact. A few specimens may be ascribed to a certain age with approximate precision; of many others all that can be said is that they antedate the Spanish conquest; with regard to an equally large number even conjecture is entirely at fault. These unfortunate circumstances are to be attributed to the mystery overhanging the early history of Peru.

The specimens at our command, as they may be studied in such collections as those of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington and the Peabody Museum at Harvard, are divisible into great and easily distinguishable classes. There are, first, the water vessels and domestic utensils, such as jars and pots, which have been exhumed on the coast settlements. There are, secondly, the vases, many of which are decorated with human faces in relief, which come from Cuzco and Lake Titicaca. A third division might be formed of the vessels modeled after the human head, in some of which are preserved wonderfully fine types of the heads and faces that attracted the potter. Upon the first of these classes, the water vessels of the Chimus and inhabitants of the towns upon the coast, the greatest amount of ingenuity seems to have been lavished. They supply a comprehensive and curious index to Peruvian customs. The typical shape is a rotund jar with an arching hollow handle, and spout projecting upward from the middle of the arch. The handle and spout are of identically the same pattern in many specimens where the body of the vessels is never seen twice alike. In devising the shape of the latter, the Peruvians followed a rule which is discovered in operation in every country with any claim to the possession of an original art. They found models in nature, and in the appliances and usages of their every-day life. One of their jars thus represents a musician; another, a primitive boat; and where the double body is brought into requisition, or where a short neck takes the place of the siphon handle, a hundred instances are supplied of an appeal for suggestions to the familiar surroundings of the potter. Thus, in one case, the two sections of the body consist of a stag and doe; in another, the orifice of one of twin bottles is occupied by a bird; in a third, one compartment is modeled after the human figure; in a fourth, the jar is single, and represents the human head and bust, the orifice being in the top of the head. A like rule was followed in designs graved in the paste, one being a rude and inartistic semblance of the human face, and another consisting of a bird. There are also painted representations of birds, serpents, and double-headed snakes, and these are found mingled with geometrical designs, such as diamonds arranged in vertical bands and other patterns, which recall the early efforts of the Greeks before their emancipation from Phœnician and Assyrian influences. The art of Peru, broadly speaking, may be said to have sought expression in three distinct forms, which are met with in the ceramic art of every country that passed the most primitive stage, namely, the imitation of natural objects by the modeler, who follows the actual form, and the same imitation by means of graved outlines and colored representations.

Assuming an early connection between Peru and Central America, — of which the historical evidence is sufficiently decisive, — we find, with the exception of the colors found upon painted ware, lit-

tle in common between the potteries of the two regions. Large, round, heavily shaped jars and painted tripodal basins from Nicaragua, and earthen images from Guatemala, take the place of the multiform drinking vessels of Peru. The relationship is closer between the Peruvian and the red unglazed vessels of the Aztecs. The double jar reappears among the latter, and there are many figures of deities, priests, and snakes which are peculiar to the early Mexican civilization. The Aztec black glazed ware seems to have been worked with considerable care, and the details of the designs are finished with scrupulous nicety. Some admirable specimens of this quality are in the Smithsonian Institution and in the Peabody Museum.

Coming next to the mound-builders, we discover a similarity between their earthenware remains and those of the Peruvians, such as would almost justify the inference that, at a period now impossible to specify, a connection existed between the two peoples. Many of their vessels are either modeled after natural objects, or are surmounted by representations more or less rude of human and animal heads. Their ceramic relics have been discovered from the lower part of the valley of the Mississippi northward through the middle section of the United States. That either through the mound-builders, or through some other channel of which even less is known, a knowledge of working in clay passed from South to North America is a conclusion to which the inquirer is almost necessarily driven. There are two facts, equally singular and distinct, which can hardly be explained by any other hypothesis. The first of these is that corrugated ware has been found both in South America and among the Pueblos and Indians of North America. The manner of making this ware is so remarkable that it seems impossible that it could have been common to many tribes belonging to widely separated sections of the American continent without direct transmission or tradition from one source. The heavy clay was made into strips, which were coiled round a centre formed by keeping the end of the strip first used stationary at a point representing the centre of the bottom of the jar. As the strips were carried round one above the other, the layers were pressed firmly together, and in doing so the potter, by using either his nail or a piece of wood, gave the jars their corrugated appearance. Had a similar process been known to exist in any other country, the community of usage throughout America might have been disposed of without the assumption of a community of origin. But as it is a characteristic of a large variety of the ancient pottery of this continent only, the natural supposition is that here, in some unknown locality, it originated, and passed from tribe to tribe throughout a period which must have comprised many centuries. The second fact to be noticed is that both in the colors employed in decoration and in shapes there are many examples of the pottery of the Pueblos and the Moquis of the present time which are allied with the Peruvian. Among the North American Indian tribes the cultivation of ceramic art depended rather upon tribal tendencies and usage, as determined by location and habits, than upon choice. Those who approached most nearly the typical red man of the plains, whose pursuits of preference and necessity were war and the chase, found nothing attractive in the potter's art. Those having more permanent settlements cultivated it to a greater extent, and with them are to be numbered the tribes which, through admixture of blood or other causes, are to be classed as exceptional. The Indians of New Jersey attained a skill never displayed by the nomadic hunters of the far West, and have left urns, clay pipes, and many fragmentary relics which attest their taste in decoration. There is one remarkable specimen described by Dr. C. C. Abbott, of Trenton, to which, for the sake of the custom indicated by it, special reference may here be made. It consisted of a quadrangular box of black pottery mixed with mica, ornamented on all sides with fine engraved lines. "When taken out of the ground, it was full of a reddish

powder of a faint aromatic odor, and contained many of the smaller bones of a deer. These bones had apparently not been exposed to heat at any time, but were probably the remains of venison buried with and intended *as food* for the deceased, whose skeleton was found within a few feet of the 'box.'" The Indians of New Jersey availed themselves of the same beds of clay to which the manufacturers of terra cotta now resort. Like many other pottery-making tribes in Illinois and the West, they mixed it with crushed shells, sand, or mica, and restricted their decorative efforts to a profusion of lines and dots. One remarkable fact regarding the old potters of the continent, in South, Central, and North America, is the absence of the potter's wheel. Molding appears to have been practiced by them all, from the Peruvians to the Indians; but that a contrivance, of the use of which in the Old World the evidences are so frequent, should have been unknown to any of the aboriginal inhabitants of America is not the least singular result of our investigations amongst their pottery.

One of the most important and at the same time most absorbing questions in connection with the present and future of the ceramic art in the United States arises in connection with the consideration of the clays of this country. It may be premised that the language employed by potters and by the owners of deposits in designating the clays of their respective sections is occasionally misleading. Thus there is a quality of clay in New Jersey which is generally called *kaolin*, although in no way entitled to the name. That State is the only one of the clay deposits of which we have any really exact knowledge based upon systematic observation and analysis. The importance of information upon this point may be illustrated by a reference to the usage of the Chinese, who, having arrived at a knowledge of the different deposits of kaolin within the bounds of the empire, are enabled to mix them with the confident precision resulting from long investigation and experiment. Their china clay is a compound of many deposits, each of which supplies an ingredient or possesses a quality lacking in the others. We have no similar knowledge of the clays of the country; and in view of the service performed by the state geologist of New Jersey, it appears eminently desirable that other state governments should follow its example, and supply the information which can otherwise be acquired only by assiduous and expensive experiment and skillful analysis on the part of individual potters. The chief ground on which an appeal to the States is based is that information provided by the State is for the benefit of all its citizens; that acquired by an individual will most certainly be withheld from competitors in business, and, while probably of great advantage to its fortunate possessor, is practically of no effect upon the furtherance of a great industry. With regard to all the clays for earthenware and stoneware of every grade, they are present in the United States in great abundance, and their peculiarities are pretty generally understood. With reference to kaolin, or porcelain clay, let it be remembered that without the discoveries of John Schnorr and Madame Darnet at Aue and St. Yrieix respectively, the world could never have admired the porcelains of Dresden and Sèvres. No chemical combination could have taken the place of kaolin; and unless John Schnorr had discovered a road to additional wealth by means of an earthen hair-powder, and unless Madame Darnet had been led to economize by using an unctuous clay for soap, Europe might still have been laboring to imitate in artificial compounds the works of China and Japan. The possession of kaolin is the key to that branch of the ceramic art of these countries in which their universally admired triumphs of color, painting, and form have been accomplished. Similarly, in reference to America, it is upon its mineral wealth that an estimate of the future of its ceramic art must in a great measure depend.

The fact is therefore of the greatest moment that kaolin beds exist in Pennsylvania, Georgia, Missouri, and other States, and that feldspar — the *petuntse*

of the Chinese — is present in quantities that are practically limitless. Quartz is also abundant. Between the possession of these deposits and taking full advantage of them in making porcelain there is, however, a considerable difference. This may be illustrated by certain remarks made by President Thomas C. Smith, proprietor of the only porcelain manufactory in the United States, — the Union Porcelain Works at Greenpoint, Long Island, — at a late meeting of the Potters' Association. He said, in effect, that the production of clay for the best works and wares was one of the most pressing problems of the day, and then continued: "We must buy from abroad. We are called upon for better and better wares, and there is scarcely an even American clay that we can buy. . . . The only clays we can get are from Pennsylvania, and they are not good; they are refractory, and do not yield readily to the fire. We need a better and more regular clay, upon the quality of which we can depend." This want of evenness in the quality he illustrated by adducing an instance in which he used native clay without any foreign admixture; he felt a pride in doing so. He used up all he had, and sent for more. It arrived during his absence; his foreman made it up without trial, and the consequence was a loss of about two thousand dollars. There was no similarity between the two consignments, and Mr. Smith still finds it necessary to resort in part to imported kaolin.

At the same meeting of the association the committee on materials presented a report, in which the following very suggestive passage occurs: "It would seem that the great natural productions of our country, embracing everything necessary for our use, when properly developed, ought to put within our reach materials at a cost which would enable us to compete successfully with foreign wares. But so long as imported English clays can be sold in our market at less prices than our own American clays, we shall certainly labor under great disadvantages. Some means should be devised to develop more rapidly and more thoroughly the resources of our own country in this direction. There is no doubt that these materials exist in great quantities, only waiting development to enable us to defy ruinous competition, and to hold the American market against the world."

The existence of the finest clays is taken for granted in both passages, and the corollary is that when they have been subjected to the necessary preparatory processes, and the peculiarities of each deposit are thoroughly understood, the American manufacturer will be independent of foreign material. It could hardly be expected that Missouri clay sent to the manufacturer unwashed, as taken from the mines, should compete with the prepared kaolin of Cornwall. Means will no doubt be devised to reverse the present condition of things, and to give the native material the advantage in point of expense.

One of the most hopeful phases of the question of material is that at the present time nearly every manufacturer in Trenton is experimenting with native clays, in the search for a ware which shall gain for this country an *entrée* into the markets of the world with a purely American porcelain. Specimens from several Trenton potteries and from the New York City Pottery are very pure and translucent, and fully substantiate the right of the ware to the distinctive names of "American porcelain," "semi-china," and "ivory porcelain." It differs from the natural or hard porcelains of China and Europe in the firing, and in having a boracic instead of a feldspathic glaze.

From these indications it may be gathered that the potters of America are now in a position very much akin to that of the French and Germans before experience had taught them the proper use of the kaolins of the Limousin and Saxony. That at some not far distant day we shall have an American kaolinic porcelain with a feldspathic glaze there is hardly room to doubt. The potters of America are fully alive to the wealth of their country in material, and are by patient experiment reaching upward to-

ward a better native excipient for a higher form of art.

The history of pottery in the United States begins with the year 1765, when the firm of A. H. Hews & Co., now of North Cambridge, Massachusetts, was founded, and when Wedgwood in England was on the highway to fortune and fame. The factory was then several miles distant from its present site, and the exact character of its products is unknown. They are referred to in the old books of the firm merely as "ware." The company is now making an immense variety of flower-pots, fern cases, and garden vases. Many of the designs are attractive and decidedly original. A few years ago the Messrs. Hews introduced, under the name of "Albert ware," a fine quality of terra cotta, chiefly after the forms supplied by Greece, Phœnicia, and Etruria. They have also succeeded in reproducing Peruvian pottery, and notably a whistling jar in the Peabody Museum Collection. The Cambridge terra cotta has been very favorably received by decorators, and has probably been subjected to more determined efforts to obscure the natural beauty of the body by crude compositions in colors than any other ware of the present time. Fortunately, the least skillful decoration cannot completely destroy the work of the potter, or annihilate the charm attaching to the antique forms.

The first domestic porcelain enterprise was instituted at Philadelphia about the year 1770, but it was soon brought to a close, and for many years after that date the country was almost absolutely dependent upon Europe for household wares. Earthenware was made at Norwich, Connecticut, towards the end of last century, and in 1800 stoneware was being made at Herbertsville, New Jersey. The manufacture increased rapidly in the Eastern States, and in the first quarter of the present century the porcelain industry was revived by W. E. Tucker in Philadelphia. It spread to Jersey City and to Bennington, Vermont, and many attempts were made to establish it on Long Island; but the first enterprise by which plain domestic and decorated porcelain was placed upon the market was that of T. C. Smith & Sons, of Greenpoint. Success was not gained until after a protracted series of struggles. All the original proprietors retired from the strife, and Mr. Smith alone stuck to his project, and succeeded. The kaolin used at Greenpoint is partly imported and partly native, and the fact has already been accounted for. Rather than carry on a long series of expensive experiments, with a sole view to testing the qualities of American kaolins, Mr. Smith, while never leaving that object out of sight, prefers to retain his footing in the market by in part using English kaolin, the properties of which are well known and thoroughly understood. The Greenpoint porcelain is pure and strong, and a great deal of the decoration is original and chaste. Apart from the exceptional pieces, amongst which we might find several decorated with a degree of beauty and a perfection of execution that leave little more to be desired, the general average of decorated domestic ware is decidedly high, and is rapidly rising. The manufacturer has a double opposition to contend with. There is, first, the foreign competition; and, secondly, the greater opposition of a wavering public taste, ready to accept anything from abroad rather than be at the trouble of estimating native products at their real value. This propensity affects all the ceramic productions of America. Their American nativity appears to be accepted as a conclusive argument against their excellence. Time, it is hoped, will overcome this foolish prejudice, and bring to American art the encouragement dearest to the artist, — sympathy and appreciation.

Mr. Smith's first artistic works were the century vases exhibited at Philadelphia, on which, by means of panels bearing white reliefs, the story of the past century is vividly and forcibly told. A more recent work followed the publication of Mr. Longfellow's Keramos, of which it is an illustration. In a series of panels, the artist — Mr. Karl Müller — shows the potters of all ages at work,

and gives some of the more famous specimens of their skill. In their midst appears a bust of the poet in a medallion framed with laurel. Mr. Smith has also turned out a number of very fine figures and groups in parian by his chief designer and modeler, Mr. Müller.

A great deal of excellent work in earthenware is produced by the Robertsons, of Chelsea, Mass. No more true ideas of art, and no more patient contention with the difficulties in the way of their perfect expression, can anywhere be found. Aside from their attempt to imitate the Haviland faïence and Doulton ware, the Robertsons have succeeded in perfecting certain styles which, so far as we know, are original. Here, as everywhere else, the original work — that which expresses the artist's own thought — is the best. There are vases from this workshop which deserve a place in every collection. The clay used is of two colors, brown and white, and is thrown in shapes that are generally elegant and always in harmony with the decoration. The latter consists of gravings in the paste, applied moldings, and carved reliefs. To illustrate the last mentioned, we may instance a vase upon which is carved a flower, or a creeping plant is twined round the body and touches the lip. The work is minute and true to the model, and the disposition of the tendrils, leaves, and flowers has all the grace and freedom of nature. Other examples might be adduced, but the above will give an additional point to what has been said of the recognition of American art.

At East Boston is the establishment of the New England Pottery Company, the only producers of white granite and cream-colored ware in the Eastern States. Portland and Beverly are both known in connection with terra cotta, of fine body and graceful shapes, chiefly after the antique.

In the city of New York a manufacturer devoting himself to art with no little zeal and enthusiasm, guided by long experience and profound practical knowledge, is Mr. James Carr, of the City Pottery. He makes use of six or seven combinations of material, from iron-stone china to American porcelain. For many years Mr. Carr confined himself to plain domestic wares; but when he with others felt the awakening of a taste for art, he turned to work of a higher order in decoration and modeling. Some of his figures, busts, and groups in bone-china, parian, and terra cotta are praiseworthy, and his iron-stone china and semi-porcelain are painted in styles to which, a few years ago, American workmen were practically strangers. Both here and in Trenton, the demand for decorated services during last year showed a large advance, and promises to increase as the art improves and prejudices die away. Terra cotta of various qualities is also made in New York.

As one of the leading centres of the pottery industry, Trenton deserves more than the brief notice we can now give it. Its chief productions, apart from the fine ware or porcelain already referred to, are white granite and cream-colored ware, of which immense quantities are made. It has risen to its present eminence within the last twenty-six years. The industry was founded by Taylor & Speeler in 1852. The firm made brown and Rockingham ware, and also tried to make porcelain and parian, but without success. The ware is said to have been of good quality, but the demand was insufficient to make the venture profitable, and the difficulties in the way of manufacture were more than the enterprising members of the firm could cope with. In 1853 the production of the white ware which constitutes the staple of the Trenton trade was begun, and has now reached an annual value of about two million dollars. The most noteworthy attempt to combine artistic work with the manufacture of white ware was made three years ago by Ott & Brewer, the present Etruria Pottery Company. Their works in parian are highly creditable, and although their art enterprise met with little encouragement, and has been for the present discontinued, it deserves special recognition among the efforts that had been and are now being made to lay the foundation of

an American art. The body is fine, compact, and hard, and appears in a variety of warm and pleasing tints. One of the later specimens is a bust of Cleopatra, a careful study and an example of highly finished workmanship. It was on view in New York for some time, and according to Mr. J. Hart Brewer brought his firm into violent contact with the prevalent antagonism to American works of art. The bust was seen, admired, and priced by a New York gentleman, who appeared disposed to become the commercial Antony to the Trenton Cleopatra. He expressed his satisfaction both with the work and its value, and asked from what European studio it came. When told of its Trenton origin, he received the information at first with incredulity, and, when convinced of its truth, withdrew from the purchase. The story illustrates the operation of the unreasoning prejudice against the American artist. The bust, although widely differing from such an ideal as Gérôme's, is, if less attractive, probably more truthful in the presentment of a type of beauty peculiarly Egyptian. It is to be hoped that the Etruria Company may be led to revive the production of works in parian. In following Copeland and Minton they have entered a field which in this country is almost entirely their own.

It is unnecessary for the purposes of the present sketch to give further particulars of individual manufacturers, or of the nearly eight hundred factories which are scattered over the country. A subject of greater importance is the styles of decoration to which the artists of America resort, or, more generally, the manner in which their artistic feeling seeks expression. There is, in the first place, a wide-spread admiration of the graceful forms of Greece, which has led the workers in terra cotta to follow them, and to reproduce many other less attractive antique shapes. A similar tendency has for a long time manifested itself in Europe, and the wonderful success of Ipsen and Wendrich, of Copenhagen, had no doubt its influence in firing American potters with a desire to emulate the taste and skill of the ancients. At the present time the antique may be said to absorb all the attention of the American producer of terra-cotta vases. The public is rapidly becoming familiar with the chaste simplicity and elegant freedom of outline which constitute the great charm of Greek ceramic art. It has not yet, however, occurred to any one to confer upon those admirers of the Greek who are shut out from any comprehensive collection the real benefit that would be contained in a complete set of the leading Greek forms. The educational value of such a collection would be great, as illustrating the beauty with which the Greeks were preëminently successful in investing their domestic pottery, their jars, wine-coolers, vessels for drawing the wine, and drinking-cups. In copying the Greek decoration our artists are far behind the Danes, and resort at times to styles which have nothing to recommend them. It is difficult to infuse into a copy the feeling of the original; and American modifications of the antique, and original designs based upon the antique, are almost invariably devoid of either feeling or meaning. The point for the American potter to keep in view is that the beauty of the Greek vase which can be enjoyed throughout all time is in its form. Its decoration is often rude. The drawing of many of the figures is poor, the proportions bad, the coloring arbitrary, the attitudes impossible. Should any one undertake to make exact copies of the fifty thousand Greek vases which are said to exist in different parts of the world, or of any number of specimens, he would engage in a very laudable enterprise. But to spoil American terra cotta with new designs "after the Greek," and marked by all the imperfections of Greek workmanship, is not art, but folly. If the Danish work be examined closely, it will be found that with the quietude of color characteristic of the ancient it unites perfection of drawing and a careful attention to all the minutiæ of detail. Whether the design be copied from an antique vase, or is after one of the classical works of Thorwaldsen, or is original with an artist whose genius, like that of

the great sculptor, turns to the classical by preference, its execution gives the vase a right to be ranked with works of art. Not only in form, but in tone, it is a reflection of the same spirit that animated the old Greek artists, and deserves the study of every decorator of American terra cotta "after the antique."

The warmth with which the Haviland faïence was received led to attempts on the part of American potters to probe the supposed secret of his process and to imitate the ware. There was in reality very little mystery about Haviland's method. Its leading points, that of painting the unbaked clay and that of using an alkaline glaze, were given to the public almost immediately after the faïence was introduced. The Robertsons of Chelsea [1] have, after a long series of experiments, succeeded in bringing out a few pieces with very beautiful grounds of blue and green. As studies in color these pieces are attractive, but they are far more deserving of attention as a groundwork for future endeavor, of the artistic results of which great expectations may be entertained. This is said in view of the patient contention with material difficulty, and of the presence of the true art instinct elsewhere manifest in the Chelsea workshop. But it may be well to consider the difficulties in the way of the Robertsons and of all other imitators of the Haviland faïence. That the latter is the greatest contribution to the ceramic art of the present day is almost universally conceded. It brought with it new ideas of the beauty of color, and of the possibilities within the reach of the artist who resorts to a clay excipient. The results of the process are in some cases wonderfully beautiful. The melting together of the glaze and colors gives the latter a liquid softness seen on no other kind of faïence, and at the same time necessitates the most patient care on the part of the artist, lest the work of a too free or careless brush should pass into an indistinct daub. The effect has been described as that of an "oil-painting on faïence," and how true this description is may be seen from many of the pieces. The execution is invariably free and bold, and many of the designs are characterized by a most charming simplicity. The originality of method and treatment forbids description by comparison with any other faïence. Some pieces are decorated with carved, unglazed reliefs; others, with paintings of flowers, birds, dogs, or human faces or figures. Some present us with a combination of these styles. There are some on which the flowers are laid upon a ground of cloudy blue, and are seen as if held against the sky. There are others in which a parasite or flower stem is wound in high relief round the piece, finishing at the handle in a flower, a butterfly, a snake, or merely a knotted part of the stem thrown into an arch. These natural and simple suggestions are made use of with wonderfully fine effect. Whatever care and attention to minutiæ the artist may have bestowed upon his work, they never obtrude themselves upon the attention to mar the effect. One is not tempted to analyze in presence of the beauty of the general result. All seems free, easy, and natural, and the conviction is forced upon us, after examining the strained effort and painful exactness displayed by his predecessors, that Haviland has discovered the only true treatment of faïence. When the brilliant colors have made their full beauty felt, there still remains to be enjoyed the deep and suggestive background. In some instances, as, for example, in the cloudy blues and mottled grays, the ground upon which the figure or floral decoration is laid is even more fascinating than the decoration itself. So in nature the flowers and trees are no more inthralling than the freshness of the green leaves or fields, than the blue of sea and sky, than the soft, dreamy gray of mottled clouds. Some of the best French artists of the day have availed themselves of Haviland's palette and faïence to perpetuate their art. Let

[1] The present article was written before the recent achievements of Miss McLaughlin in faïence at Cincinnati, and the new discovery of fine clays in Ohio. See Contributor's Club in the Atlantic for September.

it be assumed that the Robertsons have overcome all the mechanical and material difficulties; that they have mastered the process; that their glaze contains the necessary alkalies; that they have the facilities for firing at the proper temperature; that their palette equals the French in richness, and there is still before them the greatest difficulty to be surmounted, — the acquisition of the genius and skill which bring process and palette to the creation of a work of art. In paving the way to such a consummation, the Robertsons are doing noble service, and are engaged in a work a thousand fold better than the obscuring of terra cotta with crude designs in oil.

The number of skilled decorators is rapidly increasing, and much of their work — especially that from the decorating room at the Greenpoint Porcelain Works — is remarkably healthy in tone and sentiment. Designs drawn directly from nature, such as charm us in Japanese porcelain and faïence, are abundant, and indicate a mastery of the secret of the artistic success of all nations that possess a distinctive art. When the artists of Capo di Monte sought originality, they turned to the sea-shore, and found models in the corals and shells of the Mediterranean. The flowers, plants, animals, and insects of America are the inexhaustible treasury to which the artists of Greenpoint most frequently resort, and their works are therefore, in many cases, both attractive and original.

One result of our view of the present position and tendencies of American art is the assurance that, having every kind of material, enterprise, and an artistic sense which promises to assume, as it develops, forms more decidedly national, the American manufacturer and artist have little to fear in the future from either prejudice or foreign competition.

*Jennie J. Young.*

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## IRENE THE MISSIONARY.

### XXXII.

All the rest of that day and all night the holy city held carnival of plunder, lust, and murder.

A host of Damascenes, Bedaween, Koords, Druzes, and Metawileh, followed by many soldiers of the Turkish garrison, poured, howling, into the Christian quarter, and ravaged it without let or hindrance. The timorous, unarmed inhabitants hid as they could in closets, wells, chimneys, and other coverts, only to be dragged forth, insulted, spit upon, beaten, subjected to every degrading violence, and butchered by the thousand. The American vice-consul, a Syrian of high character and great learning, was attacked in his own house, shot at, gashed with blows of hatchets, and saved from death only through the intercession of a Moslem friend, backed by an irruption of Abd el Kader's magnanimous Algerines. The Dutch vice-consul and the noble Irish missionary Graham were murdered. Islam had broken bonds at last, and was showing its ancient nature.

It was astonishing how little of the uproar of this bloody frenzy penetrated the Payson dwelling. The great, heavy-walled building of unburnt brick had not a window upon the street, and the one small gate which gave entrance to its court was of course kept carefully closed. The inmates might almost have remained ignorant of the atrocities without, had it not been for the pallid, bleeding fugitives who occasionally asked and obtained admittance. Not many came, for the mission was as yet but little known, even to the Christian inhabitants. To go forth and search out other sufferers might have been death to the seeker and ruin to all.

It need hardly be said that there was no repose during the day and no slumber during the night. Hour after hour the doctor toiled over the wounded among the thirty or forty refugees, while the ladies tore up bandages, or assisted in preparing and distributing food. Payson's chief office was to watch the gate, to open it guardedly to suppliants, and to see that no Moslem obtained entrance. There was need of caution and judgment and knowledge of the people. Once a gang of unseen ruffians bawled entreaties for shelter through the portal, and, finding their cajoleries useless, ended with yells of "Death to the infidels!" and two or three harmless pistol shots. An hour later the roar of a musket bellowed in the narrow street, and a heavy slug of iron penetrated the door and hummed across the court.

Of course much was said in the beleaguered household, and much also was thought and felt, which might be interesting. But how can one relate all the incidents of such a night? By themselves alone they would make a volume. Toward morning Payson was amazed by hearing a voice outside shouting in English, "Open the door!"

In great joy he flung the gate wide, and found himself in the arms of DeVries.

"Ah, my friend!" he exclaimed. "Is it indeed you? What brings you *here?*"

"Come in!" called the young man eagerly, turning to some shadowy shapes of mounted people behind him. "It 's all right," he added, addressing Payson. "This is Mr. Wingate, an American. The others are my Arnaout and my guide."

In a minute or so the four men, each leading his horse, had entered the gate and closed it behind them.

"Ah, the lad!" said Payson, taking DeVries by the arm, and gazing at him with a sort of wondering fondness. "What have you come to us for?"

"To give you a lift," returned Hubertsen with a smile, meantime pushing on toward the centre of the court-yard. The great space was partially lighted by a fire, where the refugees were boiling coffee, and in the midst of this illumination he could see a pale and weary young lady kneeling upon the pavement and tearing bandages. Gently loosening the missionary's hold, he advanced swiftly to her and confronted her with outstretched hands.

She looked up, recognized him with a cry of amazement, and then seized both those wicked hands with another cry of joy. Undoubtedly her first thought was, "Here is a deliverer!" It may be that her next was, "He has left Saada to come to me." But probably, even in that very moment, she could not have told whether she had any thoughts at all.

"Oh, how came you here?" she asked, when she had risen to her feet. "Did you get hurt?"

"Not yet," he smiled, very well satisfied because she could be anxious about him. "And I am delighted, — so delighted, my dear friend! — to find you safe. This is Mr. Wingate, my traveling companion. We rode over from Lebanon to get you out of here. The story was general there that Damascus was to rise. I wish we had started earlier, Wingate."

"It would have ended more to our convenience," replied Wingate, whom the reader will perhaps remember as a stout, florid, jovial young American, given on occasion to cards and wine. "I saw you and the Paysons on the steamer Imperatore, Miss Grant," he added, with a composed smile which was curiously friendly and cheering. "I am sorry I could n't have made your acquaintance at that time."

Then Mrs. Payson came up, and greeted DeVries with a cordiality which surprised him, and immediately set about preparing refreshments for his party. It must be understood that she was not merely glad to see him as a person who had come with the kindliest of purposes, and who perhaps brought safety. There was more than that in her womanly heart: she had accepted him as the man of her choice for the girl of her preference; she had put upon him the ephod of love, and felt an almost devout desire

to serve him. I do not mean that she was aware of saying all this to herself, but only that there was some such emotion within her, impulsively influencing her behavior.

Meantime Dr. Macklin hardly looked up from his bandaging long enough to say, "I hope you have no bones broken."

"There is n't much disturbance as yet on the western side of the city," returned DeVries. "But we must get away to-night, if we can. How soon can you all start?"

"I can't start at all," declared the physician; "I have too many patients."

"But the city is on fire."

"I see it is," said Macklin, glancing up at a broad glare which reddened the sky. "It is only on the east side, — the Christian quarter. It won't be allowed to spread much farther."

"Miss Grant, you must go," persisted DeVries. "And the Paysons. There may be worse business to-morrow. I can get you away to-night. I have an understanding with the officer on guard at the west gate, who is an Arnaout by nation and an old friend of my fellow. When he goes off duty the chance is lost. It cost some trouble to get it, and it 's a pity to lose it."

"The ladies shall go," decided Payson. "I must stay and do what I can for the wretched people. But the ladies shall go, if the doctor can spare his horse."

"I will buy it," offered Hubertsen.

"No, sir," returned Macklin, almost roughly. "I give it for Miss Grant's use."

The clergyman gently urged his wife and Irene to their rooms, bidding them prepare promptly for the journey, and then hastened to the stable in rear of the court to order the saddling of the household steeds. There were some minutes of anxious, impatient, and nearly silent waiting. All this time the great red glare stained the sky, broadening and growing more lurid every moment. Huge black masses of gloom, the smoke of hundreds of dwellings, occasionally rolled majestically across it, starred here and there by flights of sailing cinders. There was a shrill hum which was the cry of a distant multitude, and a perpetual stern murmur which was the roar of the conflagration. A pattering of far-off musket shots, a sound familiar to the ear for hours back, swelled by moments into a continuous fusillade.

"This is tremendous," said the doctor, rising from his work and coming close to DeVries. "Are you sure of reaching the gate? Are you sure of your savage there? He is a Moslem."

They both glanced at the Albanian. In his embroidered jacket, long white kilt, and close-fitting scarlet gaiters, his sunburnt hands resting on a girdle full of weapons, and the firelight falling on his bronzed, fierce, stony countenance, he was a picturesque, an elegant, and a formidable figure.

"He is a Moslem," assented DeVries. "But he is an Arnaout. His religion consists in fighting for the man whose salt he eats. I believe he would shoot a mufti if I told him to. Will those ladies never be ready?"

Just then Mrs. Payson appeared, walking rapidly by the side of her husband, but looking at him imploringly and sobbing aloud.

"I will go if you will," she was saying. "Oh, dear! How can I leave you here! I can't."

"My dear, I command it," the husband murmured, meanwhile patting her shoulder. "It is my command. Without you Irene cannot go; and it is best for you also. Fear not for me. The Lord will not forget me, humble as I am."

"I do wish you would go," she continued to plead.

"I must not abandon my brother worker and my little flock of unfortunates. There, my dear, good wife, do not distress me."

And so, with much difficulty, Mrs. Payson was prevailed upon to consent to a departure, and to make her final small preparations. Irene also was soon ready, and so were all who were to go. It was necessary to lead the horses outside ere they could be mounted; and before commencing this operation it seemed best to

reconnoitre the shadowy street. The Arnaout partially opened the gate, and immediately presented his revolvers, as if he saw an enemy. Dr. Macklin, who was looking over his shoulder, beheld three tall, dark-faced men, mantled in long white burnouses and armed with long guns, scimitars, and pistols. But with them were two persons in Frank costume, an elderly gentleman and a lady of uncertain age, — no other than Miss Biffles and Mr. Wormly, the latter holding two horses by the bridle.

"Oh, God bless you, doctor!" called Mr. Wormly, in an eager, quavering voice. "I was just about to knock. Do, for God's sake, ask these fellows what they want."

There was a brief conversation in Arabic with the leader of the three burnoused men, a tawny and stern-visaged giant, whose immense chest gave forth a voice like the bellow of a bull.

"These are Algerines," explained the doctor. "They tell me that their Emir — the famous Abd el Kader, you know — is sending forth his people to save the Christians. They saw you wandering about, and were afraid you would be attacked, and thought it best to follow you a bit. They give you their salaams, and say they will now depart."

"My dear sir, please salaam them to the best of your ability," begged Wormly, meantime drawing forth his purse.

The Algerine of the lion voice waved his finger to and fro in refusal of the proffered gift. Then all three, touching their hands to their breasts and foreheads, faced about, and hurried away at a swift, springy trot, as light as panthers.

"We are trying to get out of this awful city," Miss Biffles here gasped out, in a tone which indicated extreme terror, as did also her pallid, shaking face. She was truly an object of pity, but the doctor could not help saying, "You don't believe in the millennium, I fear."

Miss Biffles had no reply at hand, or perhaps did not hear his sarcasm. Mr. Wormly raised his visage, now ghastly and wilted and very old, toward the broad, hot glare in the sky, and muttered, "Millennium! It looks more like Tophet."

Meantime parting tears were being shed and parting words murmured in the court, and three or four of the refugees were leading the horses through the narrow portal.

"God favors us with tranquillity," said Payson. "Mount, all of you, and speed on. Ah, Miss Biffles! are you here? Let me help you up. May the divine mercy guide and speed you!"

The poor woman was too confounded to reply, or to address a word to any one, or even to recognize her *bête noir* DeVries. Mrs. Payson leaned from her saddle to kiss her husband once more, and Irene wrung his hand, saying, "Do promise to be careful of yourself."

"God will care for us all," he replied gently. "Let us not be troubled for one another."

Then the little cavalcade, eight equestrians in all, moved off at a walk down the narrow, winding street, dimly lighted by the distant glare of the great fire.

## XXXIII.

For a few hundred yards the fugitives journeyed in perfect quiet, without sight of a human being.

They were in the Mohammedan quarter of Damascus, and their way of escape led through its most aristocratic region. Behind them lay the Christian district, sending up a continuous, wide-spread glow of conflagration, but too far distant to reach them with its surge of human anguish. They were astonished at the tranquillity around them, and marveled at hearing the feet of their own horses. It seemed as if this part of the cruel city had wearied of its bloody debauch, and fallen asleep like the Cyclops after his cannibal banquet.

The truth was that all the unquiet spirits, the men who loved plunder and violence and blood, had betaken themselves long since to the scene of havoc, and were sporting there amid arson and murder. During that night and the fol-

lowing day scores of churches and thousands of houses were burned, and property destroyed to the amount of five millions of dollars. In the conflagration of the Greek Patriarchate six hundred persons perished, while one thousand victims, many of them European monks, strewed the smoking ruins of the Franciscan convent. No wonder that, when Islam found such a carnival of ferocity in the eastern part of Damascus, it should leave the western districts nearly deserted.

The fugitives moved forward in procession. First came the guide; then DeVries and Irene; then Wingate and Mrs. Payson; then Mr. Wormly and Miss Biffles; lastly the Arnaout. The pace was a walk, not because the way was dim, but to avoid rousing the neighborhood. There was plenty of light; for not only did the baleful glimmer of the flames penetrate everywhere, but it was now four o'clock in the morning, and the night had turned to grayness. They could distinctly see on either hand the high, blank walls of the houses, and even recognize the ugly, dirty yellow of the sun-dried bricks which composed them.

Presently they turned into a broader and straighter street, leading directly away from the glare of arson, and toward the western gate-way. Here they first chanced upon fellow-creatures and upon visible peril. Out of the gray obscurity in front came fifteen or twenty men, armed miscellaneously, — some with long muskets, some with scimitars or large daggers, some with merely hatchets. They were obviously a gang of Metawileh from Anti-Lebanon, who were hastening to share in the plunder and massacre. At sight of the European costumes they halted and closed rapidly in a group, as if with intent of disputing the narrow passage.

The guide called to them to clear the way, and DeVries angrily beckoned to one side, but without effect. The Arnaout came up, his revolver in his right hand, and, leaning forward in his saddle, looked silently from face to face, as if searching out the leader. The well-known costume and fierce countenance of this man produced an immediate effect. No other human being is so dreaded in Syria, so held in absolute detestation and horror, as the ferociously pugnacious mountaineer of Albania. There was a mutter of "Arnaout! Arnaout!" and the Metawileh drew aside, leaving the street open. The kawass faced them until his little caravan had passed, when he sternly signed them to go their ways, and resumed his place as rear-guard.

"Were you frightened?" asked DeVries of Irene.

"Not much," she replied.

"That's a good girl," he said, in a petting tone; and she was conscious of being pleased with the compliment. There was of course little thought in her just now of his coquettish misdeeds with other women. They seemed far-away matters, and very insignificant matters, also, in the midst of murdering and blazing Damascus. How could a girl who stood in fear of death, and who was surrounded by a sublime spectacle of rage and destruction, call up a flirtation or two against a man who was imperiling his life to save hers!

Erelong the fugitives had to make a considerable circuit to avoid a large café, in front of which could be seen clusters of turbaned men, all no doubt armed. This détour brought them into a district of narrow alleys and low houses, inhabited by the poorer sort of people. Here doors were open and a few persons were about. A filthy woman, whose skinny face was only partially concealed by a ragged veil, cursed them in shrill screams till they were out of sight. A fat and rosy cherub of perhaps five years, whose fresh cheeks and glorious black eyes made one want to kiss him, surveyed them with a curious mixture of fun and spite, and yelled at the top of his small voice, "Frangi! Frangi! Giaour!"

Next, a dozen small roughs, looking preposterously old in their turbans and loose garments, made an onset with handfuls of dust and lumps of earth, raising meanwhile an abominable vituperation.

"I say, DeVries, those chaps are dangerous," called Wormly, in a quavering voice. "They 'll raise the neighborhood."

The Arnaout appeared to be of the same opinion. He rode into the group of evil-tongued urchins, and laid about him mercilessly with his long koorbash. There were some keen shrieks of anguish, followed by a swift dispersion. Then the cavalcade broke into a canter, and kept it up until the main street was regained.

"I like your Irishman," said Wingate to DeVries. "He handles his shillalah beautifully."

"I only hope he won't kill anybody and bring a crowd upon us," was the reply. "He keeps me in constant fear. I feel like a man who owns a bloodhound."

"I wish he would kill this whole city!" cried Miss Biffles, which was the first speech she had made since leaving the mission house.

Mrs. Payson was so far amused that she looked up from her sad meditations about her husband and smiled at Irene.

Just then they heard a wild falsetto chanting in front of them, and at the next turn they came upon a party of men singing. Their dark, stern faces and short-sleeved frocks of white and black stripes showed that they were Druzes. Stepping forward gayly, and brandishing their long muskets, they shrieked out the war-song which was then current in Lebanon and wherever else a Druze had a chance to shed blood, "How sweet, oh, how sweet, to kill the Nazarenes!"

Nevertheless they passed the travelers civilly, two or three of them indeed saluting with the usual touch of the fingers to the breast and forehead, and saying in their strong, deep tones, "Peace be with you." The salutations were returned by all with as much Oriental courtesy as could be mustered.

"Are those fellows going to help the Christians?" questioned Mr. Wormly, meantime bowing backward to the Druzes, and waving kisses to them.

"They are going to butcher them," replied DeVries, who had heard the war-song before, and knew its bloody purport.

"Good heavens! You don't say so! Then why did n't they pitch into us?"

"Mr. Wormly, hold your tongue!" snapped Miss Biffles. "What if they should overhear you!"

"They probably take us for Englishmen and friends of their people," explained DeVries. "There is an idea current among the Druzes that they and the English are brethren in belief, and that England will some day come to their help."

Here he stopped speaking to stare at Mr. Wormly's fellow-traveler. That there were two strangers in the company he had been aware all along; but hitherto he had not given them anything more than a cursory glance. Now for the first time he studied Miss Biffles's countenance, and caught a glimpse of something there which had once been familiar. The lady accorded him a recognition, which, strange to say, had no sort of hatred or scorn in it, but rather a beseeching deference and wheedling. Irene, who saw this expression, was extremely surprised by it, but presently concluded that Miss Biffles was in terror for her life, and felt willing to be saved by anybody. DeVries raised his hat civilly, but with a puzzled expression, and rode on for a minute in silence. Then he leaned toward Miss Grant, and whispered, —

"What is that lady's name?"

"Biffles," murmured the girl, glad to see that his recollection was so indistinct, and auguring therefrom that the cemetery scandal might not amount to much.

"Exactly," he grumbled. "I remember her perfectly. How the dickens came the old goose here!"

Irene's hopes fell again. He seemed to be angry against Miss Biffles. It was to be feared that the cemetery scandal amounted to a great deal.

But they could not long think of subjects so far away from blazing and murdering Damascus.

"This part of the city is quiet enough

to suit us," observed Wingate, who had been saying comfortable things from time to time, and who had a permanent cheering smile on his rosy, worldly face.

"I don't see why we need have left," complained Mrs. Payson. "I have the greatest mind to ride back to my husband."

"Of course he is perfectly safe," pronounced Wingate. "Still, as we set out by his advice, I think we had better go on."

"We are not through with the worst of it," said DeVries. "There is a large coffee-house to pass, and we shall find a rabble at the gate."

The coffee-house proved to be a trying ordeal. It was a long, bazaar-like affair, made up of a series of rude shanties, with wide-spreading, rubbishy awnings in front, which sheltered many low seats ranged along a runnel of water. In the shanties and under the awnings loitered at least fifty men and boys, most of them in the white turbans and raiment which mark the Moslem Damascene, while a few wore the striped frock of the Druze or the beggarly garments of the Metawileh. Everywhere were arms, — long muskets, huge bludgeons of pistols, curved scimitars, and heavy daggers.

The boys were ragged, filthy younkers, with foul, lean, and fierce faces, — the swarthy and savage hoodlums of Damascus. They were the first to note the Frank attire, and to salute it with bawling insult. Then a haggard, yellow-eyed dervish leaped forward and seized the bridle of Irene's horse, meanwhile howling unintelligibly. The animal, a spirited and skittish beast, reared violently, and shook him off. DeVries at once rode in between the two, shouldering the fanatic into the runnel.

By this time the crowd was in an uproar, and had surrounded the travelers. Arms clattered on every side, and the devilish boys picked up stones. DeVries and Wingate cocked and presented their revolvers. The Arnaout cantered to the front with drawn scimeter, and, dashing to and fro recklessly, made a little clear space around the group. An old Damascene with a silver beard, standing behind a pillar of one of the booths, took aim at him with his long musket. It seemed as if blood would certainly flow, and the whole party would be massacred. But just at this moment a cavalier in a white burnouse galloped into the midst of the uproar, and addressed the rioters in a stern, deep shout, as startling as the roar of a lion. He was one of the Algerines of Abd el Kader, and apparently a man of known distinction and authority.

The crowd recoiled a few paces, and the fiendish youngsters dropped their stones. The parchment-faced, jaundice-eyed dervish alone stood his ground, and continued to bawl imprecations and menaces. The Algerine struck him furiously with his koorbash, and sent him howling into one of the shanties. Then there was a long parley. The guide was permitted to speak; and a wonderful story he told. Here was a party, O true believers, — here was a party of infidel dogs (may their name and faith be accursed!), whom the Arnaout there, a true son of Islam (may the blessing of Allah be upon his fingers!), had been charged to deliver captive to the officer at the gate.

The rioters may not have believed the tale, but they at least seemed to believe it. There was a general cry of, "Let them go! Off, ye dogs! — ye infidels!"

The cavalcade moved on at a rapid amble. The Algerine curveted after it a hundred yards or so, and then turned back to koorbash a boy who had thrown a pebble.

"I wish we could do something for those burnoused fellows," said Wingate. "Our government ought to give Abd el Kader a pension."

"Were you really going to fire?" asked Irene of DeVries, looking at him wonderingly.

"Not if it could be helped. I would n't have suffered you to be seized."

She rode a little closer to him, letting her foot drag against his boot lightly, and found a pleasure as well as a sense of protection in the touch.

"I am on the wrong side of you," he

smiled. "And yet I have always meant to keep on the right side."

Mrs. Payson overheard the speech, and, to her own surprise, giggled. Even in those circumstances the feminine soul could note the voice of compliment, and understand it as courtship.

Presently the arched and towered gate-way rose before them, gray and grim against the foliage of the gardens beyond. Three or four soldiers and a score or two of citizens and peasants could be seen lounging under the rugged mass of ash-colored stone. The Arnaout hurried to the front now, and requested the travelers to halt while he rode forward to find his countryman, the captain of the guard. In a few minutes he turned toward them, and beckoned them to advance.

The officer was a blonde, sunburnt young man, neatly dressed in the blue Turkish uniform, handsome of figure, except that he was over slender in the waist, but harsh in feature and cruel in expression, as an Arnaout usually is. He saluted DeVries courteously, and signaled him to pass on.

"Fine-looking fellows, those Epirots," said the young man to Irene.

"I think they are horrible," she replied, glancing quickly at the stony blue eyes of the captain, and then at the coal-black, burning eyes of the kawass. "They have exactly the expression of panthers and lynxes."

"That is just what I like, — that fighting look," said Hubertsen. "At any rate, we ought to praise the bridge that carries us over. Here we are, outside of this City of Destruction."

He rejoiced too soon; they were still in peril.

## XXXIV.

The pale citizens and swarthy peasants who lounged about the gate-way were evidently not pleased to see a party of Giaours going forth from them unmolested.

With the friendly captain there were only three soldiers, — dull and listless-looking lads; while the fanatical roughs were thirty in number, nearly all well armed for close fighting. There were sullen murmurs among them, and then exclamations of "Infidels! Dogs! Accursed!"

Of a sudden, a gigantic negro sprang forward after the passing travelers. His eyes were wild, and he had a silly, brutish expression, as if he were half-witted, or possibly downright mad. But in the Orient a lunatic, and even an idiot, is considered inspired, and may often commit outrages, if not crimes, with impunity. Roaring "Ullah! Ullah!" this black monster bounded toward DeVries, and aimed a blow at him with a rusty khanjar, or large dagger.

The young man parried with the barrel of his revolver, and narrowly escaped a gash in the thigh. In the next instant the Arnaout was behind the negro, and struck him over the head with his gunstock, fetching it down like a sledge-hammer. The bellowing brute dropped in a filthy heap, and lay still amid the feet of the prancing horses. The Arnaout looked at him steadily for an instant, and then glanced up with a smile at his friend the captain. The latter silently returned him the same cruel smile. The crowd, which had already begun to press forward after the negro, receded again; and the travelers, breaking into a gallop, were soon out of sight of the gate-way.

Not until they reached the Kubbet en Nazr, one thousand feet above the plain of Damascus, did they make their first halt, and look back at leisure upon the fiery, the smoke-mantled, the cruel city, stained already with the blood of three thousand Christians, and in arms to butcher as many more. By this time DeVries and his original comrades, barring, perhaps, the iron-nerved fighter of Epirus, were worn out with fatigue and excitement. They had ridden the previous day and nearly the entire night, and on top of that had passed through something like a battle. The ladies, and that venerable knight errant, Mr. Wormly, had seen less of journeying, but quite as much of watching and worry, and were equally exhausted. There was perforce an hour of slumber, or rather of drowsing, in the shadow of the prophet's

vaulted monument. Then, rising with a sense of universally broken bones, they prepared to resume their long flight to Beirut.

"I feel as though our colored brother had pummeled me from head to foot," observed Wingate. "Miss Grant, we Americans do quite right in thrashing negroes. I wish an able South Carolina paddler had our misbelieving friend in hand."

"Do you think the Arnaout killed him?" asked Irene gravely, and with a glance of awe at the Albanian.

"I hope so," said DeVries, somewhat to her horror. "Wingate, I am ever so much obliged to you for coming on this trip," he added. "I ought to have told you so before."

"Don't mention it," smiled Wingate. "I am indebted to you for a most interesting adventure. Would n't have missed it for a good deal of money."

"How *can* you like it?" stared Irene. "I wish we were in Beirut."

"Wish you were in America!" exhorted Hubertsen. "Come, Miss Grant, just to please me, wish you were in America."

"I ought to do a great deal to please you, I know," confessed Miss Grant, her voice dropping, and perhaps faltering a little. "Did you really come to Damascus to fetch us? How *could* you do it!"

Wingate quietly turned his horse, and joined Mrs. Payson; the conversation, he delicately perceived, was not for him. He was a very sensible, gentlemanly fellow, this wine-bibbing, poker-playing lounger, — this minion of a wicked world. He need not, however, have stepped aside; there was no possibility of earnest love-making between our young lady and her deliverer; they were both too weary in body and anxious in mind to think much of tendernesses.

Miss Minnie Biffles, too, was frequently on hand, all alive at last to the presence of DeVries, and watching him with undisguisable interest. Irene could not help noting over and over again that she did not look at the young man with eyes of anger, but rather with an anxious, pathetic, almost beseeching expression.

In the end Hubertsen came to observe that the young maiden was studying the elder one indefatigably. He smiled to himself, and still continued to smile, clearly unable to drive away some farcical reminiscence.

"What are you laughing at?" Miss Grant finally demanded.

"I shall have to tell you," he said, spurring to one side, and beckoning her to follow him. "I was locked up once in a cemetery with that venerable belle."

"With *her!*"

Irene looked a great deal more amazed than to Hubertsen seemed natural.

"Yes, with her," he repeated. "I found her, — you must understand that she was an old college belle, and hung on to the students till she was well into the thirties, — I found her putting flowers on the grave of a classmate. Of course I stopped to say a word or two. She was clever in a sort of way, — a little bookish and a little flirtish, — talked pretty fairly, in short. Well, time passed, and when we got to the gate it was shut, and there we were. Actually, the police had to boost us out with a ladder."

"O-h!" said Irene. It was the same story, — only, it was not a young girl; it was an old one.

"You can imagine what fun the fellows had out of me," continued Hubertsen. "I seriously thought of quitting college. I did change my boarding-house."

"What do you mean?" stared the young lady, beside herself with curiosity. "Did she" —

"Yes, she did," he laughed. "She made a great deal out of it. You see, a college widow — that 's what we used to call them — is very persevering. I was the last of a long line of chances, and I was considered very precious. Yes, I had to quit my boarding-house, and the fellows made life a burden to me."

"It is too ridiculous," said Irene. "I do believe the woman is n't quite right about the head. She is a millenarian now."

"Oh, very likely. It 's quite common for old belles to turn religionists."

The student of the Scriptures looked

at the student of Balzac with an expression of trouble amounting to pain.

"What is the matter now?" he inquired, half amused and half penitent.

"Oh, well, — it 's of no use. You have n't my opinions. I don't like to hear you allude lightly to some subjects. But I shan't argue the point."

"You may if you want to. I am quite willing to be brought over to your opinions, whatever they are."

"I wish I could fully believe you," said Irene; but really she did not just then care much. She was thinking mainly that Miss Biffles's story had been near akin to a fib, and that perhaps the tale about Saada was at least a little exaggerated.

This entertaining and cheering revelation turned out to be the only notable incident of the hegira. It was obvious that Miss Minnie Biffles longed for an interview with Hubertsen DeVries; but all in vain she snubbed Mr. Wormly, and rode on in advance, and dropped in the rear; the young man's artfulness in evasion was too much for her. Notwithstanding some scowling of swarthy Metawileh, and a miragic trembling of Bedaween lances on far-away glares of hill-sides, it was an uneventful flight. "Nothing has happened," repined the jovial Wingate, "but the upsetting of my inkhorn," — by which he meant his flask of arrack.

On the second day of the sunburned, feverish push the travelers reached Beirut, and separated. The two missionary ladies were received into the house of "Brother" Pelton. The Biffles-Wormly innocents made a nest for themselves in the crowded hotel, and presently afterward vanished sweetly and softly away, no one knows whither. The young gentlemen bunked in at the consulate; but they did not resume a life of mere Cyprus wine and poker; gone for aye was Mr. Porter Brassey. He had departed, indeed, some weeks previous, and probably not long after the rejection of his second offer of marriage, which occurred, one dimly remembers, by letter. The post was already in the hands of a successor, — a gentleman specially fitted for it by character and linguistic acquirement, whose name will long be treasured by the American mission.

"I am sorry our old wheel-horse of politics has cantered off," was Wingate's comment. "He was four times as entertaining as a gentleman and a scholar. Beirut is a dull hole without him."

"A place often palls on a second visit," said DeVries. "I have noticed that a dozen times. It 's like reopening a bottle of champagne."

But the two youngsters called at the Peltons, and there they got involved in a series of philanthropies, discovering therein a joy beyond revelry. They found Irene, Mrs. Payson, Mrs. Pelton, Rufka, and the queenly Mirta distributing rations and clothing to a pitiable host of refugees from the mountains. It was frightful to look upon the wounds, the filth, the rags, the haggardness, and the hunger. The young gentlemen took hold of the problem in such ways as they could; and I have reason to believe that it cost them smartly, both in toil and in piastres.

This huge labor of ameliorating the wretchedness of ten thousand (eventually twenty-seven thousand) cripples, widows, orphans, and beggared men so occupied time and thought that other matters remained for a while as if they had been forgotten. DeVries and Irene saw very little of each other except in the engrossing company of misery.

"Where is Saada?" he once inquired of Rufka.

"She is gone to Abeih," replied the shy girl, without looking at him. "She was not well, and they sent her to the mountain."

"Not well?" he asked, with much interest. "What was the matter with her?"

But Rufka would only tell him that Saada was feverish; and so the subject passed away. There were plenty of other sick people to think of, who indeed would hardly let him think of anything else. Meantime he admired Irene beyond measure, and more and more from day to day. He had come to take a kind

of ownership in her, and to be glad because she was useful and lovely to others.

"I think you are charming," he at last said to her, as she lay, one sultry afternoon, on a mukaad, worn out with her charitable industry.

"Oh, don't say such things," she smiled. "I don't deserve them. Besides, it seems as if you were not in earnest."

He sat still, looking at her tranquilly, and with much pleasure in the survey. He liked to gaze on her now by the five minutes together. She lay silent, her eyes frequently turning to his face, and once or twice she smiled confidingly in response to his steady regard.

What did she think of him? Well, his journey to Damascus on her account, and his courage and management in bringing her out of that frightful city, had produced a strong impression upon her. It seemed to her, to use a vague phrase which is widely expressive, that something had happened which "made a great difference." They two were not the same to each other that they had been previously. They were no longer acquaintance, — no longer even mere friends; they were different, if not more. It was of no use to strive to put away this feeling; it was always present, and always drawing her near to him. Beyond this she believed, or hoped, that she had not gone.

After a long, long pause, — but not an embarrassing one to either of them, — the young man added, "But, Irene, I am quite in earnest."

The speech struck her with great power, mainly because he had called her Irene, and that for the first time. She was so moved that she made no reply, though she continued to look at him fixedly.

"I am entirely in earnest when I call you charming," he resumed, gravely. "I believe, in truth I know, that I like you very much, — better than anybody else in the world."

Irene was really startled now, thrilled in every nerve and artery, shaken all at once to her very soul. Could it be that he would say anything more? Was she to be called on immediately to decide the great question between duty and feeling? How should she answer him? Oh, if he would wait, would only pause for a minute or two, and give her a chance to think! But he did not tarry; he pushed on like a conqueror; almost, she felt, like a tyrant.

"I think, Irene, that you ought to love me in return," he continued. "What do you think?"

It seemed to her in that instant that it was impossible for her to say anything but "Yes."

But just then there was a noise at the door, and then a masculine step strode across the stone flooring, and then Mr. Payson stood before them. Irene sprang up from the mukaad and flew to greet him, with a cry of gladness. She was never more rejoiced in her life than at that moment. Here was the implicitly trusted adviser who would tell her with almost divine authority whether she might accept or must reject the man whom she held dearest in all the world.

## XXXV.

There was a swift gathering of the family; the Peltons and Mrs. Payson rushed into the hall; it was a very joyous greeting.

Mr. Payson, all dusty and sun-scorched as he was from his long ride through the Syrian summer, briefly and quietly narrated his adventures after he had been left in bloody Damascus. Of his own perils he made but few words, as was his modest custom. Of the scenes of slaughter and ravage in the cruel city he spoke more at length, and with tremulous feeling.

"I understand that Abd el Kader and his Algerines toiled nobly to check the massacre," said Mr. Pelton. "Is that true?"

Raising his hands, as if calling Heaven to attest his sincerity, Payson replied solemnly, while a tear rolled down his thin cheek, "I believe that the true love of God and of man is in the hearts of

many Moslems. I believe that many a Christian stands lower before the throne of mercy than does that unbeliever. If ever I, unworthy as I am, should enter the great city of refuge, I shall expect to meet there Abd el Kader, justified by a Redeemer whom he knows not."

Then Mrs. Payson and Irene led him to his room, where he might wash away the grime of his journey, together with that sublime Christian tear of admiration for a most noble Moslem.

Mr. Pelton, who had been affected but not convinced, turned to DeVries, and shook his silver-gray head solemnly.

"That 's just like dear Brother Payson," he murmured. "Altogether too clement, — altogether too hasty about opening the doors of the kingdom of heaven. Before you offer pardon to the sinner, you must bring him fairly on his knees, — *must* roll him in the dust, sir!"

Remembering, as we affectionately do, that the young man was anxiously waiting to know whether Irene would love him or not, we can perhaps pardon him for not taking interest enough in the subject to make reply.

Meantime the young lady had not only followed Mr. Payson into his room, but had sent Mrs. Payson out of it.

"I want to see him," she whispered, her face crimson with blushes. "I want to ask him a question."

The good lady divined the topic of the query, and without a word returned meekly into the hall, holding up both her hands in spirit, and filled with joy unspeakable. Since she had fairly given up her doctor for DeVries, she had longed with all her heart that the latter should be loved, as well as that he should love. The glance of sympathy and of tender well-wishing which she now bent upon him was so fervent that even he noted it, absorbed as he was. Excepting the saints, there was nothing in the world so beautiful to her eyes, so worthy of kindliness and even of reverence, as a fine young man who wanted to marry. She sat down by Hubertsen; she talked with an unwonted facility and charm; she really kept his attention for the one minute that was necessary.

In the mean while Irene was putting her momentous question to her friend and counselor.

"Mr. DeVries has spoken to me," she whispered, coming close to him, with a face which had suddenly turned white.

Then there was a short silence, while Payson kindly gazed upon her, and marveled what this thing might be.

"About what, dear child?" he asked. But a sudden light fell upon his mind, and he instantly added, with grave tenderness, "Is it, perchance, about marriage?"

There was no gloom on his face: he would deeply regret, no doubt, to lose her from the mission; but he was far too sweet-hearted and sympathetic to dwell upon that now.

"I think so," hesitated Irene. "He has asked me to love him."

"And *do* you?"

"Yes, sir," whispered Irene, putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Why, then, my child — But something stands in the way. Are you thinking of duty?"

"I could give up my work here, if that must be," said Irene, removing her handkerchief, and looking appealingly in his eyes. "But there is another thought. There is that text, Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers. You know that Mr. DeVries is not one of us."

"Irene, it would be better if he were one of us," returned the clergyman, gravely. "It would be better for you, and inexpressibly better for him. Yet it is not my duty to conceal from you the true meaning of that passage which has tormented so many sincere souls. The unbelievers whom the apostle there mentions were idolaters; the infidels were those who rejected Christianity and worshiped the gods of heathen Corinth. The whole context shows this. I am sure of it."

"Then" — gasped Irene, her whole countenance suddenly alight with joy, and with wonder also that joy should be found possible.

"Then go to him and answer him as your heart dictates," he replied. "Answer him — whatever your decision may

be — in all gratitude and kindliness. He deserves it."

There was no need of this adjuration. She was in the greatest possible haste to show all the lovingness that was in her heart. It did not occur to her that there was something child-like and perhaps laughable in the alertness with which she hastened back to the hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Pelton had already vanished, possibly through the power of some spell muttered by Mrs. Payson. That lady also rose, at sight of her young friend, and retired as if before a supernatural being. The two lovers were alone in the broad radiance and languid breath of the comandaloon. Irene came straight to DeVries, put out both her hands, looked imploringly in his face, as if she were begging him to be merciful, and said in a tremulous whisper, "Did you ask me to love you? I do. I have."

And then — we need not repeat the old, easily guessed dialogue — they were betrothed man and wife. The story of their Oriental acquaintance and wooings and winnings has been told and is done. It is permissible, however, to say a word about the marriage and the subsequent history of hero and heroine, as well as of the other personages. The wedding took place at the Payson house, after Mrs. Killian DeVries, of Albany, had been duly informed of the engagement, and had replied with an outpouring of gladness and devout gratitude, saying among other things, "I am rejoiced beyond measure that you have taken a missionary girl; and now, if you will become a missionary yourself, I will go to Syria and live with you."

But Hubertsen could not do that; he was in the hands of the Philistines. There was further digging, this time at Gath and Ekron, with Irene always at hand, keeping house in a tent and very happy. I believe that nothing of importance was spaded up, and that the History of the Philistines remained unwritten. What finally turned DeVries from his excavations was the continued thunder of that great strife which for nearly four years desolated his native land. He came home, raised a regiment, commanded it wisely and valiantly, and gave his wife reason to glory in his fame and titles. But really this part of his life belongs to the history of his country.

Saada remained on the mountain until she had recovered her strength and bloom and gayety. Among the bridal presents there was a reticule of silk and gold embroidery, which was the work of her small, taper fingers. She never had an interview with DeVries until she had measurably buried all throbbing remembrance of him in the dark eyes of a handsome young doctor, one of the native graduates of the mission seminary. The man who had thrice kissed her sent her a wedding present which made Mr. Pelton fear lest the glory of the things of this world should interfere with her spiritual welfare. It was Mrs. Hubertsen DeVries who selected this extravagant gift, and who added to it one of the sweetest letters of congratulation imaginable. Mr. DeVries not only paid the bill cheerfully, but grumbled a little because it was not more.

Dr. Macklin went home on sick leave of absence just before the marriage of his heroine. He seemed much broken at the time; but in a year he returned, spliced and mended. Mrs. Payson never dared to mention to Mrs. Macklin (who was quite a young lady, just out of South Hadley School) that she bore a noticeable resemblance to a former teacher in the mission. But her interior light told her that the doctor had been captivated by a likeness.

It must not be forgotten that among the guests at the DeVries wedding was a large American family, of which the mother made herself memorable by the following remarks: "We are on the way back to Vermont, you see; and you won't wonder when you go to Jerusalem yourselves, for it 's out of the question to lead a spiritual life where there are so many insects of one kind and another, and, as Mr. Brann says, no man can look up to God in a right spirit when he 's bitten from head to foot."

Dr. Macklin, the Peltons, the Kirkwoods, and the Paysons remained in

Syria. I believe that Mr. Pelton won the fame of being the greatest man, so far as fame can be dispensed by scholars and Oriental societies. But from Payson, all through his modest, holy life, there exhaled an odor of sweetness and love which made him dear to every one who knew him, no matter of what nature or pursuit, no matter of what creed.

Wingate disappeared, as travelers do. I presume that, wherever he went, he showed ability to take care of himself, and copiously enjoyed the gifts of Providence. With Mr. Porter Brassey DeVries chanced to meet during his career in the army.

"Glad to see you again," said the ex-consul, shaking hands with the grip of a knight in steel gauntlets. "We 've both had something happen to us since the old Syrian times, have n't we? Here you are a general, and I 'm in Congress."

General DeVries expressed satisfaction in the Honorable Brassey's success, and there was a brief conversation of a friendly and patriotic nature.

"Let 's see — you married Miss Grant — did n't you?" the legislator finally inquired, his eye wandering.

"Yes," said DeVries. "My wife remembers you with kindness," he added, with that compassion which a man who has won a prize feels for a man who lost it.

"Does she?" answered Mr. Brassey, coloring with pleasure. "Tell her that I am very much obliged to her. Give her my very best respects, general — Ah — well!"

There he stopped; it was more delicate not to say it; even Mr. Brassey could feel that. DeVries understood him all the same, and gave him a kindly pressure of the hand, and so they parted.

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## ENGLISHWOMEN IN RECENT LITERATURE.

A NOTEWORTHY feature in contemporary English literature is the number of female writers. In looking through a London publisher's catalogue, one is struck with the large proportion of books by women and with the diversity of their topics. Works of fiction are naturally in the majority, but theology, morals, science, political economy, *belles-lettres*, education, art in its countless branches, — including household decorations, bric-abrac, china, and lace, — travels, cookery, are to be found on the list; indeed, one might go on until the subjects on which books have ever been written were exhausted. The tables of contents of the leading magazines and reviews bear witness to the same literary copartnership of the sexes in Great Britain; in the Contemporary and Theological reviews and the Nineteenth Century some of the articles with the most serious titles are by women. Strange to say, poetry is conspicuous by its absence from the list; among all the new books by women mentioned by the Spectator and Saturday Review for April and May, there is but one volume of verses, and the same lack is to be observed in the periodical literature.

It has befallen me lately to read several of the new books by Englishwomen. Notwithstanding extreme variety of subject and style, and a great difference between the writers themselves, I have been impressed by a sort of family likeness, a certain similarity of tone, which runs through them. The reader's mind gradually catches it, and the perusal of each leaves him at the same pitch. The books were chosen at random, in search of entertainment only; they all produced mental fatigue. This seemed so singular that I have tried to arrive at the causes of the uniform effect, and to discover the key-note of the monotonous

and wearisome strain into which the cleverest Englishwomen fall, no matter what their theme may be. In order to make the experiment fairly, I have taken among the latest publications those which differ most in every essential, and which have received most notice from the English press.

To begin with, there must be a belief prevalent among English people, especially women, that everybody can and should write a book, and that in order to do so it is only needful to write English with tolerable correctness. In default of everything else, they give us autobiography: they may call it travels, letters from Europe, Asia, Africa, or Australia, but it is in reality only personal recollections. There is no pretense of offering anything new, interesting, amusing, or instructive. When a fine lady takes up the pen, she seems to think that the mere condescension of addressing the public is sufficient to entitle her to a hearing. No incident is too insignificant, no detail is too dry, for her pages. Queen Victoria's Journey in the Highlands is the type of this class of book: "Tuesday, August 30th. We heard, to our great distress, that we had only gone fifty-eight miles since eight o'clock last night. How annoying and provoking this is! We remained on deck all day, lying on sofas; the sea was very rough towards evening, and I was very ill. We reached Flamborough Head, on the Yorkshire coast, by half past five." A royal record of this sort may have set the fashion. A queen's daily life may be supposed to interest her subjects and many people besides. I have heard Americans speak with surprise and contempt of the taste; but although I cannot read H. B. M.'s books myself, curiosity about the lives of royal people seems to me a natural instinct. Their peculiar education, their historical position, their influence over the destiny of nations and the working of the world, the extraordinary ordeals and reverses to which they are liable, constitute for them a life apart, and make the most commonplace of them, both superficially and intrinsically, unlike mortals of lower rank. It is this unlikeness and their double life as public personages and private individuals which give interest to their daily actions and impressions; one wishes to know how the elements and accidents of our common existence look to those who see them at so different an angle from ourselves. But when persons of less degree give us the chronicle of their diurnal sayings and doings, and the picture of their private life, it is hard to guess what satisfaction can be found in the revelation either by reader or writer.

Lady Anne Blunt's book,[1] which, strange to say, comes under this head, has a number of extrinsic advantages to recommend it to the general reader. In the first place, notwithstanding the precedents of Lady Hester Stanhope and Lady Ellenborough, it is a new and startling feat for an English lady to travel with the Bedouins; then it is a fine thing for a civilized woman to be able to ride so far, to fast so long, and to make no fuss about that or anything; besides which, it sticks several feathers in the cap of an author to be able to furnish the maps and illustrations for her work, and the musical annotations of the songs which she hears. But these adventitious glories must be put out of sight in criticising the book, for although Lady Anne deserves full credit for them, they are not literary merits. The chapters are embellished by quotations, chiefly from Shakespeare, who is compelled to stand sponsor for the sins of a whole posterity of scribblers. English people of the present day are over-fond of quotation, and aptness has little to do with their choice; extracts are put at the head or foot of the pages without much more regard for fitness than when a savage pulls a cocked hat or a pair of top-boots over his war-paint and tattooing. The chapter which records the Blunts' short and uneventful stay at Aleppo is headed,—

> "Set you down this
> . . . that in Aleppo once"
> . . . . . .

[1] *Bedouin Tribes of the Euphrates.* By LADY ANNE BLUNT. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879.

It is surprising, as Shakespeare is always there to draw upon, to find two or three chapters without a quotation, and it gives the reader a momentary sense of mortification for the author and editor; but the omission is evidently due to the fine carelessness which pervades the whole performance. Lady Anne's English is very good as far as it goes; her stock of words is small, and belongs to the vocabulary of May Fair; she does not use slang, but "honest," "merry," "tiresome," "nice," and "nasty" are made to serve on all occasions. She has words enough for her ideas, however; one runs against the fences of her mind in every direction. The Blunts are no cockneys; they are not even the proverbial British traveler who carries his bath-tub to the top of the Himalayas, and strews Sahara with bottles of Bass's ale and Worcestershire sauce. They lived, moved, ate, and slept like the children of the wilderness. They were in Arabia instead of at Nice or Pau, or up the Nile to escape from conventionality and the "chains of Europe;" yet they apply English tests, and those of a fraction of English society, to the manners and customs of the desert. They speak of one Arab as "rude," — that is, uncivil; of others as "bores;" and of "the Moayaja and their sheik as the very nicest people this side of the Euphrates." They constantly repeat that they like the desert freedom; yet, as usual with their nation, the freedom is only for themselves. Mr. Blunt meets a party of Arabs whose looks he does not like, and asks them peremptorily "who they are, and what they are doing there." So much for the inhabitants of the country; the rulers are treated in the same way whenever they have not force on their side. When the Blunts took up their quarters for the night at a Turkish guard-house, thereby claiming protection and hospitality, they sent the mudir to the right about with the simple comment, "The officials are all alike, and we are tired of them." It never once occurs to Lady Anne that she and her husband are intruders and interlopers. This is a touch of caste. A Frenchman, not long ago, brought home an amusing story from the East, which he pretends to have got from a dervish: whenever a traveler approaches a well in the desert he hears from afar a terrible hubbub, which turns out to be a Russian and an Englishman quarreling for possession, while the real owner stands aloof throwing stones at them both, in hopes of driving them away.

The exhibition which Lady Anne gives of the mental attitude of a well-born English man and woman towards their fellow-beings is more curious than any of her adventures, but her mode of telling her story is still more odd. The book is made up from her journal, and consists for the most part in extracts from it. The diffuseness is excessive, and there is hardly an attempt at compression. This defect appears on the first page: "We were recommended to take in Constantinople on our way, and to consult the British ambassador there. Or, on second thoughts, we might call on Sir Henry himself, who was in London, and would be sure to pay all possible attention to our inquiries. From his long residence at Bagdad, he would be the fittest person to advise us. Sir Henry, to whom Wilfrid sent in his card, received him with courtesy." The whole story is told with the same prolixity. We hear one day what they mean to do the next; on the morrow whether they did or did not do it; on the third how well it was that they had done it, and wherefore, or what it would have been better to do instead, and why. Such a mode of narration might have value and possibly interest in a historical work, — in the account of a decisive campaign or an important parliamentary session; but when the whole question is whether Lady Anne and Mr. Blunt shall start on a journey on Tuesday or Wednesday, ride their camels in the morning and their horses in the afternoon, or *vice versa*, and whether every silly report of the Arabs and Turks be true or false, the tale becomes inexpressibly tedious. No detail of their own arrangements is suppressed, — "Wilfrid's card" is one of a pack; but sites of trans-

cendent beauty or antiquity, and the strangest and most suggestive customs, are dismissed with a sentence, — "No doubt many other people have described this." Lady Anne, to make amends, gives her readers in full what other travelers have thought it unnecessary to mention. The Belgravian habit of mind betrays itself also in the tendency to talk of everybody and everything connected even momentarily with one's self as of consequence and notoriety. We have to hear at the utmost length of the squabbles of desert tribes with unknown names and no fixed abode, — clans as shifting and indiscriminate as the sands. We are bewildered by a new Antipholus and Dromio multiplication of names: "Our Faris, who is not at all the same" as Faris Ibn Mohammed, Mohammed El Faris, or Naïf Ibn Faris, all of whom, however, are seen or heard of, and make a fine confusion of *dramatis personæ* with other Mohammeds, Mahomets, Mahmouds, Ahmets, and Akhmets.

Lady Anne's style has a queer conversational simplicity, like that of an uncultivated person. Her diffuseness is connected with this, and so are her odd, abrupt, short-sighted summaries. Her pages overflow with sentences like the following, which resemble a child's or a peasant's way of talking, or uneducated people's trick of talking to themselves: "Now I return to my journal;" "Now I must leave off;" "I will describe the visit;" "I will try and describe the view;" "Here I was interrupted;" "Colonel Nixon has given us much valuable information about the population, history, and general affairs of the town, some of which, at the risk of being dull, I think I ought to put down. It appears that Bagdad," etc. Then follow two pages of history and statistics which might be written either for a child or by a child. She is incredibly prosaic and matter of fact, and unfortunately has no gift either of narration or description; the latter want is a very strange one in a writer who can sketch. She by no means lacks the sense of the beautiful or the ridiculous, yet her total absence of imagination and nearly total want of humor prevent her conveying her impressions to the reader. She is full of spirit, but her words are tame; we sometimes understand what she has seen or felt, we never see or feel it. Her first and almost only good bit of word-painting occurs at the approach to Bagdad: "At last the city of the Caliphs loomed through the driving rain, — a grimy and squalid line of mud houses rising out of a sea of mud. Even the palm groves looked draggled, and the Tigris had that hopeless look a river puts on in the rain. . . . The walls have been pulled down, and one enters by scrambling over the mounds of rubbish where they once stood, and then crossing an intermediate space of broken ground, given over to dogs and jackals, and gradually abandoned by the town as it has shrunk back from its old circuit, like a withered nut inside the shell. One sees at once that Bagdad is a city long past its prime, a lean and slippered pantaloon, its hose a world too wide for its shrunk shanks. Within there is little to remind one of the days of its greatness. The houses are low and mean and built of mud, the streets narrow and unpaved as those of any Mesopotamian village. There are no open spaces, or fountains, or large mosques, or imposing buildings. The minarets are few and of inconsiderable height, and the bazaars without life or sign of prosperity. No caravans crowd the gates, and hardly a camel is to be met with in the streets. The rich merchant, like the Caliph, the calender, and all the rest, seems to have disappeared. I don't know how it is, but these signs of decay affect me disagreeably. Bagdad has no right to be anything but prosperous, and stripped of its wealth is uninteresting, — a colorless Eastern town, and nothing more. The feature of Bagdad is of course the river — the Tigris — on which it stands, and that is still beautiful. On either bank, above and below the town, there is a dense grove of palm-trees with gardens under them, making an agreeable approach for travelers who come by water, and setting off the yellow mud houses to their best advantage. Some of these

are picturesquely built and cheerful enough, with bits of terrace and orange-trees in front of them; but they are pretty rather than imposing, and there is an entire absence of really large buildings, or even of important groups of houses, while the flatness of the banks and the want of streets leading down to the river prevent one's getting any idea of the depth of the city beyond. The Tigris itself is a noble river, flowing at this time of the year in a rapid, turbid stream, and with a breadth of perhaps three hundred yards. The houses come close down to the water's edge, and there are boats and barges on it, giving it altogether a rather gay appearance; but there are no bridges but a single one of boats, which most of the time we have been here has been taken away in anticipation of a flood."

The description of El Haddr is perhaps the blankest picture of a series which might have been so splendid and striking. This is a ruined and deserted town, of Greek origin and about the date of Palmyra, belonging, no doubt, to that period of the decadence of Rome when the costly self-indulgence of her degenerate and unremembered Cæsars strewed the desert with palaces, temples, and gardens, the courts of luxury, art, and learning. Remnants and traces abound of the ancient glory and beauty of El Haddr amidst the devastations of conquest, time, earthquakes, neglect, and the sweet encroachments of nature, covering what is intact as well as what is defaced with grass and flowers. "We have been spending the day at El Haddr, and have been far more interested than we thought to be," begins Lady Anne; "we were surprised to find a really large city in tolerable preservation." She tells us that the desert here might be mistaken for one of the turfy downs of Wiltshire, but there are tulips, stocks, marigolds in the grass, "and pastures sufficient for twice the number of flocks there are to eat it; and the ruins rise out of a bed of green, like ruins preserved for ornamental purposes in England. . . . The moldings and architraves of the door-ways [in the palace] are carefully executed and very beautiful. They would make beautiful chimney-pieces, if one could get them to England. . . . One room would pass without much comment in London as a dining-room."

The Blunts did not meet with many actual adventures, but they were constantly encountering strange and perilous situations and startling incidents, such as the attack on the Arab camp where they were sojourning by a hostile tribe. Lady Anne takes these things very coolly, and recites them briefly; one is forced to admire her dauntless nerve, her freedom from exaggeration or love of the marvelous. On the other hand, were they told with more animation, they would be more exciting to the reader. There is ample material for a lively, picturesque, even an engrossing book. The story of the chieftain Abd Ul Kerim, which is scattered about in different and distant chapters, when tacked together is as romantic as a play of Victor Hugo's, with the power of nature and truth besides. The vicissitudes of the brigand Curro are very amusing and dramatic: "Mérimée would have made a good story out of this," observes Lady Anne, undisturbed by her own inability to do so. The dead, matter-of-fact manner of repeating extraordinary events sometimes enhances their effect, like our American bathos or anti-climax, but in her case the effect is often evidently unintended by the writer.

Thus Lady Anne pushes through her long and hazardous equestrian journey, — through scenes such as inspired the pen and pencil of Fromentin, and associations which would kindle the soul of Dean Stanley, — her fancy unmoved by the dangers, the beauty, the suggestions, of the way. When one bears in mind her field and mode of travel, her own advantages and acquirements, the wealth of novelty and incident in her hand, the book she has produced is amazingly dull and dry. And there are four hundred and forty-five pages of it! Only an Englishwoman could be content to offer so little to the public, and in such bulk, under such a title. The carelessness with which the book is made up matches the

rest. There is no attempt at arrangement or abridgment; obvious mistakes are corrected by foot-notes, instead of being rectified in the text. There are other points in the volume which it would be unfair to pass in entire silence: the strongly-marked figures of sundry strange people whose paths cross hers, and whom we see distinctly, thanks to Lady Anne's minute and detailed record of their intercourse; her own feats of horsemanship and heroism. But I do not pause upon these, nor upon some less pleasant aspects of her expedition, because I am considering the book as a literary performance. In this light I can discover but two good qualities: First, that through her repetition and multiplication of particulars the reader comes at length to share her life and follow her footsteps as one could not do in a more succinct and rapid narrative; and when the Bedouins cross the landscape we can count the bands of the patriarchal procession, the vanguard of armed horsemen, the camels bearing the women and children with the tents and household stuff, the youth on foot with dogs and donkeys, the flocks and herds bringing up the rear; and we are reminded (although Lady Anne is not) of the meeting of Jacob and Esau. Secondly, the plain English, the simple, straightforward, unaffected style, produce the impression of good-breeding, in spite of the coarseness of choosing such a journey, with its risks and exposures, and the relapse into barbarism in these English people which seems like a reaction from over-civilization; there is a frank, fearless, natural tone which we can fancy to be the echo of the writer's voice. It is a lady's book, beyond a doubt.

By mere chance, the day I finished Lady Anne Blunt's book I took up Mrs. Pattison's.[1] The two are as great a contrast in style as they are in subject. Mrs. Pattison has not the accent of May Fair; her language is not even English, but the modern *lingua Franca* which distinguishes the disciples of the Neo-Renaissance. So much has been so well said about this school that persons who do not know it by its fruits in art, letters, dress, and morals are referred to Mr. Mallock's New Republic, to the Monks of Thelema, and to an excellent essay called Thoughts of a Country Critic, which appeared in the Cornhill Magazine early in the year 1875. It is painful to be forced to admit that Mr. Ruskin, who has enriched English literature with passages of unsurpassed eloquence, and, in spite of prejudice and paradox, with the first great art criticism in the language, is the inventor of this manner of writing, — the poetical and vaticinatory mode of treating of every-day matters. It is to be found in the perfection of its beauty and force in Modern Painters, the Seven Lamps, and Stones of Venice. It runs mad or drivels in his later pamphlets, and is not in the least caricatured by the discourse of Mr. Herbert in the New Republic. But it is to his imitators that we owe the corruption of the vernacular which puts "brilliance" for "brilliancy," "indenture" for "indentation," "to differentiate" for "to mark the difference," "to requisition" for "to make requisition," etc.

The characteristic of Lady Anne Blunt's style is simplicity, of Mrs. Pattison's affectation. There is a parade of calling things by their names, yet nothing is said naturally. Her sentences are cumbersome, ill-turned, overloaded, reminding one of the worst architectural productions of the period she is writing about. Now and then there are queer breaks into a colloquial tone, but I am unable to say whether these are momentary slips from a high horse, or only another form of affectation; in view of her preference for "carven" to "carved," "wrought" to "worked," and similar mannerisms, it seems probable that they are accidental. Mrs. Pattison has an affection for certain forms of speech: she likes to say "men" instead of people, — "men still thought;" for she cannot mean that women did not think. "Fit" is a pet word with her, and she wears out its force by constant use: "For to him the forms of classic work were not the rigid expres-

[1] *The Renaissance of Art in France.* By Mrs. Mark Pattison. London: C. Kegan Paul. 1879.

sion of absolute rules, to be got by heart and repeated in timid obedience; they meant only increased resource. And though he does not hesitate to make variations which are adaptations to the fit fulfillment of his immediate purpose, yet whenever he has recognized, as in the proportions of the orders, a perfection not to be touched without fear, he respects it with scrupulous reverence." "Fit fulfillment!" — fulfillment alone was enough. Mrs. Pattison has a fatal weakness for adjectives and epithets; if one of her admirers would do her the service of striking the superfluous words from her proof, after the famous example of Alfred de Musset with the first page of Indiana, it would be a benefit to author and reader.

Another form of her affectation is to speak of common things in high-flown phrases. Of Duvet's engraving of Henri II. she says: "The knees of the prince are bare even as the knees of the imperial Roman statues are bared." Then there is the affectation of elegance and lightness of touch: "Reproductions of this group [Pilon's Graces] have been seen wherever cheap French casts and bronzes penetrate. The Graces of Germain Pilon bear clocks, vases, lamps, and to all graceful trifling they lend themselves with ease." But Mrs. Pattison has a grand manner, which she assumes in contemplating Jean Cousin's picture entitled Eva Prima Pandora: "Eve, the fertile mother of nations, the source of all life, — in her the manifold forces of nature herself are embodied. All desirable charm of beauty reigns in body and face. Latent passion lives in the quick compression of the lips, in the swelling curve of the throat; the lines of the supple limbs tell of bodily strength. But this woman rules not the dominion of sense alone; she holds the keys which open the house of wisdom. The fruit of knowledge was plucked in deliberate choice, not in lustful passion, and the sceptre which she bears in her right hand — the sceptre which speaks her sovereign and author of life — is the broken branch from which the golden apples hang. For her there is neither foul nor fair, but all things are seen with equal eyes. Stretched at length before us on the ground, she pillows her right arm on a death's-head, whilst from her extended left her instrument, the serpent, having fulfilled her uses, is permitted to uncoil and pass into the vase at her side, from whose secret recesses he had been summoned. She averts her head, but hers is not sickly revulsion from the necessary means by which complete experience has been sought; no instinct of feeble disgust colors the full and complex expression of the face. Her eyes are without choice or desire of evil or of good, and the weight which hangs on their lids is no burden of melancholy regret born of a weak asceticism, but the profound quiet which is the gift of knowledge. Body and mind alike are poised in calm. . . . The Eva of Cousin claims with well-weighed purpose universal dominion. Hers are the realms of earth and sea and sky; all things shall be under her feet, — shall obey the rightful uses of spirit and sense."

Mrs. Pattison's motto is modest and deprecatory: "On le peut, je l'essaie, un plus sçavant le fasse;" but the modesty of the book is comprised in this line. "Un plus sçavant," would not be easy to find. Mrs. Pattison possesses an amount of information regarding the matter in hand which can have been acquired only by long and wide reading, as well as by special study. She flings the accumulated mass upon her readers, — facts, dates, statistics, extracts from old deeds and documents, — until we have a sense of stifling from the dust of ages which she has raised. When this subsides, instead of the treasures of literature and learning which we supposed she had unearthed for us, we find a load of heterogeneous data, apparently the memoranda of her reading and research. Mrs. Pattison has the same tendency towards dry detail as Lady Anne Blunt; the book bristles with it; and it is tedious and irritating. Whenever the reader fairly gives himself up to an interesting description or anecdote, he is suddenly brought to a reckoning by pounds, shillings, and pence, of

which Mrs. Pattison does not spare him the uttermost farthing. Consequently, much of the time it is like reading ledgers or catalogues of sales. The information which the book contains is to be gained only by plodding through dull and tiresome minutiæ. Mrs. Pattison has no power, makes no effort, to combine or collate the facts which she has gathered together. She gives no notion of prices, rate of wages, mode of living, or any of the general statements which convey an idea of the habits and customs of a country or period.

Mrs. Pattison has the predilection for quotation to which I have alluded already as one of the pests of even the best contemporary English writing. Her quotations are generally impressive rather than apposite: "When Schelling was asked, 'What makes an Ethnos?' he answered, 'Language and religion.'" This is imposing, but so little to the purpose of what follows that at the end of the paragraph the reader looks back, puzzled about the application of the stately formula. The motto of the chapter enticingly headed The Châteaux of Touraine is "Quid sibi volunt isti lapides? Josh. iv. 6." Impressive again, but where is the point, since we have under consideration the royal Blois, the ruined Etampes, the vanished Anet, Chenonceaux, and Chambord still in perfect preservation, and other buildings in conditions as various? And why is the sentence in Latin? Why not in Hebrew at once, if English would not answer? Many other quotations follow, in Latin, Greek, old French, and Italian, with numerous references to rare books and MSS. There is plenty of ostentation in these allusions.

It would give a false impression of the two volumes to imply that they are wholly made up of quotations and financial statements. The rest consists principally of the enumeration and description of works of art and the lives of the artists. Mrs. Pattison's descriptions are of two sorts: one is precise and specific, conveying a distinct notion to the reader's mind, without being graphic or pictorial. Her way of describing buildings is almost as clear as the ground-plans which accompany some of them; but the image left upon the mind is that of a plan, not of a castle or palace. The best instance of this ability is a passage illustrating the union of architecture and sculpture, which she terms the central point of the Renaissance: "Bas-reliefs, as in the tomb of Anne of Brittany, continue to be employed for the purpose of giving space to the design. The broad planes of light are modulated, not broken up, by the waves of faint relief which flow over the marble surface without disturbing it. The vigorous channeling of the slender columns, the deep tones of the inlaid marbles, and the full relief of the statues by which the tomb is surmounted strike the eye in forcible contrast to the delicate accent of the interposing passages." This mode of describing is her own. The other is that of the school to which she belongs, by which small things are described as if they were large, simple things as if they were complex, things no longer in existence as if they had been seen by the writer; the material properties of an object are exaggerated, and meanings ascribed to works of art foreign to the thought of the artist and his time. The engraver Duvet's print of the Crucifixion is described on the scale of Tintoretto's or Rubens's immense canvases; the degree of intention and significance attributed to its details are to be found in no painter earlier than Mr. Burne Jones.

There is a pragmatic tone in Mrs. Pattison's criticism, a pretension in her positions, which would be more exasperating if they were less absurd. Although she makes a point of calling a spade a spade, and adopts a fine freedom in expressing

> "All thoughts, all passions, all delights"

to their inmost and uttermost, appropriate to the "deliberate revolt of human intelligence against self-imposed bonds," one detects now and then the pursed lips of the British matron when the force of early habit momentarily gets the better of higher culture.

There is less instruction to be gained from the book than the labor of writing

or even reading it deserves. It is all collection and compilation. Mrs. Pattison draws no conclusions, deduces no principles; she seems to be incapable of intelligent generalizing, or of using the information which she has amassed; in fact, she is unable to cope with it. The period of the French Renaissance includes the reigns of Louis XI. and XII., the Valois dynasty and Henri IV., the rule of the Medici women and the Guises, the outburst of the Reformation; it is the most striking epoch in French history, splendid, picturesque, romantic, — heroic, if we consider the Huguenots. In Mrs. Pattison's hands it becomes as flat and colorless as the reign of Louis XVIII. She wants historical insight, independent thought, æsthetic feeling. Of the extraordinary practical and religious aspects of the time which helped to shape and color its art and literature she has hardly a word to say, and even that is mere echo. A day spent among the court-yards of one of the *châteaux* of Touraine, till the fancy, stimulated by their beauty, recreates the life which once inhabited them when the province was the seat of royalty, or an hour's lingering in the galleries of the Louvre, where the Henri II. and Palissy ware, the armor and plate of Benvenuto Cellini and his French followers, are displayed, will do more to imbue a lover of art and history with the spirit and achievements of the period than all Mrs. Pattison's measurements and sums in addition.

It is with a sensation akin to awe that I write the great name of George Eliot. From the publication of Adam Bede, twenty years ago, to the time, not so very long past, when the months seemed longer because we were waiting for a new number of Daniel Deronda, I have been of those who hold her the foremost female writer of the century. Since Middlemarch I have shared with many people a foreboding that I should have less and less enjoyment from her future writings; but the decrease of pleasure does not alter my estimation of her genius. Even while watching the rapid growth of her defects, especially of the tendency to interrupt and impede her narrative by axioms and corollaries, I have not ceased to regard the force and completeness with which she states the problems of life and the heart, and sometimes their solution, as proofs of the highest and rarest order of intellect. No writer of fiction with whom I am acquainted has united so profound a metaphysical insight with so much creative power. To all thoughtful admirers of George Eliot the reading of Theophrastus Such [1] must be a prolonged shock, — the after-effect a dull, stunned amazement. A new work by her is such an event in the lives of so many people that on first thoughts it seems a matter of course that any production of hers will be universally read; yet the instinct of self-preservation is so strong, its intuitions are so keen and far-reaching, that this book may remain unknown to numbers who are usually swift to seize upon anything from her pen. For their benefit it may be mentioned that the Impressions profess to be the observations and ruminations of an old bachelor, whose appearance and personality are defined with more elaboration than distinctness in the first chapter, to grow fainter and disappear in the following ones. There is no connection or cohesion between the chapters; the very paragraphs are more like separate short essays than portions of a whole. One suspects that all the reflections, maxims, aphorisms, and sarcasms which have been struck out of her novels as too paltry or too dull have been swept together and pieced into this patchwork. There are a number of imaginary portraits after the manner of writers of the eighteenth century, French and English: Touchwood the ill-tempered man, Spike the political mollusk, and others. They are not characteristic likenesses; they are not morally salient; they are emphasized by tricks and grimaces; they are like Dickens's subordinate personages stripped of their individuality. "He appeared, indeed, to be preoccupied with a sense of his exquisite cleanliness, clapped his hands

[1] *Impressions of Theophrastus Such.* By George Eliot. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879.

together and rubbed them frequently, straightened his back, and even opened his mouth and closed it again with a slight snap, apparently for no other purpose than the confirmation to himself of his own powers in that line." Do we know Spike any better because of these touches?

The author proceeds through this gallery of pale caricatures, moralizing with more or less obvious relevance. Her comments are expressed in an oracular or ironical style, which prevents their being recognized as familiar truisms until we untangle the web of strange words in which they are wrapped. Sometimes they are set off with a sort of cheap smartness, a flippancy which miserably counterfeits the barbed wit or hearty humor of her better vein. It is far-fetched and forced. Here is her first joke supposed to be spoken by Theophrastus Such: "I am spoken of to inquiring beholders as 'the author of a book you have probably not seen.' (The work was a humorous romance, unique in its kind, and, I am told, is much tasted in a Cherokee translation, where the jokes are all rendered with the serious eloquence characteristic of the red races.)" This conceit of the Cherokees comes up again. One is led to surmise that Theophrastus Such may be a translation from the Cherokee. Here is a specimen of her irony: "One wonders whether the remarkable originators who first had the notion of digging wells or of churning for butter, and who were certainly very useful to their own time as well as ours, were left quite free from invidious comparison with predecessors who let the water and the milk alone; or whether some rhetorical nomad, as he stretched himself on the grass with a good appetite for contemporary butter, became loud on the virtue of ancestors who were uncorrupted by the produce of the cow; nay, whether in a high flight of imaginative self-sacrifice (after swallowing the butter) he even wished himself earlier born and already eaten for the sustenance of a generation more *naïve* than his own." Here is her conception of a pantomime by which Shakespeare will be made easy to coming generations: "A bottle-nosed Lear will come on with a monstrous corpulence, from which he will frantically dance himself free during the midnight storm; Rosalind and Celia will join in a grotesque ballet with shepherds and shepherdesses; Ophelia, in fleshings and a voluminous brevity of grenadine, will dance through the mad scene, finishing with the famous 'attitude of the scissors' in the arms of Laertes," etc., etc. But this is enough, and more than enough; it is painful and humiliating to rehearse these titubations of genius.

Unfortunately, there is not to set off against them a single sentence which raises a genuine smile, or gives food for meditation. Although she takes a tone of lofty sententiousness, although she lashes the sides of platitude with strong and stinging words to make it rear, although she works herself into a frenzy like a pythoness of commonplace, all is stale, flat, unprofitable. Her absence of simplicity is more vexatious than Mrs. Mark Pattison's: in the first place, it matters very much less how the latter writes; secondly, her inflated periods now and then collapse from her inability to keep up the effort; but every sentence of Theophrastus Such is so artificial that we fear George Eliot could no longer be simple if she should try. She fails in the few passages where she seems to aim at it, as in the pretty one describing her childish rides on a pony beside her father (here depicted as a country clergyman) among the hamlets of her native shire, which made her acquainted with the types and traits of the middle and lower classes, — for this is a bit of autobiography. She laughs at foibles which are held ridiculous by everybody; she withers vices which all condemn; and she satirizes the mediocrity at which people everywhere are too ready to sneer, forgetting that the man with two talents who made them other two was commended in the same words as he who doubled his five. Her violations of good taste are frequent: the most shocking is her sarcastic parallel between some modern fallacy and the treachery of Judas; it is

using the thorns of Christ's passion to point epigrams.

The chapter on Moral Swindlers is the best. It has been said before in substance, but it cannot be said too often in this country, where beyond all others private decorum has a much higher value than public morality and integrity, and where dishonesty, fraud, and even murder are excused in a man who observes the fifth or seventh commandment and keeps early hours.

The concluding chapter, entitled The Modern Hep! Hep! Hep! does not belong to the rest in any respect. It is a plea for tolerance in behalf of the Jews, and is written gravely and earnestly, with some strong passages and sound arguments. This fragment appertains, both from its spirit and style, to Daniel Deronda, and reads like after-thoughts of the same strain, or spare material left over from that novel which seemed to the author too valuable to waste. There is truth and justice in it, but one is impelled to ask, "What 's Hecuba to her?" The wrong belongs to the past; ghettos and Jewish disability laws have ceased to exist, and to put one's self into a passion of sympathy over the present condition of the race in civilized Christendom is as much an anachronism as to preach a crusade against Austrian tyranny in Italy or negro slavery in America. George Eliot's arguments are directed against the prejudices of the intelligent and educated, and not at those of the ignorant and unlearned; but can she suppose that the points on which she lays stress, the position of the Jews in art and literature or their political prominence, are secrets from the majority of well-informed Christians? At any rate, these facts, whether generally known or not, and the recent great Jewish and Gentile intermarriages in England and France prove conclusively that she is fighting a dead ogre.

The height of George Eliot's fame is happily above the reach even of the mischief which she might do it with her own hands. Of this book, considered separately, no more need be said than that it is totally unworthy of her, and would have given no reputation to an unknown author. It is an epitome of her faults.

The object of this review has been not so much to criticise generally, as to find out what makes Englishwomen's books tedious. As we have seen, Lady Anne Blunt shared the life of the Arabs, that extraordinary existence of organized and ordered instability in which thousands of years have made no change. Why is it that her pages do not reflect that unbroken tradition, those sharp outlines, the sombre or vivid intensity, of desert custom? Why, as we follow her through scenes at once so strange and so familiar, do we never feel that we are in the land of the Old Testament, the Arabian Nights, the Koran? If such recollections awake faintly once or twice, it is by an effort of fancy in the reader alone. Why throughout her whole long chronicles do we vainly seek for

> "Moments fraught with all the treasures
> Which her Eastern travel views?"

Why is it that Mrs. Pattison gives us half a dozen ways of spelling a man's name, yet not one strong sketch or true portrait? — that she can tell us to an inch the dimensions of a masterpiece, and what it cost to a copper; how many days it took to build a palace, carve a monument, arrange a procession in the sixteenth century, yet fail to open a single glimpse of the splendid, pompous pageant of the time?

Because — the writers lack imagination. Not only the books which have just been glanced at, but Baroness Bunsen's Correspondence, Mrs. Oliphant's Within the Precincts, and, looking further back, Mrs. Somerville's Memoirs, Miss Muloch's novels, all lead to the same conclusion. The authors want vivacity, versatility; their fancy is strapped to the tread-mill of routine, and recognizes only the practical and positive side of existence, the external aspects of the world. Their eyes are riveted upon the actual, never raised to the ideal, in life and human nature. And even on this lower plane their range is limited, their horizon confined. Habit and training are all-powerful with them; their minds move in ruts so deep that they cannot

see over the sides. Even Lady Anne Blunt, although erratic in her proceedings, is perfectly conventional in her notions. The intellectual disposition of mind is also wanting. All that Mrs. Pattison has read and seen has left her essentially uncultivated. Art, poetry, history, the past, have no part in her. Education must have something to do with this tendency, but temperament has more.

The absence of poetry on the book-lists points to the same causes.

It would be presumptuous to dismiss George Eliot with two words, as if her grand lapses were to be measured by the same guage which is applied to the highest of lesser minds. But want of imagination too in herself and others is at the root of some of her worst defects. It would be beyond the scope of this paper and aside from its purpose to do more than refer to her violent and awkward contrivances for cutting the knots in her novels, — her proneness to distinguish her personages by gestures and postures, like the "individual *motif*" in Wagner's later operas, rather than by developing their characteristics and peculiarities. But, to keep to Theophrastus Such, the wit is like the jests of a clown of literature, adapted to a literary public whose apprehension goes no further than that of the public which sits round the sawdust. The repetition of each idea, beating it thin by iteration, is addressed to brains which can be impressed only by long hammering. Yet George Eliot must know better than most people that nothing rouses the common mind so swiftly and sharply as a flash of imagination; the wit, the proverbs, the watch-words, the war-cries, which have become immortal, are almost invariably the fagot gathered by common sense and experience, kindled and turned into a torch by a spark of fancy or poetry. The euphemisms and figures of speech which veil the grosser realities in the thoughts and words of all but the lowest of mankind are merely the transfiguration of things as they exist to the material sense into their types, images, or higher significations. One of the distinctive qualities of the more delicate and potent intellect is the unconscious exercise of this gracious gift, the habitual translation of crude fact into the abstract idea.

George Eliot once had the power and the will to show us earth and sky, and the faces of our fellows illumined by the light of the inner life; nor did it blind her keen glance to the presence of the humblest flower or the meanest creeping thing. Has she lost that prophetic vision, that sublime gaze of inspiration? If so, it is because, like the others, her eyes are bent on lower things.

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## MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCES.

In ancient times it was sufficient designation of an unbeliever, a worshiper of false gods, to call him a countryman; a pagan, or dweller in the Latin *pagus;* a heathen, or dweller on the open heath, the Gothic *haithi.* The dweller in the city (*urbs*) was not only urbane, but he, and he alone, heard and comprehended God's word. The times are changed. The unbeliever, the child of darkness who threatens the institutions of civilization, is a member of the *civitas.* To the countryman (*paganus*) we now look to preserve the faith and furnish the police to keep in check the wild man of the city. In the ancient days, if a man wanted to avoid his obligations to society, or to escape the penalty of a crime committed against society, he fled to the wilderness; now he finds his safest retreat in the most densely populated part of a great city. He buries himself in

a tenement house, filled to overflowing with his urbane fellow-men of the clan Kearney, who care less for his incomings and outgoings than the beasts of the field cared for those of the malefactor of old who hid himself in a cave.

There is something at once fascinating and terrible in the idea of being lost in a crowd, of being with the crowd but not of it. The feeling of loneliness which takes possession of one surrounded by his fellow-beings, who know him not and who take no note of him, is comparable only to the sense of desolation which one might experience if left in solitude and darkness on a wide-stretching heath at midnight. The dishonored man and the dishonored woman, the broken in heart and the broken in fortune, those who seek to be alone and those who seek to escape detection, alike fly to the public haunt where they may pass unnoted in the crowd.

In every large city there are thousands of men, women, and children whose past history and whose present means of living are unknown to those with whom they come most closely in contact. It is only when some crime, at once frightful and mysterious, has been committed, and the newspaper reporters tell us of the inability of the police to identify the victim, or to find an adequate motive for the crime, that we fully appreciate the conditions of our modern city life. In American cities especially, where police surveillance is slight, and where an asylum is afforded to immigrants of all nations and all classes, and no questions are asked, the possibilities of passing unrecognized are much better than in any European city, except, perhaps, London. That city, says Mr. John Timbs (who has a pretty intimate knowledge of it), is the only place in all Europe where a man can find a secure retreat, or remain, if he pleases, many years unknown. If he pays regularly for his lodgings and for what he has to eat and drink, nobody will inquire whence he comes or whither he goes.

A curious case illustrative of this is related in Dr. King's anecdotes of his own times, an entertaining book printed some sixty years ago.

In the beginning of the previous century (about 1706), a man who possessed a good income, and was to all appearances happily married, told his wife, one morning, that he was obliged to go to the Tower to transact some business. Later in the day she received a note from him stating that he was under the necessity of going to Holland, and should probably be absent about three weeks. Seventeen years passed before he was either seen or heard from by any one who knew him; and during the whole of that time he was living in disguise only a few rods distant from his home. His wife was obliged to obtain an act of Parliament giving her authority to settle the estate; and the proceedings consequent thereon were watched by him with much interest. His two children dying not long after his mysterious disappearance, his wife moved to another and less expensive house than the one in which she had been left. He then made the acquaintance of her next-door neighbor, and while dining there, as he managed to do once or twice a week, he could look into the room where his wife sat and received company. He was supposed to be a bachelor; and as he showed some interest in the deserted lady he was seriously advised by his new acquaintances to marry her.

One evening, seventeen years after he went to transact a little business at the Tower, his wife was sitting at supper with some friends, when she received a note, in which the writer, who did not give his name, requested the favor of an interview with her, and for that purpose asked her to meet him the following evening on a certain walk in the neighboring park. She laughingly showed it to the company, with the remark that old as she was it appeared she had got a gallant. One of the persons present, who had known her husband well, declared, on looking at the writing, that the note was from him. On recovering from the swoon into which this statement threw her, it was arranged that the ladies and gentlemen present should attend her to

the place of meeting. At the time named in the note the wife went to the rendezvous in company with her friends. In a few minutes the husband came up quietly, embraced his wife, saluted his friends, and went home, where, as the story goes, the husband and wife lived together in great harmony from that time until death parted them. The man never confessed, even to his most intimate friends, the cause of his singular conduct. There was no discoverable cause. He led a perfectly correct life while in hiding, and was obliged to stint himself in his daily expenses, as he had only a small sum of money when he disappeared, and he received nothing from the estate while absent. Probably it was the freak of an unsound mind, — an unsoundness which might never have betrayed itself so as to attract attention in any other action of his life.

A similar condition of mind caused a young girl, a few weeks since, to disappear mysteriously from her home in Vermont. She was supposed to have been murdered, and the police far and near instituted a search for the body. It was not long before she was discovered, in boys' clothes, at work on a canal boat. When taken in charge, she disowned her parents, and stoutly maintained that she was a boy, and that she had never known any different life from the one she was then leading. Subsequently, when her mind had been partially restored, she was unable to recollect where she went or what she did after leaving home.

How many of the mysterious disappearances of which we read, and which are attributed to foul play, or to a weak or criminal desire to escape the obligations to one's family or to society, are prompted by the cunning of insanity cannot be known. The number of mysterious disappearances coming under the notice of the police in the course of a single year is almost startling. In Boston alone, last year, there were five hundred and fifty-five cases of missing persons reported to the police, of which about one third were females. Many of these missing persons were of course soon discovered. But a considerable number still remain deaf to the entreaties of "agonized" relatives or friends, and respond neither to the generous offer of being "entirely forgiven," nor to the alluring assurance that they "will hear of something to their advantage." Every issue of the London Times and the New York Herald contains more or less of these pathetic appeals to the absent, — many of the absences being as mysterious and purposeless as that of the London gentleman.

An old police officer recently acquainted the writer with a remarkable case which came under his notice some years ago, the sequel of which has never before been made public. One day, he said, a man pretty well on in years came into the police head-quarters, and asked to have the officers take down a description of his wife and children, who had disappeared from their home. The man told his story in such a simple, unaffected way that he made a deep impression upon those who heard it. He lived in a small town in Connecticut, and had been married five or six years to a woman considerably younger than himself, and by whom he had had two children. On returning from his daily business, a few nights before, he found his home deserted: wife and children had evidently gone out, dressed in their best clothes, leaving no word of explanation. It struck him as being very strange; but, although disturbed, he was not seriously alarmed, as he concluded they must have gone to a friend's house. He got his own tea, and then smoked his pipe, expecting momentarily to hear them at the door. It was late in the evening before his anxiety drove him out to look for them among the neighbors. The next day he learned that they had been seen in the railway station at the next village, and that they had taken the cars going East. That was all he knew about it. He and his wife, he said, had got on pretty well together. He was perhaps too old to be much society for her, but she never complained. Since she had gone off, he remembered that she had been rather melancholy and moping for some time past. He thought that she had "sort of dwelt

on things, bein' so much alone;" that she had become "crazy-like," and had started off with the idea of going to see some people in New Hampshire whom she had known before she was married. But the New Hampshire folks had not seen her or heard of her; and some of the neighbors said "more like she 'd gone off with a younger man." "But you see," said the deserted husband, "that ain't likely, as she would n't have taken the children if she was that wicked."

The police gave a good deal of attention to the case, as it was a peculiar one, and they had a feeling of sympathy for the man who had suffered such a terrible loss. The wife and children were traced to a town a short distance from Portland, Maine. There a woman and two little children, answering to the description given by the police, were seen by the local station-master to leave a through train and walk off in the direction of the village. It was just at dusk, and snowing heavily at the time. The road led along the banks of a river. Passing out of the station-master's sight into the storm they were seen no more. The inquirers of the police never got beyond that. Those who had been at work upon the case settled down to the belief that the woman had left home during a fit of temporary insanity; that the storm she encountered on leaving the cars increased the confusion of her mind; and that she had either thrown her children and herself into the river, or had wandered out of the road and fallen in with them.

One evening, after this conclusion had been reached, an officer who had worked on the case was asked by a young woman who was visiting at his house to tell her an interesting police case. He told her the story of the deserted husband. The young woman afterwards married, and went to live in a Western city. Some years passed, when, on meeting the officer again, she reminded him of the story he had told her, and asked if anything had been heard of the wife and children. He said the case remained as profound a mystery as ever.

"Now," she said, "I will go on with the story where you ended. The woman got off the train at B—— for the purpose of misleading those who might search for her. She had through tickets to Portland; and after going some distance towards the village, as testified by the station-master, she retraced her steps. Eluding observation at the railway station, she got on a way train that came along presently, and proceeded to Portland. There she was met by a man, who took her to the Grand Trunk Railway; and the next train bore them to a city in the far West, where they found a home which had been carefully prepared for them. She appeared as the wife of the man who accompanied her and who had recently established the home to which, as he had told the neighbors, he was going to bring his wife and two children from the East. The children were too young to know what it all meant, and were soon taught to believe that they had always known their new father. In Western communities they are not so curious about one's antecedents as they are in New England, and the new family was accepted as a valuable acquisition to the neighborhood. How did I learn all that? Well, soon after I settled in —— I formed a very pleasant acquaintance with the lady who lived next door, — a quiet, attractive woman, who seemed to be uncommonly happy in her married life. One day, when her husband was absent, she was taken very ill. I was sent for; and while under the fear of death she told me her story. When she was a school-girl she became engaged to the man she now lived with. He went away to seek his fortune, and not long after she heard he had married. Then, in her despair, she married a man old enough to be her father. After she had been married some three years she heard that her early love had been true to her. She wrote imploring him to forgive her. A correspondence had followed, and by and by she was wrought up to the point of leaving her husband. All the details of the elopement had been arranged by letter, and when she joined her lover in Portland she saw him for the first time after a separation of ten years."

A great many cases of mysterious disappearance are never reported to the police, or made public in any way except through accident. The friends or relatives are afraid of having their private affairs paraded before the public if they give any information; and they either wait in tearful silence for the absent one to return or make some sign, or they grope cautiously in the dark, as it were, by sending out peculiarly worded advertisements through the public press. In some cases the person who disappears from among those who know him has no relatives or friends who feel any responsibility for him, or any desire to know whether he has fallen into the dock or gone to the "diggings."

Hundreds of girls go every year from the British provinces, and from Maine and New Hampshire, to the large manufacturing towns, to work in the mills; or to the cities, to serve as domestics or to "tend store." In most cases they have neither friends nor relatives in the places where they go to work; no one to warn them of the character of their associates, or to hold them in check if they are inclined to go astray. The first consideration of the girl who leads an immoral life is to keep the knowledge of that life from her parents, and from any one who would be likely to inform those among whom she grew up. To keep her shame from those who knew her in better days is, in many instances, the all-controlling purpose, for which she is ready to face death, or, what must be to some quite as terrible, a life of dishonor among strangers in a strange city. Girls disappear suddenly and mysteriously from the sight of those to whom their relatives and birthplace are known; and if they hold any communication with their parents — as they often do, for the purpose of sending money where the parents are poor — they resort to many curious fictions to account for their seeming prosperity.

The "Lynn Mystery," as the newspapers called it, led to such revelations in regard to the number of women who had within a short time mysteriously disappeared from their relatives and friends as shocked most persons. On the 27th of February last, two men, at work on a coal wharf on the Saugus River, in Lynn, saw what they supposed, according to their own description, to be a "chunk of wood" resting on a cake of ice which had stranded on the flats near by. One of them, on going to secure it for firewood, found it was an old trunk heavily corded. It was drawn ashore, cut open, and proved to contain the body of a young woman, whose face had been purposely disfigured to prevent recognition. There were several things discovered in the trunk which would seem to make the identification of the body comparatively easy. The police throughout the State were furnished with photographs and minute written descriptions. A vast amount of time and skill was expended in pursuing the investigations, not only by police officers, who were eager to win a reputation, but by the newspaper reporters, who, in these latter days, often do better police work than the regular members of the force. With all this flood of light thrown on the affair, it was not until late in the month of March following that the body was identified. In the mean time it came to the notice of the police that no fewer than fifty girls of about the same age had mysteriously disappeared within a short time, and an effort was made to identify them with the remains found in the trunk.

A Boston detective of long experience says that there are probably two thousand girls in Boston, to-day, whose place of living and whose mode of life are unknown to their parents or friends. And those by whom they are for the time being surrounded are not sufficiently familiar with them, or have not known them long enough, to feel called upon to look them up, or even to give information to the police, in case they should suddenly disappear.

The number of boys who disappear from their homes in the course of a year, and are reported to the police as lost, is quite astonishing. A very large proportion are runaways; and a large proportion of the runaways are doubtless prompted to set up in business for them-

selves by the cheap novels, whose heroes almost invariably throw off the parental control at a very early age, and run away to certain fame and fortune. In the ten years from 1861 to 1871, 66,809 lost children, mostly boys, came into the hands of the New York police, and were sent either to their homes or to public institutions. The police estimate that there are at least ten thousand children under fourteen years of age adrift in the streets of New York, four fifths of them being confirmed vagrants. What material is there for recruiting the barbarian horde which, as Macaulay suggested, we may be breeding in our large cities to destroy the modern civilization, as the Goths and Vandals destroyed that of Rome!

In Boston, where the population is supposed to be more homogeneous than in any other large city in the country, the vagrant element has been kept pretty well in hand by the system of licensing minors to ply their vocations in the public streets, on condition that they attend, during certain hours of the day, the schools which have been specially established for their benefit.

Some twenty years ago, when American sailing ships dotted every sea, a great many of the boys who ran away from their country homes in New England made their way to Boston, filled with the inspiring purpose of going to sea. The sailing vessel has been largely superseded in these latter days by the steamship; and the novelist does not find it possible to fire the imagination of youth by taking a deck hand or a stoker for his hero. The ingenuous country lad who boasts an American parentage is therefore seldom seen nowadays haunting the wharves for a chance to ship before the mast. In the old days there was, too, a spice of romance in every voyage which no longer exists. The means of communication between the different parts of the earth's surface are now so extended that the opportunities for playing the part of Robinson Crusoe have almost wholly passed away. But there is still room for adventure in parts of the world remote from modern civilization, as this little story (given now for the first time) will show: —

Some twenty-five or thirty years ago, a boy ran away from his home, in the vicinity of Boston, and went to sea. For many years nothing was known of him. Then the relatives heard vaguely that the captain of a Nantucket ship, returning from a voyage to the South Pacific, had seen him in one of the French colonies, and that he was a man of some consequence there. About a year ago, the state department at Washington received from the American consul at Sydney, New South Wales, a communication stating that an American had died recently in New Caledonia, leaving some property and one child, a little girl about seven years of age, who had been placed under the charge of the Sisters of Charity until the relatives, if there were any in this country, could be communicated with. The name of the man, the year that he left home, and the name of the child were given. The papers were sent to the mayor of Boston, with the request that he would ascertain whether any of the relatives were living. The police were set to work to look them up; but for a long time their efforts were unsuccessful. As the name given was one common in Nantucket, the oldest inhabitant of that place was consulted. He recollected that the son of a Nantucket family, living near Boston in the year mentioned, had run away to sea; but he bore a different name from the one given in the consul's letter. The name given to the child, however, was the maiden name of the runaway's mother; and it was found, on examination, that the name of the deceased was the baptismal name of the boy who ran away. It appeared that, in his new home, he had dropped his surname. Both parents had died some years before, and the whereabouts of the brothers and sisters were unknown. But with the true name to work upon, it was not difficult to trace them; and nearly a year after their brother's death the inquirers learned something of his wanderings; of the home he had established among the French convicts in the far

Pacific, and of the dark-eyed little girl committed to their love, — a child who spoke in an unintelligible tongue and had strange ways. Think of introducing this child, at the age of eight or ten, into a quiet New England family, and teaching it to look at life from the stand-point of the Assembly's catechism, — its father a revolter against the restraints of New England life; its mother, or its mother's parents, a revolter, probably, against the laws of France! Here is a subject for a novelist, offering greater contrasts in the study of character than Black's Daughter of Heth.

There would be fewer mysterious disappearances and fewer mysterious murders in the American cities if greater unity of action prevailed between the police departments in those cities. What is needed in this country is the application of the comparative method of study to the organization of a new police system. If the heads of the principal departments in the several States could meet together occasionally, for the purpose of comparing their present methods of performing police duty and of devising a more efficient system of communication between different sections of the country, they would be able to show much better results for their work. In carrying on their operations the criminals now count upon a certain want of harmony between the police authorities of different localities. It has even been charged that the police of one city would offer facilities for the escape of a great criminal rather than have the credit of his capture awarded to the police of another city.

The establishment of a "national police association" was recently recommended by the Boston police commission; but the recommendation appears to have met with so little favor that it was abandoned. All the heads of departments that expressed an opinion upon the suggestion admitted that such an association would greatly improve the police service throughout the country; but from political or other considerations many of them were unwilling to become members.

A few years ago the English police established what is known as the Habitual Criminal's Record, — a book containing the name of every criminal who has been more than once convicted of a serious crime against the community. In the space of six years and a half the names of nearly one hundred and eighty thousand persons have been registered on its pages. It is printed at her majesty's prison of Brixton by convicts, — "in direct contravention," as a clever writer has said, "of the Levitical precept against seething kids in their mother's milk." It is estimated by the English police, "upon data insuring substantial accuracy," that there are at large in that country about forty thousand individuals who are either known thieves or under suspicion. About three thousand persons are liberated every year from the convict prisons, and are lost in the crowd until returned again to prison. The names given by persons under arrest are generally of little value for purposes of identification; and the English record is by no means confined to that and to such a general description of the person as an American tourist carries on his official passport. The "distinctive marks and peculiarities" of every individual are given. It is a curious fact that every fourth criminal is found to be tattooed with some device. There is an almost endless variety of artistic devices wrought upon the arms and breasts of these habitual criminals, — ships under full sail, anchors, whales, mermaids, masonic emblems, implements of war, and sentimental mottoes. The name of Mary, and a heart pierced by Cupid's arrows, figure quite largely. The criminal who does business in a large way is, as a rule, a sentimentalist of the simplest and most unaffected sort. In a great many cases he owes his undoing to his solicitude for the safety or welfare of a sweetheart or a *pal*.

With the aid of photography and this record, it is claimed that "the criminal population of England is gradually being reduced into the condition of a good head of game on the estate of a keen

sportsman." But that it has not yet been reduced to that condition was recently shown by the confession of Charles Peace, who committed murders and burglaries enough to fill a book, and who, while so doing, went in and out for years under the very eyes of the police. While the English have a system which, if far from perfect at present, is in the way of being perfected, we have no police system from which any good results can be anticipated. The first step towards putting the police work upon a proper basis is undoubtedly the formation of a national association such as has been suggested.

Unless the police lines are drawn closer around the inhabitants of our large cities, the number of those who mysteriously disappear from one cause or another will become still more alarming than it is at present.

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## THE PROSPECT OF A MORAL INTERREGNUM.

In a paper on the results of universal suffrage which appeared a short time ago in the Atlantic Monthly, among the adverse influences for which allowance ought to be made was mentioned the disturbance of morality, political and general, at the present juncture by the breaking up of religious belief. The writer has since been struck, on more than one occasion, by the unsuspecting complacency with which thinkers of the materialist or the Agnostic school seem to regard the immediate future; as though religion had been merely an obstruction in the way of science, and its removal were sure to be followed by a happy acceleration of scientific progress without danger to morality, or to anything else in human life. Some of them speak as if the peculiar moral code of Christianity would remain unaffected, or would even practically gain influence, by the total destruction of the Christian faith. They seem almost to think that under the reign of evolution, natural selection, and the struggle for existence the Sermon on the Mount will still be accepted as perfectly true; that the Christian beatitudes will retain their place; and that meekness, humility, poverty of spirit, forgiveness, unworldliness, will continue to be regarded as virtues. Much less do they suspect that the brotherhood of man may fall when its present foundation fails, or that the weak things of this world may miss the protection which the life and death of Christ and the consecration of his character have hitherto afforded them against the strong. The truth is that many who have renounced Christianity have not yet ceased to be Christians, or begun to regard human nature and society from any but an essentially Christian point of view. In the next generation Evolutionists and the belief in the struggle for existence will be clear of the penumbra of gospel morality, and the world will then have their Sermon on the Mount.

It is commonly assumed by positivists (if that is the appropriate name for the anti-theological school) that the religions of the world have been merely so many primitive and unscientific attempts to explain the origin of things and the phenomena of nature by reference to the arbitrary action of a divinity or a group of divinities. Were it so, we might see the last of them go to its grave without misgiving, or rather with a jubilant sense of final emancipation. But the fact surely is quite otherwise. The religions have been much more than infantine cosmogonies or explanations of physical phenomena: each of them in its turn has been the basis of moral life, and especially of the moral life of the community; each of them after its fashion has been the support of righteousness and the ter-

ror of unrighteousness. Overlaid and disguised by fable, ceremony, and priestcraft the moral element has been, but it has always been present in everything that could be called a religious system. Particularly is this true of the great religions, and above all of Christianity, which is clearly an effort to improve morality and to give it a consecrated type and a divine foundation, not to explain phenomena of any kind. Apart, indeed, from miracles, which belong to a totally different category, the gospel says very little about the physical world; it rebukes an excessive belief in special interpositions of Providence by the apologue of the Tower of Siloam, and in the single petition "Give us this day our daily bread" it hardly implies anything more than sustaining care.

So with the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. This may have been always mixed up more or less with animistic fancy, but animistic fancy is not the essence of it; the essence of it is, to righteousness assured reward, to unrighteousness inevitable retribution.

It may be that morality is now about to disengage itself finally from religion, and to find a new basis in science; but in the past it has rested on religious belief, and the collapse of religious belief has accordingly been always followed by a sort of moral interregnum.

It will not be questioned that the moral civilization of Hellas, for instance, in her earlier and brighter day, was supported by her religion. This is seen in every page of Herodotus, Æschylus, Pindar, Sophocles, the best mirrors of the heroic age. It appears in the religious character of Hellenic art, of the drama, of the games, as well as in the influence of the Eleusinian mysteries. It appears above all in the authority of the Delphic oracle. During that age, manifestly, power not seldom was led to forego its advantage, strength to respect the rights of weakness, by fear of the gods. In the relations between the separate states and their conduct towards each other the influence of religion wielded by the Delphic oracle was evidently powerful for good. Hellenic life, public and private, in those days was full of religion, which presented itself in different forms according to individual character and intellect: in the philosopher approaching moral theism, while among the people at large it was fed with ceremony and fable.

Every one knows the passage in Œdipus Tyrannus hymning in language of breadth and grandeur unsurpassed the religious source of the moral law: "Be it ever mine to keep a devout purity concerning all things, whether words or deeds, whereof the laws are established on high, born of the heavenly ether, having no sire but Olympus, the offspring of none of mortal mold, nor ever to be buried in oblivion. Great in these is the divine power, and it waxeth not old."

In Herodotus, Glaucus, renowned for his righteousness, receives a large deposit of money from a stranger. When, the depositor being dead, his sons apply for the money, the virtue of Glaucus fails; he repudiates his trust. Afterwards he consults the Delphic oracle on the propriety of forswearing himself to keep his prize. "O Glaucus," answers the oracle, "for the present it is expedient for thee to gain thy cause by false swearing and to embezzle the money. Swear, then; all alike must die, he that sweareth falsely and he that doth not. But the Oath hath an offspring that is nameless, without hands or feet; yet swiftly it pursues a man, till it overtakes and destroys his whole house and race. But he that swareth and deceiveth not is in his posterity more blessed." Glaucus implores the god to pardon him and to spare his race. But the oracle replies that to tempt the god is as bad as to do the act; and though Glaucus restores the money, the divine wrath extirpates his race, that penalty being the primitive and tribal equivalent for the future punishment threatened by more spiritual creeds.

That the sanction of morality in the conception of the historian and his contemporaries was not merely prudential, or of the kind cognizable by social science, but religious, appears most plainly from the words of the oracle, placing the

corrupt thought on a level with the evil deed.

Hellenic religion, however, was entangled with a gross mythology, immoral legends, a worship of sacrifices, a thaumaturgic priesthood, an infantine cosmogony, a polytheistic division of the physical universe into the domains of a number of separate deities. It fell before awakened intellect and the first efforts of scientific speculation. Its fall and the rise of a physical philosophy on its ruins were ultimately conducive to progress. But Hellenic morality, especially public and international morality, felt the withdrawal of its basis. In Thucydides the presence of scientific skepticism in its early stage is strongly marked; at its side appears political Machiavelism, if we may use that name by anticipation; and the same page testifies to the general dissolution of moral ties and the lapse of Hellas into a state in which might made right, and public life became a mere struggle for existence, wherein the fittest, that is the strongest or the most cunning, survived. The Athenian envoys, in their controversy with the Melians, which is evidently intended by Thucydides to dramatize the prevailing morality, frankly enunciate the doctrine that the more powerful must give the law, putting aside as the sheerest simplicity the idea that any one can expect to be sheltered by moral right; and their unhappy antagonists betray by their counter-plea a tragical consciousness that there is no power to which the weaker can appeal. In the well-known passage of the third book, moralizing on the civil war of Corcyra, the historian seems to struggle with the difficulties of rudimentary language in his endeavor to describe the general outburst of moral anarchy, — the unbridled perfidy, the treachery, factious violence, disregard of oaths and treaties, savage vindictiveness, inversion of moral ideas, exultation in evil, and, to use his own expression, the utter confusion of Hellenic life which reigned around him. In his explanation of the phenomena, the skeptical writer does not go beyond the immediate causes, faction and ambition; but his words on the disregard of oaths and the failure of religious restraints (*eusebeia*) indicate the connection between the collapse of religious belief and the ruin of morality.

Let Grote say what he will in vindication of the Sophists and against the common conception of them, it seems unreasonable to doubt that Hellenic depravity produced its Machiavels. Thucydides himself, by his praise of such a character as Antiphon, shows that he shared the moral obliquity which he paints. To combat the sophistic teachings and to stem the current of demoralization a pair of reformers arose, a sort of double star in the intellectual firmament, — Socrates and Plato, the moral life and its expositor. The Platonic philosophy is an attempt to establish morality on a new basis, immutable and indefeasible, beyond the flux of circumstance and above the specious shows of expediency; and this new basis, like that which it replaces, is manifestly religious. The ideas, or eternal and unchangeable essences, of Plato are an impersonal God, dimly conceived; they are what a writer of the present day tries to express by "the Eternal not ourselves which makes for righteousness." But the time had not come for any except the highest minds to dispense with traditional anthropomorphism, or accept a God manifested only in conscience and in the upward aspirations and strivings of the soul. Therefore, to conservatives Socrates seemed a revolutionary skeptic. By the conservative Aristophanes he was assailed as a subverter of religion and of morality at the same time, just as a liberal theologian, trying to give us fresh assurance of our faith, would be assailed by tory orthodoxy at the present day. An attempt was afterwards made by the positivist Aristotle to place morality, not on a religious, but on a scientific and secular basis. His treatise is a work of genius, but in its main object it is a failure. Its cardinal doctrine that virtue is a mean, if true in a certain sense, is almost valueless; it supplies no motive power, and there is no reason for believing that it produced any effect upon Hellenic life.

That Roman virtue, public and private, was sustained by reverence for the gods is a fact which needs no proof. It is specially attested in a famous passage of Polybius, a foreign observer, shrewd, cool-headed, and, as the passage itself shows, no devotee. He compares together the principal polities of the world, and awards the palm to the Roman polity on account of its religious character. "The thing in which the Roman commonwealth seems to me especially to have the advantage over all others is religious sentiment. That which is elsewhere decried as superstition seems to me, in the case of Rome, to be the salvation of the state. I mean the fear of the gods. To so high and almost extravagant a pitch is this carried by them, both in public and private life, that nothing can exceed it. For my part, I regard this as a concession to the requirements of the multitude. In a commonwealth consisting wholly of wise men, such a policy would scarcely be needful. But as the multitude is always giddy, full of lawless desires, unreasoning anger, and all sorts of headstrong passions, the only course is to restrain it by fear of the invisible and by impressive figments of this kind. Wherefore, in my judgment, it was not without good reason that the statesmen of old instilled into the minds of the vulgar these notions about the gods and the belief in a future retribution. I should rather say that the statesmen of the present day are unwise and heedless in rejecting them. To take a single instance: among the Greeks, those who are intrusted with public money, even a single talent, in spite of their having ten sureties, as many seals, and double the number of witnesses, cannot be faithful to their trust; whereas among the Romans, though public men, as magistrates or ambassadors, often have in their hands large sums of public money, the obligation of their oath suffices by itself to keep them in the path of right. In other nations you seldom find official purity; among the Romans you as seldom find official corruption."

Roman religion, like that of Hellas, succumbed, and to forces similar in the main, though the philosophic and scientific skepticism was not native, but an importation from Hellas. Practical good sense probably played a more important part in the overthrow of superstition at Rome than in Hellas, and strategy would soon find it necessary to set the auguries at defiance. Contact with a great variety of religions, the toleration of which was prescribed by policy, must have bred a cynical indifference in the administrators and soldiers of the empire, as contact with the religion of the East undermined the Christian orthodoxy of the Templars. The result, at all events, was general skepticism, or indifference, and the decay of the reverence for the gods, in which Polybius saw the main-stay of Roman virtue. At the same time a tremendous strain was laid on public morality by the circumstances of the empire. There ensued a cataclysm of selfish ambition, profligate corruption, and murderous faction, which left to society only the choice between chaos and a military despotism. In the case of Hellas, also, the fall of liberty follows closely on the decay of religion. We must be careful, of course, in assigning the causes of the deterioration of public character, in Hellas as well as in republican Rome, to allow a due share to the pressure of external circumstances, such as the fatal rivalries of the republics and the growth of the Macedonian power. But upon the decline of Catholicism a similar lapse of Europe from the imperfect liberty of the feudal era into general despotism ensues; and after the second great collapse of religion in France comes the empire of the Bonapartes, an avowed reproduction of that of the Cæsars. Be the significance of the fact what it may, a fact it seems to be that hitherto only men with a religious belief, and a sanction for morality which they believe to be divine have been able to live under a government of law; and if any one doubts that there has been a certain thread of connection between the eclipse of faith and the need of a government of force to keep men from mutual destruction and

rapine, let him turn once more to the Leviathan of Hobbes. A political religion, to be sure, Hobbes has, but it is political indeed.

The last effort to reform the Roman republic and save what, with all its maladies and evils, was at least a government of law was made by religious men; for Cato and Cicero were believers, not in the auguries, but in a supreme power of right, while Cæsar and his party were followers of Epicurus. When morality rallied, it was on a religious basis, at Rome not less than in Hellas, as any one who is acquainted with Roman Stoicism must know. Not only are the writings of Seneca, Marcus Aurelius, and Epictetus theistic; they are in some respects thoroughly pietist. It is not surprising that this philosophy and the law, improved in humanity, which stoic jurists molded, should have been claimed as the offspring of Christianity. Christian ideas, especially the Christian idea of human brotherhood, were no doubt in the air.

Proof will not be required of the fundamentally religious character of life and society in the Middle Ages. Witnesses enough present themselves in the works of that religious art which has almost carried captive to the faith whereto it once ministered the reason of a later and more enlightened time. The creed of the Middle Ages, it is true, was one derived from a preceding civilization. It was the creed of the later Roman Empire, which, however, it had failed to transform, mainly through the repellent influence of slavery; Christian brotherhood, and purity at the same time, remaining unattainable so long as one portion of mankind was given up to the tyranny and the lust of the other portion. Still it was evidently from the gospel transmitted through the Christian clergy that the new nations drew the ideas of a universal Father, of a brotherhood of mankind, of humanity itself; that they learned to believe in a society embracing all races, a common effort and a common hope, international relations modified by those beliefs, the indefeasible sanctity of human life, mercy, humility, charity, the spiritual equality of the sexes, purity, the value of virtues other than military, the spiritual worth and dignity of the weak things of this world. There are those who call mediæval Christendom and Christendom altogether a vast relapse of humanity, or at best a suspension of progress, simply because physical science during those centuries did not advance, though it advanced not less than it had done under the pagan empire. A man of comprehensive mind, however devoted to science and hostile to priestcraft, will not refuse to recognize the happy transition of society from slavery through serfage to free labor; the notions of mutual right and duty of which even the feudal system was the school; the combination of responsibility with power in Christian monarchy; the development of liberty, both political and personal, by means of Parliaments and free cities; the services rendered by monasticism in its better day, as the asylum of culture and gentleness; the dignity which the monk conferred on labor; the ideal of self-devotion presented by chivalry, which in the battle-fields of Palestine rescued Western civilization, as it had before been rescued at Marathon and Salamis, from the barbarism and pollution of Eastern invasion. But the great achievement, and the one to which, for the purpose of the present inquiry, we would specially call attention, is the homage which force, in a military age, was constrained to pay to something higher than itself, and which forms the first condition and the most distinct mark of civilization. The fierce and proud Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, after a life of war, sends on his death-bed for a bishop; when the bishop enters with the body of the Lord, he ties a rope round his own neck in token of his being a felon before God, casts himself down on the floor, and refuses to be raised till he has been received back as a penitent into the allegiance which in the midst of his violence his heart had never renounced. His corpse is borne to the tomb through a great storm; but the tapers are not extinguished, and the people infer that the terrible earl has been received among

the sons of light. Here we have a moral restraint; for the earl evidently does not think that he can buy salvation, or secure it by mere priestly thaumaturgy and talismans. It is a restraint which may not have been without its influence even over that wild life, and which in the case of natures less fierce can hardly have failed to produce considerable effects. Religion inspired the international equity of St. Louis, who voluntarily gave up territories which he thought not rightfully his, to the ill-concealed disgust of the Chauvinist historians of his country at the present day. In the thirteenth century as in the seventeenth, political progress in England was closely connected with religious enthusiasm. De Montfort was devout and the associate of ecclesiastical reformers, while the character of the magnanimous foster father of liberty, the great Edward I., was also distinctly formed by his religion.

Catholicism fell through the superstitions and impostures which had gathered round it, and which intellect, awakened by the Renaissance, spurned away; through papal tyranny and clerical corruption; through the general ossification, so to speak, of a system which had once in all its organs ministered to spiritual life. With it fell the morality which it had sustained, and once more we find ourselves in a moral interregnum. In Italy it is the era of the Borgias, the Tyrants, and Machiavelli; in France, of the civil wars, with all their crimes and treacheries; in England, of the Wars of the Roses. Catherine de' Medicis and the Guises belong to it as well as the profligate and murderous leaders of the Burgundians and the Armagnacs. So does Henry VIII., with his uxoricides and his judicial murders, and so does Elizabeth, with her vicious court and her own wickedness. It does not end among the upper class in England till religion is revived in the form of Puritanism, and brings with it a renewed morality. Machiavel is everywhere the great political teacher of this period. Bacon himself shows the taint in his political writings as well as in his public life: "To deal in person is best, where a man's face breedeth regard, as commonly with inferiors; or in tender cases, where a man's eyes upon the countenance of him with whom he speaketh may give him a direction how far to go; and generally when a man will reserve to himself liberty, either to disavow or to expound."

In Italy a last stand was made for morality and liberty together by the religious enthusiast, Savonarola. A scene in the life of that man helps us to understand the difference between the genuine religion, the morality with a divine support, which was passing away, and the formal religion, of which abundance still remained. The formal religion was ready enough to shrive the dying Lorenzo; but his conscience told him that this was not the voice of morality, and that he could obtain assurance of absolution only from Savonarola.

In each eclipse of religious faith there has prevailed, at once as a nemesis and as a spiritual make-shift, a charlatan superstition. In the case of Hellas it was soothsaying; in that of Rome astrology and the thaumaturgic mysteries of Isis; in the Catholic decadence astrology again; at the present day it is spiritualism, while even astrology has, or recently had, its votaries in England.

Once more European morality was renewed by a revival of religious faith. It is needless to say that there was a Catholic as well as a Protestant Reformation, though the disparity between the two in point of moral efficacy was great. In England, during the latter half of the eighteenth century, religious belief in a large section of society had again declined, and morality with it, when both were restored by the evangelical movement, which was unquestionably a moral reformation as well as a religious revival.

It will be said that all this time social science did not exist, the hour for its appearance in the course of intellectual development not having come, and that if it had existed it might have superseded these efforts to find for morality a new basis in religion. We desire to bear this constantly in mind. But the present question is, In the case of a collapse of religious belief, what, according to the

indications of history, is likely to happen, unless social science is ready at once to step in and fill the void?

A collapse of religious belief, of the most complete and tremendous kind, is apparently now at hand. At the time of the Reformation the question was, after all, only about the form of Christianity; and even the skeptics of the last century, while they rejected Christ, remained firm theists; not only so, but they mechanically retained the main principles of Christian morality, as we see very plainly in Rousseau's Vicaire Savoyard and Voltaire's letters on the Quakers. Very different is the crisis at which we have now arrived. No one who has watched the progress of discussion and the indications of opinion in literature and in social intercourse can doubt that, in the minds of those whose views are likely to become — and in an age when all thought is rapidly popularized soon to become — the views of society at large, belief in Christianity as a revealed and supernatural religion has given way. Science and criticism combined have destroyed the faith of free inquirers in the Mosaic cosmogony, in the inspiration of the Bible and the genuineness of many books of it, in large portions of the history of the Old Testament, and in the history of the New Testament so far as it is miraculous or inseparably connected with miracles. The mortal blow has been given by criticism in disproving or rendering uncertain the authenticity of the historical books of the New Testament. Reasonings as to the antecedent probability or improbability of miracles are wholly inconclusive; to Hume's argument that experience excludes miracles the ready answer is that miracles, if they occurred, would be a part of experience. It is simply a question of evidence. To prove a miracle, everybody but a mystic would say that we require the testimony of eye-witnesses, and those numerous and good. But unless the authenticity of the historical books of the New Testament can be certainly established, we have no eye-witnesses of the Christian miracles at all; and in the absence of such testimony the adverse arguments derived from the uniformity of nature and from mythological analogy, which traces the belief in miracles to the universal propensities of uncritical ages, rush in with overwhelming force. In fact, in almost any book written by a learned man who feels himself at liberty to say what he really thinks, you will now find the miracles abandoned, though it may be with evident reluctance and with faltering lips. Mesmero-miraculism, such as is introduced into some popular lives of Christ, is palpably enough invented for the purpose of breaking the fall.

Not supernatural religion alone, but the existence of a Deity itself, has for many minds, and those the minds of good, able, and highly instructed men, ceased to be an object of distinct belief, if it has not become an object of distinct disbelief. The emancipated and emboldened lips of science have met the theist's argument of Design with the apparent evidences of the absence of design, waste and miscarriage in the heavens and the earth, seemingly purposeless havoc and extinction of races; while philosophy has breathed doubt upon the logical validity of the reasonings which satisfied the apologists of former days. The argument of Beneficence is encountered by the perplexing array of the cruelties — often apparently gratuitous cruelties — of nature. Above all, creation is supposed to have been supplanted by evolution, which, in spite of partial objections, lingering doubts, and the imperfections sure to be found in any newborn theory, is to all appearances destined soon to be the creed of the world. With the belief in a Deity perishes that in the immortality of the soul, which, apart from animistic superstitions and special fancies about the other world, is a belief in the connection of the human soul with the Eternal. Nothing apparently is left but the secular consequences of conduct, human law, which the strong may make or unmake, and reputation, which success, even criminal success, may to a great extent command. That which prevails as Agnosticism among philosophers and the highly educated prevails as sec-

ularism among mechanics, and in that form is likely soon to breed mutinous questionings about the present social order among those who get the poorer share, and who can no longer be appeased by promises of compensation in another world. All English literature, even that which is socially and politically most conservative, teems with evidences of a change of sentiment, the rapid strides of which astonish those who revisit England at short intervals. There is a recoil, of course, from the brink, which looks like a reaction, and there is a political rallying round the established church, which in what have been called tory-atheist journals is seen in grotesque union with cynical repudiation of that church's creed. There is perhaps an increase of church-building and church-going, but the crust of outward piety is hollow, and growing hollower every day. Those who know the inward parts of American society will be able to say better than the writer whether the same process is going on there. It is true — and the fact is of the profoundest significance and of the highest importance — that in the minds of some men who combine great depth of character with powerful and scientific intellect the religious sentiment, stripped of all special forms and formularies, appears as a sentiment to have grown stronger than ever. Here, perhaps, is something which whispers that the succession of attempts to connect the soul and life of man with the soul and life of the universe, which we call religions, and which have upborne the great types of character, the great civilizations, the great efforts of humanity, are not destined to end in futility and final failure. But at present, if a man of this class admits you to the recesses of his thoughts, you find there nothing definite, nothing communicable, nothing which will serve the purposes of humanity at large; some make-shift drawn from personal study or experience, some mixture, perhaps, of Christian ethics with ancient philosophy, a plank of the theological wreck which will barely hold two.

What then, we ask, is likely to be the effect of this revolution on morality? Some effect it can hardly fail to have. Evolution is force, the struggle for existence is force, natural selection is force. It is not possible, at all events, that their enthronement in place of the Christian theory should leave untouched a type of character which is a renunciation of force, — which is weakness, humility, poverty of spirit, self-abnegation. But what will become of the brotherhood of men and of the very idea of humanity? Historically these beliefs are evidently Christian. Will they survive the doctrines with which in the Christian creed they are inseparably connected of the universal Fatherhood of God and of the fraternal relation of all men to Christ? On what other basis do they rest? God, says the New Testament, "hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth." Blot out the name of the Creator, and on what does this assertion of the unity and virtual equality of mankind rest? What principle forbids the stronger races and those that have superior fire-arms to prey upon the weaker? What guards the sanctity of human life, if there is nothing more divine in man than in any other animal? Mr. Roebuck says, "The first business of a colonist is to clear the country of wild beasts, and the most noxious of all the wild beasts is the wild man." What is to be said in answer to this, and why is it not to be extended in principle to all the human lives which may stand in the way of the elect of nature, the strong and cunning masters of their kind? Nothing, we must recollect, can in any but a figurative sense be henceforth *sacred;* everything must present its natural title to existence, which, according to the theory of evolution, must apparently be some sort of force. It may be the collective force of a community, not that of an individual; but if the individual gets the better of the community, as a successful tyrant does, it would seem that there is no more to be said.

Science is not neglectful of the need. She is presenting us with elaborate delineations of the origin, growth, and dissolution of human communities, from the point of view and in the terms of evo-

lution, that is, of force. But these delineations, supposing them to square with the facts of history, — which we venture to think some of the most elaborate of them are far from doing, — scarcely touch our moral being; much less do they furnish a new motive power, either impelling or restraining, for the actions of the individual man. Being theories of which the principle is force, they in fact exclude morality in the common acceptation and practical sense of the term. Being necessarian, they, according to the existing perceptions of the human mind, exclude responsibility and effort, that is, the elements of moral life. Hereafter the difficulty of reconciling necessarianism with responsibility and effort may be overcome; it has not been overcome yet. Christianity had taught that we were all members one of another; political economy, that the progress of society was marked by a division of trades. We are now told that society is actually and literally an organism, and that the trades are organs. As to the latter part of the proposition it may be remarked that, though trades are specialized in the progress of society, men are not, but on the contrary become more general in their ideas, knowledge, relations, and functions, especially in free states. But if society is an organism, it must be an organism in such a sense as to admit antagonisms of volition without limit, and mutual injury, designed as well as undesigned. For all this — we are speaking of an immediate need — the mere theory affords no cure, unless it can be shown that the injury is always perfectly reciprocal, and that an English minister (to take the example of the hour) who launches havoc upon an Afghan village suffers as much as the slaughtered peasant, which will hardly be the case, unless they are both to stand before some tribunal other than that of force. It is difficult at present even to conceive how any mechanical or physiological theory of humanity as a whole can evolve, for the individual man, a moral motive power.

Are there no practical symptoms of a change? In France from the atheism as well as the anarchy of the Revolution rose Napoleon. He was an Agnostic, thoroughbred; all the more evidently so because he coolly restored religion for the purposes of his policy. He constantly avowed and formulated the Agnostic and evolutionary creed, the ascendency of force, — force moral as well as military: "Let two or three towns be sacked to produce a *moral* effect." By a clear enough process he was evolved and lifted to power; nature selected him out of a thousand ambitious adventurers. In the struggle for existence he survived, — survived the Duc d'Enghien, Pichegru, and every one who crossed his path to empire. To create his power and his institutions millions perished; as millions have perished to create a bed of limestone. What have Agnosticism and evolution to oppose to the warrant of his success? The French Agnostics had nothing. They produced no Socrates or Savonarola. They bowed before Napoleon, acted under him, and worshiped him; only when his force had encountered a greater force they turned against him, because he was unsuccessful, as Talleyrand plainly enough avowed, — not because he was immoral.

The worship of success, signally exemplified in the adoration of a character such as that of Napoleon, seems to be the morality of evolution supplanting that of Christianity. When the second Napoleon, after mounting his uncle's throne by the same unscrupulous use of force, rode in triumph into London, a leading English journal derided the morality which protested against paying homage to a success achieved by treachery, perjury, and massacre as a morality of Sunday-schools. It was precisely so, and now the Sunday-schools seem likely to lose their authority and disappear. It may be said that success has always been worshiped. Success has always commanded servile deference, but it has not always been worshiped. Nothing will be found in mediæval chroniclers, for example, resembling the spirit which pervades Thiers's history of the Empire. The vision of the monk may be, and often is, narrowed by his asceticism, or

distorted by his fanaticism. He can see no good in a king who is an enemy of the church, and hardly any evil in one who is her friend; but a morality which he believes to be divine is under his feet like adamant; he stands erect in spirit before what he regards as wickedness, however successful it may be, and at most looks upon it with awe as a scourge in the hand of God.

In England you hear it said on all sides that the old rules are relaxed and the old lines broken through; that commercial adventurers who have made fortunes by questionable means, unscrupulous political intriguers, and even brilliant courtesans occupy in virtue of their success a position which they never occupied before. This appears to be the fact, and when full allowance has been made for the mere influence of circumstances, such as the rapid growth of wealth, it will probably be found that there is a real change of principle and sentiment. It is not likely that there would at once be a sensible alteration in the moral code of private life; much less that any sudden change would be visible in the character or conduct of men trained in high principles, engaged perhaps in science, philosophy, or other exalting pursuits, and, it may be, put upon their mettle to prove that virtue has no need of support from superstition.

The incipient change of principle, however, is more perceptible in another quarter, where, in fact, the strain upon the old morality being greatest, we should expect the relaxation first to appear. We mean the sentiment and conduct of England as an imperial country towards weaker communities and subject races. Those who have paid attention to the history of English opinion will probably agree with us in saying that heretofore, bad as the practice might sometimes be, the Christian principle of human brotherhood was acknowledged, and it was allowed that all men, and all races of men, however weak or inferior, were equally entitled to justice and mercy. Nobody in the time of Wilberforce would have dared to avow that the rule in dealing with a Hindoo or an African was not to be equity, humanity, or respect for human life, but British interest and the requirements of British policy. Warren Hastings was acquitted by the lords, who, as an aristocracy, have always sympathized with the representatives of arbitrary government; but he was impeached, and Pitt, the tory leader, voted for his impeachment. His trial was at once an enlightenment of the national mind as to what was going on in the distant dependency, and an awakening of the national conscience which proved the commencement of reform; and his defense was conducted on grounds which, however unsatisfactory, were perfectly moral and consistent with the principle of humanity. Slavery and the slave-trade themselves were defended, not upon the ground that the higher race was at liberty to do what it pleased with the lower, but on the plea that the lot of the negro was improved by transporting him to a Christian and civilized country; and the hypocrisy in this, as in other cases, was a homage paid to the principle. But the slave-trade and afterwards slavery were abolished, — both at a great commercial sacrifice, to which, in the case of the second, was added the payment of a heavy indemnity. Had the same sentiment continued to prevail, it is not inconceivable that conquest itself and imperial aggrandizement might in time have been relinquished, as radically inconsistent with the rule of humanity and benevolence which was imperfectly asserted in the impeachment of Warren Hastings.

That the same sentiment has not continued to prevail, all Englishmen who at the time of the American civil war were concerned in the struggle against an alliance with the slave power must well know. It was perfectly clear that, apart from every other opinion or feeling which was enlisted on the Southern side, there was in a considerable section at least of that party, if not a positive sympathy with slavery, certainly a very palpable abatement of the moral feeling against it. The denunciations of "negrophilism" which then resounded on all sides did not denote merely antipa-

thy to Northern aggrandizement, or even to maudlin philanthropy, but dislike of emancipation; and had slavery been still in existence in the British colonies, a proposal to abolish it at that moment would have stood a very poor chance of success. Moral phenomena of the same kind marked the controversy arising out of the Jamaica massacre; for the enthusiastic supporters of Governor Eyre perfectly recognized in him an organ of the sanguinary vengeance of the dominant race, even if they did not believe that he had committed a foul judicial murder. On that occasion the moral equality of races and the universal sanctity of human life, which is the Christian doctrine and had up to that time been the doctrine of England, was formally denied by a man of great eminence, who said in plain terms that it was one thing to slaughter negroes, and another to slaughter Englishmen. It was replied that between slaughtering negroes and slaughtering people of any other race, reputed inferior, in the interest of a higher race, or even slaughtering the inferior members of the English race itself in the interest of those who might deem themselves the higher members, no distinct line could be drawn; and that a governing class, alarmed by threatenings of social revolution, might some day claim for itself in England the same license which the whites, in their cruel panic, had claimed for themselves in Jamaica. If there is any one who finds it difficult to regard such a possibility as real, a reperusal of the very able treatise entitled Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity will assist his apprehension. That work embodies, in language of manly vigor, a frank repudiation of the Christian, and once English, doctrine of human brotherhood and brotherly love, with which, on the hypothesis of mere evolution and natural selection, it would not be easy to find fault.

The same eminent writer, the other day, in a letter on the subject of the Afghan war, took up with equal courage the position that in dealing with the weaker and less civilized communities the rule was to be, not "international law," that is, in effect, the recognized principles of equity, but the "policy" of England. Policy means interest and passion, which are thus apparently set loose from every restraint but the fear of superior force. It is now averred by the prime minister of England that the real object of the war was a "scientific frontier," and that Afghanistan was invaded, the villages burned, and the people killed in execution of that "policy."

In the letters of British officers from South Africa, the phrase "our colored brethren" is used to add zest to slaughter. In an English illustrated journal of the highest class there is a picture, in compartments, of incidents in the Zulu war. In one compartment a tall Zulu in chains is being ignominiously led captive by a diminutive British drummer-boy. This perhaps is mere brag. Not so the representation in another compartment of "Jack's captive," a Zulu prisoner with a halter, the end of which is held by a jolly tar, round his neck, crouching in an agony of fear beneath a gallows on which he is evidently going to be hanged, while a bystander, apparently an officer, with a pipe in his mouth and a jaunty air, stares at the doomed wretch with a look of mockery. Still less doubt can there be about the animus of a third sketch, entitled Something to Hold By, in which two more jolly tars are holding down by the feet and ears a Zulu whom they have caught hiding in the reeds, while an officer in the attitude of a man searching for game is coming up with a drawn sword. In a corresponding picture of the Afghan war, we see in one compartment a prisoner being flogged; in another, one being hanged; in a third, three prisoners, with the hands of all lashed to a pole behind them, are being shot in the back, and in their death agony, struggling different ways, they present a grotesque medley of attitudes which forms the fun of the sketch. It may pretty safely be said that these pictures, in which the inferior races are treated simply and literally as game for the British hunter, would not have been produced for the amusement of Englishmen and Englishwomen fifty or even thirty

years ago, and that their appearance now denotes a change in the mind of the nation.

There have been protests and resistance, no doubt, but almost exclusively from religious quarters: from the free churches, which alone are organs of religious morality, the state church taking its morality from the state; from a portion of the ritualists, who are now so much at variance with the establishment as to be nearly a free church; and from that section of the Comtists which is avowedly and almost enthusiastically religious, though it prefers the name of Humanity to that of God.

We might refer also, in illustration of the general tendency, to the exultation (hideous it seemed to those who could not share it!) in the frightful butcheries during and after the suppression of the Indian mutiny. It is not of mere unmercifulness or panic fury that we speak, but of the new principle upon which the massacres were vindicated, and which could be clearly enough distinguished from the ordinary violence of passion.

It is not necessary to take a special view, or any view at all, of the Eastern Question, in order to perceive the moral significance of the often-quoted passage in the dispatch of Sir Henry Eliot, the British ambassador at Constantinople, respecting the Bulgarian massacres: "We may indeed and we must feel indignant at the needless and monstrous severity with which the Bulgarian insurrection was put down; but the necessity which exists for England to prevent changes from occurring here which would be most detrimental to ourselves is not affected by the question whether it was ten thousand or twenty thousand persons who perished in the suppression. We have been upholding what we knew to be a semi-civilized nation, liable under certain circumstances to be carried into fearful excesses; but the fact of this having just now been strikingly brought home to us cannot be sufficient reason for abandoning a policy which is the only one that can be followed with due regard to our own interests." Pitt would have repudiated the sentiments, and probably ceased to employ the ambassador. But Sir Henry Eliot had a great body of British opinion with him. The journal which is the great organ at once of Agnosticism and aggrandizement confidently threatened with national scorn and indignation any government which, merely because the Turks had been guilty, as it confessed they had, of "loathsome cruelty," should shift the ground of English policy, which had for its ruling principle "the irrepressible struggle for empire." The practical deduction coheres perfectly with the principle thus avowed; and what is the irrepressible struggle for empire but evolution and natural selection applied to international relations?

Perhaps some subtler indications of evolutionist influence may be discerned. There seems to prevail in the treatment of history and politics not only an increased impartiality and comprehensiveness, the happy offspring of science, but what may almost be called a furore of cynical moderation. Enthusiasm, self-sacrifice, heroism, if they are to continue to exist, must be provided with new aliments; they have hitherto certainly been fed by the belief that he who should lose his life in a good cause would in some form or other gain it. Yet without enthusiasm, self-sacrifice, heroism, how could humanity have been nerved for its grandest efforts, or saved from its greatest perils?

China is without any real religion; she is thoroughly positive; and she is simply conservative of the present, especially of the existing political and social order, without thought of progress: the worship of ancestors seems to consecrate that idea. It is to something of this kind that the line on which materialists are moving seems to us really to tend. A hive of human bees is, we believe, the avowed ideal of some social philosophers. In the routine life of Chinese industry, submitting to almost mechanical laws, without reflection or aspiration, we have a hive of human bees.

The world is in no danger of another Peloponnesian war, or of a repetition of the convulsions of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; but it is in consider-

able danger of a desperate conflict between different classes of society for the good things of that which people are coming to believe is the only world. Is it likely that the passions of such a conflict will be controlled by any motive derived from scientific definitions of evolution; by any consideration connected with the rhythm of motion, the instability of the homogeneous, or the multiplication of effects? Force is force, and its own warrant: so the strong will say, and upon this principle they will act in the struggle for existence and for the enjoyments of existence; they will be restrained only by something to which force must bow, and which no alembic, apparently, can extract from force itself.

Renan and others of his school scent danger from the operation of their criticism on the minds of the common people, in whose ideas they know that morality is bound up with religion. They propose, accordingly, that the clergy shall keep up religion for the masses, leaving the select few to think as they please. A pleasant element in a moral civilization would be a clergy so conscious of the fraud which it was practicing on the ignorant as to grant letters of exemption from belief to the learned! It is too late for *populus vult decipi*. The people will have no lies. Mechanics are alive to the state of the case, or to all that is most material in it, not less than M. Renan himself. Needless disturbance of vital belief is to be deprecated on grounds higher than the selfish fears of wealth and literary fastidiousness; but good never came of trying to blindfold any one.

A less Jesuitical plea for caution might be founded on the present state of the inquiry and the novelty of the situation, if we could here presume to enter on so vast a theme. Agnosticism, if it means suspense of judgment and refusal to accept the unknown as known, is the natural frame of mind for any one who has followed the debate with an unprejudiced understanding, and who is resolved to be absolutely loyal to truth. To such a man existence must appear at this moment an unfathomable and overwhelming mystery. But let Agnosticism be true to itself, and not, while ostensibly declining to decide at all, assume and insinuate a negative decision. For a negative decision the hour has surely not yet arrived, especially as the world has hardly yet had time to draw breath after the bewildering rush of physical discovery. That the history of religion has closed, and that no more efforts will ever be made by the human mind to penetrate beyond the veil of sense and approach the Spirit of the Universe, is an opinion which rests mainly on the belief that religions are mere crude interpretations of natural phenomena; and that this is not their essence we have already ventured to submit. Suppose supernaturalism to be discarded; this does not put out of the question natural manifestations of Deity in the spiritual conceptions, efforts, and experiences of men. Christianity itself, though it may cease to be accepted as a miraculous revelation, remains the central fact of history; and as such it, in connection with other religions, seems to call for an examination which it has not yet received. It is true that religious thought is employed on objects not like those of science, perceived by the bodily sense. But let evolution itself, which presents all things as in course of development, say whether exhaustive apprehension and final authority can be claimed for the nerves of sight, touch, hearing, taste, and smell. Let evolution itself say, too, whether it is certain that organized matter is the ultimate goal of progress, and that nothing answering to the name of spirit can have been evolved. To the Eozoön the limits of the knowable were narrow. We are pleading merely for circumspection, and for a careful examination of the phenomena of religious history, which are phenomena like the rest. Religious sentiment is still strong in the minds of many scientific men, who find nothing in the pure monotheistic hypothesis that contradicts the results of science. At any rate, it is vain to bid men exclude these subjects from their minds, and think only of making the best of this world. The question in what hands we

are — in those of goodness, of something other than goodness, or of blind force — is not one concerning the nature of things, of which we might be content to remain in ignorance; it is one concerning the estate of man, and it swallows up all others in its practical importance; the truth about it, if known, would affect all our conceptions, all our estimates of the value of objects, every action of our lives. It cannot be in its own nature insoluble; and on the hypothesis that we are in the hands of goodness there seems to be reason to hope for a solution, and to believe that the delay and the necessity of effort are part of a moral plan. Mankind are not bees; they have learned to look before and after, and will never be cured of the habit. The present will not satisfy or engross them. Let the place of their brief sojourn be made as commodious as possible by science, and, what is more, enriched as much as possible by affection. "Aye, sir," said Johnson, after being shown over a luxurious mansion, "these are the things that make death bitter." Upon the materialist hypothesis of life, the pessimist has the best of the argument; and the effect of his unsparing scrutiny will soon appear.

So with regard to the immortality of the soul, if we are to retain that popular but somewhat misleading phrase. Has it been conclusively shown that moral personality, or, to put aside the special questions which even the term personality might raise, spirit, depends for its being on the continuance of the material matrix in which it has been formed? If not, the question for the present remains open, and attention must not be refused to such a phenomenon as the existence in us of a sense of moral responsibility extending beyond this life and the opinions of our fellow-men, which, we must repeat, is a very different thing from any animistic fancies about disembodied spirits and ghosts.

Again, the question which is perhaps at the bottom of all, tainted as it has been by logomachy, the question of human free agency, seems to claim the benefit of the same consideration. It may be very difficult to reconcile our sense of free agency and of the responsibility attaching to it with the apparent arguments in favor of necessarianism, automatism, or whatever the opposite theory is to be called. But the difficulty is equally great of conceiving moral responsibility not to exist, or to exist without free agency. To ignore one element of our perplexity is merely to cut the logical knot with a sword. Have we an exhaustive knowledge of the possibilities of being, and can we say that free agency is excluded? If not, and if it must be allowed to be possible that in the ascending scale of being human free agency might at last emerge, we have to consider how its appearance could be manifested in any other way than those in which it is apparently manifested now, — our sense of a qualified freedom of choice before action, our consciousness of responsibility founded on the same belief after action, and our uniform treatment of our fellows as free and responsible agents. Science appeals to the reasonings of Jonathan Edwards as conclusive in favor of the necessarian theory. If Jonathan Edwards found the truth, it is very remarkable, since he never sought it for a moment. He was not a free inquirer,[1] but a sectarian divine, trying to frame a philosophic apology for the dogma of his sect. He is reduced to the absurd conclusion that moral evil emanates directly from perfect goodness.

But these questions are beyond our present scope. The object of this short paper is only to call attention to the fact that, if we may judge by the experience of history, a crisis in the moral sphere, which will probably bring with it a political and social crisis, appears to have arrived.

*Goldwin Smith.*

[1] His critic, Mr. Hazard, *is* a free inquirer in the full sense of the term, and one of a very vigorous mind.

# THE WALDENSES OF TO-DAY.

THE history of the Piedmontese Protestants may be briefly sketched. These people — the Waldenses, or the Vaudois — occupy what are known as the Vaudois valleys, in the Cottian Alps, about thirty miles southwest of Turin, between Mont Cenis and Monte Viso. The central valleys are Pellice, Luzerna, and Angrogna. The Vaudois (the Valdesi, — dwellers in the valleys) are known by existing sermons of their pastors, dated 1120; and Peter Waldo, the reformer, of Lyons, doubtless took his name from them — not, as has been assumed, giving his name to them: he was Peter the Vaudois. The Vaudois are not to be confounded with the inhabitants of the Canton de Vaud of Switzerland. Their earliest record is of the year 1100, but they believe their ancestors through every age, from the apostolic time to the present, to have been protesters against the corruptions of the church, and the depositaries of the simple gospel faith.

About the middle of the twelfth century there appeared two important Vaudois documents: a translation of the New Testament and La Nobla Leyczon. These are in the Romance language, which is the *patois* still spoken in the valleys. The Noble Lesson — a poem of five hundred lines — is a summary of Scripture history and doctrines, and teaches toleration and religious freedom.

In 1517, the year of Luther's denunciation, the Archbishop of Turin drew up an enumeration of the immemorial belief and protest of the Vaudois church. These are its points: —

The Vaudois received the Scriptures as their only rule of faith. They rejected the doctrines introduced by the Popes and priests. They declared that tithes and first-fruits are not due to the clergy. They disapproved of the consecration of churches. They denied that men needed the intercession of saints. They rejected purgatory and masses for the dead. They denied that priests have the power to forgive sins. They opposed the confessional. They protested against the worship of the virgin and saints. They rejected the use of holy water, condemned indulgences, and ascribed the doctrine of purgatory to the covetousness of priests. They abhorred the use of the sign of the cross and the worship of images. They denied that wicked men could be representatives of Christ. They disowned the authority of the Church of Rome, and they believed that prayer in private houses is as acceptable as prayer in churches.

The declaration of these principles brought upon them the anathemas of Rome, and papal bulls were issued commanding Catholic princes to wage war against them. In 1485 a bull of Innocent VIII., enjoining the extermination of the Vaudois, absolved those who should take up the cross against them "from all ecclesiastical pains and penalties, general and particular, . . . releasing them from any oath they might have taken, legitimatizing their title to any property they might have illegally acquired, and promising remission of all their sins to such as should kill any heretic." It outlawed the Vaudois, annulled their contracts, and empowered all persons to take possession of their property. In the persecutions which followed, and which recurred at intervals for centuries, human infamy reached its climax. I quote parts of a single paragraph from The Israel of the Alps, by Dr. Muston: —

"There is no town in Piedmont under a Vaudois pastor where some of our brethren have not been put to death. Jordan Terbano was burned alive at Susa; Hippolite Rossiero at Turin; Michael Goneto, an octogenarian, at Sarcena; Villermin Ambrosio, hanged on the Col di Meano; Hugo Chiambs, of Fenestrelle, had his entrails torn from his living body at Turin; Peter Gey-

marali, of Bobbio, in like manner had his entrails taken out in Luzerna, and a fierce cat thrust in their place to torture him further; Maria Romano was buried alive at Rocca-patia; Magdalen Fauno underwent the same fate at San Giovanni; Susan Michelini was bound hand and foot, and left to perish of cold and hunger on the snow at Sarcena; Bartolomeo Fache, gashed with sabres, had the wounds filled up with quicklime, and perished thus in agony at Fenile; Daniel Michelini had his tongue torn out at Bobbio for having praised God; James Baridari perished covered with sulphureous matches, which had been forced into his flesh under the nails, between the fingers, in the nostrils, in the lips, and over all his body, and then lighted; Daniel Revelli had his mouth filled with gunpowder, which being lighted blew his head to pieces; . . . Sarah Rostignol was slit open from the legs to the bosom, and left so to perish on the road between Eyral and Luzerna; Anne Charbonnier was impaled, and carried thus on a pike from San Giovanni to La Torre."

In 1630–31 the plague invaded the valleys, and swept off more than twelve thousand persons, about one half of the whole population. In La Torre more than fifty families became completely extinct. Of the seventeen pastors, only two venerable and infirm old men escaped death. It then became necessary to import French-speaking ministers from Dauphiny and from Geneva. The government thereupon, as a further means of repression, prohibited the performance of the Vaudois service in any language but French, and this tongue was learned by the whole people, and is retained by them to this day.

More than once was the population reduced by war and oppression from its normal standard of about twenty-five thousand to four thousand or five thousand. Yet they always remained steadfast in their faith, and held to their ancient traditions, rising stronger after each invasion, and always regaining their ruined prosperity.

Some of the episodes of their wars are marvelous to read. Their most noted hero, Gianavello, with a band of less than twenty followers, sometimes with only half a dozen, defeated whole armies of invaders; and the Flying Company at Pra del Tor overthrew the Count de la Trinità, who marched against them with three columns, numbering more than seven thousand men. The almost uniform success of these little bands of rude mountaineers operating against large armies of disciplined troops has naturally produced among the Vaudois the belief that it was not their prowess in action which prevailed, but the design of God to preserve the germ of true religion in their keeping.

They gained frequent respite for the recovery of their prosperity and the restoration of their population by the contests in which the dukes of Savoy were so often engaged with other princes. It was at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, to which the Duke of Savoy, Victor Amadeo II., was reluctantly forced to accede, that the remnant of the population was compelled to accept exile into Switzerland. Of fourteen thousand persons, three thousand only survived. They were liberally helped by the Protestants of England and Holland. Recovering their health, they were afflicted with the homesickness peculiar to mountaineers, but were detained by force, and were widely dispersed through the Protestant states of Germany. William of Orange, the head of the Protestant League against France, was visited at the Hague by Henri Arnaud, the pastor and leader of the Vaudois. He counseled that they should return and attempt to regain their valleys by force, supplying them at the time with considerable funds. The refugees assembled, between eight and nine hundred in number, leaving their wives and children to the care of the Swiss, crossing Lake Leman in the night of August 16, 1689. Led by their pastor-captain, they crossed the Alps, and descended into Italy, near Susa. After sixteen days' march, having beaten several strong detachments of the enemy, they established themselves at Bobbio, where they remained unmolested during the

winter, but by May they were reduced to four hundred men. They were again assailed, but they resisted and struggled against every force invading the valley, until the Duke of Savoy, abandoning his alliance with France, and joining the Protestant League, restored them to their homes and liberties, recalled their wives and children, and ended the last of thirty-two wars for liberty and conscience. One hundred and sixty years later, Carlo Alberto, giving a constitution to his people, insured the continuance of religious liberty.

It was with no ordinary traveler's interest that we went to visit the scenes of all those centuries of heroic life and more heroic death, and the renowned centre from which Protestantism in Italy is pushing its steady advance. We drove from the railway station at Pinerolo, an hour's journey, to Torre Pellice, which is the seat of the Vaudois college and the chief town of the valleys. Though in Italy still, we found among the Protestants the universal use of the French language, and among the educated classes a familiarity with English, due to the Scotch education of the pastors. It is no mild modern Protestantism which prevails here, softened by the spirit of indulgence we know so well at home, but a stern Scotch Puritanism, rigid, intolerant, uncompromising, and grim, — ground into the sturdy souls of the people by long generations of martyrdom and oppression. It is a faith so real and so commanding that it rings like a clarion in the zeal of the trained evangelists, who, scattered throughout the kingdom, echo the eternal reverberations of the blood-stained mountain sides where their fathers died for the cause they advocate.

It seems to me that the first impression of any considerate person, coming to the Vaudois valleys with a fresh recollection of what we are taught to consider the necessary conditions of civilized life, must be one of humiliation. We may find similarly hard conditions of living in many of our remote districts, but we find them accompanied by a dullness and stolidity which make it seem a matter of indifference whether they are ameliorated or not; or we find them resisted or struggled against with that determination to seek improvement which makes our people so ambitious and so restless. Here, in these hard, bleak valleys, a frugality of which we can hardly have conception is practiced with a calmness and serenity that betoken an aim of life far other than physical improvement. In the town of Torre this is less conspicuous than elsewhere, but even here cultivated, enthusiastic, happy men and women, eager in the great pursuit of their lives, display the genial graces of refined society, and exert a widespread influence, which is powerful even against that of Rome, amid an almost entire absence of the advantages which come of wealth, and which are so often regarded as indispensable. Catechised as to their belief, these people develop the most rigid formulas of orthodoxy, — that which we have known among the coldest, hardest, most unsympathizing New Englanders. But the blood of the South runs warm in their veins, and their religion, severe though it is, can only check — it cannot cover nor repress — the geniality of their Italian natures. It is the rigidity of the North made mellow with Latin warmth, and sweetened with the grace and amiability of Italy. I know no people of great wealth who seem to get so much out of their lives that is worth the getting as do these simple, pious, God-fearing Vaudois.

Desiring to visit the valley of Angrogna, the great retreat during the invasions of the land, and the scene of the most terrible battles, I was commended to the pastor of the village, who has the care of the scattered population of the large parish. It was a long, hard walk up the valley, and a hot one. A very plain little Protestant "temple" and a few poor houses constitute the village of Angrogna, which is dominated by a larger Catholic church, whose priest does his worst to counteract the cherished heresy here in its ancient stronghold. A child directed me to the pastor's door, — a great solid wooden door in a fortress-like stone-wall. Entering, I was pleas-

antly greeted by the cheerful mother of the house, who ushered me into a scantily furnished parlor, clean and sunny. Presently the pastor appeared, who received me with the greatest cordiality, and lent himself at once to my desire for guidance and information. I have rarely been more impressed in any interview. He told me with the greatest frankness of the difficulties with which he has to contend in eking out a support for his large family in a parish where all are poor, and where many can give nothing to the support of the church beyond cordial good wishes and the scantiest contributions of food. A little money is given him by the General Synod, but it is very little, and this man's incessant pastoral duties make it impossible for him to ameliorate his condition by any form of profitable work. It is to gratify no curiosity that I repeat what he told me of his circumstances, but rather to illustrate by a striking and extreme example the life in these valleys generally. I was regaled in the most hospitable manner with the best that the house afforded, — a thin, simple wine, bread, a hard sort of cheese, and boiled chestnuts, of which I was urged to take my fill, as I would find no other opportunity to eat during the day's journey. What was given me is the best of their diet, and, except for potatoes and salad, it covers the limit of its variety for all the secular days of the week. On Sundays they usually, but not always, have meat. There was no suggestion that the diet was not sufficient and satisfactory, and the family seemed to be in robust and hearty health. The physical labor of the pastor himself must be very severe. His parish reaches for miles back on the mountains, and far up into steep and rugged valleys. He has three separate churches and schools under his charge, and his sick and poor are scattered far and wide on every hand. Foot-paths and bridle-paths offer the only means of communication, and he is liable, day and night, winter and summer, in good weather and in bad, to be summoned forth for a long, hard tramp to the house of a sick or dying parishioner. All this he described as merely incidental to a life of necessary and useful service, in which he is content and happy. A friend had recently presented him with a young donkey, which is already able to give him a short lift on his journeys, and which, as it matures, and as he grows old, will carry him to Pra del Tor and back. He was happy over this acquisition, but anxious as to his ability to nourish the beast. Regarded in a certain light, there is nothing remarkable about this tale of a robust man's life and circumstances, but viewed with reference to the stock to which he belongs, and to the history of the wonderful struggle of his race, it seems to me not far removed from heroism. The world is full of well-paid positions, seeking for the education, intelligence, executive ability, and fortitude which mark the character of this cheerful and zealous pastor of Angrogna; but the old call of the Spirit rings in his ears, and stirs his blood as it stirred that of the martyrs of old, and he stays and finds his happiness and his delight in answering its behests.

I talked with him about the condition of the people, and about the ceaseless efforts of the Catholic church to destroy the Protestant supremacy in the valleys. Poverty, or rather the simplicity of living, is extreme. The climate is much more severe than at Torre, the soil in the main is poor and thin, the cattle are stunted, and the facilities for irrigation and the habit of its use seem to constitute the chief agricultural advantage of the country. The chestnut grows well, and is a main reliance as food. Without it there would often be much suffering.

The Roman Catholic church has by no means given up its effort at supremacy. The best sites are secured for its churches and convents; its abundant and skillfully managed almsgiving is a powerful resource in so poor a country, and its control over the industrial populations, which quarrying and manufactures have brought to the neighborhood, is shrewdly used for the corruption of the young men and women of the Protestant communities. At Pra del Tor —

the Holy Land of the Vaudois — the priests have established a foundling hospital, which threatens the stability of the rising generation of native children by the insidious influence of contact and companionship. This more hidden and surreptitious persecution is met as resolutely and firmly and cunningly as were the physical assaults of old, and thus far its influence has not been great.

As it was Saturday, the pastor could not go with me, as I had hoped; but he recited the heroic deeds of which Pra del Tor had been the theatre, and invested it with a historic sublimity which mere reading could not give. He lent me the keys of the temples I was to see, and directed me on my way.

It was a two hours' walk, mainly upward, over a rough bridle-path, with here and there a house, and here and there a little mill driven by the abundant waters of the tumbling stream. Toward the end of the journey the path passes between steep, rocky banks, climbs the edge of a precipitous hill-side, and opens into the valley of Pra del Tor, — that valley which more than once held all that was left of the Piedmontese Vaudois, who, driven from their farms and their villages, gathered here for mutual support and defense. Even here, while awaiting the destruction which seemed impending, they established their schools and kept up the education of their evangelists.

On a high rock, overlooking the cluster of houses, stands a well-built modern temple, the gift of a friend in England to commemorate the defenders of the valley against Trinità's overwhelming force. All else is meagre, bare, and stern. It is hard to see how even this small population can subsist in such a land, and it is almost incredible that a people who generation after generation have been subjected to such trying conditions of life should resist, as they steadily do, the seductions of an organization able and ready to ameliorate their condition, or to remove them to a more fertile district. It is these considerations which everywhere impress the visitor with the sturdiness of character which an old faith, cemented by long ages of martyrdom, has been able to produce.

My climb made it seem quite necessary that I should have food before returning. All that I could get was milk. This was served to me on the stone stair leading to a house door, and in a rude earthenware pan. As I drank it, with a coarse iron spoon, a starved kitten came with a longing mew, and lapped greedily the little puddle which I poured into a hollow of the stone. I never saw such a hungry cat, and evidently the people never saw such a hungry man, for they commented freely on the eagerness of my feeding. Poor though they were, and unaccustomed as they seemed to be to such a lavish use of milk, they would accept no compensation for their hospitality, and I could only make a trifling present to their child. Here, and on my return, the people whom I met were most cordial and friendly, and they answered every question as to the difficulty of making a living upon such a soil with an evident unconsciousness that it implied the least hardship. Those who were returning from their fields generally bore heavy burdens of firewood or grain; and one donkey that I met taking grist to mill carried at least eight hundred pounds of grain, picking his way cautiously over the rocky path. Parts of the valley were heavily wooded and of great beauty, but everything about the scattered villages and farms seemed dismal and forbidding.

On Sunday we drove eight miles up the Pellice Valley to attend church at Bobi, where, in 1689, after the Glorieuse Rentrée, Arnaud and his followers took the oath of fidelity, and celebrated divine service in their own temple for the first time since their banishment.

"The enthusiasm of the moment was irrepressible; they chanted the seventy-fourth Psalm to the clash of arms, and Henri Arnaud, mounting the pulpit, with a sword in one hand and a Bible in the other, preached from the one hundred and twenty-ninth Psalm, and once more declared in the face of heaven that he would never resume his pastoral office

in patience and peace until he should witness the restoration of his brethren to their ancient and rightful settlements."

The temple was a bare room, with unpainted pulpit and benches, where the women sat in one place and the men in another. The women wore a costume of which a white cap with wide double fluted ruffles was a conspicuous part, the young girls — those who had not been confirmed — wearing black caps instead. The men were men whom I had known in my childhood in the orthodox churches of Western Connecticut, smooth-shaven, — for Sunday, — wrinkled, uncompromising countrymen. The older men generally wore blue jean dress-coats with metal buttons and high collars. When the psalms were given out, they took loud-clasping iron cases from their pockets, and put on their steel-bowed spectacles. Puritanism is stronger than race, or climate, or time. It was like sitting again among the hard-handed farmers who used to throng the old Congregational church in New Canaan.

The illusion was hardly dispelled — so strong was the resemblance in face and dress and manner — when the young precentor mounted to the reading-desk and read a chapter of the New Testament. It was strengthened when he gave out the psalm, pitched the key, and led the congregation in the droning monotone of its chanted praise. The sermon was preached in the purest French by a most Italian-looking pastor from Messina. It was an earnest appeal to humility, and a warning not to permit their pride in their ancestry, and in the venerable antiquity of their faith, to blind them to the obligations to which the essence of that faith compelled them. After the service there followed the silent and hardly sociable loitering about the door which characterizes the congregations of our own country churches, but far less curiosity was evinced and more politeness was shown toward the differently attired strangers who had come to join in their service.

During our stay we were shown the admirable orphanage at Torre, where Mr. Sankey's hymns were sung in French and Italian, and where the most careful training is given in the little arts and industries of common life. We saw, too, the Vaudois college, where are trained the pastors who are to have charge of the flocks scattered throughout Italy, and the evangelists who are to plant in the dark corners of the land the most promising germ of Italian regeneration. It is a simple school, ill furnished with the modern appliances of education, but rich in the zeal and enthusiasm with which its leaders keep steadily in view the great aim of its foundation.

The college, and the cause of Protestantism generally, owe most efficient aid to the liberality and earnestness of Major Beckwith, an English officer, who devoted his fortune and many of the last years of his life to their advancement. Much has been done by the liberality of other British friends, and there can surely be no channel to-day into which those who have the interest of reformed religion at heart can so effectively turn their contributions. The Vaudois schools are established in all parts of Italy, even in Calabria and Sicily and in Rome itself, and they offer the chief existing hope of the education of the people in what is necessary to an improved civilization.

Victor Emmanuel, — *il Re Galantuomo*, — in spite of his Catholicism, was a steadfast and persistent friend of the Vaudois, believing that they offered the best promise for the improvement of his people. Humbert has given fresh assurances that his father's policy in this regard shall be maintained, not in the interest of religion, but in the interest of liberty and of enlightenment.

*George E. Waring, Jr.*

# LATE BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

At some time or other the writing of books of European travel will doubtless cease. Not that there are any signs of it now; on the contrary, a large proportion of those who cross the Atlantic find it incumbent on them to tell us all about shuffle-board on the steamers, the Liverpool docks, the English railway carriages, etc., as if it were all a new story. But unless the whole account has to be gone over anew with every generation, like the life of Kaspar Hauser, the description of the great Tun at Heidelberg, of the building of the Eddystone Lighthouse, and those other bits of information of which Chambers's Journal has pretty much the monopoly, it seems as if readers would at some time refuse to read the familiar story of European travel. Why they should read it now it is not easy to see; yet there must be readers, or the monotonous books of travel would not be steadily pouring from the press.

Mr. Luther L. Holden has his public ready made for him. He has undertaken to preserve for posterity the story of the Tourjée party, as he calls them, during a sort of excursion trip through Europe that was led by the immortal Cook, the well-known conductor of tourists, and by Dr. Tourjée, who is of some local note as a conductor of music.[1] The gentleman who obliged the author by writing the introduction for him is polite enough to say that "the perusal of this book will be interesting to all readers," — a statement which can in no way be called exact; but that "it will be peculiarly and interestingly suggestive to members of the Tourjée party" is very possible. In the first place, their names are all printed at the end of the book, and there are frequent references to the social charms of Mr. This or Miss That, — a sort of compliment that is calculated to please those who are fortunate enough to receive it.

Possibly a cold public may be indifferent to the humor of the programmes announcing the evening entertainments on shipboard. Here is part of one: —

Farewell!
Climaxial Finality
Exodicious.
Ambulatations.
Eruditical.
Resolvatators.

And the rest is of the same nature. As for the body of the book, it is composed of a brief diary of the sight-seeing of the excursionists, together with copious extracts from different guide-books. It is only seldom that this somewhat dreary monotone is broken by the account of the antics of the people themselves, as when, in Zürich, "We observed on our arrival at the Hôtel Belle-Vue a portrait of General Grant in the reception-room, and this circumstance called forth many pleasant expressions. The next morning the ladies of our division prepared a handsome wreath for the brow of the general; and after the portrait had been thus adorned, the party united in giving expression to their patriotism in 'Columbia 's the gem of the ocean,' and in three rousing cheers for the American warrior and ex-president. Further cheers were given for the republic of Switzerland and for the Hôtel Belle-Vue."

In a word, this book is as incomplete a medley of statistics as one often sees. It may possibly serve as a good advertisement for further excursions, by which people shall be taken abroad under the pretense of "musical and literary culture," but really for the emolument of those who take the trouble to plan and supervise the trip. With this the public has nothing to do; the excursionists doubtless got a great deal of pleasure

[1] *A Summer Jaunt through the Old World.* A Record of an Excursion made to and through Europe by the Tourjée Educational Party of 1878. By Luther L. Holden. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1879.

from their journey, and will enjoy reading about it in print. The general reader, however, has his rights, and if he regards them he will take the warning against this hasty editing of a certain number of diaries. Guide-books and much better books of travel are to be found in every town library.

One cannot help wondering what the French and Belgian foreigners who had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Gibbons[1] abroad thought of her and her omnipresent note-book. In her diary she set down everything that she thought of value; but it would seem as if strict revision, or even slight revision, would have struck out much of trifling importance. With a frankness that outdoes that of the French on their own ground, she reports faithfully her conversation with men and women on all kinds of subjects that are frequently avoided in mixed company in this country, and what she has to say does not warrant her excessive candor.

Moreover, the author's simplicity concerning many customs she observed in France is something in which the world at large can feel but little interest. Why should any one go to the trouble and expense of writing down the bills of fare of the simple dinners mentioned in this book? That asparagus should be eaten cold with oil and vinegar is so astounding to the author that she mentions it twice. The deficient water arrangements of most French houses are continually spoken of, with many superfluous particulars. Perhaps, however, an example will bring the book before the reader better than pages of description. Here are a few lines taken from Mrs. Gibbons's vivid account of her first visit to the Louvre: —

"Above-stairs in the picture-gallery, among the artists at work, are a number of women. There is one young woman who is drawing from Paul Veronese's Marriage at Cana in Galilee. She is corseted, and I wonder whether any great work can ever be expected from women who confine the waist. A great artist, too, must be an anatomist, and should understand these things. The reader will please recall the picture of Rosa Bonheur, with her arm over the neck of a bull. Paris, however, it seems to me, is not remarkable for a knowledge of anatomy and physiology in the people at large. Perhaps they have not had popular writers on these subjects, like George and Andrew Combe."

After all, if the book is not taken too seriously, its simplicity will be found entertaining; and it may serve to encourage those who believe that all Americans, and American writers especially, are disgracing themselves by the slavish following of European customs. Here is an American who is pained that she is not "invited to ask any questions" of the pupils of a French school, and mentions as strange "salad dressed with oil and vinegar, without sugar." It will be seen that there are some Americans who are not lovers of the vices of imperialism. These two books would seem to make Martin Chuzzlewit credible.

Mr. Harrison's Spain in Profile[2] is a confusing book, about which it is not easy to make any definite statement. It is certainly free from statistics, and no attempt is made to describe the country. The author has tried to convey to us the impressions made upon him by what he saw in that country without giving us a very definite notion of what it was that he saw. It does not help the reader to be told that "the glory of Andalusia — perhaps the most elegant thing of its kind in the world — is the cathedral of Seville." No definite notion is brought to the mind by the command, "Imagine the radiance streaming from the ninety-three painted windows, five of which are wheels as full of glory as the windows in the Eve of St. Agnes!" Nor is much help given by the statement, "Here are the Scriptures dyed blood-red, purple, and amaranth; it is an incarnation in flesh-tints; it is a Pilgrim's Progress and a martyrology in colors."

[1] *French and Belgians.* By PHEBE EARLE GIBBONS, Author of Pennsylvania Dutch and other Essays. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1879.

[2] *Spain in Profile.* A Summer among the Olives and Aloes. By JAMES ALBERT HARRISON, Author of Greek Vignettes, etc. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

Few travelers will agree with Mr. Harrison that "Toledo is simply hideous."

Yet it is not so much these statements that will puzzle the reader as it is Mr. Harrison's somewhat turbid eloquence. Here is an example, taken from the account of the Court of the Lions in the Alhambra: "The Court of Lions is the acme of the Alhambra. As the returning Agamemnon was to Klytæmnestra like summer in the winter time, so is this court the most cherished possession of the Arab palace. Without tanks, or gardens, or statues, or the ideal wealth gathered from painting or sculpture, its simple self produces the most enchanting effect. No race of barbarians could have fashioned so perfect a place." It should be said in justice that from this point the description goes on in more temperate language. If the writer could only free himself of the love of "fine writing," and would inexorably cut out all his eloquence, there is no reason why he should not in time write a very good book of travels; but his present overwrought efforts to be picturesque only disturb the effect he is anxious to produce. Reading his book is like looking into a kaleidoscope. The author's introduction of his conversation with the present minister from the United States at Madrid we cannot help looking upon as indiscreet. The criticism of a gentleman's pronunciation can hardly be said to be a proper part of a book of travels. It is evident that Mr. Harrison meant no harm; but a little reflection must convince him that he runs the risk of bearing a dangerous likeness to the professional interviewer, who, after giving a report of his talk with his victim, describes that person's dress, the furniture of his house, and his manners.

Captain John Codman's book [1] about remote, and, one may say, in spite of all that has been written about them, almost unknown, regions of the far West, is in many ways interesting and valuable. The author has undertaken to give the reader information as well as a faithful account of his journeyings by land and water, and he dwells with especial emphasis on the enormous agricultural advantages of the country he visited. The silver and gold mines he passes by with a contempt which experience will probably teach a good many of our fellow citizens before they get through speculating in "bonanzas." On the other hand, the cultivation of the surface of the ground has seldom found a more enthusiastic supporter than Captain Codman. He is probably wise enough, however, not to expect that his advice will have better luck than good advice in general; for as the human race is at present constituted, there are more men who would dig down five hundred feet for a piece of gold than would do a week's farm-work for six months' food.

The book is crammed with the author's views on all kinds of subjects. He has, as is well known, a right-minded detestation of the destruction of American commerce in the interest of certain American builders of iron ships; he exposes briefly, but conclusively, the fallacies — to use a mild word — of those who oppose the Chinese; and he speaks of Mormonism with knowledge and judgment. In short, there is little that he has seen that he has not formed a very definite opinion about, an opinion based on a good deal of experience.

Certainly, no account of the richest mines can be more fascinating reading for a man who knows anything about our arid New England soil than this account of the farms of California, where there is no need, or at least no acknowledged need, of manuring the soil; where the only foe to the crops is an occasional drought, which in many places may be averted by irrigation; and where good years produce harvests such as in the East one does not read about except in the most extravagant advertisements. All of this farming region Captain Codman describes, not at exhaustive length, but intelligibly with picturesque touches, and his practical advice is well worthy

[1] *The Round Trip, by Way of Panama, through California, Oregon, Nevada, Utah, Idaho, and Colorado.* With Notes on Railroads, Commerce, Agriculture, Mining, Scenery, and People. By John Codman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

of consideration. The book contains, besides, many amusing stories and good accounts of the travelers' adventures.

Like Mr. Harrison, Mr. Stevenson abjures statistics, and in his little volume[1] he gives us the impression he received while making a little tour on foot and donkey-back rather than anything that may serve as material for a guide-book. His equipment was slight, — far different from that of the ordinary tourist, — and his plan was to make a sort of sentimental journey which should be put to use in making an entertaining book. The author's experiences were at times amusing. His whole trip was one of but one hundred and twenty miles, and was made in the company of a donkey, wraps for sleeping on the ground, and the author's own thoughts. When not taken for a peddler, Mr. Stevenson was looked upon as a miscreant, and more than once he was treated with derision by the peasants, who naturally enough found it hard to understand the reasonableness of the traveler's actions. This amateur nomadism surprised them; they had not read Thoreau.

The most interesting thing in the book is the writer's account of his visit to the Trappist monastery; there he found a hearty welcome and very warm interest in the welfare of his soul. The chapter describing this visit is pleasantly written. In fact, the whole book is pleasantly written, — possibly with a certain amount of consciousness on the part of the writer that he is amusing, and possibly, too, with a little striving after suitable thoughts which shall present a proper mixture of sentimentality and unquenchable cheerfulness; yet these suspicions may more truly mark the baseness of the reader than the fault of the writer. But even at the best, the book is very slight, though with a slightness that many will find agreeable. Humor is always a pleasant thing, and Mr. Stevenson has plenty of it. Then, too, he remembers the work of a humorist of the last century, by name Sterne, and if he follows that much-admired author it shows his wisdom.

It is curious to observe how important a part a donkey plays in the literature of the sentimentalist. Sterne made one and himself immortal by his agile pen; Coleridge hailed one brother; and now Mr. Stevenson comes on with his tribute of affection. It would perhaps be unfair to say that this latest author is a little wearisome and that his humor appears somewhat strained when he writes of his donkey; still it is to be remembered that there is a good deal of presumption in a man's undertaking to write about nothing, or next to nothing, when his real object is to show his own intellectual dexterity. Mr. Stevenson, in our opinion, has not quite succeeded in his endeavor to be as entertaining as he would like. Those who know the author are more likely to enjoy the book than is the public, for the task he has set himself of being gracefully egotistic — a quality which an intimate friend can not only pardon but enjoy — is one that has not been performed by the hand of a master. Still, in spite of these strictures, the book is interesting, and confirms in good part the feeling Mr. Stevenson's less ambitious work has inspired, — that he is a writer of merit.

Mr. William H. Rideing has written a brief but very readable account of his experiences with the Wheeler Exploring Expedition,[2] and he succeeds in leaving us with a very strong regret that his book is not longer than it is. In a few pages he describes a good deal of scenery, and he makes us sympathize with, and laugh over, various forms of misadventure. He does not have time, or probably the desire, to waste much ink in sentimental comments about animals, and he does not promote the neglected mule into a hero of literature, but some of his stories about that useful animal

[1] *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes.* By Robert Louis Stevenson. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1879.

[2] *A-Saddle in the Wild West.* A Glimpse of Travel among the Mountains, Lava-Beds, Sand Deserts, Adobe Towns, Indian Reservations, and Ancient Pueblos of Southern Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona. By William H. Rideing, attached to the Geographical Surveys and Explorations West of the One Hundredth Meridian, in charge of Lieutenant George M. Wheeler, during the Field Seasons of 1875 and 1876. New York: D. Appleton & Co 1879

are certainly amusing. Closely related to this part of the book is his description of some wild denizens of the Southwest whom he had for companions during a stage drive of fifty-three hours.

Miss Betham-Edwards's book [1] takes the reader to a very different part of the world, and it would be hard to find a greater contrast than that between the savage land with its more savage inhabitants that Mr. Rideing describes and the civilization of Eastern France. Her excursion took her off from the beaten track of tourists into a country that would seem in every way charming, and it will be singular if her description of what she saw does not tempt many to follow in her footsteps. France is little known to travelers, and every book on the provinces is pretty sure to add a considerable amount to the general store of knowledge. Miss Betham-Edwards has done her share in a very attractive way. Her book is decidedly entertaining.

Our Autumn Holiday on French Rivers [2] is a most original and piquant little book of travel. Four young Englishmen, with a theoretic fifth, who never appears in the flesh, but with whom they divide the expenses of their tour, navigate some of the chief rivers of France in an outrigger, built for the purpose, and meet with an abundance of those trivially gleeful adventures which never come to anybody save healthy and happy young men. Where they are charitably assured by the natives that certain destruction awaits them, they go. Where navigation is positively not to be thought of, they land and shoulder their boat. When they are capsized, they gracefully swim ashore. When their slender craft is laid up for repairs, they make excursions into the country, attend fairs and fêtes, and shed the light of their immense good humor upon all manner of shadowy historic spots. The learning revealed in the guide-book department of this brisk narrative is not deep, but it is sufficient. The wit recorded is not of the highest order, but it has the merit of being extremely laughable, which wit of the highest order frequently fails to be. Our versatile oarsmen sketch, they sing, they drop into poetical translation. One of them studies Ollendorff in some very odd minutes, and applies the knowledges which he snatches thus with an abandon really delicious. When they are drying their garments at a hotel in Rouen, after their principal upset, Bow, the devotee of Ollendorff, tells the tale of the shipwreck to a stately old general of artillery, and thus concludes: "Et nous étions quarante-cinq minuits dans l'eau!"

"Comment, monsieur," asked the amazed general, "quarante-cinq minuits?"

"Oui, oui" (pointing to Stroke), "demandez-lui, vous-même! Un très-beaucoup temps, n'est-ce pas?"

"Quarante-cinq minuits," murmured the old officer at intervals throughout the evening. "Diable! il a raison, c'est bien longtemps."

The compiler of these merry memoirs has been remarkably successful in adopting a descriptive style, in which fragmentary jottings, vivid as if made, as they very likely were, upon the spot, take the place of formal sentences, and produce an effect wonderfully like that of the landscape "notes" of a clever artist. For example: "We lunched in a very pretty spot. An island of poplars and silver sand, with coloring of dark rock. The spire of a church and part of a little hamlet stole out opposite from a wood. The first *blanchisseuses* we had seen for some time at work upon the beach," etc. But his chief literary excellence appears, after all, in his conversations, which are wonderfully simple, sprightly, and veracious, and suggest an unused and uncommon aptitude for dramatic writing.

A new edition of Mr. Curtis's pleasant book [3] contains a chapter not heretofore given, on a dramatic dance of Jap-

[1] *Holidays in Eastern France.* By M. Betham-Edwards, Author of Kitty, etc. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879.

[2] *Our Autumn Holiday on French Rivers.* By J. L. Molloy. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1879

[3] *Dottings Round the Circle.* By Benj. Robbins Curtis. Sixth Edition. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

anese girls; a translation from Iasi; an essay on the curious Chinese superstition Fung-Shui, and some minor matters. The essay on Fung-Shui is compiled from lectures delivered at Hong-Kong by Professor Eitel, and is a very interesting study of an obscure branch of demonology. Fung-Shui is explained as the influence of the *genius loci* for good or evil, and again as the vague effort of the Chinese mind to construct a science of nature, or a theory of the universe. The translation from Iasi is the rendering of a poetical inscription on an odd sort of wooden keg, much used in Japan to carry the wine and provision of travelers: it is imbued with the simple, delicate, and somewhat plaintive fancy of that strange race. "O keg, thou art carried by travelers from place to place at all seasons. Thy presence fills my mind with pleasant images. In the early spring, through the waving branches of the willow-trees, I hear the warbling nightingale. In summer the cool breeze gently wafts away the fog, and the sight of bamboos refreshes my eyes. In the autumn I see the bright moon shining in her full orb, and smoke wreathing upwards from a peasant's humble cot. In the winter I see families gathered cosily at the fireside, while the blinding snow beats upon the roof." This is the sentiment of a race which loves nature and has homes.

We are again struck, in looking over Mr. Curtis's volume, with the usefulness and agreeableness of setting down in plain, unambitious terms the ordinary traveler's experiences, and of refraining from the customary attempts to droll or to philosophize these experiences.

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## ASSORTED AMERICANISMS.

THERE are folk, scientific folk, whose joy of labor is to collect, to arrange, to name, and to index. They seem to think that when they have gathered together many things or many facts, and then have put by themselves those having a certain likeness, — for instance, all the beetles that have backs or horns alike, all the leaves that have edges alike, or all the words that have a beginning, an end, or a middle alike, and have given the beetles, or the leaves, or the words a name (generally a Latin one, meaning merely in Latin what any one with half an eye would see at a glance, — that the beetles have backs and horns of such a color or such a shape, or that the leaves have such or such edges, or the words such or such beginnings, middles, or endings), — when they have done this, I say, these folk seem to think that they have been very scientific and have greatly enlarged the boundaries of knowledge. The truth is, however, that they have learned nothing at all but that there are some things, more or fewer, which have a certain likeness, more or less; and they have done nothing but to put these things into a pigeon-hole — their Latin name — for convenient reference. Their labor has a certain value in that it makes real study easier. It corresponds to the getting together a library, and classifying and cataloguing it. But this a man may do as well as it can be done; he may know where every book stands; indeed, he may be able to tell you in what press and on what shelf in every other great library all the important books stand, as Mezzofanti could, and he may be as barren of ideas born of those books as Mezzofanti was himself. And nothing is added to knowledge, nor is any stimulus given to thought, by calling beetles "coleoptera," a figure of speech an "aposiopesis," or a word "an agential." So much of so-called science consists in merely giving a learned name to

common knowledge, sometimes to ignorance!

In fact, science has become an intellectual fetish, and *scientific* a cant word of high pretension. A very recent use of it in England, "a scientific frontier" is somewhat puzzling. "Happily the warnings of the last campaigns have not been neglected, and the advantages of our scientific frontier will, we trust, become apparent." (The Examiner, London, September 13, 1879.) — "and retire, either within our own proper boundaries, the boundaries fixed by nature to India; or, if official pride will have it so, within the line now called the scientific frontier." (The London Spectator, September 13, 1879.) Now what a natural frontier is, or a military frontier, we all know; but what else a scientific frontier is, it would, I think, puzzle the inventor of the phrase to make clear to common-sense. It seems to be mere cant, either born of the scientific craze of the day, or craftily adapted to the humor of its complacent victims.

Americanisms in speech might of course be collected, and classified and named "scientifically." They have been so classified, — as Indian, Foreign (that is, Dutch, French, Spanish, German, Negro, and Chinese), Western, Religious, Political, Trading, Seafaring, Railway, etc. The result, however, of this classification seems to me to have been misleading to the ingenious writer who made it. One effect of such treatment of a subject by a "specialist" is to lead him to an ambitious endeavor to enlarge his various departments, and to make all fish that comes to his net. For, turning to the classification just referred to, we find that the number of true words of "Indian" origin is so small that they would make a poor show in a "work" upon the subject; and therefore we have the names of all the birds and beasts and fishes and trees and shrubs peculiar to the country dragged in as "Americanisms" of "Indian" origin; and a like omnivorous indiscrimination appears in the filling up the ranks of the other classes.

A classification of so-called Americanisms might be adopted which would be something like the following: —

(1.) Words and phrases of "American" origin.

(2.) Perverted English words.

(3.) Obsolete English words commonly used in "America."

(4.) English words "American" by inflection or modification.

(5.) Sayings of "American" origin.

(6.) Vulgarisms, cant, and slang.

(7.) Words brought by colonists from the continent of Europe.

(8.) Names of "American" things.

(9.) Individualisms.

(10.) Doubtful and miscellaneous.

All words and phrases that could by the largest and most liberal use of the term be called Americanisms may, I believe, be properly ranked in one of these classes. Now it happens that the list under the letter L in Mr. Bartlett's dictionary affords good examples of each class, besides those which cannot be called Americanisms at all; and I shall consider them in this manner.

(1.) WORDS OF AMERICAN ORIGIN.

Of these there could not be a more thoroughly characteristic example than *loafer*. Of course the noun implies the verb *to loaf* and the abstract noun *loaferishness*, with the adjective *loafer-like*. The root word, which in this case is the noun, has been adopted in England not merely as American slang, but as a useful contribution to the language. To loaf is something other than to lounge. A loafer is a low, vagabondish lounger. A gentleman may lounge as he may *flâner;* but a gentleman may not loaf. An elaborate setting forth of the contrary by a Philadelphia newspaper, which is quoted at length by Mr. Bartlett, needs no refutation. The origin of the word is very uncertain. It has been suggested that it is the German *laufer* = a runner, and also that it comes from the Spanish *gallofero* = a wandering beggar. But *loafer* is a word of New York origin, and it came into vogue there long before there were any Germans in the town, other than such transient or sporadic denizens as may be found in any large com-

mercial place. The word was not uncommon in the New York newspapers of more than forty years ago. The time of its birth is against its suggested German origin; and the place is equally against its otherwise not very probable Spanish derivation. I believe that it is simply a corruption of *low feller*, which, becoming naturally and easily in speech *low-f'er*, was, when it came to be written by those who knew its sound and its meaning, but not its etymology, spelled *loafer*. It is worthy of remark that although words beginning with the letter L occupy thirty-five of Mr. Bartlett's octavo pages, this word is the only one of "American" origin among them.

(2.) PERVERTED ENGLISH WORDS.

The worst "Americanisms" are those which are perversions of good English words. They are also the most numerous of those words and phrases which may with any propriety be called "Americanisms." Of such there could not be in any way a better example than *lumber* = sawed timber. The proper meaning of *lumber* is, cumbrous and refuse articles which are hindrances unless they are put away; whence all large dwelling-houses have a lumber-room. In its legitimate sense the word is a very useful one, and expresses what is meant by no other; for lumber is different from rubbish; and, on the other hand, *timber*, meaning wood for building houses or ships, is so good a word that no other is needed in its place. But *lumber*, meaning timber, is so rooted in our commercial speech that there is no hope of its displacement. The perversion of the meaning of this word is probably due to the huge disorder of a timber-cutting place and of a timber-yard. Some one called the heaps of logs and beams and planks lumber, and the expression "took" and was continued among slovenly speakers, until it has pervaded half a continent. The perversion of one word is sure to injure that one, and is apt to injure and even to destroy another. The perversion of *lumber* has not only injured that word, but has almost driven *timber* out of use.

*Loan* used as a verb is an Americanism. A loan is that which is lent. There is no reason for substituting this noun for the good English verb *lend*. The doing so is an Americanism in language, although Todd found the word so used by two little-known English writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. These examples, however, are merely of misuse, which of course may occur in one country as well as in another; but the turning of the misuse into common usage is "American."

*Lay*, in the sense of the conditions of bargain, is, I believe, an Americanism. But I should not be much surprised at the production of evidence to the contrary; for this sense of the word is quite in keeping with its etymological signification. It is akin to the sense which the word has in the phrase, "on this lay;" for I cannot agree with Mr. Bartlett in regarding it as being probably a contraction of *outlay*. The idea conveyed by it is more abstract than that of a sum of money expended. Of course, wherever it originated, it cannot be regarded as good English; but the perversion is quite as likely to have occurred among incorrect speakers in one country as in the other, and the sense attached to it seems to me to smack of lower-class English trade.

*Likely*, if it is used to mean respectable, worthy of esteem, sensible, as our dictionary says it is, must be set down among the Americanisms by perversion. But I do not remember ever having heard or read it as used in that sense. I have been accustomed to hearing it from my youth up in New England and New York, from all sorts and conditions of men; and I do not remember having ever heard it used with any other meaning than handsome, well made, pleasing to the eye. A likely woman, a likely man, meaning a fine, healthy, proper woman or man, but not necessarily pretty or handsome in the face. This is the true English sense.

(3.) OBSOLETE ENGLISH WORDS.

*Lam.* I do not know exactly how to classify this word. It certainly is not

of "American" origin, and as certainly it is not in use in this country except as a low colloquialism. On the other hand, it is a word of long and respectable usage in English literature. For example: —

"Not that I have
Beaten you, but beaten one that will be beaten,
One whose dull body will require a *lamming*
As surfeits to the diet, spring and fall."[1]
(Beaumont and Fletcher, A King and No King, Act V., Sc. 3.)

"*Gage.* Whilst each man can toss off his own bouse.
*Mump.* And kiss his own or another's wench on his own straw.
*Scrip.* Without danger of being *lam'd*."
(Coffey, The Beggar's Wedding, Act I., Sc. 3.)

— "to others again he unjoynted the spondyles or knuckles of the neck, disfigur'd their chaps, gashed their faces, made their cheeks hang flapping on their chins, and so swinged and *belammed* them that they fell down before him like hay before a mower." (Urquhart's trans. of Rabelais, ed. 1694, vol. i. chap. xxvii.)

We thus see that this word, instead of being merely "provincial in Yorkshire," as our dictionary informs us that it is, has long had a recognized place, although not a high one, in English literature. It is very rarely heard here, even as a low colloquialism. It is not properly an Americanism at all; but if it had any place in our classification, it would be as an obsolete English word preserved in use here.

(4.) ENGLISH WORDS AMERICAN BY INFLECTION OR MODIFICATION.

*Lengthy.* By the common suffix *y*, meaning filled with, or having the nature of, *length* has been made into *lengthy*, which is a perfectly normal and legitimate English word, belonging to a large class, of which *health-y*, *wealth-y*, *bulk-y*, and *earth-y* are examples. Still the adjective is of American origin. Mr. Lowell, in the introduction to the second series of the Biglow Papers, says that "we have given back to England the excellent adjective *lengthy*;" but with all Mr. Lowell's aquaintance with English literature, he could not (or I am much in error) produce one instance of the use of *lengthy* in a book printed in England before the eighteenth century. As to the word itself, I doubt its excellence. Its only claim to reception is that, in the words of Lord Harrowby, it imports what is tedious as well as long; and that sense is much better expressed by the word *longsome*, which is of the kindred of *wearisome* and *wholesome* and *fulsome* and *gladsome* and *lonesome*. And *longsome* has not only this expressiveness and this analogy in its favor, but it has the support of the best usage in English literature, as may be seen by consulting Richardson, who gives these instances of its use: —

"They have had so little mercy of him as to put him to the penance of their *longsome* volume." (Bishop Hall, Defence of the Humble Remonstrance.)

"Here from the labours of the *longsome* way
Respiring, they indulge a short delay."
(Lewis's Statius's Thebaid.)

And here are examples of it in royal use, and also of another unfamiliar word, *foulsome*, made in the same way: —

"Which bringing home and guiding back
The daies and nights againe,
Be wrathfull now with me, reguides
My *longsum* woe and paine."
(King James I., The Furies, l. 5.)

"The guts of sheepe; whome in the place
Of *longsome* bleating still,
They after hend their death make on
A sweet lute speake at will."
(The same, l. 168.)

"To fill her *foulsome* guts, to eat
Her guts she doth not spare."
(The same, l. 534.)

(5.) SAYINGS OF "AMERICAN" ORIGIN.

Among these are "the last of pea time," a most happy and picturesque phrase, as every one knows who has seen the draggled vines and sallow pods that hang forlorn upon the half-bare, ragged brush; "level best" and "the little end of the horn," which need no explanation; "to lie around loose," in which the Americanism is chiefly in the use of *around* for *about*; "to lift his hair," that is, scalp, although this is rather local and low to be received under this class; and "lock, stock, and barrel," meaning the whole, which it is

[1] It will be seen that in this one passage of three lines and a half we have two alleged Americanisms; the second being *fall*.

strange that our much-shooting and much-fighting English cousins left for us to invent.

(6.) VULGARISMS, CANT, AND SLANG.

Such are "let her rip," "let her went," "lickety split," "lickety cut," "liquor up," "long sass," "go it with a looseness," "lie around loose," "like Sam Hill," and "loco-foco." But such trivial and meaningless and ephemeral phrases as these are might much better be omitted from a Dictionary of Americanisms. They are, most of them, of the lowest vulgarity; but their vulgarity is a secondary consideration. Vulgarity and grossness are not unfrequently conjoined with humor and raciness and satire, so closely united that the elements are inseparable. Slang and vulgar phrases and (but very rarely) cant are sometimes double-shotted with coarse fun and fine significance; and when they are so they are taken into general service, and do duty for which they were not molded. Phrases of this sort may well be recorded in a glossary of the daily speech of a people; indeed, such a collection would be very incomplete without them. But the childish emptiness of such phrases as "lickety split" and the mere vulgarity of "liquor up" (which needs no explanation, has no hidden or humorous sense, and is as plain as "to fire up," "to wood up," "to stone up," being like them made upon a model recognized as idiomatic in English) should exclude them from all dictionaries except such as are intended exclusively as records of the vulgar triviality of the day.

(7.) WORDS FROM THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

English as spoken in "America" contains, or rather is mixed with, words and phrases from the languages of Continental Europe. But the same may be said of English as spoken in England. It is almost needless to mention such words and phrases as *soirée, matinée, renaissance, à la mode, al fresco, sierra,* etc., which are common to speakers and writers in both countries. (It is very significant that with all our German immigration there is not a single German phrase current among us.) These have either been caught by English people in casual inter-course with those to whom they are vernacular, or they have been brought into common use by the deliberate adoption of them by English writers. In reckoning our examples under this head, we must therefore be careful to take in only such words of French, or Spanish, or Italian origin as are used in the common speech and writing of the United States exclusively.

Such a word, for example, is *lariat*, meaning the rope of raw-hide with which cattle are caught and tethered, which, although a mere prairie word and almost technical, may perhaps be correctly regarded as an Americanism in speech. But such is not *lasso*, which is also given in the Bartlett dictionary; for *lasso* is as common in British literature, where hunting or herding wild cattle is the subject, as it is in "American" literature of a like sort. Indeed, it is far from certain that *lasso* was not used first by British writers. I believe that it was.

Of foreign words which are properly Americanisms, *levee* is well known in its two senses: first, as the name of the dikes by which the Mississippi is artificially banked; next, that extraordinary one in which it used to mean an evening party at the White House! This is almost as bad as Sam Weller's invitation to a "swarry consistin' of a biled leg of mutton with the usual trimmins." The use of the word in this sense is, I believe, rapidly passing away, if it has not already disappeared. It is worthy of attention only as an illustration of the way in which language is perverted, which is almost always by a misapprehension of the real meaning of words by those who catch them from their superiors in education and breeding. An accident of the reality is taken for the reality. Thus *lever*, meaning to rise, and a great man's or a great lady's morning reception at the time of rising being called a *lever*, the word was mistaken to mean the assembly itself, or, in the old phrase, the

"party;" and hence the ludicrous misapplication of it to an evening party.

*Lève*, pronounced *lave*, and meaning rise, get up, is another word of this class, and is of kindred to the foregoing. It is the imperative of *lever*, and has been carried from the mouth of the Mississippi northwestward to the prairies, where only it is heard. It is hardly an Americanism, for it is no part of current "American" speech, and would not be understood except among prairie rangers.

*Llano* (adj.), meaning level, and hence a plain, a prairie, cannot, however, be properly classed under this heading. For it is in use only among the Spaniards and half-breeds, and their companions on the borders of New Mexico and the extreme Southwest, where Spanish is as well understood, and almost as much spoken, as it is in Mexico itself. The language of such people belongs to no particular nation or race. To the mass of the American people *llano* is as foreign and as meaningless as any other Spanish word. To *loma*, the Spanish for a ridge of hills, the same objection applies.

(8.) NAMES OF "AMERICAN" THINGS.

These have no proper place among Americanisms, as I have sufficiently insisted heretofore. They are not Americanisms, simply because any writer or speaker, of whatever race or language, who wishes to mention the things must use the names. It may be well, however, to see how long a list of such things is set forth in our Dictionary of Americanisms under a single initial letter. It is: Labrador tea, an herb of which tea is made in the Northwest; lacrosse, a Canadian game; ladies' tresses, an herb; Lafayette fish, said to be a delicious sea-fish well known in New York, but of which I never heard, and about which I can learn nothing; lamb-kill, and lamb's-quarter, both herbs; lake lawyer, another fish; leather-wood, a shrub; lever-wood, a plant; loblolly bay and loblolly pine trees; log cabin; log canoe; long moss, a parasite vegetable; salt-lick. Now if these names were applied to things which in England were known by other names; if, for example, in "America" cricket were called lacrosse, if woodbine were called ladies' tresses, and trout were called Lafayette fish, and so forth, these latter words would be Americanisms; but as it is, they are not isms of any sort. They are merely names which must be used by all people in speaking of the objects to which they belong.

(9.) INDIVIDUALISMS.

It not very rarely happens that a word is made by a writer for his own use, and that by accident, irrespective of the worth of the word or its propriety, it is never used by any other writer than himself, and perhaps that it is used by him only once. If the maker of such a word were what is called an "American," the eager hunter after Americanisms would be sure, if he lighted upon the word, to set it down in his list; for Don Giovanni not more eagerly would add one more to his catalogue of a thousand and three Spanish beauties. But such a word is not an Americanism, although it is made in "America." For it is plain that a word cannot be a part of the language of a country unless it passes into use among its speakers or its writers. Such words are mere "individualisms" (I do not like the term), and belong to no country and to no people. Among such words are *to line*, meaning to fish with a line, and *to seine*, meaning to fish with a seine, which it seems have been used by the author of a book on the fishes of Massachusetts. Mr. Bartlett has lighted upon them, and has set them down in his dictionary. He might with equal reason describe a personal trait peculiar to the writer in question, and send that forth to the world labeled as an "American" trait. I do not mean to imply that *to line* and *to seine* are not good verbs; for to use any simple noun in a verbal sense is very English. My remarks are entirely irrespective of the merits or the demerits of the words. But I cannot so indifferently pass over *to logicize*, meaning to use logic, that is, to reason, — another "individualism," which Mr. Bart-

lett records as having been used by Professor Tappan in the preface to his Elements of Logic. It is with reluctance that I say there seems to me no reason or justification for this word; because I own with pleasure my indebtedness to Professor Tappan's personal instructions in my college days. All the more I wish that he had remained content, as he was then content, with *to reason*. And even he writes, "the faculty which reasons, or logicizes." It is to be hoped that *logicize* will never become a naturalized word-citizen of the United States of North America. *Syllogize* is old enough, indeed, in good usage; but the two words differ in kind no less than in sound. Logic is an art; a syllogism is a thing, an implement of that art. *Syllogism* requires the indefinite article, when it is not definitive; *logic* does not admit it: for example, a bad syllogism, but not a bad logic; although we say, a philosophy. The question as to *logicize*, however, may be merely one of taste.

### (10.) DOUBTFUL AND MISCELLANEOUS AMERICANISMS.

First in this class I should place the common word *lot*, meaning a plot of ground, or what is called in deeds and mortgages a parcel of land. That *lot* in this sense is of "American" origin I can neither admit nor deny. But I certainly do feel myself in a position to say that the assertion in our dictionary that this use of the word is "peculiar to this country" is incorrect. The supposed original meaning of the word, a place or a piece of ground assigned by lot, is certainly in favor of the alleged "American" origin of the use of the word in the sense in question. But it is not decisive, for there is in Chapman's translation of Homer, which was made before there were any Americanisms, or any "Americans," a passage in which Jupiter speaks of Hades as "the black lot" which came into possession of Pluto.[1] Moreover, it is eminently worthy of consideration that the word in this sense was freely used by men who were English by birth and breeding in the very earliest years of English colonial life in this country, and that it was so used in the mother country as well as in the colony. For example: —

"For although they have taken new plots of ground, and built houses upon them, yet doe they retaine their old houses still, and repaire to them every Sabbath day; neyther doe they esteem their old *lots* worse than when they first took them: what if they doe not plant on them every yeare?" (Wood's New England's Prospects, pp. 12, 13, ed. 1634.)[2]

As far back as A. D. 1632, in the records of Cambridge, Massachusetts, — then called Newtown, — there is mention of the "home *lot*" of John White, afterwards known as Elder John White, a gentleman without whose presence there these papers on Americanisms would not have been written. The same stern Church of England Puritan having removed to Connecticut because of religious dissensions which he himself fomented, and having acquired land both in Hartford and in Hadley, we find in the town records of the latter place, under date A. D. 1659, that he had among other property "one *house lott* containing eight acres more or less as it lyes." And there was a Matthew Grant who came to New England in the same ship with this John White, and who went also with him to Connecticut, one of whose descendants is somewhat known to the world at the present day, who says of himself: —

"And if any question my uprightness and legal acting about our town affairs that I have been employed in, measuring of land and getting out of *lots* of men, which have been done by me from our first beginning here come next Sept. is 40 yere," etc., etc. (Testimony of Matthew Grant, April 21, 1675, concerning lands in dispute, etc., Archives of Hartford.)

It would seem that Matthew, like his

[1] I wrote out this passage long ago, and I have seen my memorandum within a month in my bulging "Bartlett." To my surprise, I cannot find it; but I hold myself responsible for its production.

[2] William Wood went to New England in 1629, returned home in 1633, and published New England's Prospects at London the next year.

descendant Ulysses, was much confided in by his countrymen, but also that, like him, he did not escape calumny.

In the translation of Plutarch's Lives called Dryden's, published in 1703, in the Life of Lycurgus, translated by Mr. Knightly Chetwood, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, is the following passage in regard to the division of the country of Laconia: —

"Some authors say that he made but six thousand *lots* for the citizens of Sparta, and that King Polydore added three thousand more." (Vol. i. p. 143.)

Here *lot* plainly does not mean either that which falls by lot, or an allotment, but a piece or parcel of something which is divided; and that in this case to a Fellow of King's College at that period it meant a patch of ground is shown by the following passage on the same page: —

"A *lot* was so much as to yield one year with another about seventy bushels of grain [not "corn," Mr. Bartlett] for the master of the family, and twelve for his wife, with a suitable proportion of oil and wine."

In later days the use of the word in this sense, so far from being peculiar to this country, has been common in England both in books and in the best periodical literature, as will appear by the following passages: —

"Let death be welcome: seemly 't is in combat for one's country
To die, if need be; but his wife and children safe behind him,
And *house and lot* inviolate abide, whene'er the Achaians
Back to their native land beloved depart upon their galleys."
(Newman's Translation of the Iliad, Book XV., l. 496.)

"It was not the princes of the tribes, the men with vast herds, or it may be *lots* in the cities of refuge, who betook themselves to the cave, but the discontented, distressed people who did not inhabit, much less own, the Belgravia of the day." (London Spectator, March 24, 1866.)

— "presenting the sort of aspect a new colonial settlement may be supposed to exhibit when the *building lots* are beginning to be taken up, with long intervals between them." (Robert Bell, The New Play House, Once a Week, December 3, 1859.)

These passages refer to building lots; indeed, the "house and lot" of Newman's Iliad reads like an extract from the advertisement of a "real-estate agent." But the lots in the following passages are such lots as Yankee farmers plow and Yankee boys "cut across:"

"In the Northern and Eastern Ridings the hay harvest was commenced last week. . . . Several *lots* mown last week are now in stack, the hot sun and drying wind making the grass into hay in twenty-four hours." (London Times, date lost.)

"'Byrne should vote, or give up his *lot*.'

"'Then,' said Byrne, 'I will give up my *lot;* but if I vote, I 'll vote for Pryor.'" (Maxwell Drewit, chap. vii.)

Numberless examples even more to the purpose might be easily found in the current English literature of the day. To the foregoing I shall add only the following, which have a bearing upon the real meaning of the word as originally used: —

"In January, 1829, the heir at law of E. Buttersbee and the assignees of W. G. Morris sold off the property *in lots.*" (J. C. M. Bellew, Shakespeare's House, Lond. 1863, page 23.)

— "the trustees of Lucy Smith, under her will, sold the *lot* A to Mr. David Rice, surgeon." (The same, page 25.)

"Mr. Leyton then settled the whole of the remainder of *lots* B and C to himself for life." (The same, page 25.)

These passages, in connection with that from the translation of Plutarch and that from the archives of Hartford, do not favor the assumption that lots of land in New England were so called because they fell to the lot of this or that person. It would seem rather that the land was divided into lots or parcels, and that these were distributed, not by chance, but by the agency and according to the judgment of such men as the forefather of General Grant, who had had that business upon his hands "this 40 yere." In this sense *lot* is certainly

not an Americanism, either by origin, or, as we have seen, by peculiar usage, although it is more common here than it is in England.

*Locate* is an unlovely companion of *lot* in the doubtfulness of its nationality. It seems to have made its appearance in the last quarter of the last century, and whether first in England or in "America," it would be unsafe to say; and that question, indeed, is of very little consequence. The difference of a few years one way or the other, on such a point, is of no importance. Since that time it has been used in both countries more or less, but more in America, where it is much in favor with those who speak the worst English. It is an Americanism by a certain use, if not by origin. I shall neither deny nor admit that it may have some peculiar and useful function of narrow limits; but as it and its cognate words, *location*, *locality*, and *localize*, are generally used, they are pretentious superfluities. Worst of all is *locality*, which might be tolerated in an abstract sense (like *sublimity*, *profanity*), but which when used as a big substitute for *place*, *seat*, *site*, *country*, *neighborhood*, *region*, or *situation* is ridiculous. Think of an English-speaking man who wished to express any one of those ideas taking an adjective like *local*, and tacking the suffix *ty* upon it, to make a noun with which he may say his say! The worthy place of the word is in such mouths as that into which it is put in the following characteristic contribution to the funny column of a Western newspaper, and such speakers always use it: —

"His chin whiskers had n't been trimmed for years, and his pants had a careworn look at the knees; but he was a wide-awake old chap, and when he heard two or three other passengers on the car talking about the late frosts and asserting that they had never seen anything like such weather for the middle of May, he began: —

"'Gentlemen, on the 16th day of May, 1827, snow fell to the depth of fourteen inches in this *locality*.'

"They looked at him very much as if they doubted it, when he rose up, pulled a paper from his pocket, and read: —

"'State of Michigan, county of Wayne, ss. Personally appeared before me Peter Clark, who, being duly sworn, deposes and says that on the 16th day of May, 1827, snow fell in this *locality* to the depth of fourteen inches, so help him God. John Doe, Notary Public.'

"He folded and replaced the document, and looking around him with pity and contempt depicted on his face he remarked, —

"'I 'd either let the weather alone, or I 'd swear to it.'

"They let it alone."

It will be seen that this use of *locality* is entirely different from that in the following passage: "Something of the kind would, sooner or later, have arisen, it may be, elsewhere; but its *locality* came to be determined partly by the accidental existence of certain eager and courageous men," etc. (The London Spectator, September 13, 1879.) Here *locality* does not stand for *place* or *situation*, *locus in quo*. Its meaning is more abstract. In passages like the following, from the London Times, — "Mr. Stephenson has bequeathed by his will a sum amounting to 25,000*l.* to various public institutions *located* chiefly in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in the vicinity of which he was born," — *located* takes the place which would be better filled by *situated*. Observe that the writer who uses *located* also says that Mr. Stephenson was born in the vicinity of Newcastle, instead of in its neighborhood. His work was at least of a piece. *Locate* without an object, as "I don't think I shell *locate* previous to the depot's bein' built," "I expect he *located* in Oshkosh or vicinity last fall," is a word to shudder at, and is, I believe, thoroughly "American." The men who used *lot* did very well without *locate:* for example, "for he being once seated and quietly settled, his increase comes in double." (Wood, New England's Prospects, ed. 1634, p. 218.) In any sense *locate* is a word which a man who knows and loves good English will be likely to eschew.

*Lope*, meaning a long, easy gallop, is

also among the doubtful Americanisms. It is a colloquialism the use of which is so confined to the West that eastward of the Niagara it would not be understood by one person in a thousand; and it therefore has hardly a rightful place among Americanisms, even if it is of "American" origin. That it is a contraction of *gallop*, as Mr. Bartlett assumes, I cannot believe. That the last syllable of that word, *lup*, should be taken and extended into *lope* is not the normal course of language. Much more probably it might be a corruption of the Low Dutch *loopen*, to run. But that word would hardly prevail at the West, and be unheard in New York and its neighborhood. And when we consider that *lop* is the old English word for a flea, and that *lope* and *lopen* are both old forms of the preterite of *leap*, we may well at least be cautious about assigning to the Western *lope* any other than an English origin. Like *human*, it may well have disappeared from England and the old English colonies here to reappear in the far West.

But as the negro in counting the stock in a swine yard found one little pig that would n't stay still long enough to be counted, so I find many words under the letter L which I cannot classify, and which I shall remark upon merely in their order. Almost without exception, they are words which are in no proper sense of the term Americanisms.

*Lager-beer*, for example: what reason is there for regarding this word as American in any way? True, the beer has been introduced here by the Germans, and the name accompanies the thing. But so *meerschaum* and *sauerkraut* have been introduced: are they, or rather the names of them, Americanisms? There is now an effort to introduce lager-beer into England; if it succeeds, will the name cease to be an Americanism, or will it be a Teutonism? It is neither; it is simply a name, — the name of a very good thing, which, by the way, is now made here, and chiefly in Toledo and in Milwaukee, better than it is made in Germany, as the Germans themselves admit.

And how is *lagoon* an Americanism? It means not only the sounds and long, shallow channels between the islands or sand rifts and the main on our southern sea-coast, but any great, shallow water or marsh. It is used by all English writers who have occasion to mention the thing, and is spelled *lagune* as often as *lagoon*. Its connection with *lacus* and *lake* is manifest.

*Lame duck* and *dead duck*, meaning a ruined stock-jobber, Mr. Bartlett himself tells us are "as old as the London Stock Exchange." With what semblance of reason, then, do they appear in his dictionary! No fact can be more certain than that they never have been "regarded as peculiar to the United States." I remark upon these cases of obvious introduction of words which have no "American" character, because it is my purpose to show that injury has been done by the presentation of this enormous glossary as a vocabulary of "American" speech.

*Landscapist*, attributed to the New York Tribune, is as common, almost, in English art criticism of the day as *landscape* itself; and *land shark*, a sailor's name for the men on shore who prey upon him, is almost as old as the British Jack tar. We shall next have Shylock's land rats and water rats set forth as Americanisms.

*Lathy*, which needs no definition, is an example not only of a thoroughly English word in common use in England, but of a word which, whether it happened to be first used in Australia, or in England, or in New England, could be nothing else than English. There being the noun *lath*, the adjective *lathy* follows it as a matter of course, to be used by any English-speaking man without a thought whether it had ever been used before.

*Laws, laws-a-me, law sakes*, and *law suz* are corruptions or euphemisms. In all such phrases *law* stands for *Lord;* and the change in the word is as common in England as it is here among a corresponding class of speakers, as every reader of English plays and novels knows. *Laws-a-me* is "Lord have mercy upon me." As well might *good-by*, which is

"God be with ye," be reckoned among Americanisms. Mr. Bartlett gives "law *suds*" instead of "law *suz*" as the contracted euphemism of "Lord save us." I have never heard the former, and have often heard the latter; and indeed there is no good phonological reason for the introduction of the *d*, — rather the contrary.

*Lay* for *lie*, as "I shall lay down," "He laid there a good while," is a vulgar error which, as Mr. Bartlett rightly says, is equally common in England and in the United States. Why, then, does it appear in this dictionary! It is merely bad English. I have sufficiently remarked upon this solecism in Words and their Uses, and have there pointed out the distinction between the two verbs which are so often confused. It is a point which is well worth the attention of speakers who are not quite sure of their English.

*To lay on thick*, meaning to flatter. It was, I presume, because this phrase was usually regarded in Shakespeare's time as peculiar to the United States that Celia says, "That was laid on with a trowel." Mr. Bartlett may rest assured that "to lay it on" and "to lay it on thick" are more commonly used in England than they are here to express any sort of demonstrative excess in speech, flattery or other.

*Lean-to* is an example of a good English compound word, of which the more we have the better. No one needs to be told that it means a small addition made to a house by setting up beams and planks which lean to it. It is of English origin, and is recognized even by architects. Yet here it is set forth as an Americanism! Every boy who has read Robinson Crusoe knows better.

"The outer circuit was cover'd as a *lean-to* all round this inner apartment, and long rafters lay from two and thirty angles to the top of the posts," etc. (Robinson Crusoe, page 411, ed. 1866.)

But as if it were not enough that this common English word should be labeled as an Americanism, and although Pickering's remark is cited, that it is generally pronounced *linter* in New England (as indeed it would inevitably be pronounced by slovenly speakers anywhere), we have *linter* itself actually given afterwards as a separate word. Anything to swell the catalogue of Americanisms!

*Let slide.* This picturesque phrase having been given in the early editions of the dictionary, Mr. Lowell pointed out examples of its use among the Elizabethan writers, and it also appears in Gower's Confessio Amantis. It should seem that thereupon in the next edition of the dictionary the phrase would have been omitted. But no, it is retained, and Mr. Lowell's citations are quoted by way of illustration. "Let her slide" is not very elegant English; but it is no more an Americanism than *fall* is for autumn.

*Lift.* A kind of rude gate, or short, movable barrier, which must be lifted instead of being swung, is called a lift in England, and also in New England. There are unimportant varieties in its construction in both countries. Neither the thing nor the name of it is peculiarly "American." Indeed, such a use of the verb as a noun is characteristically English, and was inevitable in the case of things that were made either to be lifted or to lift. Thus what is generally called in America, with imposing elegance, an elevator is in England called a lift. Now *elevator* in this sense *is* an Americanism, and a poor one. The wag is to be thanked who malaproped the name into alleviator.

*Like* for *as*, as in the phrase "like I do," our dictionary tells us is not peculiar to America. Why, then, is it here? In fact, like *lay* for *lie*, it is merely bad English. Mr. Bartlett in his last edition adds that it is never heard in New England. I sympathize with Mr. Bartlett in his desire to believe in the excellence of New England English. But he may be sure that this mistake is often made eastward of the Housatonic, as it is between the Tweed and Land's-End, by ignorant and slovenly speakers.

*Limb* for leg, the dictionary tells us, "is one of the mock-modest expressions of which our people are over fond." Most heartily am I with Mr. Bartlett in

his scorn of all such squeamishness; but as to its being peculiar to our people, I cannot agree with him. People who are afraid to call a spade a spade, because in the cant of spurious delicacy it would "bring a blush upon the cheek of innocence," are found everywhere. And as to *limb* for leg, the man who did not hesitate to write the coarse but not injurious scenes which make Tom Jones a tough book to read aloud in mixed company, yet hesitated to say that his heroine had beautiful legs, although he wished us to know that she had them: —

"Her shape was not only exact, but delicate, and the nice proportion of her *arms* promised the truest symmetry in her *limbs*." (Tom Jones, Book IV., chap. ii.)

And here Fielding was entirely wrong in his inference, as any student of art or anatomy could have told him. Dr. Knox, late professor of artistic anatomy in London University furnishes the following examples of the same use of *limb*: —

"Their [the Kaffirs'] *limbs* are of great strength, but not their *arms;* and their elongated narrow foot can at once be distinguished from all others." (Races of Men, page 272.)

— "in stature and weight inferior to the Saxon; *limbs* muscular and vigorous; torso and arms seldom attaining any very large development." (The same, page 319.)

*Living-room* appears for the first time in the last edition of the dictionary, with the comment that in New England it is called the *keeping-room*. The latter phrase I have already remarked upon and shown to be of long-established use in England. The same is true of *living-room*. How indeed could it be otherwise among people who live in rooms and who speak English! — of which here is an example in evidence: —

"On the contrary, it [marriage] is a contract in which so much pride is taken [among the lowest classes in London] that the certificate attesting its due performance is not uncommonly displayed on the wall of the *living-room*, as a choice print or picture might be." (James Greenwood, the "Amateur Casual," The Seven Curses of London, page 20.)

*To love* for *to like*, as "Do you love pumpkin pie?" This is indeed an amazing word to find registered among Americanisms; in such a position it would have astonished Cowper; for,

> "Now Mistress Gilpin, careful soul!
> Had two stone bottles found,
> To hold the liquor that she *loved*,
> And keep it safe and sound."

It is a sin so to degrade the word *love*, making it do the inferior work of *like;* but no English-speaking people are without those who are guilty of it. 'T is as common as lying.

What remains under the letter L may well be passed over without remark; for to take notice of such thoroughly English phrases, such downright John Bullisms, for example, as *leastways*, *leave out in the cold*, *lie out of whole cloth*, and *lots*, as "*lots of people*," or of such phrases as *land-grant*, *land-scrip*, *land-office*, *land-warrant*, which are mere signs that an English-speaking people have a business in the sale and distribution of public lands, would be a needless waste of time and labor.

*Richard Grant White.*

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## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THE Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company announced an excursion to Harper's Ferry for the third Thursday in August, "round trip tickets one dollar, five hours in Harper's Ferry," and made provision for three hundred tourists. Three *thousand* idiots sallied forth that day.

By good luck more than by good management we reached Harper's Ferry alive, uncrushed. We were bent on tranquil pleasure; therefore we resisted the enticements of tournament and boat race, and, turning a deaf ear (oh, so willingly!) on the brass band which suggested dancing somewhere, set our faces toward the Shenandoah, where we had been told there was a ferry. Such primitive customs these Virginians have! The boat which our Charon brought us resembled nothing so much as an ill-made bridge over a six-foot stream, cut from its resting-place. However, we landed in safety, and decided to go down the uninviting road, which ran beside the river, until we saw a cross-road; then we would follow that until we came to a farm-house, where we could buy some milk. The road was dusty and deserted; it was almost destitute of shade, too, as the trees were all cut down during the late war, and the young growth is not yet of much service. This lack of old or well-grown trees is, thanks to both armies, very noticeable on the banks of the Potomac as well as the Shenandoah. No cross-road opened a pleasing vista before us, but presently a turn in the road brought us to a small, solitary house without grounds. A woman was sitting on the porch, with her hands in her lap, idle, dreaming. Approaching her, we said, hesitatingly, —

"Good-morning, madam! Can we buy a little milk of you?"

"Milk? Well, now, I'm right down sorry, but I ain't got no milk. Fact is, we ain't got ary cow."

"Can you direct us to any one near here who has cows?"

"Oh, yes! There 's some folks about quarter of a mile down yonder that 's got a cow; reckon they 'll let you have some."

One of us was an invalid, and another quarter mile just now was not to be thought of.

"Is there a spring near" —

"Yes, indeedy!" exclaimed she, eagerly; "there 's a cold spring of splendid water on my land, close by. Jest wait a minute till I get a buckit, and I 'll go and show you the way," she kindly volunteered.

Southern minutes are long. When she returned, bucket in hand, we saw that she had changed her dress, and had donned a clean calico in our honor.

The spring was in a cool, sheltered spot, overhung with tall, slender trees, and surrounded by large stones (which made comfortable seats), and one broad, flat rock, about five feet by seven, which nature evidently intended for a table; on this latter we spread the contents of our baskets, — sandwiches, biscuits, cookies, raisin bread, cake, pears, and peaches, — and prepared for a merry meal.

At our solicitation, but with much demur, the owner of the spring joined us in our feast, praising everything she ate; and as we sat there, talking, eating, laughing, what topic of conversation so naturally suggested by the surroundings as the war!

"Yes, indeedy," said our entertainer, in response to some question, "they was fightin' all round here; skirmishin' right where you 're settin' now. The rebels come and burned everything — but there, now! Mebbe you 're Southerners?"

"Not we," was the unanimous response; "we are Yankees, — Massachusetts Yankees at that."

"I 'm powerful glad! I thought you did n't talk like Southerners. As I was a-sayin', the rebels burned all they could, and if it had n't been for the Yankee soldiers camped round here we 'd all 'a' been killed. They know'd my father was Union, you see, and they had a spite against us."

"Are you a native of this part of the country?"

"Yes, indeedy! I was born about twenty mile from here, but pap moved here when I was a little girl; he owned a right good bit of land round here before the war. Oh, the war has made a heap of difference here! We used to have gay times here oncet. Many and many 's the dance we 've had on that there big stone your baskets is settin' on; I 've danced many a set there."

We looked at the flat rock, we looked

at her, and we said nothing; but we concluded that she must have worn tighter shoes when she was young, — or may be half the dancers stood aside, while the other half performed their evolutions.

Presently we rose to pursue our pilgrimage. Our hostess, whose name, age, and family history (she was unmarried) we had long since learned by her voluntary confessions, begged us to come into her house, and she would show us how her doors and walls were riddled with bullets which the gray had fired at the blue, encamped on the hills and along the road-side. She showed us, too, a hole in the head-board of her old-fashioned bedstead, and told us that her invalid mother was lying in the bed when the firing began, and that she had to take her under the bed for safety; the men were firing right through the window.

Our spinster was by no means elderly; she was but a girl when the war broke out, and she and her only brother lived alone in this solitary house, set close to the road-side. There was no vegetable garden, but a few weak bushes beside the porch — marigolds, asters, sunflowers — struggled into bloom, untended and uncared for. In front of the house, across the road, the land sloped down to the river, and was a tangle of young undergrowth. Behind it, so near that you could almost touch it with your hand as you leaned out the back windows, rose the steepest hill I ever saw; it was almost perpendicular, and it cast a heavy shadow over the house, even at high noon in August.

Can I describe the sense of utter desolation, of hopeless solitude, that this house gave us? No other dwellings in sight except those of Harper's Ferry, across the Shenandoah; behind, the grim hill; before, the untraveled river. Inside, three rooms comprised the whole house: two were scantily-furnished bedrooms, and the third was parlor, dining-room, sitting-room, and winter kitchen beside (in summer I presume the cooking was in a small, rickety shed near the front porch), and opened directly upon the porch. On the floor of this apartment was a neat, cheap, gaudy carpet; at the three windows were green paper curtains; around the whitewashed wall five hard wooden chairs, one a rocker, were primly arranged; between the two back windows was a table, draped with a red and black cover, on which lay a Bible and hymn-book; on the narrow wooden mantel-piece, painted black, was an oil lamp. This was all.

In this room, without even a pleasant outlook, that lone woman spends her life. No clock, no picture or engraving to relieve the staring wall, no vase or ornament on the mantel, no sign of sewing, knitting, or womanly work; even the closet (into which we had a peep when she placed therein some cake and fruit we gave her) was almost bare of dishes. What did she do through all the long winter evenings, — during the many stormy days even in summer? Read? No, she owned that she could not read, "only to pick out a bit in the Bible, which I know right well," when we asked for her post-office address, in order to send her a stray newspaper or magazine now and then.

Our friend was no gossip; she said she had "most no neighbors at all," and seemed to esteem a busy Irish family nearer the ferry as too far below her social level to be considered as acquaintances. That our chance visit was a godsend to her we could not doubt. When we went away she shook hands most warmly with us all, begged us to come again soon and see her, and thanked us over and over for the "delicious lunch."

No accident occurred to mar our pleasure that day, yet we never think of our luncheon by the Shenandoah without sadness for the pitiful, empty, lifeless life that poor spinster endures! There still exists in Virginia, but more especially among the less educated, something of that old, before-the-war feeling that manual labor is only for the colored race, and that too much acquaintance with books unfits a woman for — what? Equal companionship with her husband and brothers, perhaps, or contentment in such an existence as our hostess knows.

— Mr. Richard Grant White's sketch of the English farmer is good so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. For instance, Mr. White says, "But however prosperous, he [the English farmer] never dreams of such a thing as setting up for a gentleman; nor does he seek to acquire the tastes or the habits of one, although he may be better able to afford them than many of those who have them by birth and breeding. The truth is, they would not suit him; to be obliged to live like a gentleman would be to him a daily affliction," etc. This is quite true of the old-fashioned, lineally descended farmer, but it is not correct of another daily-increasing class of farmer, many specimens of which may be found in the counties of Leicester, Northampton, Rutland, and Lincoln. In these splendid agricultural districts are met the representatives of the new type of English farmer, gentlemen by birth and breeding, of university education, of hereditary wealth, who have been made farmers in this wise: In an old, highly-polished civilization it is always fashionable to affect a love for rusticity. So the over-civilized Ralph or Eadward, with a streak of romanticism ornamenting his common sense, determines to be a farmer; for are not Shene, Moor Park, the Sabine Farm, classic memories? The facilities are providential. A well-to-do, gentleman-like farmer takes from two to six young gentlemen as boarders, at from one hundred to three hundred guineas per annum. So the over-civilized Eadward goes down to the country, followed often by his hunter, hack, and groom. For three or four years the seasons kindly alternate, giving him an opportunity of studying the changes of the weather, a branch of knowledge eminently useful to farmers. He watches the plowman plow, the reaper reap, the thresher thresh. He gradually learns to distinguish between oats and barley, wheat and rye; his vague ideas of sturk and heifer become clarified; he becomes perfectly convinced that potatoes grow in darkness, and apples in light. Of course, now and then he has to unbend a little from these severe studies. In the hunting season he hunts; in the shooting season he shoots; in the dancing season he dances; in the flirting season he flirts; and, finally, in the marrying season he marries. The steward of Lord Ownland lets him a farm on condition that his *princeps agriculturæ* overlooks the farm for a year or two, until things get in working order. A bailiff supplies experience; the over-civilized Eadward supplies money, and often a very valuable science. The system of give and take comes into play. Eadward, the over-civilized, acquires experience slowly but surely, and gives out money and science quickly and generously. It is marvelous the thing is not a failure, but it is not. It is a success. And no farms in the world are farmed more scientifically, more economically, more remuneratively, than those of Ralph and Eadward, who finally shelve a little of their over-civilization. Perhaps the most significant, I had almost said sinister, result of this system is the formation of large farms out of a number of small ones. The main point now is this: these men remain, as they started, gentlemen in tastes and habits; their wives and daughters are ladies. In their homes you meet with every sign of high breeding, every exquisite refinement of culture and luxury which makes the country life of England so full of simple grace and richest beauty.

— There has been considerable speculation as to whether or not Mr. Mallock, the clever author of The New Republic, is a Roman Catholic; and if not, as to what his religious belief may be. At the close of an article in The Nineteenth Century he declares himself a "literal skeptic," but one who is "desirous, in considering the religious condition of the time, to estimate fairly and fully the character and prospects of the one existing religion that seems still capable either of appealing to or of appeasing it." Though it is more than probable that he will not remain long a skeptic, it is not now, at least, in the interest of any theological doctrine that Mr. Mallock adds himself to the number of those writers who criticise the utterances of

the scientific men of the day. Among these writers are indeed many foolish brethren, but also some most acute and profound thinkers; and by these latter it has been clearly shown, as it seems to me, that even the most distinguished scientists are really, as Mr. Mallock says, "men whose province of knowledge is an extremely small and limited one; who outside that province are enlightened but by the merest smattering of an education; and whose thinking on general matters is that rather of a bewildered woman than a keen and collected man." It is legitimate to retort charges of this sort which they themselves freely make against their opponents. "Let a man," says Tyndall, "once get a real scientific grasp of the ways of nature, and he will see and feel what drivelers even men of strenuous intellect may become through exclusively dwelling and dealing with theological chimeras." To which Mr. Mallock justly answers, "Let a man once get even a moderate grasp of the nature of human knowledge, the motives of human action, and the analysis of human emotion, and he will see what drivelers even men of strenuous intellect may become, when they confront the problems of life, through exclusively dwelling and dealing with the phenomenal conditions of it." The present scientific school, having made astonishing conquests in the physical world, have also (Mr. Mallock says) "taken possession, by a kind of *coup d'état*, of the spiritual world" as well. They have been aided by a false prestige, and "the first step in the right direction must be to destroy such prestige." Mr. Mallock in this article has put his finger upon those weak points in the reasoning of Tyndall (whom he takes as a type of many scientific teachers) which others have before now detected. He shows the inconsistency of Tyndall's assertions, and makes evident that the latter, in common with others of his school, is really in a state of "unstable mental equilibrium;" that when these men say they are no dogmatists, and that they stand dumb before the question of the universe in reverent and appreciative wonder, "it only means that they will answer the question neither in one way nor another." He goes on to ask why it is that on the part of these positive thinkers there is an "emphatic protestation that there may exist an (immaterial) something, utterly unneeded by their system and destructive of its completeness." The answer, he says, is plain: "Though their system does not need it, the moral value of life does. As to that value they have certain foregone conclusions, which they cannot resolve to abandon, but which their system can make no room for. Two alternatives are offered them, — to admit that life has not the meaning they thought it had, or that their system has not the completeness they thought it had; and of these two alternatives they will accept neither. . . . The message they shout to us is that they have no message at all; and that because they are without one the whole world is in the same condition." Looked at in certain ways, Mr. Mallock observes, or rather looked *from* in certain ways, Tyndall's position seems to stagger him. The problem of existence reels and grows dim before him, and for the time being his mind is in a state of such confusion that he is incapable really of clearly meaning anything. It seems to me that Mr. Mallock has given the true cause of much of the strange inconsistency in the language of the men of science of to-day. As a writer says in the Journal of Speculative Philosophy, speaking of Hamilton and Mansel, "They falter at the step to positive denial, and fall back on doubt (they call it faith), abandoning logic to talk mistily about 'a wonderful revelation which inspires belief in the existence of something beyond the sphere of comprehensible reality.'" Mr. Spencer, this writer continues, objects to Mr. Mansel's process of jumping from the bush of logic, where he has scratched his eyes out, into the bush of faith, where he thinks to scratch them in again; yet Mr. Spencer himself would be glad to "reconcile" science and religion, if religion will accept his basis of reconciliation, which is "this deepest, widest, and most

certain of all facts, — that the Power which the universe manifests to us is utterly inscrutable." In this sentence we have the assertion of absolute knowledge and absolute ignorance in the same breath. But we must accustom ourselves to this sort of thing from Mr. Spencer, as well as from writers less acute and logical than he. Without questioning Mr. Spencer's motives, it is plain that his concession to religion is a mockery, and his reconciliation a betrayal with a kiss. But the offer draws the issue distinctly, and speaks in plain words: Choose ye this day whom ye will serve, — the phantom God of Hamilton, Mansel, and Spencer, whom you know that you cannot know, or the living God of the Bible, the heavenly Father, who is not far from every one of you. For Mr. Mallock the choice is already made, so far as denial of this "phantom God" goes; and given certain premises in his mind, logic will probably carry him, as it did Newman, into the Roman Catholic church, from which want of logic kept Dr. Pusey. It would be well for Mr. Mallock and many other people if they could find on the mind's highest plane, in the pure thinking of the speculative reason, a better guide to truth than the merely logical understanding.

— It is said that we are not an artistic people; that we have none of that instinctive desire, that need, for beauty in the common surroundings of daily life which shows itself in all classes of an art-loving race. We have a certain amount of cultivated taste for art, and as this increases and spreads it will doubtless reach down from the higher classes of society to the strata beneath. Of course, the genuine love for beauty, which gives its possessor a passionate delight in presence of a beautiful object, is a natural gift, but almost all persons have it in some degree; and though culture cannot produce this feeling, it has an indefinite power to awaken and develop it. It would seem that this cultivation of the artistic feeling and judgment needs to be deep and broad, if we are to trust so much more to it than to native sensibility. A superficial knowledge of the technique of art and an acquaintance with the names and characteristics of most well-known artists will not take the place of a knowledge of the essential nature of art and a veneration for its high aims. It strikes me, as an interested observer, that just now there is among us a good deal of more or less thorough understanding of the technical qualities of artistic work, especially in painting, and not much comprehension of or care for what may be called its spiritual qualities. How little that is profound has been written by professed artists or judges of art as to what art truly is! Yet until this preliminary notion of the nature and object of art is arrived at, how can we be fit to judge of art in the concrete and particular! Mr. Ruskin undoubtedly has a true feeling of the dignity of art, yet he has never been able to give any worthy definition of it. Most of those who have attempted to define the object of art tell us that it is to give pleasure, which is in a certain sense true, but quite inadequate; and then they go on to instruct us as to what kind of pleasure it ought to give. The insufficiency or untruth of these definitions is made plain whenever they are used to test any special work of art; and when one art critic says it ought to and does give pleasure, and another insists that it does not and ought not, there are no means of deciding between them, but each one keeps his own private opinion, and is satisfied that it is right. Most people, perhaps, and artists first of all, would smile at the suggestion that philosophy might have something to say on the subject worth listening to; yet those persons who believe that philosophy is not a useless thing, and know that it undertakes to deal with all matters, not in their detail, but in their idea, find nothing ridiculous in the claim of the philosopher. There seems to be more general interest in painting than in the other arts, and more persons who profess to know something about it; with regard to poetry and music one does not hear so many and such confident judgments pronounced. Presuming to know little of painting myself, I would like to ask if there is not a

tendency nowadays to overestimate the technical. Surely, skill in drawing, coloring, and composition, though indispensable to any great work of art, does not alone constitute it great; and yet, if I am not mistaken, there are painters, highly thought of by the public, who waste their skill on trivial subjects, and who have all the means in hand for producing a great work, and fail to produce it because they are content to show their ability to do so if they wished. Their souls remain satisfied with lavishing pure and beautiful color on the folds of some inanimate woman's dress, or the papering of the wall behind her. Of course, we do not require of art always to be sublime, any more than we desire nature to be always grand, and give us only Alpine heights, desert wastes, storms, and fury. Schumann's Kinderscenen and his B-flat symphony are equally works of art; and in both alike it is the thought or sentiment, as well as the external forms each takes, that makes them valuable. That there should be no selection of subject, that in painting, poetry, and fiction anything and everything should be considered worthy of representation, seems to me to mistake and degrade the meaning of art. The same subject, moreover, may be artistically treated or not. George Eliot takes two ordinary, selfish girls, like Rosamond and Gwendolen, and gives us new conceptions as to what such characters are capable of, sounds their natures to their utmost depth, and reveals to us what we, meeting them in the world, should never have seen for ourselves. Trollope puts us down among a set of like commonplace, every-day people, and tells us about them — what? Nothing except how they looked and walked and talked. We are not made to feel anything of that sympathy which springs from profound understanding of even the commonest human beings; we know of them pretty much what we should know if we were to meet them to-morrow at dinner, and are bored by them quite as we should be in the reality. I suppose Trollope belongs to the realists, and we are told that realism in art is a fine thing; but by whatever name such art as his calls itself, it seems to me art of a low order. I have a notion that in the presence of the highest art the question whether it be ideal or real does not present itself as important; and at any rate, I think the true contrary of idealism is not realism, but materialism.

— It is not a little amusing to observe how fashion has its sway even in the domain of literature, ordering and popularizing the use of certain words and phrases for a time, to be superseded in turn by others, whenever, in its supreme capriciousness, it shall so determine.

The writer calls to mind a number of these hackneyed expressions, which, although now somewhat superannuated and out of style, were at one time immensely popular, being adopted by writers of every grade and pursuit. While it may be conceded that they have a degree more of point and fitness than the rude, unwashed, *slang* phrases of the day, they are nevertheless marked by the same ludicrous frequency and recklessness of use so comically characteristic of the career of their vulgar brethren.

It is not long since one could hardly take up either paper, magazine, or book, and glance over a leader, or an article which was at all of an argumentative character, without having his eye arrested by the words *in the premises*. After a time "in the premises" grew too common; it was worn by everybody. Like the famous *ulster*, though it might boast a princely origin, it descended at last to plebeian appreciation and adoption, and its successor must be sought for forthwith.

Now the use of the expression is confined mainly to occasions where its peculiar pertinency compels it, and it is avoided as rather *passé* by all except those obstinate old fogies who have the habit of clinging to forms and fashions long after the general public has discarded them.

Next, it was decreed that the word *average* should be installed as the word of the period. And it was laughable to notice how a word, originally of moderate pretensions, which as a modest mem-

ber of our esteemed vocabulary had heretofore acquitted itself in a natural and becoming manner, was all at once forced into factitious prominence, and compelled to serve as an abject adjective before nouns of every character, and many of them of even questionable respectability. Soon such combinations as "the average man," "the average woman," "the average husband," "the average wife," "the average girl," "the average hoodlum," "the average politician," "the average congressman," "the average voter," and a host of other averages became distressingly frequent to the reading public. Indeed, it seemed as if our professional writers had come to a sudden realization of the *general* usefulness of *average*, and the unexpected ways in which they often applied it were rather startling to the staid old commercial marines, who had all along supposed it chiefly valuable for adjusting the accidents of commerce.

Now the *average* writer is not *averaging* as profusely and indiscriminately as he was. It is a condiment which by its frequent and excessive use has lost somewhat of its original flavor and pungency.

At one time the word *outcome* was threatened with a season of this humiliating popularity; but, happily, it seems now to have been permitted to subside to its normal position, and to resume its natural functions again.

Just at this time the familiar formula *all the same* is quite the prevailing mode. Not only does the despised and obtrusive Celestial find it handy and efficient in his labored intercourse with the proud and repellent "Melican man," but even British and American writers of every degree have found in this simple combination a thing of beauty and utility, appropriate for almost every emergency of expression, — a very help in time of need. And the extravagant patronage they bestow upon it must be peculiarly gratifying to its inventor and patentee.

The latest novel of a certain renowned English author is a remarkable illustration of how composition can be made easy by a judicious and liberal use of these stereotyped phrases. He makes *all the same* play the prominent part of "end man" in many a felicitous paragraph. Indeed, there is scarcely a page of the book that is not embellished with repetitions of the phrase. But while he has thus used it with great freedom, he must at the same time have used it with great good judgment; else, why would not the professional critics have discovered that an awkward redundancy had marred his usual elegance and purity of style?

— I emphatically agree with the contributor in the February Atlantic who thinks that Thomas Hardy does not receive from contemporary criticism the attention which is his due. In his last published novel, The Return of the Native, are not the distinctive merits which belong more or less to all his work, as pointed out by the February contributor, very richly found; while the story, through the types of character presented in its chief personages, takes a wider, more philosophic range and suggestiveness than anything he has written before? There is great fascination in the mere setting of this tale. Not only are Egdon heath and its cottagers, Fairway, the Cantles, Susan Nunsuch, and the rest, described with all that unique feeling for nature and quite Shakespearean art in portraying clodhoppers which this author possesses, but the higher characters in the story are all touched with some hue of their wild surroundings.

What a typical spirit of to-day is poor Clym Yeobright! "He had reached the stage in a young man's life when the grimness of the general human situation first becomes clear, and the realization of this causes ambition to halt a while. . . . Yeobright loved his kind. He had a conviction that the want of most men was knowledge of a sort which brings wisdom rather than affluence. . . . In passing from the bucolic to the intellectual life, the intermediate stages are usually two at least, frequently many more; and one of these stages is almost sure to be worldly advance. . . . Yeo-

bright's local peculiarity was that in aiming at high thinking he still cleaved to plain living, — nay, wild and meagre living in many respects, and brotherliness with clowns. . . . To argue upon the possibility of culture before luxury to the bucolic world may be to argue truly, but it is an attempt to disturb a sequence to which humanity has been too long accustomed readily to renounce. Yeobright preaching to the Egdon eremites that they might rise to a serene comprehensiveness without going through the process of enriching themselves was not unlike arguing to the ancient Chaldeans that in ascending from earth to the pure empyrean it was not necessary to pass first into the heaven of ether."

This young man who is going to throw up his business in Paris to come home and turn night school-master to the poor had been the famous bright boy of his region. "When his name was casually mentioned by neighboring yeomen, the listener said, 'Ah, Clym Yeobright: what is he doing now?' When the instinctive question about a person is, What is he doing? it is felt that he will not be found to be, like most of us, doing nothing in particular."

Poor Clym does come home to make a tragical figure enough. When has the modern reformer been shown in a novel in so perfectly fresh and unhackneyed a light as Hardy has managed to throw around this young man, who is neither mobbed nor imprisoned, nor suffers any other of the regulation calamities with which such a hero is wont to be brought on the stage. He only falls in love with Eustacia, and she with him; and what a tragedy therefrom! Surely there is rare skill in creating a being so self-loving and fickle and without the slightest appreciation of what is noblest in her husband as Eustacia is, who yet in her way is so touching a figure. All her early manœuvres to make the acquaintance of Clym; her "At present, tell me of Paris," uttered in the midst of one of their most romantic lovers' trysts; her trailing off with all her pride to a miserable village picnic, after her marriage, in search of excitement, — in spite of all these proceedings, how subtly but immeasurably is Eustacia removed from the usual shallow conception of the idle beauty, scheming to entrap lovers, and coveting worldly glare and glitter for mere vanity. This divinity of Egdon heath with all her boarding-school education had nowhere received any training that would enable her even to sympathize with a husband's purpose (perhaps the safest form of feminine purpose), though the husband had been a man of much more practical aspirations than Clym Yeobright. One cannot imagine Eustacia as sharing the life of any man whatever with a serious career; yet all her extended compass "both of feeling and of making others feel," how suggestive it is of a large nature thrown away; with what evident charity does the author himself regard her!

I believe Hardy has been somewhat accused of taking a low estimate of women, of having a cynically sharp eye for their foibles; but merciless as his insight sometimes seems, it is an insight which I should think women, even the most "advanced," would recognize as, upon the whole, sympathetic. I have never seen The Hand of Ethelberta, and do not know what iniquities he may have perpetrated against the sex in that book; but in his other books I find him more or less keenly appreciative of the feminine *situation* as well as temperament. The situation of the reformer, too, is indicated with the more force in this story because so indirectly. Any one of the inimitable dialogues of the heathmen is the strongest possible suggestion of the task Clym undertakes in proposing to intellectualize these delightful ignoramuses; or the scene of the Sunday morning hair-cutting before Fairway's shop, when Clym is thus commented on by the very class whom he has sacrificed all his own interests to benefit: "'T is good-hearted of the young man, but, for my part, I think he had better mind his business."

It is true, of course, that Hardy's story is always three men, or more, in pursuit of a woman; but it matters little what his mere story is so long as he

tells it with such vivid characterization, such terse and vigorous writing in the reflective passages, and with a plot which, however simple, is full of such dramatic situations as is The Return of the Native.

— It seems very singular that the Greeks, who drank so deeply at the fountains of life, and are themselves such glorious representatives of the beauty of life, should have left us that most pathetic saying that those whom the gods love die young, and the no less pathetic story of the mother who prayed to the gods for the most precious thing within their gift for her beloved sons, and was answered by finding them dead in the morning light. None of us fully understand this before the possibility of being thus beloved by the gods has passed away from us forever, — realize that it means it is well to be cut off in the first flush and rapture of existence, before the "chill of disenchantment," as Castellar somewhere puts it, has crept upon heart and brain. For if we live long enough, there is sure to come to us, sooner or later, a period when the cutting contrast between the real and ideal begins to make itself most painfully felt; when the hard, inexorable facts of life force themselves upon us, and we wake up, as it were, from the golden dream that childhood and early youth have woven round us. Among all the sad possibilities and melancholy necessities of life, nothing to me is more intensely tragic than this dreary time of disillusionment, that in one form or another is known to all men, though many doubtless pass through this "blind darkness" quietly and painlessly, and drift into another phase of being almost unconsciously; the more highly, delicately, and sensitively we are organized, the greater, of course, will be our suffering. How long the spell may remain unbroken it is impossible to measure by years, and varies, of course, entirely according to individual character. I have known men who were completely disillusionized at twenty-five, and women who at thirty had only just begun to comprehend the actual world. But I believe it is safe to say that disenchantment sets in when youth has really dropped from us, and we are born into manhood and womanhood; for this change within us seems indeed almost like a second birth, of the pangs of which we are painfully conscious. Or, if you will, it is a crisis in life, the issue of which no physician can predict. For it is very possible that in it may hopelessly perish what is best and highest in us, our idealism. Who can say how even Shelley and Keats and Schubert, and all those others of whom we like to think with a kind of sweet melancholy that they died too young, might have passed through that period when passion seems dead, and inspiration to have run dry forever; when utterance and creation become painfully difficult, if not impossible, and we for the first time wholly comprehend Solomon's despairing cry of "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity!" Looked at in this light, no one ever dies too young, and it seems scarcely fair to judge of genius at all before it has attained to a certain maturity. For what is called by that great but much-abused name is often but the brilliant flash, the sparkling emanation, as it were, of that first evanescent fervor and ecstasy of youth. Alfred de Musset, for instance, furnishes, it seems to me, a melancholy illustration of one who "survived himself;" or, in other words, whose genius appears to have been so closely and intimately knit and bound up with his youth that we may almost consider them as one. If then those whom the gods love die young, it is also true that they who know not the grief of disenchantment have never known any grief, or tasted of any bitterness, — have scarcely begun, indeed, to learn the lesson of life. But also they can possess nothing of the strength which comes after that sharp cup has been drained. For if we can pass through this chastening fire, not indeed unscathed, for that would be impossible, but with a germ of life left in our idealism, we may assume that it is safe in truth, and that no storms or struggles of after-life can ever affect or imperil it again.

# RECENT LITERATURE.

Mr. Matthew Arnold's new prose volume bears the unassuming title of Mixed Essays,[1] and consists of nine papers on different themes of literary and social interest, of which the first was published nearly twenty years ago, by way of introduction to the author's elaborate work on Continental Schools. The titles of the remaining eight essays indicate a wide range of subjects, but it is quite true, as Mr. Arnold claims in his preface, that they are animated by a common aim, and produce upon the mind of one who quietly re-reads them in their present order a strong and deep unity of impression. Let us see what this accomplished writer himself says to have been his prevailing purpose, and how his different studies bear upon that purpose. His aim is no less than the civilization of the human race. Literature, so perseveringly pursued and affected, he declares to be but a part of civilization, not the whole. "What, then, is civilization, which some people seem to conceive of as if it meant railroads and the penny-post, and little more, but which is really so complex and vast a matter that a great spiritual power like literature is a part of it, and a part only? Civilization is the *humanization of man in society*. Man is civilized when the whole body of society comes to live with a life worthy to be called *human*, and corresponding to man's true aspirations and powers." Now the basis, Mr. Arnold says, upon which all man's effort to civilize himself proceeds is the love of liberty; and the love of liberty is the instinct for *expansion;* and the instinct for expansion manifests itself in two principal ways, — in the resistance to being over-governed, *sat upon*, cramped and crushed, so to speak, from above, and in the demand for *equality* of opportunity and privilege, that is, in the resistance to being crowded and crushed *laterally*. And given this basis for man's effort to civilize himself, "the powers which, upon this basis, contribute to build up human civilization" are chiefly "the power of conduct, the power of intellect and knowledge, the power of art and beauty, the power of social life and manners." Those who are familiar with Matthew Arnold's previous writings, especially with Literature and Dogma and the Culture and Anarchy essays, know already something of what one may call his ethnic distribution of the civilizing powers. One nation has exemplified one power, another another: the Hebrews and the Protestant English the power of conduct; the Greeks and the Italians of the Renascence (*sic*) the power of art; the Germans the power of accurate knowledge; the French, as did also and preëminently Athens in her prime, the power of social life and manners. No nation has thus far exhibited these powers, or any great number of them, in combination, — only rare individuals, bright, particular stars of humanity, have done that; yet this lofty combination is the end toward which all true patriots ought to labor, and the first and most indispensable preliminary to the acceptance of a great national ideal is the frank confession of actual national deficiencies. Again, as we have so often done before, let us follow Mr. Arnold attentively in the charges which he brings against his own compatriots, feeling sure that he will not weakly spare them the uttermost truth, yet trying to suppress as far as may be a certain ignoble satisfaction we all have in hearing Englishmen berated, and to reserve for earnest consideration the indirect bearing of those charges upon ourselves.

The essays on Democracy and the One Thing Needful (Porro Unum est Necessarium) concern themselves with educational matters, — with that part of civilization which belongs to the "power of intellect and knowledge." Mr. Arnold recognizes the fact that authority in England is fast and irrevocably passing from the hands of the aristocracy into that of the middle class, and he entreats for the establishment of schools by the state, which shall offer, at a moderate cost to the pupils, a better order of instruction for that class; something more nearly approaching to the admirable mental training afforded by the French *lycées* and communal schools, and the higher public schools of Germany; something deserving the name of culture. In the essay on Equality, it is rather the social aspects of civilization which we are invited to consider, and England is most unfavorably contrasted with France in the general intelligence and personal refinement, the humanity and ur-

[1] *Mixed Essays.* By Matthew Arnold. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1879.

banity, of the great mass of its people. Life in France, says Mr. Arnold, is so good and agreeable a thing, and for so many people; while life in England, though supremely good for the highly privileged few, is for all the rest so drear and cramped and uncomely a thing! Then he proceeds, with his usual aptitude and amplitude of quotation, to shed all manner of side lights upon this main proposition. He cites Mr. Hamerton's praise of the excellent manners of the French peasant: "They are full of intelligence; they have delicate perceptions; they have tact; they have a certain refinement which a brutalized peasant could not possibly have. If you talk to one of them at his own home, or in his field, he will enter into conversation with you quite easily, and sustain his part in a perfectly becoming way, with a pleasant combination of dignity and quiet humor. The interval between him and a Kentish laborer is enormous." He quotes Voltaire as affirming that "the great gift of the age of Louis XIV. to the world was the gift of society," and shows how, when its high ideal of social manners was once firmly established, and the material necessity for feudal inequality pressed upon it no longer, the French people introduced equality and made the Revolution. "It was not the spirit of philanthropy which mainly impelled the French to that Revolution, neither was it the spirit of envy, neither was it the love of abstract ideas, though all these did something towards it; it was the spirit of *society*." Then we have the testimony of M. de Laveleye, the political economist, who, as a Belgian and a Protestant, cannot be suspected of undue partiality to France, to the effect that "France, being the country of Europe where the soil is more divided than anywhere except in Switzerland and Norway, is at the same time the country where material well-being is most widely spread; where wealth has, of late years, increased most; and where population is least outrunning the limits which, for the comfort and progress of the working class themselves, seem necessary." But here in France and everywhere and above all things, repeats Mr. Arnold, with that bland yet resolute reiteration which is one of his own idiosyncrasies of manner, "it is by the humanity of their manners that men are made equal." "'A man thinks to show himself my equal,' says Goethe, 'by being *grob*, — that is to say, coarse and rude; he does not show himself my equal, he shows himself *grob*.'" Now, the manners of the great mass of his own countrymen Mr. Arnold sorrowfully proclaims are *grob* rather than humane. And once more he cites a correspondent of the Siècle, whose letters from England have been thought worth collection in a volume: "To understand the success of Messrs. Moody and Sankey one must be familiar with English manners; one must know the mind-deadening influence of a narrow biblism; one must have experienced the sense of acute *ennui* which the aspect and the frequentation of this great division of English society produce in others, the want of elasticity and the chronic ennui which characterize this class itself, petrified in a narrow Protestantism and a perpetual reading of the Bible." Then, while admitting, with a touch of his more youthful humor, that a little more biblism would perhaps do the French no harm, the unsparing censor confirms in the most emphatic manner the truth of the Frenchman's picture. "It is the picture of a class which, driven by its sense of the power of conduct, in the beginning of the seventeenth century *entered the prison of puritanism, and had the key turned upon its spirit there for two hundred years.* They did not know, good and earnest people as they were, that to the building up of human life there go all these other powers also, the power of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty, the power of social life and manners." They thus "created a type of life and manners of which they themselves, indeed, are slow to recognize the faults, but which is fatally condemned by its hideousness, its immense ennui, and against which the instinct of self-preservation in humanity rebels."

The remaining essays in Mr. Arnold's volume are not directly argumentative and didactic, but none the less powerfully do they enforce his convictions. In the essay on Falkland we have most reverently and sympathetically presented the picture of one Englishman who seems to have exemplified in his own person, and very touchingly, throughout a brief but glorious life of thirty-three years, almost all the civilizing powers, — knowledge, art, urbanity, and spotless virtue. In the delightful paper entitled A French Critic on Goethe we have reviewed, and to some extent corrected, M. Edmund Scherer's rather dry estimate of one who was preëminently and memorably a *humanist*, — illustrating the powers of beauty, learning, and social refinement somewhat to the exclusion of the sterner fourth, that

of conduct. In the case of Milton, on the contrary, M. Scherer's elaborate study is made the basis of one which represents the great epic poet of England as one "born a humanist," and, as one may add, in the very purple of humanitarian privilege, yet mastered before his life was done by the acerb and rigid spirit of puritanism. Finally, the brief notice of George Sand at the close of the volume is a tribute, grave, tender, and delicate as may be, to the memory of a mighty woman, whose strange vagaries in conduct are simply and sadly admitted, but whom our author admires with an unusual touch of fondness for that high and generous ideal of human life to which, through evil report and good report, she clung with such heroic faith, and which he finds so like his own. "*La sentiment de la vie idéale, qui n'est autre que la vie normale, telle que nous sommes appelés à la connaître*" ("The sentiment of the ideal life which is none other than man's normal life as we shall some day know it"), — this, he says, was from first to last, George Sand's ruling thought; and it is as a personage inspired by this great thought that he himself reveres her, and holds her up to the veneration of his countrymen.

To give in a half dozen paragraphs, or even pages, the gist of as many of Mr. Arnold's complex and crowded essays is a difficult, if not an impossible matter. He says single things so much better than they can ever be said again that the temptation to run into fragmentary quotation is almost irresistible. Moreover, the form of his argument often renders it specially difficult of compression; for there is in him a strange mixture of terseness of phraseology with a certain diffuseness of logic. He is almost unduly inductive. He assembles such a multitude of instances, balances, corrects, offsets, with such infinite pains and patience, that one is sure to drop some of his finer threads of thought when one attempts a rapid gathering up, and one is not always sure of having kept hold of the main, essential ones. But Mr. Arnold is, after all, not half as dogmatic as he sometimes has the air of being, and his keen and subtle considerations are presented, as he himself says somewhere in the present volume, not so much in the hope of winning proselytes to a fixed code of opinion, as by way of assembling matter "for the thoughts of those who think," who desire to see things as they really are, — "the friends of humane life, the lovers of perfection." In this latter spirit let us glance for one moment at the bearing of some of his views on the tough problems of American society.

When, in his character of uncompromising critic, he sets forth the bigotry, the conceit, the ignorance, the low and unlovely ideal of life and manners, of the great English middle class, and then sums up the dangers which await England if she falls under the complete control of this narrow-minded and blunt-mannered *bourgeoisie* by saying that she will be *Americanized*, the climax is naturally an unpleasant one for an American to reach. But let us at least show that we have the nobility which can rise above personal pique, and recognize and respect truth under whatever disguise it comes to us. It is true, then, that our whole nation is one enormous middle class. We have no nobility, and we have no peasantry. We have no class as highly civilized as the privileged classes of the Old World, and we have no class as hopeless of civilization as its inferior classes, since here there is at least room and food enough for all the appalling millions who are born. We have some rather highly civilized individuals, a few in each of our great cities and their environs, — individuals who are in every way worthy to associate upon equal terms with the privileged in older lands, and who, let it be added, have never, as individuals, failed of a most gracious welcome among them. But the effect of such individuals upon the quality of the mass has never been appreciable, — the less in that the higher they rise above the mass, the more they are acted upon by a sort of centrifugal force, which tends to keep them separate units, and throw them off entirely from it.

Enthusiastic individuals among us, conscious of cultivated tastes and generous desires and purposes, will be ready to resent on their own behalf the admission of the truth, and to point with an affronted air to their private efforts and achievements. But here also let us at least have the comfort, as Mr. Arnold says, "*de ne pas être dupe*" (of not being taken in). If these individuals really love their country, they will stop talking and thinking of themselves and their work, and continue for a long while yet to labor without recognition or reward. For as yet they have not diminished the sum of our "hideousness" by a fraction large enough to be expressed at all.

*Per contra*, we may venture to encourage ourselves by reflecting that we learn easily

and civilize quickly. It may take seven centuries to make a gentleman in Europe, but the thing has been done in the United States, and done consummately well, in one. Hereby we perceive one advantage we shall have in the way of some time bringing our standard of social refinement up to a level with our standard of political equality, which, as our author truly says, has now unhappily, so far, outrun it. You shall travel in a common car over one of our country railways, and just when you are most oppressed and disheartened by the general boorishness and apparent vulgarity of your companions you shall perceive some grace of helpfulness, some trait of chivalry or fine feeling, in the most loutish individual present, for which you might long have waited in vain among a much higher grade of travelers beyond the sea. Dean Stanley, when he paid us a little visit last autumn, was amazed to see how well some of us already understand the science of physical comfort, the pitch to which we have carried some of the more material refinements of living. Finally, Mr. Matthew Arnold's own poems (the best and daintiest of them) have been reprinted in a fifteen-cent edition by the canniest publishing house in the country for railway circulation, and have had an uncommonly good sale. Such are a few of the notes, *pro* and *con*, which may be jotted down on the margins of Mr. Arnold's noble and suggestive essays, for our own private consideration, as material for the thoughts of *Americans* who think.

— Mr. Wilberforce Newton's book of essays[1] shows a very pleasant spirit of candor and of breadth. The range of subjects is wide enough to afford a large field to wander in, and the author is frank enough to be willing to let his readers see that he likes to wander about in it, and look at the things of heaven and earth, if not with profound insight, at least with a pleased and not unpleasing curiosity. He has something to say about the school-men, and about Savonarola and Lacordaire and Edward Irving; he considers the Present Day Elements in Christianity, and the Causes of Heresy; and ends his book by a dissertation, somewhat theological, upon the not yet exhausted subject of Original Sin.

While this discursiveness and ease in writing has a side which is not without charm, still it is to be said that it may be carried so far as to be destructive of all literary form. It might be hard to define exactly the form of an essay, but one has only to remember the work of the masters in this kind of writing to see that an essay may be made a flawless work of art. Apparently little restricted by form, it may wander, and wander charmingly, and yet all the time be flowing in subordination to the hidden law of its existence, like a brook. Least of all is it like the newspaper article, to which, in a quotation from Mr. Taine which serves as his preface, Mr. Newton seems willing to liken it. It is partly from this misconception that our author has made a book to which it is impossible to give unqualified praise. The style is neither clear nor graceful; words are often used in a way to baffle the imagination of the most ingenious reader. What, for instance, does this mean? "Into this cultured but corrupt city of Florence, given up to the idolatry of art, and with no true belief in the *outlying* doctrines of Christianity, the young Savonarola came." Or what would a teacher of rhetoric say to this sentence? "Thus closely do these two worlds often collide." And what is true of the style is also unhappily true of the substance of the essays. They are full of newspaper-like inaccuracies. Two of them, at least, are not to be counted as essays at all. They are sermons, pure and simple, lacking only the needless formality of a text, and might have been delivered from any pulpit. But of the others that may be called essays, it is to be said that they constantly disappoint the reader's hope, either by over-statement, or by inadequate statement, of the thing of which the writer is talking. Here is a typical instance of what we mean: —

"After William of Champeaux," our author says, "came Abelard, with his two-edged sword of breadth, which cut in the twofold way, '*Sic et non*,' — 'Yes and no;' and after Abelard comes Hugo, the mystic."

To say that the Sic et Non treatise of Abelard is properly to be considered in the order of time as coming between William of Champeaux and Hugh of St. Victor is to make a very doubtful statement indeed. There is no doubt that it existed; the Benedictines in later times had a copy which they suppressed as injurious to morals; but that it was published anywhere near the time that it was written we see no reason to believe. In the year 1836, M. Victor Cousin, as the late Sir James Stephen says, first gave the treatise to the world in the edi-

[1] *Essays of To-Day: Religious and Theological.* By William Wilberforce Newton. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 1879.

tion of the works of Abelard, which he brought out in that year.

There are smaller lapses, also, to which one does not like to be obliged to call attention. Nothing is said, for instance, of the work of education to which Lacordaire devoted himself after leaving the pulpit. He is, morever, represented as being a Dominican monk, and as wearing at one time the Benedictine, and at another the Carmelite habit.

All Frenchmen, Mr. Newton says, are of the Franks Frenchy; and the first instance he gives under this head is St. Philip Neri, who was born in Florence and lived in Rome. Mr. Keble is said to have been "in full sympathy with Pusey and the Oxford theologians;" as if Keble were not one of the founders of the Tractarian movement at Oxford, and active in it long before Dr. Pusey joined it!

These slips may be great or small; but whether great or small, they are great enough to lessen the pleasure which the reader may justly take in Mr. Newton's essays. Of the theological essays, strictly so called, it does not come within our province to speak; but in them also, we fancy, the trained theologian would miss the highest degree of grasp of the subject, and of knowledge and of accuracy of statement.

— A complete analysis of the processes of thought and of mechanism which are essential to the production of a work of art is possible only to an artist; but it is rare to find in the profession either the willingness to undertake, or the capacity to carry out, such a task, — still more, perhaps, to see it performed with sincerity. But under the impulse of that intellectuality, that habit of self-examination and conscientiousness, which are distinctive characteristics of modern artists, the attempt is now occasionally made, to the great profit of the practice of art. Among these attempts Thomas Couture's Méthode et Entretiens d'Atelier has been long familiar to his pupils and friends, and has exercised no small influence upon contemporary art, especially in France, but more from the spirit displayed in it than from any scientific or exact exposition therein contained. Therefore a translation of this interesting work into English,[1] although in fact it is here and there too loyal to the idiomatic French text to be really good English, may be welcomed by all who are concerned directly as practitioners, or indirectly as critics and patrons, in the rational development of art. The scope of the book may be best understood, perhaps, from the master's own words: —

"This book is the result of personal observation. Rebellious against all science, it has been impossible for me to learn by academic means. Were these teachings bad? I cannot say; I never understood them. The sight of nature, the eager desire to produce that which captivated me, guided me better than words, which seemed useless; and besides, I confess to my shame I did not wish to listen. This independence has cost me dear. I have often mistaken the way, sometimes entirely lost myself; but there have come to me from these failures great results, great light. I come out from them more robust; torn to pieces, it is true, but no less valiant. These intellectual gymnastics have formed within me a good artistic temperament."

This book, however, is eminently the work of a painter, — a man rather of sentiment and emotions than of intellectual discipline. It is not arranged in any scientific form, and gives but little exact technical instruction; but it exhibits the inspiring spirit and force of a man of genius. It is abounding in hints, full of the loose logic of the studio, expressed with infinite *bonhomie*, and illustrated by tales of personal experience, told with all of a Frenchman's vivacity and with all of an artist's dramatic instinct. The student or critic cannot fail to find in these pages not only amusement, but some new and precious inspirations. Thus, there is a chapter or two on drawing which may be accepted as *ex cathedra*. The remarks on the close observation of nature rather than of art or of the antique, as essential to the establishment of sound foundations, are excellent and timely, and in certain brief sentences are expressed volumes of truth: "Use three quarters of your eyes for observation, and one quarter for drawing." "Above all things, be humble; in the art of painting, humility is the greatest strength." "If you look superficially," says the painter, summarizing the results of an afternoon's study by the borders of a stream, wherein there had been revealed to him innumerable wonders of life, color, and form, — "if you look superficially, you have only a common image; look longer and deeper, the image becomes sublime." "I hope you have observed that I

[1] *Conversations on Art Methods.* By Thomas Couture. Translated from the French by S. E. Stewart. With an Introduction by Robert Swain Gifford. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

attach little importance to so-called rules, and sacrifice them willingly for the expression of natural sentiment." "To be a good servant of art is well; this is not being a slave to nature and the masters." Such ideas are the basis of Couture's teaching and practice, and his application of them in the chapters on drawing, color, composition, portraiture, values, etc., is remarkable for a certain picturesqueness of statement and a certain breadth and liberality of comprehension, which are the natural expressions of a man of original thought and successful achievement. His hints of practice in the use of pigments, though mere hints, are extremely suggestive, and those who have followed his methods have found their reward in a distinctive purity and sweetness of tone, and in a luminous quality of atmospheric effect. Not the least interesting and instructive parts of this volume are those which contain his impressions of the art of Delacroix, in which he finds an imposing display of artifice at the expense of natural inspirations and study; of that of Decamp, which he admires without stint; of that of Titian, Veronese, Rubens, Raphael, Rembrandt, Watteau, Gros, Poussin, and Van Dyck. Of these masters he speaks with the utmost frankness and fearlessness, like an artist in his own studio conversing with his pupils, — like a man who has arrived at convictions by practice, and not by theory.

Indeed, a large part of the interest of this singular volume is to be attributed to the apparently unguarded character of these studio talks. Ideas are not evolved with any formality of speech; it is not a literary performance; there is neither order, compactness of thought, nor neatness of expression in the development of the theme, and some passages have absolutely no *raison d'être*. In parts one has to get behind the straggling text and to read between the lines to discover what is in the master's mind; but the artistic thought of the painter of the *Decadence* is worth looking for in the midst of any indirectness of language. Sometimes he talks as if he were in front of his easel, with palette on thumb, half absorbed in the production of effects upon the canvas, but meanwhile uttering thoughts out of the fullness of his experience and observation. The whole performance, however, is genuine, manly, and wholesome. It is to be observed, moreover, that his attitude towards his pupils throughout, though natural and unaffected, is full of dignity, though earnest and uncompromising, it is inspired with sweetness and modesty. The didactive form of the conversations is never offensive; one can sit at the feet of this master with no loss of self-respect, and with an absolute assurance that his own individuality is not to be lessened, but rather increased and consecrated to efforts in the purest regions of truth. The personal instruction of Couture was during his lifetime regarded as one of the highest privileges to be enjoyed by the student of art, and no one left his *atelier* without freshened inspirations and a certain mastery of the technique, each according to his capacity. This little book, with its unique flavor of personality, opens those hospitable doors to all the world.

— After the studio talks of Couture, who is recognized as a master in an age of complicated ideals, — an age not prone to elevate individualities into any such distinction, — Ruskin's matchless eloquence upon the same themes may be studied with a new intelligence.[1] As far as the observation of nature and the general views of art are concerned, the artist and the critic are in close concord. In many essential points there is an absolute identity of thought, though in all probability the Frenchman, after the manner of his nation, never looked to such a Nazareth as England for any advanced view of the subject. But the contrast in the methods and in the habits of thought and expression of the two men is significant. The one, living in the midst of a people who have for centuries loved beauty for its own sake, inheriting this precious capacity of loving, together with all the accumulated traditions of national art, utters his convictions with decision and firmness indeed, but with a certain modesty and kindliness of expression which seems to recognize in his hearers an intelligent companionship in art. Moreover, his occupation as a painter prevents him from ever separating his theory from his practice. An aspect of nature, a human face and figure, are indissolubly associated in his mind with their capacity to be portrayed by processes of art. When he has observed an effect, straightway he sets a palette to express his impressions in regard to it. The great English critic, on the other hand, speaks with the authority of a prophet preaching the truth to heathen unbelievers, *de haut en bas*. He is arrogant and defiant. He brings not peace, but a

[1] *Ruskin on Painting*. With a Biographical Sketch. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1879.

sword, and compels a nation to sit at his feet and be converted. Perhaps no other attitude or method of propagandism could have been equally efficient in the midst of a people who, at the time when he wrote as an Oxford graduate, were singularly ignorant of art, and singularly inaccessible to the influence of the beautiful. He accomplished his purpose, and the book by which mainly a nation was aroused has become a monument. But an artist cannot read it without an instinctive feeling of antagonism; not so much because of its matter as of its manner. For if no other writer ever studied nature so closely, or wrote with such impressive eloquence of conviction, surely none has exhibited less respect for the opinions of others, and has been less tolerant of opposition, however intelligent. Moreover, in his work the essential personality of the artist as an element of expression is not recognized; the necessary mechanisms of art, with their compromises, their balance, and their contrast of values, are less to him than nature pure and simple. He would yield nothing to considerations of technique. He is primarily less an artist than a student of nature, and he has influenced art rather by making critics than by direct appeals to the artistic temperament. But the fundamental truths concerning nature which he has set forth cannot be gainsaid, and cannot be made too familiar to us.

Contemporaneous with Couture's Conversations, to which we have just referred, the Messrs. Appleton have published, in their new Handy-Volume Series, a selection of passages from Modern Painters, which, taken consecutively, are intended to present the main argument of the work, with the exception of those special discussions which are intelligible only by means of elaborate engravings. These selections are preceded by a brief though acceptable biographical sketch. The excerpts are well chosen, and arranged in the form of a continuous essay, each division of which has its distinctive title, and is made accessible by a sufficient table of contents. It is a useful book, and contains the germ of a great historical revolution in the observation of nature, if not in the practice of art.

— Of the great men of our time, none has lived a life so devoid of picturesqueness, and appealing so little to the imagination, as was that of the late Mr. Thiers; yet it is well worth study, even aside from the importance of the events with which it had to do. For Thiers possessed virtues which alone in a public man would have made him conspicuous in France. In the first place, he cared exclusively for things, the name they bore being to him a matter of entire indifference. He had, in fact, almost no touch of sentiment in his moral make-up, — a lack which in his case implied not only great clearness of view, but entire unconcern with the right and wrong of a matter. Then, whatever theory he might have adopted, he stuck to it; neither argument nor derision could shake his faith; neither unpopularity nor temporary advantage could induce him to give the lie to his past. And, lastly, he never ranted, and was never servile; kings and mobs might come to him, — he would not go to them. On the other hand, Thiers's faults were most serious; and, though they may not really have been more developed than in many others, they stand out plainer in him than in anybody else, Metternich, perhaps, excepted. Not that he can be accused of political cynicism; for cynicism implies a standard of goodness, and of this he had not the faintest conception. To him politics was a game, in which the great object was to damage and to browbeat your opponent; a politician's business was by no means a seeking after truth and justice, with a resolution to stand by them when found. Thiers saw not only that all the world 's a stage, but also that the history of a country is a play. This situation he ever regarded with the eye of a born manager. A quiet, domestic village comedy might have its advantages, — was indeed just the thing for Germans and Italians; but it was quite unworthy of Frenchmen, who must ever be kept preparing or acting some startling melodrama. At whatever cost, the stage must always be ready to produce a thrilling spectacle; and whatever tended to make the actors less inclined to this sort of thing therein condemned itself. Throughout his long career, Thiers remained faithful to this idea, and never lost it from view. In his youth he preached the worship of military glory, and of Bonaparte, its prophet; in his manhood he was ever the enemy of freedom and union abroad, because they made France appear not positively, but relatively, less fortunate; in his old age he opposed at home schemes the most essential to political well-being and national civilization (such as decentralization and the abolition of a professional army), because such measures would make the French people less fond of theatrical parade, less dis-

posed to engage in risky adventures, more willing to busy their minds and hands with affairs at home.

Yet it was the singular fate of Thiers, after spending a long life in this fashion, to be in his last years of the greatest service to his country, at a time when greater and better men could not have done half so well. And it is a proof of the importance of the time, as well as of the wonderful picturesqueness of all French history, that the two large volumes of Mr. Jules Simon,[1] covering as they do but two years of time, should not only be eagerly read in France, but should excite great interest in English-speaking countries. Then, at the same time that appears this history of Thiers's presidency, we have presented to the American public a biography[2] edited and translated by Mr. Theodore Stanton from the manuscript of Mr. François le Goff. In both these books is visible that strong bias characteristic of almost all books on history written by Frenchmen, — a naïve belief that foreign nations have no rights that France is bound to respect, and, as regards domestic affairs, the firmest confidence in the wicked disposition of all outside their own party. Historically, of course, Mr. Simon's work is very valuable, for the writer is not only an able man, but was a prominent actor in the events described. But in his book, as in the other, is evident that fatal vice of French writers, a constant effort to flatter a party, and a sublime indifference to truth as regards foreigners. Mr. Simon, in fact, is a Parisian before he is a Frenchman, and soundly belabors the conservatives of the Assembly for daring to hold the meetings of that body in Versailles. "To make little of Paris," he says, "is to make little of France, and to lessen its wealth. Foreigners come to see Paris rather than France. To wealthy and enlightened Europe Paris is France, and the strength and splendor of France are estimated by the strength and splendor of Paris. All the rest of the world takes its tastes, its fashions, and its customs from Paris; submits to its judgment; comes thither as to the universal meeting-place, the centre of civilization." He cannot remark that the German neither insulted the inhabitants of the city, nor stole their goods, without intimating that they abstained only because they were a pack of slaves under the eye of a master; while later he repeats the long since exposed newspaper stories about the illegitimate fondness of "Prussian" officers (Mr. Simon knows no other Germans than Prussians, just as the Southern troops knew no Northerners but Yankees) for French clocks and women's clothes. Perhaps the most conspicuous instance of this petty malice is where Mr. Simon first has occasion to mention the German emperor, whom he speaks of as "the king, or rather, since he chose to give himself that title at Versailles, the emperor;" thus giving the reader to understand that King Wilhelm appropriated the title from vanity, after the fashion of Bonaparte, instead of its being conferred upon him by the princes of the nation, as a part of a great political change. The value of the book really consists in the author's account of home affairs, and especially in the three chapters of the second volume, The Work of Legislation, The Liberation of the Territory, and The 24th of May. We have here a full account of the organization of the departmental councils, of the new army laws, of the proposed educational acts, of Thiers's financial schemes, etc., and of the final struggle between the president and the parliament. To knowledge, however, Mr. Simon does not unite literary skill, and both these books translate military and administrative terms in such a way that they must be incomprehensible to all not familiar with the original expressions. Mr. Le Goff's book, it should be said, is openly a eulogy, passing over in silence the least creditable acts of Thiers's career; but the story, as far as it goes, is well told, and, barring the very awkward English of the translation, is an agreeable book to read. Neither work has an index or a table of contents.

— Mr. Whitney may well be proud of his excellent catalogue of the Spanish and Portuguese books in the Boston Public Library.[3] It forms a handsome volume of 476 large octavo pages, and will be found really invaluable by all who care for the literature of the Iberian peninsula. Mr. Ticknor's libra-

[1] *The Government of M. Thiers, from 8th February*, 1871, *to 24th May*, 1873. From the French of M. Jules Simon. In two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.

[2] *The Life of Louis Adolphe Thiers.* By François le Goff. Translated from the unpublished MS., by Theodore Stanton, A. M. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

[3] *Catalogue of the Spanish Library and of the Portuguese Books bequeathed by George Ticknor to the Boston Public Library.* Together with the Collection of Spanish and Portuguese Literature in the General Library. By James Lyman Whitney. Boston: Printed by Order of the Trustees. 1879.

ry, which naturally forms the main part of this collection, — 5359 volumes out of 7867, — was even before his death one of the most complete in existence, and now its usefulness is more than doubled by this admirable catalogue. The principal wealth of the collection is in books of general literature and history, and how rich it is can be fairly seen only by those who read over the long list of titles. These titles, useful as they of course are, have an added value for the bibliographer and the student from the exceedingly interesting notes with which Mr. Whitney has kindly made the way easier for those who follow the road which he has graded and paved.

The work of cataloguing is by no means merely mechanical; it calls continually for judgment as well as knowledge, and when the two qualities are combined, as they have been in the preparation of this volume, it is the reader, and too often the ungrateful reader, who reaps the benefit. The bulletins of the Public Library have often been enriched by valuable notes, and here the student will find very copious additions to aid him in his researches. What more can be asked for it is hard to see.

While the Public Library is, in a commercial way, one of the most important pieces of property in the possession of the city, its higher value is beyond computation. And it has this value, not merely from the number of its books, but by its great richness in certain departments, and the value of the books is indefinitely increased by good catalogues. This one which Mr. Whitney has made with such unceasing pains is a model of careful accuracy and intelligence, and we heartily congratulate him, the library, and the public itself on this admirable volume. It is full, precise, rich in information, and well printed. The title-page especially will please the book-lover's eye.

— In pursuance of his method of teaching the art of china painting, to which we have had occasion to refer (see Atlantic Monthly for February, 1879, page 268), M. Camille Piton has published a second album of examples,[1] with two pages of letterpress devoted mainly to hints as to the proper method of copying each plate upon china, and of rendering it in color. The present album is given exclusively to the reproduction of Japanese methods in art. In the absence of Japanese picture-books, which, by the bye, are not very expensive and are easily obtained, these plates present a useful series of examples of vegetable and animal forms applied to decoration; though for the most part suggestions quite as good, and in respect to color better, may be obtained from good fans, which, because they are cheap, are apt to be undervalued as specimens of decorative art. The album, however, has the advantage of presenting a contrasting series of *motifs*, and to the learner the hints as to the technicalities of their transfer to porcelain have their value. Moreover, the plates, and especially the decorations on the covers, readily and conveniently illustrate the leading characteristics of Japanese art as referred to in the text: such as the admirable adaptation of decorative forms to given spaces; its suggestion of motion and action, wherein the traditions of the best style have been faithfully and intelligently preserved from ancient times; its feeling for the values of detail, which, though often to our eyes seeming to interfere with the necessary unity and simplicity of portrayal, is a distinctive expression of Oriental methods of design, and an inestimable addition to our resources. The cover contains excellent reproductions from the work of Ho Kusai, wherein the contortions of acrobats are set forth with a sureness and precision of touch, an appreciation of form and movement, and a parsimony of lines which contrast strangely with our own methods of drawing; and not always to our advantage, as is shown on the back cover, where Japanese fencers are given by M. Piton after Stillfried in the European manner, compared with native representations of the same subject in the native manner.

— The popular idea of music as a science is usually limited to the laws governing its construction and expression, as laid down in the treatises upon harmony, counterpoint, and thorough-bass. That there are fundamental principles underlying the entire structure, which involve physical, physiological, and even psychological laws, very few may suspect. Indeed, so thoroughly identified has the "divine art" become with the emotional inspirations it is used to express that its devotees might shrink from dissecting its anatomy and laying bare the hidden sources of its vitality. But a thorough understanding of its structure is essential to a perfect appreciation of its truest beauty, and whatever illusions may be

[1] *China Painting in America.* Album No. II. By Camille Piton, Principal of National Art Training School, Philadelphia. New York: John Wiley & Sons. 1879.

dispelled will be more than compensated for by the perfected sense of this beauty.

This exposition[1] is based principally on the investigations of the eminent German philosopher Helmholtz, but other authorities are cited and compared where the argument appears open to question. The author announces in his introduction that the object of his inquiry shall be to ascertain how far the rules and forms of musical structure are determined by physical laws of recognized authority, and to what extent they have been influenced by æsthetical principles, which experience has shown are subject to change, or rather to a progressive development. Throughout the work there is an evident inclination to allow much latitude in all cases where individual taste or genius does not controvert any well-established physical law, and the modern theories of harmony which undertake to subject the art in all its details to fixed and definite rules deduced from natural laws are shown to be arbitrary and insecurely based. The question has an important practical bearing upon the music of the future; for once admit that any set of rules are incontrovertible, and we shut the door on every innovation, which experience has frequently shown to be the first step toward advancement. Unrestrained license, on the other hand, would no doubt give rise to many grotesque and fanciful forms, which could not fail to end in deterioration. How far we must obey the law, and where we may safely exercise individual taste and discretion, becomes the question, and it is only by a thorough investigation of the underlying principles of acoustics, physiology, and æsthetics, together with a careful study of the history of the art itself, that we may hope to solve it satisfactorily.

The work commences with a very clear and entertaining account of the acoustical phenomena involved, and many readers will witness with astonishment the sweeping away of long-cherished notions, shown to be purely the result of education and habit; yet so deeply ingrained have they become that it may require a considerable effort to divest the mind of this bias sufficiently to comprehend the full force of the argument. To be told that the intervals in the diatonic scale, with the exceptions of the octave and the fifth, are purely a human invention, and that within the range of an octave we might have had anywhere from four to twenty-two perfect notes, had the inventor so willed it, rather shakes our instinctive belief in their individuality. That our present system of tonality, upon which our modern structure of harmony very largely depends, and without which it is difficult for us even to think a musical phrase, should have been in existence for less than a century, does not confirm our unconsidered assumption that it is a natural necessity. Perhaps one of the most striking instances of the force of education and habit is the inability of a person accustomed to use our chromatic scale to distinguish any melody in the succession of sounds from a Chinese "fiddle." We are in the habit of ridiculing the musical efforts of other races using a different scale from our own, and we call their music barbaric; but although our scale may be in many respects superior, there can be no doubt that the incoherent and unintelligible effect of their music in our ears is entirely due to a want of appreciation on our part, corresponding to the lack of comprehension of their verbal utterances when ignorant of their language. Nay, it is quite as certain that our music, like our language, must in their ears be equally incoherent and unintelligible.

The history of the development of counterpoint from melody, and of harmony from counterpoint, is carefully traced, and furnishes many curious and interesting facts. Many of our modern chords which we prize so highly were considered discords by our forefathers, and avoided accordingly. The well-known chord of the diminished seventh, which is so effective in our estimation, appeared for the first time in an opera by Monteverdi in 1608, and produced quite a marked sensation by reason of its supposed dissonance. In the works of such modern writers as Wagner or Gounod, we occasionally meet with new combinations of notes that on first acquaintance seem discordant; but the musician of the future will doubtless employ them freely, as we have learned to use and admire the diminished seventh.

By an ingenious yet simple mathematical calculation, it is possible accurately to determine the relative amount of dissonance in any given combination of notes sounded simultaneously; under this test the octave is shown to be the only perfect harmony in existence; the perfect fifth ranks second, and the other chords follow with ever-increasing rates of dissonance.

Wherever the argument turns upon phys-

[1] *The Philosophy of Music.* By William Pole, F. R. S., F. R. S. E., Mus. Doc. Oxon. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

ical laws or historical facts, the author is unusually forcible and thorough, being evidently the master of his subject. But upon physiological and æsthetic questions he will find others ready to continue his argument from the point where he has thought best to leave it. Some of the questions which he has declared must defy philosophical reasoning have been attacked by no less a writer than Herbert Spencer, in his essay upon the Origin and Function of Music, published in 1858. It is difficult to understand why this branch of the subject has not been more exhaustively treated by the author, who certainly gives no sign of dissent from the views advanced by Spencer; indeed, they are but an extension of his own, and would materially strengthen the general argument.

His tribute to the genius of great composers, whose work need not be "accounted for, that is, brought into conformity with some imagined natural rule," suggests the possibility that a genius accomplishes results neither by overriding natural law, nor by soaring above it, nor in conscious obedience to it, but by an instinctive sympathy with its vital principles, which anticipates its deductions. Such a view of the case would satisfy both parties to the controversy; for while allowing genius full liberty to break any technical rule not capable of immediate demonstration, it would give the theorists a right to test the results by scientific methods, whenever their laws succeeded in reaching the question. This must of necessity be afar off; for until we come to a better comprehension of the several underlying sciences, the philosophy of music can never be completely elaborated. As a clear and entertaining exposition of much that has been done towards achieving such a triumph, the work in question is worthy of careful study.

### French and German.

M. Paul Heusy, in his little book, Un Coin de la Vie de Misère,[1] has drawn four sketches of the suffering of paupers, not at all in the method of Zola, but rather in that of Victor Hugo, deprived of all exaggeration, and with great striving for simplicity. The consequence is that the book is really painful reading. It is dedicated to Flaubert, who is very much admired by a number of young French writers, and is accustomed to receive the homages given him as the leader of the realistic school. But there are as many kinds of realists as there are of anything else, and M. Heusy, though he tries hard to be severe, cannot help being touching. The little tales are extremely pathetic; the *étude de pauvre*, for example, is of a sort to make every reader miserable, and the others are quite as sure to inspire the deepest gloom. This is a common condition of things just at the present time, and the cheerful writers are probably starving to death, while the melancholy ones are waxing fat and rosy. The most important question, however, is how the readers can stand these assaults on their feelings. If they like a certain amount of sorrow in the books they read, let them take up this one. They will find pathetic stories, well told, and can glut themselves to their hearts' content with the most delicious melancholy.

Wherever the discussion of French novels goes on, sooner or later something is pretty sure to be said about Theuriet, and this is generally very much to his praise. This is surely just. Theuriet is an excellent writer in many ways. But it may yet be true that it is his intention which is deserving of praise rather than his performance. To hear the laudation that is given him, one would suppose that here was a great novelist who had struck out a new path in literature, and that his originality was most striking. In fact, however, this is rating him pretty high, and higher, possibly, than he deserves. He is, to be sure, original to the moderate extent of leaving Parisian drawing-rooms and brandy-shops to some of his more illustrious contemporaries, while he generally lays his scene in the country; but this is no novelty. George Sand had done this when Theuriet was a child, — it is curious, by the way, to bear in mind that her attention was called to the merit of what we may call rustic literature by a friend who showed her Auerbach's Dorfgeschichten, — and Balzac and Charles de Bernard wrote about other places than Paris.

It is also true that Theuriet describes the country in a pleasant way; but green trees are no rarer in novels than they are in the woods, and there are a good many writers of fiction who are formidable rivals to our best known landscape and marine painters. Possibly this mingling of the arts justifies those hasty critics who are forever talking about word-painting. All

[1] *Un Coin de la Vie de Misère.* Par Paul Heusy. Paris: P. Ollendorff. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1878.

these qualities are, however, but the outside of the matter; they concern only the frame of the picture; true originality does not show itself in describing new fashions of head-dress, but in the way the people beneath these hats are set before us, and here Theuriet shows but little disposition to leave the beaten path. He makes it very clear that he is wise enough to read English novels, and to profit to some extent by their good qualities, but this no more establishes his claim to originality than the adaptation of French plays proves the existence of that quality in those who purvey to the English stage. In all essentials, Theuriet remains true to those models with which he is infinitely more familiar, and nowhere is this shown more clearly than in his story called La Maison des Deux Barbeaux.[1]

It is no serious objection to the tale that the plot is evident from the time that the first ten pages are read. The interest of a plot is quite an accidental matter, — who reads Thackeray for the plot, and what does all his ingenuity in this respect do to raise Wilkie Collins from his place in the valley by the side of Parnassus? — the only important thing is the way the story is told. Here we have familiar people, the middle-aged, innocent husband, the frivolous wife, and the barber's block of a lover, and the action moves in the well-known ruts. Of course, when things come to a crisis, the broad shoulders of the husband quite dwarf the scented pettiness of the lover, and after a period of probation the wife is taken into favor again. We all know the incidents; French novelists who seek to be proper are never tired of casting their stories after this model, and in consequence they are as much like one another as are the bars of an iron fence.

There are neat touches here and there in the book, but it is hard to see upon what principle its author is called in any way great. Surely, too, the other sketch in the volume is not of a sort to add to a great man's fame. It begins prettily enough, and there is some merit in certain parts, but there are stains in it — or such they seem to be to the reader of another nation — that cannot delight a good many persons. Moreover, many of the most offensive things are lugged in in the most superfluous way.

Yet these criticisms do not in any way detract from what we can call Theuriet's amiability. He is pleasing enough as far as he goes, but he is tethered with a short rope.

We spoke of Auerbach a moment ago, and it is interesting to see how in his old age he has gone back to the sort of writing that first brought him real fame. His Landolin[2] is an example of his best method. After straying away to attempt the composition of the great novel of the period, — for must it not have been with some such ambitious design that he composed such a cumbersome ethical monstrosity as The Villa on the Rhine? — he has wisely learned what is the exact limits of his powers, and has set himself a practicable task. That he has succeeded here no one can deny, and yet it is perfectly credible that a great many readers should find this book unreadable. Those who like Auerbach will like this novel, while those who do not like him will yawn over it. And it is very possible to see great merits in a book without caring to read it. We are all ready enough to acknowledge, as an abstract question, the importance of mathematical study, yet there are those of us who never open a book on the subject; and in the same way, it is easy to be indifferent to a writer whose ability and good intention we are ready enough to admit. As Paul Stapfer says in his Causeries Guernesiaises, the only position of absolutely uniform feeling towards every writer is that of indifference to all. Hence it may be very possible to read some books with every feeling of respect and none of liking. There will be others, however, who will take pleasure in this novel.

Certainly the attraction that even poor novels have for a large number of American readers is a curious thing. And it is by no means the best ones that are liked most: authors who rank at home no higher than, say, Mrs. Southworth does here are translated for the delight of thousands, while a really fine novel, like Geier-Wally, has no exceptional success. It would seem as if sometimes people who shifted from one country to another lost the bearings in more ways than one. On the other hand, we have Julian Schmidt praising the novels of Edmund Yates, of all men. But this is straying far from the discussion of Auerbach's last novel. He takes us back to the country that he has made famous in litera-

[1] *La Maison des Deux Barbeaux.* Par A. THEURIET. Paris: P. Ollendorff. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1879.

[2] *Landolin von Reutershöfen.* Erzählung von BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Berlin: Gebrüder Paetel. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1878.

ture, and sets before us familiar figures. The main character is the heroine, the daughter of the rich farmer. This man complicates matters very much by committing a murder, and the main interest of the story, so far as the action is concerned, is the trial of the murderer, and his subsequent career. It would be unkind to the reader to unfold here the various ins and outs of the plot; it will be sufficient to say that any one who cares for the tale at the beginning will be interested to the end. Yet the story is hardly in every respect a success. The heroine, who gives her name to the novel, is a tremendous creature, who can exist only in the imagination of a novelist who carries on his shoulders a good deal more than the construction of his stories. She is more like a goddess than a human being. In fact, it might not be inaccurate to state that the German imagination in literary matters strays from exactness very much as their imagination in art differs from that of the Greeks when they undertake to treat similar problems. Consider, for instance, what a bombastic, inflated modern Athens Munich is, what an overgrown enormity is the statue of Liberty, and it will be easy to see that the heroine of this tale has bulk and a certain sort of impressiveness, yet without belonging to the immortals. It was not the size of Zeus that made him impressive, yet it is in this respect that much of German work has tried to make itself felt, and has — with respect be it spoken — failed.

In æsthetic matters, Germany has not yet succeeded in supplanting Greece, whatever it may have done on the lists of studies in college catalogues.

## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

American News Co., New York: Around the World with General Grant. By John Russell Young. Parts I. and II.

Annual Report of the Chief Signal Officer to the Secretary of War for the Year 1878.

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T. B. Peterson and Brothers, Philadelphia: Savéli's Expiation. Translated from the French of Henry Gréville by Mary Neal Sherwood. — Pretty Little Countess Zina, Philomène's Marriages, Marrying off a Daughter, and Dosia. By Henry Gréville. Translated from the French by Mary Neal Sherwood. — Bonne-Marie. A Tale of Normandy and Paris. By Henry Gréville. Translated from the French by Mary Neal Sherwood. — Dournof. A Russian Story. By Henry Gréville. Translated from the French by Miss Marie Stewart. — The Abbé's Temptation. By Émile Zola. Translated from the French by John Stirling. — Miss Margery's Roses. By Robert C. Meyers. — Major Jones's Courtship. By Major Joseph Jones.

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Railroad Gazette, New York: Baggage-Car Traffic. By Marshall M. Kirkman.

A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York: Memorials of Emily Bliss Gould, of Rome. By Leonard Woolsey Bacon.

Report of the Practical Operation of Arbitration and Conciliation in the Settlement of Differences between Employers and Employees in England. By Jos. D. Weeks.

Roberts Brothers, Boston: On the Right Use of Books. A Lecture. By William P. Atkinson. — A Masque of Poets. Including Guy Vernon, a Novelette in Verse. — Memoirs of the Life of Anna Jameson, author of Sacred and Legendary Art, etc. By her Niece, Gerardine Macpherson. — Somebody Else. By G. P. Lathrop. — How to take Care of our Eyes. With Advice to Parents and Teachers in Regard to the Management of the Eyes of Children. By Henry C. Angell, M. D. — The Wisdom of Jesus, the Son of Sirach; or, Ecclesiasticus. — Selections from the Apocrypha. — Songs of Italy. By Joaquin Miller. — Modern Frenchmen. Five Bi-

ographies. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. — Stories from an Old Dutch Town. By Robert Lowell. — Castle Blair. A Story of Youthful Days. By Flora L. Shaw. — Signor Monaldini's Niece. — Reading as a Fine Art. By Ernest Legouvé. Translated from the Ninth Edition, by Abby Langdon Alger. — Life and Times of Stein; or, Germany and Prussia in the Napoleonic Age. By J. R. Seeley, M. A. Vols. I. and II. — The Gamekeeper at Home. Sketches of Natural History and Rural Life. — Wild Life in a Southern Country. — The Epic of Hades. In three books. By the Author of Songs of Two Worlds.

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H. W. Rokker, Springfield, Ill.: Christ's Words as related to Science, Law, Government, History, Philosophy, Religion, and Universal Human Experience. By Professor J. B. Turner.

W. J. Schofield, Boston: The MacLaughlins of Clan Owen. A Study in Irish History. By John Patrick Brown, A. B.

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# HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO.'S LITERARY BULLETIN

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., Publishers, Winthrop Square, BOSTON.

*** *The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of the price by the Publishers, MESSRS. HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., Winthrop Square, Boston. Prices are given on page 12.*

**Chaucer's Poetical Works**, in three volumes, have just been added to the Riverside Edition of the British Poets. When the original collection of the British Poets was edited by Professor Child, there was, in his opinion, no text of the poems of Chaucer available for his use that was worthy of the poet or of the standard of excellence of the series. But thanks to the Chaucer Society's labors, this difficulty no longer exists.

The Ellesmere MS. is now considered better than any heretofore used by editors, and that has been made the basis of the new text. The following are among the traits of the present edition, which owes its excellence to the judicious and conscientious editorship of Mr. Arthur Gilman.

I. The Canterbury Tales are, for the first time, arranged in the order in which (following the plan of the publications of the Chaucer Society) they are supposed to have been intended to be read.

II. The whole of the poems are for the first time arranged in the chronological order adopted by Mr. Furnivall, which is the best yet proposed.

III. It is supposed that this is the first edition with an Index.

IV. All the glossarial and other notes occur on the page with the text they elucidate, thus saving the reader the trouble of using two books at a time, or of constant reference to a glossary.

V. A new Life of the poet, with a view of his times, has been prepared, in which is presented much new information discovered by students connected with the Chaucer Society.

VI. An introductory chapter gives information concerning the astrological allusions, so frequent in Chaucer.

VII. An essay on reading Chaucer gives the reader the views of the latest investigators of this interesting subject. The proper pronunciation of the words often is the key to the meaning.

VIII. The notes, of which there are several thousand, explain the classical allusions, and refer the reader from one portion of the poems to others, where similar themes have been treated or similar words used.

IX. For the first time the lines of the prose and verse of the Canterbury Tales have both been numbered, so that reference is readily made.

No effort has been spared to produce an edition that should be abreast of the foremost Chaucerian scholarship, and also furnished with all that could make it useful to the general reader and to students; and it is believed that this edition of Chaucer is, in several important respects, the best popular edition ever published.

**Miss Phelps's New Book**, "Sealed Orders and Other Stories," will find an army of readers among those who have read with eager interest her previous novels, "The Gates Ajar," "The Silent Partner," "Hedged In," "Avis," and her volume of remarkable short stories, "Men, Women, and Ghosts." Miss Phelps writes "with a purpose" always; her stories have a meaning which she intends her readers to understand and assent to; and she blends with her story so much humor, so much literary charm, and so much life, that her admirers read with hearty zest and accept Miss Phelps as a most delightful guide and story-teller.

**Miss Jewett's New Book**, "Old Friends and New," is simply a collection of short stories, but these are told with a quiet grace and perfect truthfulness which render them exceedingly charming. They are New England stories, and represent types of New England character with photographic accuracy; yet the fidelity and humor of Miss Jewett's descriptions never cause her or her charmed readers to forget the human sympathy which should not fail to be cherished, and which is so essential and admirable a part of Miss Jewett's delightful stories.

**Bret Harte's New Book**, "The Twins of Table Mountain," includes several Western stories and two German ones. The latter have a peculiar interest as showing Mr. Harte's genius in a new field, while the former justify the favorable estimate of the London *Saturday Review*:—

His Californian tales, beyond their interest as works of fiction, have a truth, which, if not exactly literal, is better than much that passes for historical truth, and whereby they will one day be valuable material for history. They give us a picture — everywhere so striking and consistent, that even without confirmation, which, however, is not wanting, it must be accepted as faithful — of a strange, transitory phase of civilization which already belongs to the past. . . . . Mr. Bret Harte is a story-teller and a poet of true genius.

"**The Bodleys Afoot,**" with seventy-nine attractive pictures and a great variety of stories in which history, biography, geography, wars, adventures, and customs are delightfully mingled, will be one of the special Giftbooks of this season, as its predecessors, "The Doings of the Bodley Family in Town and Country," "The Bodleys Telling Stories," and "The Bodleys on Wheels," have been for the past three years. Mr. Scudder has hit the fancy of young folks very skillfully, and parents not only enjoy the stories as well as the children, but are grateful to feel sure that every line is wholesome, and that their boys and girls may read the stories and feast on the pictures with no harm, but with positive benefit.

**Health and Comfort.** — Miss Parloa, author of the popular "Appledore Cook Book," and well known in New England as a successful lecturer and practical teacher of cookery, has just published, through Houghton, Osgood & Co., a very valuable little book of "First Principles of Household Management and Cookery." It is not primarily a cook-book, but just what its title indicates, a book setting forth very plainly and emphatically the essentials of good household management, — the need of cleanliness, ventilation, drainage, sunshine, and the simplest modes of securing these; and, as naturally supplementing these and as indispensable to health, it states the need and principles of wholesome cookery, with such explicit directions as will enable any one to bring it to pass. Miss Parloa's book is strictly a missionary enterprise, in the interest of health and civilized modes of living, and she hopes it may be found so simple and useful that teachers will avail themselves of its aid in giving elementary instruction to children who — in so great numbers, especially in large cities — need to be taught the rudiments of healthy living. Unfortunately, this need is not confined to children, so that the book is suited to a very broad field.

"**An Earnest Trifler**" is an anonymous story which has fascinated all who have had the good fortune to read it. It is just ready for the general public, and unless the art of enjoying a thoroughly good story is lost, "An Earnest Trifler" will soon be a prominent topic for discussion, for curious inquiry as to its authorship, and will be one of the books that everybody must read.

**The Little Classics,** which have had so wide and enthusiastic popularity, have just appeared in a new edition, uniform with the "Riverside Classics." They are comprised in eight volumes, which are finely printed on tinted and calendered paper, and tastefully bound. They are sold only in sets, but if any one wishes a single volume, it can be procured in the original 16-volume edition. The series embraces a surprisingly good and varied selection of short stories, sketches, and poems. They are interesting enough for anybody, and their literary quality is such as to commend them even to the most fastidious. The Buffalo *Courier* well says: —

The whole form a *bijou* library of literary delights such as has never before been gathered. Altogether we can cordially commend the "Little Classics" to all lovers of the best things in books.

**Bayard Taylor's Poetical Works** will appear very soon in a single volume, uniform with the Household Edition of Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, etc. It comprises all that is included in his book known as "Poems," also, Poems of the Orient, Poems of Home and Travel, The Poet's Journal, The Picture of St. John, Lars, Home Pastorals, Ballads, and Lyrics; but not embracing his dramatic works.

The many friends and admirers of Mr. Taylor will heartily welcome a book so rich in poetry and so interesting as the diversified expression of a mind that had studied with sympathetic appreciation the people and customs of all lands, and the ideas and aspirations of men in all historic ages. Mr. Taylor's poetry is not mere song, though remarkably lyrical; it is not a tissue of airy fancies, though his fancy was sprightly and delicate; it is not rhymed philosophy; but it is a rich fabric of which the warp is profound thought, lofty and far-reaching imagination, the lore of books, the countless sights and scenes of travel in nearly all parts of the globe, the hearty trust of friendship, — in a word, the unusually varied and interesting experiences of his peculiarly opulent life; and the woof is the remarkable poetic expression which interprets all these and clothes them with singular beauty.

**The "Globe" Cooper.** — A new *Globe* edition of the Works of James Fenimore Cooper has just been published, uniform with the Globe Editions of Dickens and the Waverley Novels. It comprises all of Cooper's writings in sixteen volumes, and the set is sold for $16. This low price will enable every family to have these famous stories of sea and prairie, of the Revolution, and the Leather-Stocking Tales. Daniel Webster, once speaking of Cooper's works, observed: "So truly patriotic and American throughout, they should find a place in every American's library." The *Revue de Paris* remarked: "With what amazing power has he painted nature! How all his pages glow with creative fire!"

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His writings are instinct with the spirit of nationality. In his productions every American must take an honest pride. For surely no one has succeeded like Cooper in the portraiture of American charac-

ter, or has given such glowing and eminently truthful pictures of American scenery.

**The Fireside Hawthorne** is a new and remarkably attractive edition of Hawthorne's complete works. It comprises twelve volumes, printed on tinted and calendered paper, and bound in a style similar to that of the Fireside Emerson, one of the best specimens of bookmaking skill the Riverside Press has produced. Each volume has two vignette illustrations of picturesque or memorable scenes described in the book. This is not merely a beautiful set of books; they contain not a little of the best that America has yet contributed to the world's finest literature, — novels, such as "The Scarlet Letter," "The Marble Faun," "The Blithedale Romance;" short stories, such as "Mosses from an Old Manse," the "Twice-Told Tales;" books for young folks, such as "True Stories from History and Biography," the "Wonder Book," and "Tanglewood Tales;" travel and description, such as his "Note-Books," and "Our Old Home." Certainly no library or household should be without Hawthorne's works, of which no volume can well be spared. And lovers of handsome books as well as lovers of good literature should not fail to examine this Fireside Edition.

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A new edition of these admirable Lives is now appearing, in five attractive volumes, each of which contains the biography of three famous artists, with their portraits and beautiful copies of three masterpieces by each artist. They are printed on fine paper, handsomely bound, and cannot fail to be peculiarly acceptable to those who value tasteful books and those who appreciate, or who wish to study, the lives and works of the masters of art. Two volumes, devoted to Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, and Michael Angelo; Titian, Guido, and Claude Lorraine, have appeared. The others, shortly to appear, will include Reynolds, Turner, Landseer; Dürer, Rembrandt, Van Dyck; Fra Angelico, Murillo, and Washington Allston.

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**American Poems.** — This excellent book, made up of poems selected from the works of Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Holmes, Lowell, and Emerson, and equipped with notes that make it admirable for use in Grammar and High Schools, Academies, and Seminaries, has already been adopted in the schools of Boston and neighboring towns, and has been placed on the list of text-books in New York city. Rev. Dr. Peabody, a member of the School Committee in Cambridge, thus writes of it: —

> The poems selected have the double merit, that they do full justice to their respective authors, and that they are masterpieces, each of its kind, with which no pupil of our more advanced schools ought to be unfamiliar. . . . . The book ought to find its early way into our schools.

The Boston *Journal* speaks of it as "a charming volume which any one may read and re-read with pleasure and profit," and adds: —

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**Prettier and Cheaper.** — The "Family Library of British Poetry," the noble collection made last year by Mr. James T. Fields and Mr. E. P. Whipple, has been put in more attractive binding, and the price has been reduced from $6.50 to $5.00. This price ought to put it in every public library, and in the library of every intelligent family in the country; for it contains about the matter of ten ordinary volumes, and includes much of the best poetry ever written in England, Scotland, and Ireland. As the Boston *Advertiser* remarked: "There is every

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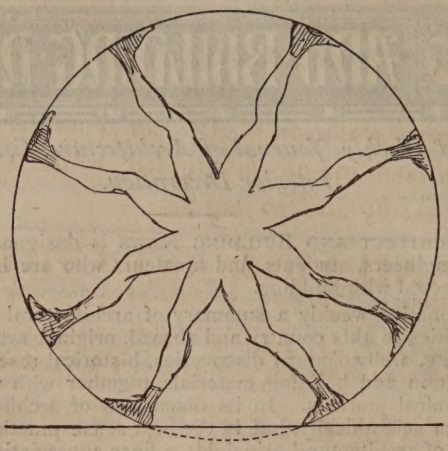

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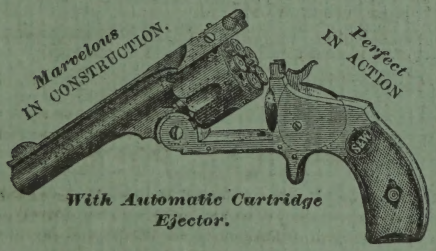


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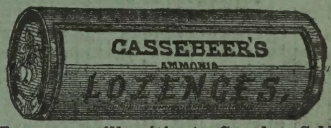


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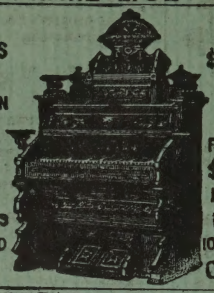

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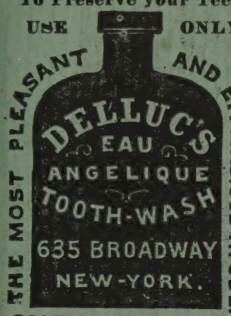


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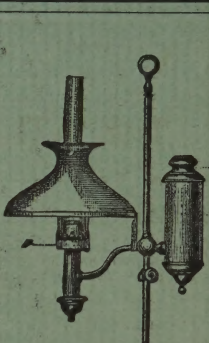

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VOL. XLIV.—DECEMBER, 1879.—No. CCLXVI.

## THIRTY-SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-EIGHT.

IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

### I.

IN the year 1879 I died, but was allowed to revisit the earth just eighteen hundred and seventy-nine years after as an impalpable soul which could be neither seen nor heard. Invisible as the wind, unheard as the song of the morning star, I floated above the spot where I had been born and lived.

In 1879 it was a flourishing city on the banks of a great river, with thirty thousand inhabitants; its sails whitened the water to the sea; the smoke from its chimneys and factories darkened the sky. In 3758 it was a ruin; nameless, houseless, soulless. The river had changed its course; the blue sky arched over an uneven plain, dotted here and there with a hillock, a projecting stone, or a brick, — all that was left to show that man had once dwelt there.

In one place an excavation had been made, and I recognized the ruined steps of the church in which I had often listened to prayer and psalm. I hovered over the spot with a melancholy interest a moment, and then saw a group of men and women gathered at the bottom of the opening, and one, a man, standing apart from the rest seemed to be making an address.

He and all the others were of a higher type than any human beings I had ever seen. I observed with pleasure how equally soul and body were balanced in them, so that neither predominated over the other. Evidently they were the descendants of an ancestry who for many centuries had been well fed, both in mind and body. The person making the address seems best worth description. He spoke in a language which resembled English, but it was that tongue refined, strengthened, melodified, broadened, until there was only a resemblance to the speech of 1879. I understood, because I had been in that celestial sphere near to the Creator, from whom flows all knowledge. The man's head, broad in the forehead and upper part, was set squarely on a full neck, showing that the higher nature was enthroned on an animal foundation strong and enduring. The face was lighted by eyes serene and commanding, and was sealed by firm, curved lips; the oval outline of the countenance was strengthened by the form of the jaw and chin, which showed force and combativeness: the shoulders and chest were broad and full, and the whole figure that of the perfect physical man. But through his face shone the soul which makes the perfect man, and it animated his counte-

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nance, fired his eyes, and gave his whole body a rhythmical perfection such as the animal alone never could have.

Evidently the others had asked him to tell them of the buried city among whose ruins they stood. Floating near, I easily caught his words and eagerly listened: —

"What I have to offer you seems like a revelation of my own ignorance, instead of a contribution to your knowledge of this people which has so entirely perished from the face of the earth. So few traces are left behind that I am constantly forced to make my own deductions from mere fragmentary evidence, so that I am in danger of becoming what may be called a comparative archæologist, instead of one who is able to state facts with absolute certainty. Speaking in a general way, this was a race of wood-builders. Even in a city as large as this must have been, many of the houses were built of wood, and when the outside walls were of brick or stone there was still much wood in the frame-work and floors. This accounts for the scarcity of articles to be found among the ruins, and is a great grief to the archæologist. The crumbling wood has allowed many precious things to perish, which houses of stone would have preserved even where the sides have fallen.

"The city was probably built eighteen hundred or two thousand years ago; we cannot be precise about the dates, because no volumes or papers have been found as yet. I judge from the remains of one or two buildings recently excavated, one of which has a stone panel that may have been on the architrave above the door. On this panel is cut the figures 187–; but the soft brown sandstone, exposed to the corrosions of the earth, has worn away almost as if it were of wood, and the next figure cannot be verified. On a shield-shaped panel of another building, which happily is of syenite, and so better prepared to withstand the gnawings of time, are letters bearing a faint resemblance to some of our modern Maori letters, and I read the words Hartford Fire Insurance. Probably this was the name of the city, and the edifice from which it was taken may have been a temple, or devoted to the reception and preservation of the city archives, though this is conjecture.

"One of the first things to which I look in judging a people is their architecture. Behold what I have found among the ruins of this building in which we now stand!"

He held up, as he spoke, a bit of plaster, — one of the Corinthian capitals which crowned the pillars of the porch.

"It was found among the ruins of the building in which we now are. Probably when it was built, and for many years after, the rejoicing native walked under its shadow into the temple, and deemed it a fitting and glorious tribute to the god he worshiped. Yet it is, as you see, of plaster, and a copy of something else. The original may have been beautiful; this feeble imitation is not even pretty. I have questioned whether this was a young or an old nation, and have decided at last that it was a descendant of an old nation in a new country. The wooden buildings are one proof. The land must have been covered with forests, and the people used that building material which was most convenient. It is in an old and long-settled country, whose wood has been cut off, that buildings of stone are found. But I argue this most strongly from my Corinthian capital; it is borrowed from a nation older than this, — the Greeks, of whom we actually know more than we do of the Yankees. From these and some other evidences, I infer that the Yankee had to conquer a new country, develop its mines, open a new commerce, and acquire a certain necessary degree of wealth before he could attend to the higher requirements of civilization, — before he could develop an art of his own. He had, in short, for a few centuries to devote himself to a wrestle with the conditions of life, and wring from these the material wealth which should give him a refined leisure.

"You will see in the excavations we shall enter to-day whether I am sustained in this conclusion or not. Meanwhile, the Yankee was not without an appreciation of art. He had not time for it himself, and he borrowed from other nations not waiting to assimilate to his own use,

nor even to copy well, but striving blindly to satisfy that in him which craved an expression in works of art and beauty. The Greek temple was beautiful; why would not the Yankee temple be also beautiful, if built in the same way? He argued that it was; that his soul must be satisfied when he fed it with brick and stucco columns and capitals, and devoted his talents and energies to obtaining the best food, the best clothing, and the inventions which made his home comfortable. As the race grew older and richer, there must have been awakened longings for some more fitting architecture, more suitable ornamentation, a more definite expression of their strongest characteristics in a real national art. It is probable that if this nation had not been cut off by some awful catastrophe, — the extent and horror of which we cannot now conceive, — if it had survived but a century longer, we should have found it with an art so characteristic, combining strength and beauty in such an original way, that wherever we came upon any trace of it we should say at once, That is of the extinct race, the Yankee. It is this dawning desire of something better for which I look with the keenest interest in every building we enter, and I hope yet to come upon traces of it.

"Here are the remains of a picture which tells the same tale. It is a copy of some older work, and not a good copy. Had the artist worked earnestly from his own heart on this canvas, the strength and fire he put into it would have survived as long as a shred of canvas or a flake of color remained.

"When we come to metals there is a different story. They may not have known art, but they knew how to make good metal. Here is a blade which seems to be the antique form of our modern razor. The steel is as fine as the best we make now. Thirty-seven hundred and fifty-eight has not improved in this respect on eighteen hundred and seventy-nine. The barber of that and of the present day cut beards with an equally good blade. In some things we are not a step beyond them.

"In the use of machinery it is to be supposed they had attained a tolerable degree of perfection; but of that more anon. We may come upon something to-day which will show us more fully than anything yet the height they had reached, and I prefer to wait until I have more facts from which to argue.

"I am obliged to suppose that their agriculture was rude and imperfect; they lacked entirely valuable knowledge on many points as common to us as the air we breathe. They had not discovered how to assist agricultural processes in the way familiar to the Maori farmer of to-day. They did not know, in short, how to govern the rain guage and the thermometer as we do, and, failing this, they were at the mercy of every wind that blew. Probably the native of the year 1879 shivered through six months of his year, when the cold and the rains and storms were such that not a leaf grew out-doors, and even the cattle of the field must have been housed as well as himself; while during the other six months he suffered nearly as much from heat and drought as in the previous cold period, and although vegetation could flourish out-of-doors, he was unable to prevent it from perishing with the heat and lack of moisture. The agriculturist of that time must often have lost his crops, and found his business at best a very uncertain one.

"How much more fortunate the Maori of the present day is, with the rains regulated over large surfaces of country to suit the crops, and the heat of the summer moderated by the stored-up cold of the winter, we can hardly imagine. In another respect, too, we are better off than they. The farmer of that time, if he lived in a rocky country, was the victim of every ledge and rock which cropped out in the soil of his farm. He did not know how to melt the rocks at his pleasure and turn them into rich black earth. Here we have improved on the race that went before us.

"Lastly, I come to their domestic life and women and children. In the ruins of a small building, under a stone slab which crushed some and preserved others by its fall, was a pile of flat glass

plates or panes. As I hold one of these over a dark surface and let the light strike strongly on, you can perceive figures and objects. They have been fastened upon the plate by a chemical process once well known to us, but now in disuse because we have a better method. The Yankee could only take his figures in black and white. We have so analyzed the sunbeams that we give the living tints of the object. But it is here we find the fac-simile of the primeval Yankee as he must have been."

As he spoke, he held the glass negative of a photograph over a piece of black cloth, assuming unconsciously the very attitude which the Yankee photographer must have taken when first showing the negative to a sitter; and the group gathered round to look.

"Here are two children, curled darlings evidently, from their rich, elaborate dress, round and plump limbed, with faces showing that they would be of the Yankee type when maturity was reached. These little faces have a look of conscious power, as if they had never been thwarted or crossed, but felt that they could depend on the love of father and mother with entire confidence. The Yankees must have been an affectionate people, fond of their children. Here is a full-length figure of a woman. The face in its outlines is much like our women; but observe the expression. It is not the face of a person at ease; there is none of that deep serenity which would be found if it were a Maori thus portrayed. She has on a rich dress, perfect in all its small accessories of necklace, ear-rings, bracelets, and rich lace. She looks like one raised above all care; yet there is a tormented look in her face, and I find the same in the face of every adult male and female in this pile. It may have become a facial characteristic inherited from the earlier times, when the race had its first rough struggle for existence in a new country; but I am inclined to look for a less remote cause. My theory is that they were a restless, ambitious race, never at peace with their surroundings, and always struggling for something more and greater, and allowing themselves to be urged on a little more than their strength could bear.

"One might say that the dress this woman wears would be a cause of much anxiety to its owner, and perhaps account for the wearer looking ill at ease. It is much too close-fitting round the waist, and with too cumbrous drapery round the lower limbs, so that their free action must have been greatly impeded. It is also too elaborate in its ornamentation. The lines of adornment do not follow the natural folds of the material; and this adornment seems to have been made of the same material as the dress, and sewed upon it tightly in every direction. I have questioned whether this robe were worn as the customary every-day dress, or if it were only for state and ceremonious occasions. It would seem as if women could have been of but little practical use in life in this ornate, unwieldy garb, and that they must from necessity have spent the greater part of their lives shut up in their houses, with their domestic duties performed by slaves. But this idea is refuted by the number, beauty, and convenience of their domestic utensils. No nation would ever invent for mere slaves such ingenious, useful instruments as are constantly discovered in the kitchens of the Yankees.

"That the women were held in a high degree of esteem by the men and enjoyed great freedom constantly appears in the two or three books which have been found. These speak of women with an evidently genuine respect, born of an appreciation of their worth, and women seem to have mingled freely with the men in many vocations which required activity of body as well as mind. It is impossible to account for this embarrassing, fatiguing dress, and yet this mental and muscular energy, without conceding to the women of that day great nervous strength, which must have made them brilliant, sparkling creatures, but which may have been a great drain on the vital forces, unless accompanied with a corresponding strength of muscle. And here may lie the secret of their extinction: the nerve may have been transmit-

ted without the muscle; or, their climate, exacting in its extremes of heat and cold, and tending to exaggerate the strain upon the nervous system, may have increased their tendency to procure the best clothes and an abundance of them. Their mistake may have been that clothing was easily acquired and they put on too much, — used it too freely; there is a limit beyond which clothes should not be allowed to extend.

"But in attempting to criticise this extinct race we must remember that in some respects we have not advanced beyond them, and in others we have only improved on ideas which they possessed in a crude state, but which they might have brought to as high a pitch as we if they had continued to flourish up to this time. While they were prosperous, two thousand years ago, they knew our forefathers as a tribe of savages in a remote corner of the earth, — a debased race whom we should not now care to meet and introduce as our relatives in society.

"This is all I have to tell now, because it is all, and even a little more, than I know; for I have ventured to give you some of my own theories and inferences. Whether these are correct I wait to see, and hope some of our discoveries to-day may show. Let us now go to the new excavation, which, as I perceive by the waving signal of my foreman, is ready for us to enter."

So saying, Areto joined the party who had been listening, and all walked forward to a place where the earth was thrown in a pile on each side of what had once been a handsome brick house on Main Street. The walls had fallen inward, and, being of brick, the contents of the rooms were much better preserved than in other buildings where only the cellar wall was of stone and the superstructure wood. All timbers and woodwork had long since vanished, and they walked at once upon the cellar floor. The bricks had been cleared away by the workmen, leaving whatever had been lying underneath where it originally fell. The articles were thus all huddled together, and it was impossible to tell what had been in the different rooms. Areto had a drawing of a Yankee house as it might have been, and they amused themselves by planning this again. But it was a puzzling business, and, without a certain knowledge of what ought to be found, it can well be imagined what a little buzz of question arose over each article as it was pulled out.

"What could that have been?" said Hamas, pulling out the marble top of a wash-stand and laying it down. "It is irregular in shape, polished only on one side, and seems to have been made to lie on the floor. There are no legs, nor places for any."

"I cannot tell," replied Areto. "They used wood in combination with stone, and the wood having rotted away it is hard to tell in what shape the original article may have been. Here is another puzzle: what could this have been for, do you suppose?"

Areto pushed out with his foot the rusty iron frame of what had once been a furnace register in the floor.

"Those little slats and the grating look as if it might have been a window; but this people understood the art of glass-making. It is of iron, and might have been used about a fire, but there are no marks showing that it ever has been heated. It is another thing to brood over and question." Areto laid it carefully aside.

Different members of the party, with enthusiasm aroused, picked about in the pile, undismayed by the dismal state it was in from the mold and rust of centuries.

Areto meditatively arranged an ivory tooth-brush handle, the bottom of a glass jelly jar, and part of the over-strung frame of a piano-forte in a row, and contemplated them gloomily.

"What could this have been?" said a sweet voice, enunciating the melodious words of the language sweetly and clearly, and the girl, a sister of Areto, put her hand on his shoulder to draw his attention, and held up a piece of cloth three or four feet long and three feet wide. On one side of it faded blotches of color were dimly seen.

Areto gave a little movement of de-

light. "That," cried he, "is very valuable, so few of their textile fabrics have survived! Let me hang it up here and study on it; perhaps I shall be able to find out for what it is intended."

The piece was thrown over a projecting angle of old wall, and as the sun dried it Areto examined it anxiously, while his sister looked at the jar bottom and tooth-brush handle a moment, and then went back to him.

"Very thick warp and woof," he murmured, "and evidently there was a long pile; but for what could they have used it? It is too thick for clothing, even through their cold winter; it might have been hung on the wall or spread on the floor, but the size of the pattern forbids that thought. That gorgeous and enormous garland wants a room fifty feet long to show it well, and that is the length of this whole house, subdivided into many apartments. But it is well woven, and the colors are good, or they would have faded entirely long ago. It helps to verify two of my theories. These bright colors show that their climate, at least part of the time, must have been brilliantly clear, and the manual and machine part of their labor was well done. They failed as artists here, as in other things, because they wanted first to make it comfortable and warm and soft; but they succeeded in getting something that must have been pleasant to walk upon and which shut out the cold."

"What is it, Areto?" said his sister.

"That was undoubtedly a carpet," said he. "It requires strength of mind to believe that they could have used such an enormous flowing pattern on a room as small as this must have been. If we want to admire it, we must regard the workmanship, the quality of the material, and the purity of the color. It is a pity they could not have been spared a few centuries more, until they had worked out their own art, as they certainly would have done."

"How enthusiastic you are, Areto! You speak of them with such ardor that I realize more than I did that they actually *lived* once, and were like us in many things."

"Actually lived!" cried Areto. "Oh, you sober-minded girl! Can you come as near them as these tools and household articles bring you, and not feel that you almost have them by the hand? Sometimes, when I am wandering and working alone in these ruins, I become so filled with the thought of the people, I realize so clearly the state of mind that must have animated them to do this or make that, that I expect at any moment to come upon one of the living inhabitants, who will speak to me in his own curious tongue. I have often a little feeling of disappointment, as I go round a corner, or turn suddenly into one of these dismantled rooms, that I do not see its owner in the dress of his day and with his long face and blonde beard, looking with wonder at me who thus dare invade his domain."

"Come over here, Areto," interrupted the voice of Hamas. "We think, if your plan of a Yankee house is correct, that the room where they kept their handsomest articles of furniture must have been above this spot. Look at this!" He held up the fragments of a dish. "This was an imitation of an ear of maize with its husk. See how well it is colored, and yet it does not follow nature so closely but that it is conventionalized a little, enough to make it useful as a dish."

"There!" said Areto's sister, "that is what you have pined for,—to find something which showed the beginning of a national art."

Areto smiled with a sweet, contented look.

"It is a small beginning, but I have hopes still. Let us see what else there may be." Leaning over, he commenced poking in the heap. Out came a copper saucepan, the porcelain lining of a preserve kettle, and a door hinge of bronze.

"All these are old forms of things in our day," said the sister.

"Yes, and they merely show what I said before: that they always had instruments of the best material to do everything that was strictly useful, and a great deal of mechanical ingenuity was shown in contriving them. It is only when they

came to the ornamental and decorative part that they failed. But these things could not have been in the parlor, as they called the room in which they put their richest pieces of furniture."

"Perhaps the owner was trying to reconcile the useful and the beautiful when the catastrophe came which ruined the city," said Hamas, a little waggishly. But this remark was lost on Areto, who had come upon a treasure over which he bent so earnestly that he had no smile for his friend's raillery.

With a practiced, careful touch he dug out a jar of fine red pottery, and setting it up on the damp floor surveyed it with eyes which dilated with joy as they began to comprehend the design painted around its sides.

"You are right, Hamas; the owner *was* striving to combine beauty with use, and he succeeded. Here at last we have some native art. See how characteristic the jar is, and yet how entirely for use! The shape is graceful, yet it holds as much as one of less perfect proportions might. And the design, — can you trace it through all the mold and stains? It is the heads of bisons linked together with garlands of the leaves and blossoms of the *Agave Americana*. It was done by a hand that loved the work, and is full of strength and simplicity, while the ornamentation is strictly national."

"Is not the idea of the design found upon some older Grecian tombs or temples?" said Hamas.

"Yes; but there are certain designs, certain forms of ornament, which seem to be common to all nations, suggested by the things which are common to all human life. What more probable than that the bison roaming over lands where these plants grew, feeding among them, suggested to the Yankee this idea!"

Here a general excitement became apparent in a group of others who had been at work near them. Half a dozen centred around one spot, with cries of "Carefully — be careful — take the other things up gently — there now — oh! — yes — here it is — what is it?" — and then there was a closer meeting of excited heads over something which seemed to be laid bare. Hamas pressed in among them, and said, "Let Areto take that out; he knows how to handle that sort of thing better than we."

Areto joined the group, and saw them looking at a large jar lying on its side among the imbedding mass of articles which had once furnished the house. In shape it resembled the earthen one just found a few moments before; but this was of the finest porcelain, and through the soil and stains showed gleams of its whiteness and the rich decorations around its mouth and base. Areto's first thought was that it had probably been used as the mate for the earthen jar; but Hamas, who had looked more closely, said, "In its mouth, Areto, is what you have wished to find."

Areto then saw that from the wide mouth projected something ragged and yellow looking, evidently sheets of paper. A book? No, better, — a manuscript; and as he peered gently among the leaves he saw that the lines of writing were clear, and, save that the paper was dark with age, as easily read as when the pen of the Yankee first traced them. Flushing and trembling with joy, he drew it carefully forth, amid a chorus of cries from his friends.

"Blessed be the day," said he, "when this was thrown into that jar, perhaps as mere waste paper. Now we shall be brought near the Yankee, closer through his handwriting than through the printer's ink. Let us be thankful that no editor accepted it."

"Read it to us — read it to us!" cried his impatient friends.

"That passes my powers, at present," said Areto. "I can only read with difficulty the Yankee print, and this, you see, is written by hand. I can interpret a word or two here and there from the resemblance of the printed and written letters, but to read it easily and fluently is not possible yet. This will require study."

"Study it, then!" cried they all; "and if it is interesting appoint a time and read it to us."

"So be it," he answered, thoughtfully. "A month from now we will meet

again on those old steps where I talked to you this morning, and you shall hear its contents."

II.

I, who died in the nineteenth century, watched this student of the thirty-eighth century.

By day he worked in the ruined city, searching, pondering over the things he met, and finding mysteries in the streets where I had walked and thought everything as commonplace and plain as the noonday. In the evening he studied the precious manuscript. He became more and more absorbed in penetrating the secrets of the lost race. One morning, as I watched him, he seemed filled with some desire which gave the usual sweetness and depth of his face a little look more like restlessness and anxiety than anything I had ever seen there before. He walked back and forth over the plain, as if searching for some particular spot.

"This is latitude 42.40," I heard him say. "There was once a river winding between these low hills; its course is altered now, but the old line of its banks can be easily traced. Why may it not be the same city? The first part of the name she mentions, Hartford, is like the word Hartford-Fire-Insurance which I thought might be the city's name. I wish I could say with certainty, Dig here, or dig there. But even if I struck the right spot, the picture might be gone now. Eighteen hundred years have passed since."

He continued to walk about, stooping to examine every brick and stone which thrust itself through the soil. There was no clew, no encouragement.

"I cannot find the spot," he murmured. "She speaks of her house as being on one of the principal streets of the town, and this must have been a thoroughfare, from the ruins lying in two irregular lines. I will cause my men to open this whole line. Possibly I may then come upon some landmark by which I can locate the spot of which the manuscript speaks." He called to his men, and set them at work in the new place. Gladly he would have stayed and watched every spadeful of earth they threw out, but there were many feet of soil above the ruins, and he knew that nothing would reward him for a long time yet.

The month was January, but the air was mild; a soft breeze, neither warm nor cold, blew gently, lifting the hair on his forehead, and a mile or two beyond the dead city his eyes rested on fields green with young crops. "We manage those things better than that early race; yet how patiently they worked against a climate over which they had no control! The manuscript shows their patience and ability."

As he spoke thus to himself, he opened a long silver box, richly chased, that he had been holding. Beautiful as were the designs on the lid, nothing about it was as precious to him as the yellow and faded pages that lay within. He pored abstractedly over the pages, occasionally repeating to himself an English word and then the Maori synonym, as if to imbibe the very spirit in which the story had been written. Hamas came up while he was thus busy, wondered at it greatly, and said rather abruptly, "How goes it, Areto? What shape of the past have you evoked from those silent pages that you should wear such a restless, tormented look?"

Areto's face lost this unaccustomed expression as he looked up to answer: "It is a strange story that I have come upon here, with complications and passions that we can hardly understand, our life is so different. I have had to throw myself into it to understand it, and I may have taken something of the soul of my characters into my face from sympathy. It was an interesting race, Hamas. The manuscript lets me into their lives, and I see more and more that they were a strong, nervous, restless people, branching out in a thousand directions; greedy, money-getting, but full of sublime aspirations; questioning heaven and earth in a search for truth; contending with wants; and resting at last in death, because they could know no other rest."

"You have then read it?" said Ha-

mas, looking curiously into the open box. "You must be ready to read it to us."

"No; the month is not yet fulfilled, and there are many pages over which I must still spend much time. It is not easy to change their cramped, stiff language into ours, and to do it well I must study until I feel to the full the spirit in which the author wrote."

He laid the cover gently over the box, shutting the manuscript from the eyes of Hamas. At this moment a shout arose from the men who were digging, and one of them ran forward waving a ragged cloak in the air. "We have come upon the interior of a house," said he, using another and less perfect language than that of Areto, and showing in every movement and gesture that he came of a lower and different race.

That which was true of ruined cities in 1879 was true in 3758. Around Nineveh and Memphis and Karnak lived a worthless, miserable set of creatures, barbarous and uncivilized in as great a degree as the former inhabitants had been refined and enlightened, — not descendants of the former inhabitants, but as if a small vagabond class had survived and managed to perpetuate itself with a vitality denied the better race. So on the outskirts of this buried city lived a race bearing no resemblance to the Yankees, and yet living among their deserted remains.

"Will you come, Hamas?" said Areto, rising.

"Not to-day. I am not such a delver in the depths as you, though all these things interest me. Let us hear from you at the end of the month."

Two parties of workmen had laid open buildings in two different places, and Areto secretly hoped that one of them might prove to be the house he so much desired to find.

The first excavation was a church, but to a Maori the question as to the object of the building was an insoluble problem. Not a leaf of a hymn-book or Bible remained; the wood of the pews had disappeared. Some pieces of the metal organ pipes had survived; the great bell lay in halves under the place where the steeple had been; and the fragments and cinders of the furnace showed that there had been a fire there. Thoroughly puzzled, Areto wandered about examining the walls, which were still standing to the height of five or six feet.

"So large a room," thought he, "argues that it was for public purposes. Perhaps it was a temple, — but what lack of symbolism! Probably they worshiped a spirit; but had they nothing that represented him? Did they see him only in their own spirits? It must have been a pure religion. But again, if a temple, how could worshipers have assembled here in any numbers? The walls show no signs of any ventilating flues; so many could not have gathered without some means of ventilation. Their climate would not let them leave doors and windows open always. Could it have been for burials or cremation? That rusty mass in the centre bears marks of fires. Perhaps the dead were burned slowly in a large, airless room like this. If not that, but a temple, it makes their religion a greater mystery than ever. How could they have preserved such unadorned simplicity so long!"

But if the stern plainness of the church perplexed him, what was there in the remains of the Wadsworth Athenæum which could give rest to his inquiring mind? It was as hard to decide the object of that building as to trace the religion of the extinct people from an empty building, a battered bell, and the crumbling slag of the furnace which heated it.

Areto found on the cellar floor of the Athenæum pieces of broken glass which had covered cases of relics. He found stone arrow-heads and hatchets, some curious shells and coins, a few buttons and fragments of gold thread, — which it was easy to see had made part of some embroidery, the wire having preserved the thread of the cloth into which it was sewed, — and two or three old sword handles. Also he found, as in the other building, a mass of slag and iron-rust showing marks of fire. This, with the size of the foundation walls, showing that the building must have been for public

purposes, caused him to conclude that it had been devoted to the cremation of dead warriors. The buttons had on them military emblems; the sword hilts were peculiar weapons of the race, and not unlike some in use among the Maori of an early date; and the gold thread must have formed part of a warrior's gorgeous vestments. The stone hatchets and arrow-heads were a slight discrepancy, as the race worked well in metals; but they might have been trophies of some barbarous race whom the warriors had conquered.

But neither of these could have been the house described in the manuscript. Areto climbed to the top of the excavation and looked over the plain, and then walked slowly along, following what he conceived might be the line of the street, now lying twenty feet below him under the soil. Taking out the silver box, he looked again with care through the pages of the manuscript, only to say, "It is of no use. Even if the writer had given street and number, it would have availed nothing now. This is a city which knows neither street nor number."

He laid back the sheets, and was about to close the cover, when a frolicsome little wind whisked in among the old dry pages, rattled them briskly, and, not content with this, selected the very one he had been looking at most carefully, and sent it twirling and fluttering over the ground, until it took refuge in a little nook made by a mound and a projecting bit of stone, twenty rods away from him.

Areto calmly watched these pranks, thinking merely, "They have let loose a little more wind to-day than is strictly necessary," when he noticed how the leaf had lodged, and that it still kept up a little waving motion as if to beckon him on. He was as far from superstition as a healthy mind which knows not what it is can be, yet there started up now the thought, "What if this sheet should have strayed to the very spot where its writer's heart may have been when the lines were written on its surface? One place is as good as another; this has fallen in a line with what I have imagined to be the great street of the city. I will cause them to dig here at once." Summoning his men, they were set to work in the new place.

His patience was great, but it was to be fully tested. Two days, three days, the men worked, and still had not penetrated the superincumbent earth. At the depth where in other places they usually began to find the foundation bricks or stone, they came upon a solid stratum of red clay, which almost defied the edge of stone or pick. Areto waited, and studied his manuscript. Hamas found him, and again said, "Read it to us; you have worked at it enough."

Areto answered, "I will;" and the same people who had listened to his little address on the extinct Yankees gathered on the steps of the ruined church with pleased, attentive looks.

"Bear in mind," said Areto, "that I translate as I read, and also that the whole story shows a state of society that we, who are so far advanced, can scarcely look back upon and realize."

THE MANUSCRIPT.

When one counts the number of babies that die yearly, one is astonished to find that the human race has not disappeared from the face of the earth long ere this.

Plants blossom and bear fruit and seed; but if we could reckon the number of seeds that come to naught annually, we should wonder that there is a green thing left.

When one thinks of the numberless hosts of drawbacks, accidents, and losses which beset men in the endeavor to earn only a "bare living," one is astonished to find how many wealthy people there are, and wonders how they ever attained their riches.

Thomas Green was a farmer, a thinker, and a lover. In the first capacity, his lot was cast upon the rock-mixed soil of a New England farm, latitude 42.40. The soil was against him, the climate was against him, all the weeds and most of the insects were against him. Only some few birds of the insect-eating

variety and his own strong hands and heart were for him. As a thinker, he looked across his fields, smiling for a month or two if the spring rains were copious, but burned and brown in August, and coldly gray or robed in arctic white all winter; and life seemed to be a question of climate.

"If one could but understand the 'balancings of the clouds' that old Job talks about, or if one could enter into the treasures of the snow and the hail reserved against the time of trouble, against the day of battle and of war!

"What did he mean by that quaint language? Why may not man enter into the secrets? We have found the treasures of the lightning to our use. If Job were to see us telegraphing from California to England, he would assuredly say, Man talketh with man even unto the uttermost parts of the earth; the sea preventeth him not, nor yet the mountains.

"Why cannot we penetrate these secrets a great deal further? Men seem to have been tumbled into this world without an idea of the laws that govern its economy, and they are trying from generation to generation to find them out. At present there is a marked unfitness either in man for living in the world as it is, or else in the world for man living in it as it is, and nothing but finding out these laws and bending them to our use can help us. We have learned to compromise with nature in some things, so that we are more comfortable than the savage; but a great deal more remains. We cause the wild rose to multiply its petals by the hundred; we have made the scanty, bitter fruit of the wild apple into a pulpy, juicy globe, and multiplied its productiveness seventy-fold; we have improved our cattle from the small, vicious, ugly beast of the plains into large-bodied, short-horned animals, with small bones and great meat on their sides. We make our hens lay all winter in a climate where they could not live if left to the course of nature. We alter the course of nature, as it is called, and improve it in a hundred small ways; why not in a hundred great ones? Learning these would be a getting of wisdom surely, and Job and Solomon approved of that.

"There must be laws that regulate the elements, and why may I not learn them if I can? Why should I sit still and see my broad fields, with their crops, turn sere and brown for want of the 'early and the latter rains'? Why must my grapes and tomatoes be ruined by an early and untimely frost? Why must my seeds be planted too late in the spring, because of the bitterness of the east wind? Why may I not regulate the wind and the frost, the rain and the snow, as well as the quality of my stock and the color of my roses? There must be a way to do it, and it remains for me to learn that way.

"What do they mean when they talk about these things being arranged by Providence? Five years ago they did not know how to deal with the grasshopper, and that jerky insect devoured every green thing off the face of whole States. They watched his little habits, and learned to kill his eggs by the hundred bushel, and the grasshopper ceased to be a burden. They did not discover any decrees of Providence that should inflict grasshoppers upon them, to which they must tamely yield; they girded up their loins and gave battle to the destroyer. The laws which governed the production of the insect were discovered, and then they mastered him. Why may I not do likewise, and compel the cloud to withhold or give up its rain? When the Nile flood has reached its height, the Egyptian knows how much water he will have for his harvest, and calculates accordingly. But I know nothing, can calculate nothing for my crops. In the course of ten years the average of the rain-fall may be a sufficient quantity for each season; but what is that to me? In three of those ten years there was such drought during the four bearing months that my crops failed, and I had either to sell my cattle, or bankrupt myself buying food for them. And during other three of those years there were such copious rains that my growing crops were drowned, and my cut hay was spoiled

because it had no chance to dry. Go to. Let me try and learn the secrets of the hail and the clouds, that I may be able to regulate this matter."

Occasionally he spoke his thoughts, finding it a good thing to do; it made him know more clearly what was in his own mind.

"Why are we made so that there are only about four days in the year which entirely agree with us?" said he, suddenly, to his mother. He was sitting opposite her at dinner, and she looked at him in astonishment, and gave him a potato before she answered.

"How do you mean? Agree with us?"

"Yes. Why does not the weather either agree with us, or why do we not agree with it? I mean, if we are to live in a cold climate, why was I not made to take it as it is, and not wrestle against it as I have to with my thick-walled house and my woolen clothes, my garnered crops, and most of all the strong distaste I have, in common with the rest of mankind, for seeing the thermometer go below zero? Life is really not a question of what I can do, but what the weather will let me do. I spend three hot, dusty, sunny months in getting ready for eight horribly cold ones. In neither extreme am I comfortable, because I was not made to bear either freezing or roasting."

Mrs. Green was not a narrow-minded or unthinking woman, but she could not help looking a little scandalized, and answered, "The climate is as the Lord makes it, and we must be thankful."

"I am not speaking irreverently, mother, but *is* it as the Lord makes it? On the contrary, is not he waiting for us to learn how to make it for ourselves?"

"That sounds a little as if you had got over the line between religion and free, reckless thinking."

"Not a bit, in the way you mean, mother. But after we have chained the lightning, and made a mere thin vapor like steam work for us, where are you going to place the limits to our attempts or our thoughts? The Lord does not object to the getting of wisdom. He is always putting baits in our way to lead us on to more and more. It is what the successive generations of men are for; each learns a little more than the one that went before. The Lord slowly imparts the knowledge of his great laws as the reward for years of study and toil."

Mrs. Green had nothing on hand to gainsay his arguments, and could find no fault with his tone, as full of reverence as the minister's; so she finished her dinner in speculative silence. She fed the hens afterward in a train of thought suggested by what he had said, and he drove his team and thought with one half of his brain all that day and many another, — thought with one half, and planned the rotation of crops and the rest of his farm-work with the other. It would not do to let that go behind. But his brain was big enough to do good work in both directions. When he had to turn his plow from the furrow to avoid massive bowlders and outcropping shoulders of hidden ledges, he speculated upon the possibility of there being some chemical element applied to them, so that the process of disintegration should be made a speedy one, and the obnoxious rock changed into fine earth. He made a calculation of what the ledges and great spreads of flat, gray rock, barren and useless, cost him every year, and decided that there was no economy in them. Except two or three ledges, dear to his heart because he had wandered over them summer evenings with Janet, he grudged the existence of every inch of granite he owned. Why should he not melt the strong ribs of the earth? A small hand-volcano on the farm would be a great convenience. It would be a warm and pleasant winter amusement, throwing in the rocks for the inner fires to melt and pour out in a slow stream a mass of good soil. How such a glowing furnace would warm the soil for rods about it! This and kindred ideas grew in his mind, until it began to show in words and actions. He found himself obliged to take care lest he should alarm his men by talking chemically to them.

Old Caleb, his general stand-by and man of all work, picked up a rusty log-chain, and grimed his hand, naturally enough, paying, however, no especial attention to it, until Thomas said, "Oxygen did it," speaking aloud the thought in his mind. Caleb dropped the chain suddenly, looking at his hands in great displeasure, and Thomas had to laugh at him a little before he would pick it up.

Thomas spent the money that would have bought him a new suit of clothes on some of the simpler furnishings of a laboratory. Here he retired at odd moments, and studied or tried experiments. He burned himself, blew himself up, and made wondrous combinations whose fearful odors pervaded the house, causing the rest of the family to go about holding their noses. He became familiar with strange algebraic formulæ, — $2KI + HgCl = 2KCl + HgI2$. From the office of the weather reports in Washington he obtained the notes and observations for three or four years, and patiently endeavored to draw from the mass such facts as would help him discover the laws which govern currents of air. He constantly said to himself, "I will know the secrets of the hail, the rain, and the wind."

Once or twice a week he went to see Janet Wareham, which shows another side of his character, — the lover. This girl was one in every way fitted to spur Thomas on in all his aspirations. She rivaled Cæsar and Alexander in her ambitions for herself, and naturally did not spare the man to whom she was engaged. Cæsar and Alexander sighed for new worlds to conquer, and despaired because they could not find them; Janet found them. In everything she undertook a new world opened, which she wished to explore to its utmost limits. She had dived deep among German gutturals and French idioms, — had gone through a college course of Latin, and spoke it well enough to have made a member of the Ecumenical Council. Withal, she could cook a dinner, ride a horse, or paper a room. In fact, she could do too many things. Her mother looked at her with apprehension, and said, "Janet can do anything she wishes, and she is growing thin and pale with so much ability," — which was very true. Probably she would have lost her health in another year, but she was released from the spur of poverty, which had helped her find out her capacities, just in time to save her. She was the only grandchild of the family on her mother's side, and her grandfather, dying, left his comfortable property and a house in town to her mother in trust for Janet. So she lost the strongest incentive to overwork, poverty and necessity. But ambition was woven into her nature, and she did not settle into sloth and rust; she only took life a little more easily than before. Having a house in the city, she spent three or four months of the winter in town, and thus got a taste of society, of music, and of books. Their engagement had been entered upon late one summer, and the following winter she wrote to Thomas from Hartford: —

"This being in town is well enough, because it is good, I think, to mingle two ways of living in the life of one person, if possible. When I am at Northam, I have you, and my interests and tastes are all of an out-of-door and pastoral nature. Then I come here, and meet people, hear gossip, music, art talk, and get into a busy current of human interests. Last winter I was music-mad, and went to every opera and concert that came along. This winter I have taken to drawing again, and have looked out my water-colors, and have glorious times with some enthusiastic art friends. I have taken to house decoration, and the artist with whom I study thinks I shall do pretty well in that line. He dabbles in water-colors, paints flowers and fans *à la* Japanese for amusement, but makes portrait-painting his real work. He is to paint my picture for you, and I commence the sittings to-morrow. I have commanded him, on pain of my displeasure, to put in all the characteristic and bad points of my face, — the tendency of my nose and of my chin to be rather long, and the straight lines of my eyebrows, which ought to have been curvilinear, — and yet to make me beautiful;

so that when I am handed down to future generations, people shall say, 'How lovely she must have been!' and not having a scrap of me to compare the picture with, they will think it an accurate rendering of my charms. He is not to omit the little white scar on the end of my nose, which throbs when I am angry or excited. He was putting my head in different positions yesterday to find the best one, when he observed the scar, and asked how I got it. In answer I fashioned an idle tale, which made him laugh. 'A Maori chieftain fell in love with me,' said I, 'and when I was deaf to his prayers he wished to brain me; but his implement of stone was dull, and I escaped with a cleft nose, which has retained the scar.' He laughed, and said, 'Your story translated would read that your careless nurse, while dozing by the fire, let you drop upon the andiron. And as for the Maori part, it was suggested by the nurse having been a black woman.'

"I am hunting over and ripping up all my stores of finery to make a dress to suit this fastidious artist. The picture is to be in half length, but not life size, because it is upon ivory, the largest piece I can find. He says my gown must be simple, yet in a style suited to me, and different from any fashion that now prevails. What combination he will hit upon I cannot imagine. All the finery I possess was yesterday laid out in the back parlor for him to select from. With a face intense and determined he stood among it, threw now a bit of satin over my shoulder, as if he wished to lasso me, stood off to get the effect with a look of disgust, put an ell of lace on my head, whirled that off with a sound as if he would like to be disrespectful to it if he dared, and then enveloped me in a black velvet cloak, my yellow head sticking out at the top like a dandelion out of a mud-bank. I suggested this comparison, but was frowned down at once, and perceived that I was rudely breaking in upon artistic visions and reveries; so I shut my mouth like an angry oyster, and remained silent, while he continued to involve me in silk and satin hurricanes.

"He has condescended to approve of a design for a dado which is to be put on the walls of the parlor. Knowing how you hate that vicious plant, the blue weed, I have taken the stiff stem and the peculiar blue blossom and conventionalized them to my use. Imagine the stem, of an ugly dull green, rising straight a distance of a foot and a half; on its top is the blue wheel of the blossom, and just below two short stems emerge at regularly irregular distances, each bearing a bud or a blossom. These are upon a ground of unburnished gold, and between each frisks a spray of wild convolvulus. I mean it frisks enough to break up the picket-like stiffness of the blue-weed stems; but it is also just a little conventionalized, and its blossom is another shade of the same blue as the blue weed. Will your philosopho-scientific imagination carry you thus far? If so, then fancy that the whole design is topped off by a strip of Indian red, which ends the dado and marks the beginning of the pale buff wall, and there you have it.

"But here comes Mr. ——, the artist, again. Undoubtedly, in the sympathetic lights and shades of his studio the vision of my appropriate dress has dawned upon him. I must hurry down and see what he will say.

"Two hours later. It was even so. It is now decreed what the important dress shall be. You would not guess it if you tried. To describe it is to make you think of the color usually considered most trying to blondes; yet Mr. Hand will combine and bring out and soften it, and finally triumph over all difficulties. These are my orders, — I give them as he gave, and wish I could put upon paper his business tone of command. 'Your gown,' said this autocrat, 'shall be of deep red velvet, with a plain skirt falling in its natural folds. It shall not be long-waisted beyond nature, nor yet short, like that minx the Empress Josephine. It shall be turned away at the throat in the shape of a V, and there shall be a frill of old lace, narrow in front and high at the back, but not so high as those worn by that other minx, Queen Elizabeth

That curious necklace sprinkled with seed pearls, which your sea-faring uncle brought from Brazil, shall clasp your throat closely, and your hair, which you rightfully though with wicked intent compared to a dandelion, shall be rolled in soft puffs, high on your head; and at your peril, Miss Wareham, shall you dare, on the mornings when you sit for me, to pass a comb through those tendrils and incipient curls which soften the line of your forehead and ingratiatingly nestle at the back of your neck.'

"I bowed. I was overwhelmed. I did not dare to say, The red will be unbecoming, the necklace is not large enough to go round my great throat, and to put my hair in puffs is a luxury I indulge in only when I go to parties and employ a hair-dresser. But I must hear and obey, piece out the necklace with black velvet on the back, and deplete my pocket-book by having my hair rolled high three times a week."

The picture was pronounced a success when it was finished, yet it was left to hang on the walls of Janet's house. The likeness was good. The artist had given with great skill and appreciation of his subject the high-bred look peculiar to her face when in repose; but he had also, by his skillful touches around the eyes and mouth, suggested how they could kindle and curve with the archness and fun that were in her nature. But Thomas did not like it. He never told the reason, because at first he did not know himself: the rich dress, the pearl necklace, seemed to take her away from him. He came up to see her in a state of the deepest depression. His first words were, "Do not let me come near you; do not even give me your hand and smile at me, lest you melt the heart of my firm resolve."

She looked at him keenly a moment, and then read his troubled glance well. Her answer was to press closely to him, to give him a little caress on the cheek, and to say with tender archness, "Ah, I know! It is that wicked onion crop. That and the Canada thistle have been your bane. Men who will stake their all on onions, when they know that they contend against blight and cut-worm, must repent in bitterness of soul. I shall have to marry you to draw you away from the whirl of these dreadful attractions."

"You would make a granite bowlder laugh," said he, his face brightening and softening under the charm of her words and touch. His arm stole round her waist, and as he would have kissed her she whispered, "How did you dare think of breaking the engagement because you have been unsuccessful on your farm?" Then he found it was his turn to soothe and comfort her. A good deal of it was the wordless kind. When he did speak, he said, "Oh, my darling, I am a heavily burdened man! For three years I have barely paid the interest on money I owe for my farm. If the next year proves as unfortunate as this, I shall go to the wall, and you will simply be obliged yourself to break the engagement with the bankrupt farmer."

Her sweet, incredulous smile at this last made his arm tighten its hold.

"Dear boy, you are so stupid not to marry on what I have."

"On what you have not," he replied. "Your mother has it, and there is only enough for you two. A pretty business it would be for a man of thirty, strong and in full health, to marry a woman and let her mother support him."

"Thomas, you are very proud."

"Undoubtedly I am. And let me tell you that you would not be proud of me very long if I did so."

She sighed; she knew he was right.

He echoed her sigh, and then said in a tone of would-be cheerfulness, "When I have discovered the secret of the weather, things will be different."

"Is it that you are after, instead of onions? The secret of the weather? What is that?"

"It is the result of a feeling I have that I should like to work more certainly and profitably than I do. When heat and frost, blight and drought, conspire to kill the largest crop of whatever I may be raising, how can I hope to succeed? My desire therefore is to make over the climate, — combine a season of drought with a season of rain, and strike an aver-

age between the two, — make extremes meet, you see, in that way."

The idea struck her at first a little as it had Mrs. Green.

"But I thought the Lord regulated the seasons, and made them all for the best."

"Are you sure of that? In nature the Lord has given us the rock and the wilderness, and told us to go to work and make them blossom as the rose; and we have succeeded tolerably with the wilderness; not quite so well with the rock. May not the same argument hold good with our climate? He has given us some very rough material in the New England winter, and he may be waiting for us to discover how to change it so as to suit us and our needs better than it does. As to there being any irreverence in the thought, which I saw was your first feeling, it is not wicked to turn a river from its course to water a city; why should it be to change a brutal climate into a milder one? It will give us a wider life and a better chance in the world."

She caught the idea with womanly alertness of mind.

"It is the same idea in a different shape. In the first instance, man alters the river to suit his convenience; in the second the climate. The Lord made one as much the other, and handed them both over to man to struggle with, till he found out how to conquer them. But can you hope to discover a way to subdue this climate of ours? I never thought much about it, but it is rather dreadful."

"Rather," replied he, dryly. "Just come here."

She followed him to the window and looked out. The sky was one uniform iron-gray tint; snow was beginning to fall, and an icy wind caught it and blew it with howls and shouts into the face of every one who breasted it, and upon the doorsteps and against the window panes of those who tried to shut it out with closed doors and thick walls.

"It is a cheerful prospect," said he grimly. "And notice that it is the deathly cold which is the repulsive element in this sort of weather. If it were a warm rain, we should take no such exceptions to it as we do now. I can hardly say I hope to change all this, but it is for that I work in my laboratory. Think how magnificent it would be! Let me build a 'castle in Spain' for once."

She nodded a joyous assent, only too glad to wile away the gloom that was on him when he first came.

"In our souls we all hate these cruel New England winters. People talk in a wild way about liking the cold, and the pleasure of a bracing atmosphere, and all that sort of stuff, with their shuddering skin revolting at the nonsense and themselves wrapped in heavy, cumbersome clothes in order that they may keep up a vital warmth. Cross-question them a little, and you will find that they mean the sort of weather we have in October, and that is what they really enjoy. But nobody likes month after month in which fires must be piled high to keep the air at a moderate temperature inside, while everything freezes on the outside edge of door and window. The change of climate which we experience every winter day going from our warm houses to the out-door air is enough to make invalids of us all. We must have the warmth. We will stay in all we can to enjoy that warmth. Human nature revolts at going out in such cold except as a necessity. I repeat, — no man in his inmost soul really likes cold weather. He thinks he cannot help it, so he puts on a brave face and tries to make himself believe he likes it. Now I would change all this!"

"How can you, Thomas? Will you straighten up the axes of the earth, or change the course of the Gulf Stream?"

"I cannot explain to you without going elaborately into my theory of gases and cold currents of air. But it will amount to our getting more of the benefit of the Gulf Stream than we now have. I should utilize that more, and also the stream which is like it in the Pacific. But think how delicious it would be to have a really temperate climate, — a climate that did not indulge in such intemperances as ours does."

"Yes, ours is not strictly temperate, I must say. It did indulge in sprees of

the most violent kind. In the summer we often have tropical heat, and in the winter arctic cold."

"We do exactly that. And what tremendous changes the thermometer allows itself! I have known it range through forty-eight degrees in twenty-four hours."

"Certainly. I remember, only a few weeks ago, commencing a morning in muslin and being in furs before night."

"I see, my dear, you will appreciate my equable climate better than I at first hoped. And think how we farmers shall flourish!"

"But think also how the hordes that feast and grow fat upon green things will flourish! What are they? The canker, palmer, army, cut, wire, and other worms; likewise the weevil and phylloxera."

"Learned little girl! Have you been cramming on the report of the state entomologist?"

"Not at all, sir. But am I not bound to take an interest in the things which concern you, so that I may influence you toward good? I knew your anxieties about worms had frequently been great, and so I read up about that large family of articulates."

"Right; and I admire you more than ever. I will also remember that you always confound me when we argue."

"Of course it is my duty to hand in a minority report once in a while, or you would always crush me. But how about my worms?"

"I know; the number of pernicious things that can get after a crop is something fearful. But we make a pretty good fight now, and we could turn the energies which we use now in keeping ourselves warm to the destruction of the caterpillar and the moth. Besides, there would be a longer season, and what we do not succeed with in one month we might try again later."

"But shall we not grow lazy, and cease to be an active, energetic nation, enervated by our lovely climate?"

"Janet, despise the idea! You must. It is the greatest fallacy that ever was, to defend a climate which, however, can be defended only by an argument founded on a fallacy."

"I am crushed," said she. "But go on. I like it."

"You are not crushed half enough. The idea that human nature is not strong enough to withstand the seductions of a pleasant climate is an insult to the maker. But here are facts, — the facts. Everywhere the old civilizations have been found in countries with a mild climate; so that the people were not driven by the necessity of working all the time to provide for the winter, the time of famine. Therefore, they had leisure to cultivate the arts and sciences. Egypt, Greece, Italy, India, and, on our own side of the world, Mexico and Peru all had moderate, pleasant climates."

She looked up at him, and he answered her glance. "You are going to say that they all waned after a time? What does that prove? How do you know but we may? The element of destruction does not lie in climate. It will be in our intertangled morals and religion, or something of that nature. Every civilization carries its own peculiar possibility of destruction as well as its peculiar vital power. We are not exempt. Eighteen hundred years hence may see us an extinct people, and our existence an object of discussion by some nation we know not."

"Some nation not knowing our Fourth of July, or any other proper holiday," she mischievously added.

He laughed, and gave her a tigerish look. "Beware how you mock at me. I shall" —

"You will do nothing to stop my making you laugh and forget care and onions, whenever I can get a chance."

"It has been rather a philosophical talk for lovers," he said, as he rose to go; "but — was there much philosophy in that?" as he let her go, the blood flushing into her face, and her heart beating quicker from his farewell kiss. But he got no verbal answer.

Thomas reached the station at Northam, five miles from his house, at twelve o'clock in the evening, and found, as he expected, his horse and wagon in an

adjoining stable, left there by previous agreement with the faithful Caleb. Muffled to the ears in his overcoat and robes, he started on the long, solitary drive, — solitary after he left the street of the little town.

The snow ceased falling, the wind lulled a little, and he had nothing to do but give his mare the reins and let her go, while he occupied himself with bitter-sweet thoughts of Janet, — bitter, because he saw plainly that his engagement would be a long one; sweet, with the thought of her faithfulness, and that she perceived his design of setting her free, and the way she met it.

In the loneliest part of the road he drove between high banks which rose on either side, crowned with sighing pine-trees. Here he drove slowly, for the way was narrow, when suddenly, from the left hand, a dark figure appeared, and sprang at a bound into the back of the wagon. A hand smote him on the shoulder, and a voice said, "Well, old Thomas, how goes it?"

"You ought to be called the goblin squirrel," retorted Thomas, "jumping into a man's wagon from nowhere at this time of night, and scaring him out of his wits. I suppose you were up in the top of one of the trees, and merely flew down as I came along."

"No, I have been lying in wait for you these two hours. What a late fellow you are! How does it suit to go to bed at one and get up at five?"

"Not at all in any other business," promptly replied Thomas. "But you know when a man is in love, he does all sorts of things with impunity. It is like camping out, where you wet your feet, and sit in wet clothes, and do all the things your grandmother says you must not do, and never catch cold."

"More like the providence that attends on fools and drunkards," said Jack, laughing.

"All the same," responded Thomas, cheerfully. "But why were you lying in wait for me to-night, especially?"

"Oh, nothing. I knew you had come from Hartford and Janet. I am in love with her, too, you know; and if I am not the man promoted, I want to stand next to the one that is."

"Jack, I don't quite understand you. You speak every little while of being in love with Janet, generally in a joking way, but sometimes in a different tone, as if you — envied me."

The darkness hid the savage look which glowed in Jack's face at this speech, and the rattle of the wagon covered the snap as he set his teeth together; but in a second he answered, with a voice gay and unconscious enough for his careless words, "Oh, she is my second cousin, you know; and I have always been in love with her, ever since we hunted birds'-nests together in the swamps. Being in love with her is a habit I have acquired through the years. I mention it occasionally to keep you well up. If you were to fall off and become cold, I should feel it my duty to comfort her." He laughed in an easy way that would have deceived senses as acute as Fine-ear, and added, "What are you mulling over now in your laboratory? What is the last new bad smell? I was nearly knocked down the other day when I opened your front door. Your mother, with her nose high in the air, said it was 'awful.' Faith, I thought so, too."

"Yes; that was a little sulphureted hydrogen that I accidentally compounded in trying to do something else."

"So you are meddling with hydrogen gas, are you? It makes pretty little explosions, you know."

"I expect to be blown through the roof some day, but I hope not just yet. It is so dark I can hardly see; but that is your house, is it not?"

"No, the next. There, — don't stop your horse. A squirrel, you know, does not need consideration of that sort."

Without more words, or allowing Thomas to draw rein, he disappeared into the darkness with another flying leap like the one which had brought him into the wagon, and Thomas supposed that he entered the large, comfortable-looking farm-house where his fathers and forefathers had dwelt for many a year. But to peaceful rest he was not

inclined. The accepted lover went home and slept until five o'clock in the morning. Jack saw the stars set, and the east begin to redden with the tardy light of a winter morning, from the depths of the pine grove.

Jack Osborn was, as he said, a cousin of Janet's, but with a very different strain of blood in his veins. He had a handsome face, smooth and dark, but it was almost spoiled to any one who was a reader of physiognomy by a short, receding chin. His figure, slender, wiry, and nervous, combined such agility with such strength that he was considered a prodigy among his friends. It was easier for him to jump a gate than to open it, and Thomas was not wrong in calling him a squirrel; the bound that he made from the bank into the wagon was nothing to him. When a boy he would go from one tree to another, in his father's grove of maples, by leaping from bough to bough; and he could do it still, at twenty-six. In character he was a combination of contrasts and contradictions, strength and weakness, more than usually falls to the human lot. His weaknesses were his strong points. His early education had been of the old, careful New England sort; but who can build on a quicksand? When there came a question between honor and strong desires, honor went to the wall, and he obtained his wish. What he could not have, he moved heaven and earth to get; when he had it, he threw it down, and ran after something else. He cried for the moon from his father's arms, and had to be held back from springing after it. That was what he had done ever since; the worst of it was that his father's arms could no longer restrain him.

He went away from home, and became a salesman in a wholesale dry-goods firm. To be known as an attractive man, who could sell goods when others could not, was his aim for several years. He was admirably fitted for the position; his quiet, easy manners, with great tact and a ready appreciation and sympathy for the character of his customers, gave him success much sooner than is usually the case. But when he had an offer of a larger salary and a finer position from a rival firm, he let it slip in an entirely characteristic manner, lost his ambition, and came back to a quiet life on his father's farm, and to fall deeply in love with Janet. He knew she was engaged to Thomas, but that was the spur his character needed. He could not get his cousin's love, and so he wanted it. He hung about, pretending that it was in a cousinly way, often speaking jestingly of his love to her, as he had to Thomas Green.

One person read him aright, — Janet Wareham. She did not admit it in her inmost thoughts, but the unacknowledged knowledge guided her conduct with him. She never let him see what she knew. Her manner to him was sweet and friendly, but always as if she were set away beyond his reach. She allowed him cousinly intimacy at her house, but there was nothing special or personal about it. Her manner ought to have warned him; and it did in one sense, but also attracted him irresistibly. It was his nature, whenever he saw a barrier, to wish to break it down in some way. Janet spoke with deeper meaning than she was quite aware of herself, once, when she said, "Jack, you really ought to turn your attention to the North Pole."

"Why?" said he, astonished.

"Because you would never give it up until you had reached the very tip of the pole and swung your feet off the end. There is such a dumb, dogged perseverance in you when real and tremendous obstacles are laid in your way."

The second summer of Thomas's engagement to Janet was hot on the hills. Thomas stood, one evening in July, with folded arms; contemplating his brown pastures. They rolled away to the sea as dry and sere as if a fire had passed over them. The sun was setting in a red haze, which told that the next day would be as dry and hot as the one just ending. Two or three clouds obscured the line of the horizon in the west; but they were not the threatening-looking thunder-heads with possibilities of forked lightning and rushing rain in their folds

such as he would have been glad to see. Caleb, coming up, stood by his side. He had worked with Thomas's father on the farm, and had transferred his regard from father to son.

"'T ain't much of a sight, now," said he. "Three months without rain makes another thing of pasture lands. Them skies look as if they was brass."

Thomas sighed for all answer. The sight put off his marriage another year still, and his heart was hot.

Caleb went on: "The drought don't seem to hurt them potato beetles. I come through the lot just now, and they was so thick you could hear 'em rattle against one another; and how they was chawin' them potato tops!"

"The dry weather suits them exactly; pity if it could not help something. How much hay shall we have to sell next winter, if this sort of thing goes on? A teaspoonful, do you think?"

"Sca'cely," replied Caleb, chuckling grimly at the grim joke. "There won't be enough for the cattle to eat, to say nothin' of sellin' any. You will have to take them into the kitchen and give them bread and milk."

The smile on Thomas's face had no merriment in it, and as Caleb glanced around he felt a sudden desire to offer sympathy and consolation, only he did not know how. Like many another Yankee, he was of the chestnut-bur description, — raspy and rough outside, but velvet-lined, and with a sound, sweet heart. The expression on the face of Thomas acted like a frost on this kindly old bur, and he began to show as well as he could his inner softness.

"These 'ere summers are better in some respects than awful wet ones. I remember three year ago how we had to roust round to get hay dry at all. Me and the horses, and Tim with the oxen, raced our loads of hay ag'inst a thundercloud, one day, and we beat only by a second. The rain wet the tail end of the cart as we galloped on to the barn floor. Tim and me looked at each other and says he, 'I 'most drawed them oxen's heads out of the yoke;' and says I, 'The tongue is pretty near pulled out of the wagon with these horses havin' to go so, and I guess next time we won't try quite so hard.' But we did save the hay." Thomas listened, in spite of himself, and the old man went on with his friendly voice and cheerful talk: —

"John Davis took that 'ere bull you sold to the butcher. But I guess he did n't tell you what kind of a time he had doin' it?"

"No," said Thomas. "He has been at work in the Point meadow all day, and I have not seen him since."

"The bull wa'n't nothin' but an infant in years, but he 's got a grown-up temper. He acted just like a drunk lord. He wa'n't goin' to have nobody else on the road at the same time he was. He went after every man, woman, and child he saw, draggin' John at the end of the rope as if he wa'n't nothin' but a fly. Silas Smith came along in his nice new buggy, shinin' with varnish, and wanted to speak to John about some mowin'. But the bull would n't hear to nothin'. He just let drive at the buggy head on, and Silas had to whip up and get out of the way as fast as he could tucker. Then the bull looked round, and seemed to think he was kind o' hot after all this thrashing about; and he was right there on the causeway across the meadows, where the big ditch is, you know. He thought the water looked cool and nice, and slam-bang he went into it. John could n't stop him no more 'n he could a thunder-clap. But there wa'n't only about two inches of water, and the rest was black sea-mud just about ten feet deep. He flounced and flapped and kicked and spattered, and the more he did it the deeper he got. John thought he might as well git tamed that way as any other, so he let him work. Finally there wa'n't nothin' to be seen but the line of his back and his curly forehead and nose; and his bellerin' sounded different from what it was before, and he stopped kickin'. Then John began to stir round; brought rails and put under him, and pried him out. 'Now what do you think of yourself?' said John. But he was n't the same kind of beast

as when he jumped in so gay. He had a smooth coatin' of that thin black mud all over him, — like molasses. He knew he was dirty, and John says he went the rest of the way like a black lamb, and never give so much as a snort even when he saw the butcher."

Thomas added a hearty laugh to Caleb's snicker, of which the sound was good to Caleb's ears and the substance good for Thomas's heart; it broke up and scattered the heavy brood of cares that had settled down on him.

But for all that, and let him be as brave as he would, it was an up-hill fight. On an evening of the early autumn, Jack and he compared notes, sitting by a crackling open wood fire, the one luxury he permitted himself. As they finished the column of figures in which the cost of raising the crop was set down opposite the price it brought when sold, Jack got up and stood before the mantel-piece, back to the fire, his hands in his pockets, and looked at Thomas with a very dismal cast of countenance, which Thomas could only reflect in his own. This lasted in silence for a moment, and then they both burst out laughing.

"It is rather absurd," said Thomas, "to see two men stare at each other, like monuments to grief, and we might as well laugh as cry. It is enough to prejudice one against figures, this keeping accounts. When I look back over my books for the last three years, I wonder how I have managed to get bread to eat."

"Still, you have lived fairly well," replied Jack, "and so have we, but I do not see how. On the whole, I think it is best to walk on blindly, and not look into figures too closely. When you come to pin your corn and wheat and potatoes and turnips down to your account-book, they seem to slide out between your fingers. And yet we work hard to raise them, and we have to pay our men good round wages for the work."

"That is true; and the work is of the kind the political economists call productive work, and it seems as if it ought to yield a little more than a bare living."

"Tom, where 's the leak?"

"Jack, I can't tell. The losses in any kind of business are so great that when I look squarely at it I do not see how any man honestly earns more than a dollar a day."

"That is a dreadful reflection. I am going to turn tramp."

"Yes, it is rather grinding to think of. Our fathers ate a great deal of rye bread and salt pork, and skinned the soil to do that. We pretend to a better and more enlightened kind of farming, and yet we do not seem to be able to eat wheat bread and beef and make money at the same time."

"What a pity that men were made with anything else but a mouth and a stomach and a back to put clothes upon!"

"That is where it grinds me the hardest. I want a little money to buy a book, or subscribe for a review, or to keep up my stock by the addition of some fine cattle. But the money comes so hard that I am beginning to feel afraid I shall grow mean. It costs so much 'blood and treasure' to live that I feel sometimes as if I really could not afford the common comforts of life."

"Tom, something ought to be done about it."

"Well, yes," replied Thomas dryly. "It is a pity we cannot legislate for the difficulty, — pass a law, for instance, that we will have such and such crops, and they must cost only a certain sum."

This recalled Jack to his common sense, and he laughed. "Probably," said he, "there are no greater losses and drawbacks in farming than in any other business, judging from what I saw among merchants when I was in that business; but there ought to be more certainty about the result when you plant your crop. You have not solved the weather problem yet?"

"No; I am at work on that steadily. I am not so mad about my theory as to suppose that it would make us rich immediately; only it would make life more agreeable, whether one had money or not. The fact is, Jack, the processes of nature are mortally slow. The farmer comes right down on to nature for his

living, and so he has to be slow, — his processes have to be long, too."

"Hum! you make it a pleasant outlook."

"It is worse for me than you, Jack. I am engaged, and wish to be married. But if I wait for the processes of nature to make me rich, I shall apparently spend a life-time in merely building a foundation on which to make any money."

Jack always slipped away from any subject that involved the marriage of Thomas and Janet, and he took up another point in their conversation.

"Cannot you, in your laboratory, discover some way to hurry up the 'processes,' as you call them?"

Thomas looked at him gravely a moment, and answered slowly, "I have — done something. You know, sometimes, when you are working to discover one thing, you hit upon another without intending it?"

"Yes. Columbus discovered a little island when he was on the threshold of a big continent."

"Exactly my case. The parallel between me and Columbus is excellent. I shall encourage myself with thinking I am on a preliminary island. Come on, and I will show you how it works," and Thomas lighted a lamp.

"Any money in it, Tom?" said Jack, as the other led the way up-stairs to a little room across the end of the stairway.

"I suppose so, if I can ever earn enough raising corn to get it fairly started. There it is."

As they entered, he pointed to a solid-looking iron bottle standing amid a profusion of retorts, pipes, crucibles, and the other usual machinery of a laboratory.

"Shall I leave the door open?" said Jack.

"No. Mother will be sure to smell something, though I have not anything powerful going to night. Take care, — that is not a safe thing to handle unless you know exactly how."

"Hum-m-m! In learning how to do things, you have tested the capacity of your ceiling a little," and Jack cast an amused glance upward. "It seems to me there is more lath and less plaster up there every time I come here."

Thomas laughed. "That is the way I try my gases. If they explode with force enough to knock off a foot or two of plaster, I think there must be some life in them."

"Well, now for your discovery. What will it do for our pockets to make us rich, so that we can marry the woman we love?"

"Put that last noun in the plural," quoth Thomas, innocently, "as I fancy we do not both want to marry the same woman. See here."

He placed a pebble of pure quartz under a little stop-cock at the side of the iron bottle, and turned a faucet. Out trickled slowly a liquid so clear that each separate drop flashed with prismatic rays. As they touched the quartz and gushed smoothly down its sides, there was a sudden furious foaming, a sound of grinding and rending, and a thin column of smoke arose; then it died down, the smoke vanished in air, and where the pebble had been there was only a little heap of dark-looking dust, or earth.

"There is the force of a thousand steam-engines in that bottle," said Thomas, looking round at Jack. "Does your father want to get rid of Break-Neck Ledge, that cuts in two the best part of his farm? Here is the little medicine that will do it."

The unwilling heart of Jack felt a sudden increase of respect for Thomas, and acknowledged that it had not hitherto appreciated him fully. He broke out in astonishment, "I say, old fellow, is that really so? How did you do it?"

"It is really so. There is no humbug, Jack, about that. If your father wants less ledge and more good soil on his farm, here is a way to get it."

"That means money, Thomas, if it can be easily and cheaply made."

"Cheaply made? Could I undertake any costly experiment? It is made at a cost of twenty-five cents a gallon. I have calculated that a gill will pulverize a ton of rock into earth. Is not that a tolerably practical view for a man to take who is a dreamer and an inventor?"

"You are an inventor or a discoverer, by George, and I congratulate you!" and with a burst of real enthusiasm, rare enough in Jack, he shook the hand of Thomas.

"Am I a discoverer?" The pleased look at Jack's words died down. "Then I am sorry, — no discoverer ever profited by his discovery. On the contrary, he usually comes to grief in some way because of it. Those who come after are the ones to reap the benefits."

"Nonsense, old boy. What if Columbus was cranky about his being put in irons, and had them buried with him! Don't have the blues about a notion. Be a practical man. Get a patent on your rock burner, advertise it, make up a quantity of it, and start out with a wagon load, knock some of these rocks into pi, and astonish the natives."

The color rose into Green's face, and the light came back to his eyes. "I will make the farms round here smooth and lovely, and then, Jack, the way we will cover them with wheat and corn! We are so near the city that it always seemed to me a shame we could not raise more for its market. Come over again three days from now, and we will try our first grand experiment on that great bowlder which lies in the Jerrod lot. I have looked at that spitefully these ten years when I mow round it. I have wished that the particular glacier which brought that down had carried it a little further and dropped it in the sea. I should like to ask Janet, but I think I had better not. If there should be an accident and she got hurt, I should blow myself up immediately afterward."

Jack looked relieved at this conclusion. He never liked to be present with Janet and Thomas both. He got on better with either separately.

Three days after, Thomas, looking a little haggard from want of sleep, having been in his laboratory late for two evenings, and Jack, fresh as a rose, went down the road that led through the Green farm to the sea, carrying the large, heavy iron bottle between them. Mrs. Green looked after them with an expression of anxiety and resignation. She was perfectly used to having Thomas do rather unusual things, but to-night she could not help a little audible murmur that she did wish he might succeed in whatever he was doing before long, so as not to be "strambling off" in the lots with a big bottle just at supper time; and also she hoped "he was not tempting Providence by any capers with gases and awful smelling things."

Thomas and Jack went on, the latter occasionally relieving the tedium of the way by letting go his side of the jug and springing on the top of a fence, to look after a squirrel that had flashed into sight and out again, or to listen more closely to the hermit thrush whose flute notes sounded from the tops of the trees in the deeper parts of the wood. Every motion that Jack made was full of vigorous grace and lightness. When he sprang upon the fence top, it was with a movement like that of a deer; when he ran along upon it, he never swerved or missed a step, and if he came to a pair of bars he leaped lightly from post to post without pausing. While he indulged in these escapades, Thomas walked patiently along, carrying the whole weight of the jug in a one-sided and inconvenient manner. Jack would come back with a half apology for his pranks, but was always off again in a moment, as if unable to repress his bounding activity. After about twenty minutes' walk, they stopped by the side of the great rock, and looked up its steep sides. The setting sun threw a pink light over its stern grayness, and even Thomas admitted that it was a picturesque feature in the landscape.

"But it is only for the moment," said he, — "only for the moment. To-morrow, in the prosaic light of noon, it will look like an unseemly wart on the surface of the earth, just as it really is. Old bowlder, your room is better than your company. I hope your last hour has come."

Jack laughed. "We will give his backbone a wrench before we go. Now, Tom, tell me what to do."

The arrangements were slight. Thom-

as had made a calculation of the number of cubic feet in the rock and of its probable weight. He verified these, and then Jack advanced with the bottle.

"Hold on a minute," said Thomas, and began climbing up the rock.

Jack looked after him with a stare. "You don't want me to make a burnt-offering of yourself, do you? Oh, that is it!" as he saw Thomas scramble toward a cleft near the top, from which nodded a soft green plume of ferns. These he plucked up by the roots, and came sliding down again by Jack's side with them in his hand.

"I will take them to Janet, and have her plant them. She has always noticed them whenever we have driven past here to the shore."

"What a moment for sentiment!" cried Jack, — "just when you are on the eve of destroying an enemy of your race."

"That is not sentiment," said Thomas, coldly; "that is forgiveness of enemies. Come, let 's scatter the destroyer."

As with the quartz pebble when that clear, potent fluid washed its sides, so with the great rock. A slow sound of grinding and rending was heard, which deepened to a low intense moaning like distant thunder, and the smoke curled up in a huge column, black and thick as if it came from the bottomless pit.

"I feel a little like the man in the Arabian Nights, who uncorked an innocent-looking bottle, and let loose an enormous and fearful Afrite."

"I should think you had done exactly that," said Jack, rather glad to hear a human voice, and to be called on to talk a little. "I hope you have a ring, or a spell of some kind, to control him."

"It will soon be over now," said Thomas; "the rock is growing visibly less."

It was crumbling in all directions, and in an hour the great rock, weighing hundreds of tons, was a heap of black dust and ashes, and of other traces there were none.

"It remains now to be proved whether this is a really good fertilizer," said Thomas, as the ashes slowly cooled. He took up a handful and examined it. "I will put some on the garden, — though if it does not rain soon, all the fertilizers in Christendom will be of no use," and he cast a half-despairing glance at the sky, so hopelessly clear.

"Yes, we must settle the weather question," said Jack, airily. "How one thing depends on another! Tom, you will really have to go on and discover that to make this of any use."

"If I only could, my great object in life would be attained."

"And then you would die peacefully?"

"No," and Thomas gave a sort of shiver. He did not like the mention of death. "A man is never ready to die, — at least, one of my kind never is. There is always something more I want to do first. When I go, it will have to be a sudden thing, — I mean I hope it will be."

"What a couple of old crows we are, — talking about death just at the moment when you have succeeded with your experiment. We ought to be dancing a jig with delight. You look as long-faced as if you were going to be burned yourself, instead of the rocks you detest. Be jolly, old fellow!" and he gave Thomas a clap on the shoulder which made the latter say, "It is human nature, I suppose, to be discontented as long as anything remains to be done. At least, it is my human nature."

"A kind of 'divine discontent,'" said Jack.

"You know I hit upon this discovery accidentally, — that is, I had not thought upon it seriously. The idea had suggested itself to me, but I had not really tried to study it out, as I have the weather question. So perhaps I do not rejoice as I should."

"I fancy that you will look at it more respectfully when the money it brings begins to line your pockets."

"And — and I can get married," said Thomas, the gloom on his face breaking up as he thought of Janet. The cloud which had lain there seemed to blow over and darken on the face of Jack. He lost his airy look of amuse-

ment from that moment; a little fierce gleam flickered in his unsteady eyes, and he was the first to make a movement of departure. In these changed moods, as they left the lot, Thomas turned and waved his hat with a gayety like Jack's. "Old ruin," he cried, "good-by! You are more useful now, in your humility, than when you towered high and wore a button-hole bouquet of ferns. What will Caleb say to-morrow, when he sees the pile of ashes where he has always found High Rock?"

"He will think," said Jack, "that there is some witchcraft about it. Lucky for you, Tom, that you are not living in the good old days when they burned men at the stake for less than that."

This growl did not touch Thomas. He went on with his train of thought: "The old man will drive the cows down here in the morning to their pasture below. He will miss something he is used to seeing, and at first will not know what it is. Then he will remember the great rock. He will stare all round after it, and by and by say, 'Darn it!' He allows himself that profanity on holidays and great occasions. Then he will hustle the cows into the lot as fast as he can, put up the bars with extra care, come back to me in a great hurry, and tell me that he guesses the lightnin' has struck that High Rock of mine; but he 'll be darned if it wa'n't in a dry storm, for there ha'n't been no thunder and no rain. I should be willing to lay a small sum that he will do exactly that."

But Jack had no smile in reply, and as they reached the house of Thomas they separated without much ceremony. Jack, as soon as he heard the door close behind Thomas, quickened his steps, and then as he got out of eyesight went at a whirlwind's pace down to the pine grove. Something in the gloom of their depths, in the peculiar sound of the wind through the needle leaves, attracted him always in moments of fierce rage, such as this evening, as also in calmer moods, and he often spent hours there when he was supposed to be in bed.

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## A WALL BETWEEN.

*A Dying Woman Speaks.*

THEN, do I doubt? Not so.
Though the stars wander without any Guide
Out there in loneliest dark, almost I know
I do believe that He was crucified.
And risen and ascended to
The heavens? O priest, I do.

Still, you were kind to come.
Only to tell me, then, that I must die?
I knew as much. Ah me! the mouth was dumb
That told me first (let by-gone things go by),—
The young sad mouth without a breath.
Yes, I believe in death.

It is a vain world? Oh,
It is a goodly world,—a world wherein
We hear the doves (that moan?)—the winds (that blow

The buds away?) It is a world of sin,
And therefore sorrow? — Was it, then,
Fashioned and formed of men?

Oh, call it what you will!
Light, hollow, brief, and bitter? Yes, I know.
With cruel seas and sands? Yes, yes, and still ———
And fire and famine following where we go?
And still I leave it at my feet,
Moaning, "The world is sweet."

Why, it was here that I
Had youth and all that only youth can bring.
Fair sir, if you would help a woman die,
Show me a glass. There! that one look will wring
My heart, I think, out of its place; —
The earth may take my face.

Think of the blessèd skies?
If in the cheek one have no rose to wear,
If nights all full of tears have changed the eyes, —
Why, would one be immortal and not fair?
With faded hair, one would not quite
Contrast an aureole's light.

You talk of things unseen
With all the pretty arrogance of a boy.
Why, one could laugh at what you think you mean.
You see the bud upon the bough with joy,
You look through summer toward the fruit ———
The worm is at the root?

Well — if it is. You see,
Your feet are set among our pleasant dews;
Therefore, that crown of phantom stars for me,
In distance most divine, you kindly choose,
Content to leave your own unwon,
And shine here with the sun.

Hush! Wait! Somehow — I know.
You do remind me tenderly of — yes,
Of him, your kinsman (long, so long ago),
But for these sacred garments. I confess,
O father, I cannot forget
The world where he stays yet!

Quick! will you look away?
Too cruelly like him in the dusk you grow, —
This awful dusk that ends it all, I say.
You pity us when we are young, you know,
And lose a lover. Surely then
There may be other men.

But when the hand we bind
So that it cannot reach out anywhere,
Then find, or, sadder, fancy that we find,
The ring is not true gold, you do not care;—
These tragedies writ in wedding rings
Are common, tiresome things.

On earth there was one man—
There were no men. They all had faded through
His shadow. Surely, where our grief began,
In that old garden, he, that one of two,
Looked not to Eve before the fall,
So much the lord of all.

And yet he said ——— I crave
Your patience. I will not forget to die.
And there is no remembrance in the grave.
That comforts one. Better it is to lie
Not knowing thistles grow above,
Than to remember love.

Then tell him, priest, if he ———
Tell him, I pray you, this — ah, yet he said ———
Then only tell him — nothing sweet for me.
Tell him I have not tasted once his bread
Since then. Tell him I die too proud
To take of him a shroud.

Ask him if I forgot
One household care. If I, in such poor ways
As I could know, through piteous things have not
Tried still to please him, lo, these many days —
Ah, bitter task, self-set and vain.
. . . I hear the wind and rain.

I have not seen his face
Since then. We lived a wall apart, we two,
While dark and void between us was all space.
Sometimes I hid, and watched his shadow through
Too wistful eyes, as it would pass,
Ghost-like, from off the grass.

Tell him beneath his roof
I felt I had not where to lay my head,
Yet could not dare the saintly world's reproof,
And withered under my own scorn instead;
Still whispering, "For the children's sake,"
I let my slow heart break.

The children? Let them sleep—
To waken motherless. Could I put by
Their arms, and lie like snow, and have them weep,

With my own eyes so empty and so dry?
I 've left some pretty things, you see,
To comfort them for me, —

Sweet dresses, curious toys ———
But, after all, what will the baby do?
. . . Hush! Here he is, waked by the wind's wild noise.
Let mamma count the dimples, one and two.
Whose baby has the goldest head?
I dreamed once he was dead.

Dead, and for many a year? —
Can a dead baby laugh and babble so?
Do you not see me kiss and kiss him here,
And hold death from me still to kiss him? No.
Yet I did dream white blossoms grew ———
Do cruel dreams come true?

. . . As the tree falls, one says,
So shall it lie. It falls, remembering
The sun and stillness of its leaf-green days,
The moons it held, the nested bird's warm wing,
The promise of the buds it wore,
The fruit it never bore.

So ——— take my cross, and go.
Where my Lord Christ descended I descend.
Shall I ascend like Him? — I do not know.
I loved the world; the world is at an end.
Therefore, I pray you, shut your book,
And take away that look.

That look — of his! You stay.
Then, say I loved him bitterly to the last!
Who loves one sweetly loves not much, I say.
Love's blush by moonlight will fade out full fast.
Love's lightning scar at least we keep.
Now, let me — go to sleep.

——— His voice, too, in disguise!
It is ——— in pity, no! Yes, it is *he*.
With tears of memory in his steadfast eyes.
Mock-priest, how sharply you have shriven me!
Your cousin's righteous robes ——— I fear
You had somewhat to hear.

Ah? ——— Had you said but this
A year ago. Now, let my chill hand fall;
It gives you back your youth. But you will miss
My shadow from your sunshine. That is all.
Yet — if some lovelier life should dawn
And I should love you on?

## KANSAS FARMERS AND ILLINOIS DAIRYMEN.

On the 10th of June last I left Boston to make a tour through the grain-producing sections of the West, for the purpose of examining the operations of the small farmer and of his new competitor upon the great bonanza farms of Kansas, Minnesota, and Dakota; to learn, if possible, what are the actual conditions there obtaining, and to what extent, if any, an opportunity is offered for the remunerative employment of the idle and distressed among the people. It is my intention in this paper to confine myself closely to the facts thus ascertained.

On my arrival in Topeka, the capital of Kansas, I was particularly struck with the inquiry that appeared to be on the tongues of all, and was being discussed by the press and state officials, from the governor down, as to the ways and means of providing for the support, during the coming winter, of the great numbers of destitute farmers and others in that State. At the same time the State, through every available avenue, was inviting and receiving a large immigration of settlers upon its lands, and assuring the world that her soil offered competence and comfort to every worker.

Certainly, there was much apparent ground for the assurances made, and for the hope that had taken such multitudes to that State. During the year 1878 the product of wheat had been 32,000,000 bushels, and that of corn 89,000,000 bushels; and other crops were similarly abundant, which sufficiently demonstrated the remarkable fertility of her soil. But notwithstanding these facts, among the great class of food producers there was a distress which called for state aid to provide relief. In the street I was accosted by a negro, who begged for work. I asked him why it was that he applied to me, a stranger. He replied that he had been laboring in the country, but his work had given out, and he had come into town to get some, but could not find any. I then inquired why he did not go to work as a harvester. He answered, "'Cause, massa, de se'f-binders takes all de work away."

Through the courtesy of the acting land commissioner of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé railroad, I was given every facility under his control to help my examinations, which extended to Pueblo, in Colorado, 568 miles west of Topeka. Something over 400 miles of that distance was through the valley of the Arkansas and in the southern portion of the State. The river-bottom lands average about three miles in width; they are very level, and not more than about eight or ten feet above the mean height of the river. From the river-bottom the plain rises in broad and gentle undulations or billows, without tree or bush, except upon the immediate margins of the streams, and extends over the whole area of the State. The valley of the Arkansas is treeless until the mountains are approached in Colorado.

The soil of the rolling plain is a deep, light loam, very fertile, and in seasons of sufficient rain-fall yielding abundant crops. Along the line of the railroad, at distances of about every six or ten miles, are towns of from 300 to 3000 inhabitants. The towns are mostly built of wood, having some buildings of brick and stone; they are of good appearance, and are generally well supplied with church and school facilities, shops, stores, mechanics, and lawyers and doctors.

The plains are dotted over with farm-houses at intervals of from half a mile to ten miles. The larger portion of these dwellings are mere shanties, or sheds, that at a little distance have the appearance of dry-goods boxes, standing in the plain without fence, tree, or out-house that offers the least cheer or relief to the eye. A near approach reveals a rough wooden box, about fourteen or sixteen feet square, of one story

and usually one room, — rarely two or more, — unlathed, unplastered, without paint inside or out, with very little household furniture, and generally with the pipe of a cook stove projecting through and a little above the roof. These shanties are often without frames, the boarding being upright and the cracks battened. A residence more desolate or uninviting it is difficult to imagine.

But dwellings more uninviting, yet perhaps more comfortable, are only too frequent. Some are but mere holes in the ground, called "dug-outs," and are made by digging what might seem a small cellar in the plain, or in the side of a bluff or rising ground, and covering it with sticks, then with straw, hay, or earth, or, it may be, a roof of boards and shingles. The appearance is that of a small roof standing on the ground, or a heap of straw or earth. The only light and ventilation are from the entrance at one end and perhaps a single window beside the door, and a little opening or window under the gable at the other end, if the dug-out has a roof. In this hole the farmer's family finds its home, and the store-house for all its goods and chattels. Sods are also used for building houses, and may be made very comfortable and of good appearance. The sods that are turned by the first plowing are usually two and a half or three inches thick, and firmly held together by the mat of grass roots; they are cut into requisite lengths to form the thickness of the wall, and laid up to the desired height without mortar of any kind, leaving openings for windows and doors. These sod walls, plastered on both sides with either mud or lime, are very durable, especially if the eaves of the roof are projected a sufficient distance beyond the walls to protect them from the rains. But the sod houses are quite infrequent, the larger number being rough board shanties. Barns, large or small, are seldom seen, the shelter for animals or tools being generally formed by placing two opposite rows of stakes or posts, about fourteen or sixteen feet apart, for the space required, and laying other poles across their tops, upon which is piled straw or hay, until the whole looks like a hay or straw stack.

Around some of the buildings of the older settlers, especially of the preëmptors of the public lands of five or more years ago, are small orchards, principally of peach (this year without fruit), and a few acres partially or wholly inclosed with hedges of Osage orange; but in most cases the farm buildings are unrelieved by tree or shrub.

Kitchen gardens are rarely seen, and where commenced appear generally to have ended in partial or total failure. Most of the farmers have one or more cows, with poultry and pigs, though in some cases they were found without either. A plow and harrow, and perhaps a cultivator and some other farm tool, with a yoke of oxen, or one or more horses, and generally a wagon or cart, are the usual forces and tools of husbandry with the small farmers of the State. In this condition is much the larger number of those who left our towns and cities, where as mechanics, artisans, clerks, small shop-keepers, etc., they had acquired some degree of education, culture, and refinement. They had gathered together all their means, and in the hope of bettering the condition of their wives and children had gone West, and are to be seen in such homes.

Around these homesteads are fields of wheat, corn, and oats, amounting to ten, twenty, or sometimes even forty or fifty acres, uninclosed by fence or hedge of any kind.

On my arrival in Sterling, 186 miles west of Topeka, I found the weather hot and dry, with a strong desiccating south wind parching what vegetation there was, and whipping the life out of the growing corn, which was then about two feet high. The wheat and oats were being harvested, where they would pay for cutting and threshing. In many places the wheat fields were utterly destroyed, and in the majority of cases a half crop was the most expected. I was told that there had been no general rain for eight months, and all through May and June there had been the same dry,

hot winds, with an occasional local tempest of hail, or rain and wind and lightning, that destroyed everything in its path.

On my way to Pueblo and back I continually met and saw emigrants coming to and fleeing from the country. Everywhere I was told of settlers who would go if they had or could find the means of getting away. The man who had spent his all in getting to the State, making the first payment for his land, and buying the small amount of tools and work stock that he could procure (having probably obtained them also on part credit), and was in debt to his grocer, was in no condition to make any further change. In many places I found both the husband and wife chafing in enforced idleness, want, and helplessness. There are two short seasons only in the present farmer's year which give employment and hope of reward: they are those of seed-time and harvest. When either of them fails, all resource is gone.

In the car with me, on my way to Pueblo, were a man and woman, evidently of the better class of farmers, sunburned and toil-worn, who told me that they were on their way to Washington Territory, where the wife had a brother who advised them to come out there. Four years ago he came from Pennsylvania, where he farmed, and took up a quarter section of land under the homestead law on Pawnee Fork, 233 miles west of Topeka. It cost him $14 for the entry, and $10 more to be paid at any time within five years. He had improved the place with good buildings and fences, and stocked it with cows enough for a small dairy, beside work animals. But he had not been able to raise any crops that gave the least encouragement till last year, when everything was produced in the greatest abundance. Yet he could not get enough for his wheat and corn to pay cost and leave any profit. At two dollars an acre for cutting, and ten cents a bushel for threshing, with the cost of plowing, harrowing, seed, and seeding, etc., it would not pay at the fifty cents a bushel for which he sold his wheat. The only things that yielded any profit were the butter and the eggs, one selling for twenty-five cents a pound, and the other at ten cents a dozen. Wheat is worth at the present time about one dollar a bushel; but there is not half a crop, and many farmers have raised literally nothing. He had not succeeded in raising anything, and his stock of animals were actually perishing for want of pasture. A newcomer had offered him a small price for his improvements, which he was glad to take and get away, because, without having to pay either interest or taxes of any sort, or debts of any kind, he could not get a living, and must go. There was no work to be had, nor any chance of bettering his condition.

He was very emphatic in the statement that those who had bought land upon credit, paying interest at seven per cent., could not by any possibility get out of debt or live decently; that all the small farmers, even the best of them, would be glad to hire out by the day or month, but work was not to be had; and that many would get away, abandoning all, if they could only raise the means to do so. His tale of wretchedness was corroborated by all others that I could meet.

From Larned westward to Pueblo, a distance of 328 miles, there is but little grain grown, the main business being cattle raising. There is an insufficiency of wheat for home consumption, and almost absolutely no corn, though the last year gave an exceptional yield of both wheat and corn. The cattle run upon the unoccupied lands on both sides of the river, of which there are vast tracts. But the rolling prairie, as far as the eye could reach, appeared to be as dry and bare as a house floor, and the little whirlwinds so common on those arid plains lifted their eddying columns of dust wherever they moved. On the river-bottom there was an abundant range of excellent pasture that did not appear to be half occupied. The cattle men make no complaints of want of success, and are credited with being very prosperous, though the herds, so far as could be seen, are by no means large or numer-

ous. Sheep, also, and horses were observed in limited numbers.

On my return, in leaving the cars at Spearville, 286 miles west of Topeka, at one o'clock in the morning, the stepping into a pool of water was my first intimation that the long drought had been broken; a heavy rain had continued for two days from that point eastward into Missouri.

In the morning the railroad land agent in that place took me out to Windhorst, a colony of German Catholics from Cincinnati, who have been planted upon the naked, rolling prairie, about eight miles southeast from Spearville. I was told that there were about thirty families, some two hundred and fifty souls in all. They are in a beautiful location, each family holding in severalty a quarter section of land, the railroad lands having been purchased on time. It is claimed that only a portion of the colony have arrived. Those on the ground have been there a little over a year. They have provided themselves such shelter as their means permitted. Some few have put up small but still quite comfortable wood houses; others have built of sods; and some have simple dug-outs. No barns or out-buildings, except of the rudest character, were noticed. A plain, neat church was still unplastered, and but partially furnished with wooden benches for seats.

This is the first season an attempt has been made to raise crops; and the almost total failure has left many of them in absolute destitution and exceedingly despondent. Those at home, both old and young, at the houses we passed, were employed in their little gardens, a few rods square, trying to save something from the attacks of the insects that had left but little of potatoes, cabbages, turnips, beets, peas, or other vegetables. Not being able to do anything on their farms, some of the men had already gone to work on the railroad, farther west; but they earned hardly enough to pay their own board, and nothing for those at home. Two of the colonists had abandoned the enterprise and returned to Ohio. Some of them had not even a cow or pig, and were living miserably, with no hope for the future.

Whilst in Spearville I noticed rough, unpainted wooden sleds or drags, upon which were seated women and children, drawn through the streets by oxen and horses. Many of the farmers are too poor to buy wagons or carts, and these rough drags are their only vehicles. Before I left the State I had the best of evidence that they were not confined to Spearville.

I visited the Massachusetts colony of New Boston, about fourteen miles southwest of Sterling. There were eight families on the ground, occupying small wooden houses with one or two rooms, unpainted and unplastered, with no out-buildings and little furniture. The colony arrived last winter, and at once went to work to make themselves shelters and get in some crops. All have worked hard, and under many difficulties succeeded in getting some ground into corn, wheat, potatoes, and other vegetables; but the drought and insects made havoc with the crops. There was a feeling of great discouragement, and some of the colonists were making efforts to get back to the East, where, as they said, at least food might be had. Where they are now it is difficult to get meat and bread enough to sustain life. The colonists are not well provided with cows or other domestic animals, and are consequently without some of the commonest means of farm life.

In company with Mr. Munterfering, of the foreign land department of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé railroad, I visited the Mennonite settlements situated between the Kansas Pacific and Santa Fé roads, and to the southward. These people are mainly immigrants from Russia, where they were colonized from Prussia in the time of Catherine II., and have retained their German tongue and habits. In Russia they were all farmers, and in coming to this country they have brought with them their life's experience in agriculture, under conditions of climate and soil not altogether unlike those of Kansas; and also many of the tools there used, though they are

adopting our improved implements of husbandry. About 10,000 Mennonites have been settled in the portion of the State mentioned, of which Newton, 135 miles west of Topeka, is a convenient point for observation. They made their first settlement nearly ten miles north of Newton about five years ago, and have received occasional accessions from Russia and from those who had settled in Minnesota. All have come with some means, the poorest of them having an average, according to the best information obtainable, of at least $1500 each, while others have brought as much as $100,000. None have bought large tracts of land, the largest holders being rarely possessed of more than one section of 640 acres, the average not exceeding 160 acres. When large tracts have been taken for a community, they have been at once subdivided in such manner as to give little or no preference, and immediately conveyed in severalty to the heads of the various families; each holder managing his individual interest in the way he prefers. No one exercises the least authority or power of direction over another, and each is responsible for his own acts and no others'. Yet there are strong bonds of sympathy between them, and they are helpful to one another.

Their houses are comfortable buildings of wood, often of one and a half or two stories, generally lathed, plastered, and well painted. The barn is frequently an extension of the house, from which it can be distinguished only by its greater size. A few have adopted the American plan, and built their barns at a little distance from the house. Some of the houses have the Russian clay oven placed in the centre of the dwelling, in such a way as to form a part of the wall of all the principal rooms, thus warming the whole house and affording cooking facilities in the kitchen. These ovens are heated but twice a day, and small bundles of weeds, hay, or stalks make excellent fuel. In the barns are the proper divisions and fittings for cattle and horses, with stalls, ricks, and places for hay and feed. In connection with other out-buildings the house and barn are situated in the midst of the grove and garden, and pigs and poultry are cared for in common with other things.

Those who have been there two or more years have already surrounded their farm buildings with groves of fruit and shade trees in various stages of growth; they have hedges of Osage orange and of mulberry adapted to the feeding of the silk-worm, and purpose to cultivate that industry, with which they were familiar in Europe; they each have gardens of from one to three or four acres of vegetables in good variety and great abundance, and also grapes and flowers. Everything was in good order. Their fields had been well tilled and cared for, and they were then harvesting the best crops of wheat and barley I had yet seen. Their corn was growing finely, and their oats and rye promised good harvests. Every one I met looked cheerful and contented, and not a word of complaint was heard.

The settlements are spread over a large extent of country, in clusters of some half dozen houses in comparatively near neighborhood, the groups being from two to three miles apart. Some attempt was at first made to live in cooperative communities, but it was quickly found to be impracticable and abandoned; the independent individual holdings have proved altogether satisfactory.

These Mennonites have shown how comfortable homes may be created in a short time by intelligent industry, assisted by capital sufficient to make a good start with buildings, tools, and seed upon a small piece of ground, and to enable the settler to live two or more years without returns from the land cultivated. More than this, they have shown that good and intelligent cultivation will lessen many of the difficulties in the way of climate and insects that to the ignorant farmer appear insuperable.

Along the line of the railroad a number of other colonies or communities have been established, towns planted, and a hopeful start made; all of which have been broken up, the improvements passed into other hands, and even the names given to the towns have been

changed. Those settlers who have been for a number of years on the government lands appear to be making some progress in improving their places by surrounding themselves with fruit and forest trees, domestic animals, and other means for comfort and advancement, and are in some measure cheerful. Yet they are all desirous to sell out. Those who have obtained their lands by purchase, in good part on long credits, and their implements in the same way, appear to be in desperate straits, and the general opinion is that they must succumb. Though the settlements and farm-houses are widely separated, I was informed that all the lands were in private hands, even the unoccupied government sections, and held for speculation. There is abundant room for ten occupants where there is but one at this time.

Many large and small fields of wheat, oats, and corn were noticed, with no sign of house, hedge, or fence in the near neighborhood. These belong to lawyers, doctors, land agents, traders, mechanics, and others doing business in the adjoining towns who are able to procure a piece of ground and have it cultivated by contract or upon shares. What proportion of the land was thus worked I was not able to ascertain, but was informed that it was a very general custom throughout the State. Large fields were pointed out in every direction thus worked, and others held and farmed by residents of other States. Officers of the railroad, living in the East, are among these adventurers, and are lending a powerful influence in this form of development. From what I could learn it appeared that quite one half of the wheat grown in the southern and middle portions of the State was produced under that system of cultivation.

An eminent lawyer and railroad land agent at Newton called my special attention to the great inducements offered for the investment of capital in operations of this kind. Himself a cultivator of nearly two thousand acres upon the contract system, he was very desirous that I should give the result of his experience in wheat growing. His plowing cost him $1.25 per acre; harrowing, 20 cents; drilling or seeding, 25 cents; and harvesting, $1.50; total, $3.20 per acre for the cultivation. Threshing, at five cents per bushel, for 15 bushels would amount to 75 cents, and $1.00 for seed would make $4.95 the total expense of producing one acre of wheat yielding 15 bushels; being at the rate of 33 cents a bushel. In good seasons the yield of wheat was much above 15 bushels to the acre, and he assured me that he had never sold a bushel of wheat at less than 80 cents. He also informed me that he was then making arrangements to have his lands cultivated on shares, the farmer to find seed, tools, teams, and labor, and receive one half the gross product. Upon the estimate of cost and yield as above given, at 80 cents a bushel, he must have made a net profit of $14,100 from his 2000 acres; or, at 59 cents a bushel, the average price at which wheat was sold in that State during 1878, according to the state agricultural report, he obtained a profit of 26 cents a bushel, or $7800 upon 2000 acres. But in 1878 the average yield of wheat in that State was not less than 20 bushels to the acre, and the best judgment placed the probable yield from this gentleman's fields this year at not less than 15 bushels. At the time I was there, the 25th of June, wheat was selling at 95 cents to $1.00 a bushel, the new wheat not being yet in the market.

However great the results may appear, my subsequent examinations in other parts showed that the profits were comparatively small. But the small farmer, on the other hand, being dependent on his crop to pay his interest account and his various indebtednesses that fall due at harvest, is forced into the market and compelled to take the best price he can get at that time. The result was that much the largest portion of the wheat raised by the small producers in Kansas, in 1878, was sold for not more than 50 cents a bushel, and sometimes for 30 and 35 cents. In Sterling the best offers that could be obtained at one time were 20 and 25 cents for the average quality of Kansas wheat. At the same time corn

was selling at from 10 to 15 cents a bushel, and was used for fuel in place of coal, which was selling at about 22 cents a bushel; a bushel of corn, as fuel, being as serviceable as a bushel of coal. The corn here referred to was unshelled, weighing 70 pounds to the bushel.

Flouring mills are found in most of the towns on the line of the railroads, and flour is sold at about the same price as in the city of Boston. The best quality of flour, made from the best grade of Kansas wheat, was selling at $8.00 a barrel. No miller will now receive the farmer's wheat, as the millers did in the days of our fathers, and grind it for a certain toll, which was then usually one eighth, or twelve and one half per cent. Now the millers buy the wheat from the farmers and sell them the flour. In this way the farmer, with wheat at 50 cents a bushel, practically pays 16 bushels of wheat for a barrel of flour, or nearly 70 per cent. of his wheat for grinding.

On inquiry among the millers, I found that they would exchange flour for wheat at from 18 to 35 pounds of flour and 10 to 12 pounds of bran for a bushel of wheat. By this exchange, at 35 pounds of flour for a bushel of wheat, there was a practical toll taken of a little more than 25 per cent., and at 18 pounds, of nearly 70 per cent.

The price for grinding corn is universally 10 cents a bushel, which in one case, at least, cured a farmer of the notion that he must feed his stock ground feed; it would not pay to give one load of corn for grinding another, and then sell hogs for one and a half cents a pound. These facts show the robust condition of the trades union of millers.

On the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé road there has been no very great development of the large farm interest, the policy of that land office being against the selling of its land in great blocks to single holders.

On the Kansas Pacific road the same general condition obtains among the small farmers, but there has been a much greater development of the large farm interest. Numbers of holders on that road own several thousands of acres. The agent of the land department of the Kansas Pacific road at Kansas City gave me a list of some of the large holders. Among the names is that of one at Victoria Station, owning 23,000 acres; another at Hays City, 25,000 acres; and another at Durham Park, 10,000 acres. One of these is distinctively a grain farm; the others raise grain and cattle. I will speak only of the last. The owner's stock consists in part of 250 blooded Durhams, some of which are of rare value. At the head of the herd stands an imported bull, the twenty-eighth Duke of Airdrie, costing $10,000 in gold. Two years ago two heifer calves were sold from this herd for $30,000. There are also 600 Berkshire hogs. Twelve hundred acres are under cultivation, 600 being in corn and 600 in oats; 9000 acres are under fence, divided into section lots of 640 acres each. The compact portion of the tract is four and a half miles long by two miles wide, the residence being near the centre and surrounded by grounds handsomely laid out and groves. The land is worked upon shares, the tenant finding everything and receiving three fourths of the crop, which he is bound to sell to the farm at current rates on the 1st of January. There are 400 acres in blue-grass, timothy, and clover. The number of men employed will average about ten, at about $18 per month.

A stay of a few days in Quincy, Illinois, enabled me to make inquiries regarding the condition of the farmers in that neighborhood. I learned that the greater part of them were in debt, and some were forced to part with their farms. It was with the greatest difficulty that they could make the two ends meet. These very farmers have old, well-improved farms that a few years ago were yielding abundance and comfort. As an illustration of their distress, it was told me that one miller in that neighborhood found a large market for his flour among the farmers at one dollar per barrel advance on current rates, to be paid in wheat after the present harvest.

On my way to the North, I stopped over in Elgin, to learn something of the

dairy interest of which that city is the centre. I first visited the great milk-condensing factory of the Gale Borden Company. In that establishment the first thing which attracts attention is the remarkable neatness and good order pervading the whole, from the beautiful grass plats and beds of flowers in the large yard to the well-swept brick floor and polished nickel-plated trimmings of the engines, boilers, and boiler rooms. The great and highly finished lemon-shaped copper milk condensers were of scrupulous cleanliness. But I wish merely to note economic results.

The establishment consumes 4000 gallons of milk daily, for which it pays at present at the rate of six cents a gallon. All the milk is obtained upon six-months contracts, — summer and winter. Four years ago the summer contract was fifteen cents a gallon, and the winter nineteen cents. Since that time the fall in contract price has been constant: for the summer contract from fifteen to thirteen cents the following year, then to eleven, then to nine, and now to six cents a gallon. The winter contracts dropped from nineteen cents four years ago to eleven cents last winter, and are now expected to fall to seven the next. During the last year of the war twenty-four cents a gallon was paid for milk. The price of milk during the past four years has fallen more than one half, and no doubt the price of other material and of labor has fallen in nearly the same ratio, but the cost of condensed milk to the consumer has not sensibly lessened.

One feature in the management of this establishment deserves particular notice. A large portion of its employees are females, of whom many had soldering irons in their hands, closing the newly filled boxes of milk. All employed, whether male or female, are paid alike for the work done, and no distinctions are made against women in their wages simply because they are women.

I next visited some of the dairy farms, and learned that they take their milk to the creameries, or factories, where it is manufactured into butter and cheese, and put into the market at a charge against the milk of four cents a pound for butter and two cents a pound for cheese. Upon the product being sold, the return is made to the milk producer of the proceeds less the cost of manufacture and sale, which generally nets from four and a half to five cents a gallon for the milk. Against this general return must be offset the occasional loss of any return produced by failure of commission merchants or other causes.

The farmers complained that at present prices they could make nothing; that they hardly paid expenses; that whereas, a few years ago, they all prospered and made money, now they could hardly live. As one old farmer said, "At present prices, milk would not pay the cows for the use of their tails in switching off the flies."

At the factories machinery is used in all the operations requiring force, and some of them manufacture from 3500 to 4000 gallons of milk daily. At Crystal Lake, sixteen miles north of Elgin, I was informed that some of the dairy farmers had become so much dissatisfied with the factory operations that they had entered into the manufacture of their own milk, and that others were selling their milk outright to the factories at fifty cents a hundred pounds. At eight and a half pounds of milk to the gallon, this gives four and a quarter cents for a gallon of milk.

Six years ago, the farmers in Northern Illinois found that grain-growing was not a paying business, even so near the Chicago market, and went into dairying and farming, finding it for a time a good operation. They enlarged their enterprises, and some imported from Europe the best dairy stock obtainable. At Elgin I was shown some beautiful animals of the Holstein breed, imported, and claimed to be the best of milkers, as they certainly were of the largest and finest of stock. The dairy farms rapidly increased; the factories multiplied, until now there are in that State about four hundred creameries, with a butter and cheese board of trade at Elgin, at which there are regular trade sales. The product is sent to Boston and other

Eastern markets at less than half the cost of transportation from St. Albans, Vermont, to Boston. It is marketed in Europe and the South; it receives the highest commendations for quality, and the highest prices. Yet the farmers who produce it are not, many of them, paying expenses. They are running in debt, encumbering their places, growing poorer and poorer, and facing the sorest distress. The farmers in Wisconsin, also, have gone into the dairy business to no small extent, and their experience is that of their Southern neighbors. These are the changes of half a decade in that most important industry.

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## SOME OF US: A SOUTHWESTERN SKETCH.

"WHAR 's the cunnle?" This query, delivered directly into the mistress's ear as she sat sewing in the door-way, made her fairly jump. "Skeered ye, did I? Well, I reckon I come toler'ble quiet. Shoes is all but wore out; don't make no n'ise. I just want to see the cunnle, that 's all!"

The speaker was a tall woman, in an old but clean pink calico dress and a huge brown sun-bonnet, from beneath which peered a pair of perfectly round, bright black eyes.

"Sit down," said the mistress, drawing up a camp-chair which stood near her, — "sit down, and rest a while. The colonel has gone out, but I expect him back very soon. What is your name?"

"Spriggle, — Mis' Spriggle. Reckon you never heered o' me afore. Just come last March. Come from way up Coal River. Your place is mighty pretty," looking all around her, and taking in with one bird-like glance pictures, furniture, and the mistress in her soft white dress.

"Yes, it is a pretty place, but lonely," the mistress replied. "And do you live here in the village?"

"Law, no. I 'm a-livin' way up the Dry Branch. Reckon ye never been thar. Me an' Mis' Mitchell was a-sayin' (Mis' Mitchell, she lives down on the creek; a mighty good neighbor she is), — me an' her was a-sayin' we reckoned the missis never could git up thar nohow. It 's a mighty rough holler, that, — mighty rough!"

Here Mrs. Spriggle stopped to take breath, and the mistress profited by the slight pause to inquire what she wished to see the colonel for.

"Well, I'll tell ye," and she leaned forward, eagerly. "I 'm in a mighty bad fix. Have n't got a bite in the house; I have n't so! When I moved here last March I hed to sell my cow; an' thar 's my gal awful sickly, an' me bein' kinder short-handed with my oldest boy, Bud, bein' married. Not but what he 's got a mighty nice wife (she 's a Pike, — Preacher Pike's gal); but ye know that ain't like havin' him to hum. An' ye see it ain't time fur green things yet; an' the fact is I 'm clean dagged out, — that 's what 't is. Ain't got ne'er a bite nor a sup in the house; so I just 'lowed I 'd come to them as has it."

Mrs. Spriggle stopped to push back her bonnet and cross her arms on her knees. Suddenly she held out both hands toward the mistress: —

"See my hands. Horny, ain't they?" and she gave a short laugh. Sure enough, they were hard and horny and ill-used hands. "That 's makin' rail fences."

"What!" cried her auditor, "you make rail fences?"

"Sure enough I do. Me an' my second boy, Thornton, we split rails, an' made a most a noble good fence right round my place. Why, 't was nothin' but bresh when we come thar! Mighty lazy folks them Smitherses was. They just let that thar cabin go to rack an'

ruin. Oh, I does a heap o' work fur other folks. That 's why I 'm in sech a master hurry now. I 'low to put in a hunderd sweet-potato sprouts fur Mis' Mitchell this evenin'."

"But that is very hard work for a woman. Why don't your husband do it?" asked the mistress.

"Law, don't ye know? I 'm a poor lone widder, an' I has to do fur myself. But I wonder when the cunnle is a-comin'."

"What is it you want the colonel to do?" the mistress inquired.

"Well, ye see," and Mrs. Spriggle edged her chair nearer, while she lowered her tones into quite a confidential whisper, "I want him to lend me three dollars. Just till the crap 's ripe; then I 'll pay off every cent. Ye see three dollars 'll buy corn-meal an' a little coffee. Can't live without coffee, I gets so master tired o' nights. Now, p'r'aps you 'll let me have it; it 'll be all the same, I reckon."

The mistress was, however, disinclined to do anything of the sort, with no knowledge at all of the woman before her.

"No, I cannot do that; but if you are in such a hurry, perhaps there is something else you wish to attend to in the village, and you can come back here again. The colonel will be at home before long, now."

"That 's so! I just want to go up to Mis' Paddiford's, an' git a dress pattern fur my gal. You likely knows whar Mis' Paddiford lives; up the road a piece. I 'll be back right soon. Good-mornin', ma'am."

Off she went, her quick, firm step showing no trace of the five-mile walk she had already taken that morning. Soon afterward the colonel appeared, and half an hour later Mrs. Spriggle returned, accompanied by a tall, gawky lad of fourteen, — "her boy Thornton."

"I brung him to pack the corn-meal," she explained. "He 's a mighty good boy, an' works a heap."

Thornton stood gazing in at the hall door, his hands in his pockets, and his face shaded by a huge flapping straw hat. The deer's head over the opposite door seemed to fix his attention, and he stared at it open-mouthed and spell-bound. Meanwhile, Mrs. Spriggle was using all her little arts to inveigle the colonel into lending her the three dollars.

"Now, I 'll pledge my crap on it, cunnle, — I will that."

"No, no," interrupted the colonel, "I don't want your crop. What would I do with it? I will let you have three dollars, though, and you can bring down berries or chickens to pay it off."

"Thank 'ee, I will so. I 'll bring ye some nice fat chickens right soon. How big, — fryin' size, now?"

"Yes, frying size," replied the mistress. "I want some very much; and fresh eggs, if you have any."

Mrs. Spriggle shook her head, doubtfully. "No, I reckon I can't git eggs, — only got one hen, ye see. But," brightening, "I 'll bring ye some fryin' size, sure. Come up, now, cunnle, an' see whar I live, some time. It 's a mighty pretty place." So saying, Mrs. Spriggle and her hopeful son walked off, very joyful, no doubt, over the large sum of money they were now possessed of. It would keep them, as she had said, till the "craps" came in.

About a month later, the colonel one day announced his intention of going on the morrow to examine a piece of land up the Dry Branch.

"Don't you want to go with me, Bettie?" he asked of his niece, who had just come to pay a few days' visit at Briarley. "It will be a pretty drive part way, and we can easily walk the rest."

"Why, Dry Branch is where Mrs. Spriggle lives," said the mistress. "You can stop and see if she is ever going to bring me those chickens."

So Bettie and her uncle set off to drive three miles up the creek, and then, turning from the main road, they followed a track by the side of a long since dried-up brook.

Presently the track, such as it was, descended abruptly into the bed of the stream. Over the stones they bounced and jumped for several yards, emerging again, much shaken in body, though not

in spirit, to pursue their adventurous course.

The next obstacle was a large beech-tree, blown by a recent gale directly across their path. Bettie got down to reconnoitre, and discovered a way of avoiding it; so the colonel followed cautiously, while she, picking up a good long stick in case of meeting snakes, walked on ahead.

And now the road wound through a lovely bit of woods, where a number of the small mountain cows were browsing among the underbrush. They started, shook their bells, and gazed wonderingly at the strangers. Never in all their lives had they seen so curious a thing as a buggy before.

Presently there appeared a little water in the brook, where it ran along under the beeches. The birds sang merrily overhead, and now and then a gray squirrel scampered up a tree to peep out at the visitors from some safe hiding-place above.

The steep, densely wooded hills rose on either side of the narrow hollow through which they were driving. "How lovely it all is!" cried Bettie, when suddenly, at a turn in the road, they came right up against a rail fence. "What does this mean?"

They got out to investigate. Some indifferent squatter had actually fenced in the path, and they could see nothing but waving corn on the other side. Here was a pretty state of things, indeed! There was nothing to be done but to descend again into the bed of the brook; and this was far rougher work than before. Every moment some huge rock planted itself directly in the way; and which showed the greater amount of patience I don't know, — poor old Robin, who toiled to drag the little low buggy over the stones, or the colonel, whose seat was now high in the air, and again nearly in the water.

As for Miss Bettie, she preferred not to risk her neck among such perils, but made the best of her way through the tall weeds and bushes along the bank.

To make a long story short, they lived to gain the road again, and had proceeded calmly on their journey for half a mile or so when — here was another fence, and this time there seemed no possible way of driving around it. Robin was therefore tied fast to a tree, and the uncle and niece prepared to continue on foot.

The fence which had stopped them surrounded a small clearing, well planted with corn, tobacco, and watermelons. In the midst stood a tiny log cabin, quite new and clean looking. The door was shut, and the only living creature about the little place was a black kitten asleep under the low portico.

The pedestrians crossed this small patch and ultimately found the road again on the other side, but now grown so narrow as to be hardly more than a bridle-path. A little further on, a larger log-cabin came in sight; and as they neared it the barking of several dogs warned its inmates of their approach.

A shaggy, barefooted man and a couple of unkempt women looked out at the door, and when the man caught sight of the colonel he called out, "Good mornin', cunnle! Reckon ye found the road consid'able blocked up below thar!"

"I did, indeed."

"Well, it 's that Jake Pike. He 's a most onthinkin' critter, — never keers whar the road goes, so long as his corn patch is a growin'."

A few more rods brought them to another corn-field, surrounded by another low rail fence. Bettie and the colonel climbed this, and made their way between the tall corn in the direction of the voices they heard. Going round a spacious log pig-pen they found themselves before a little, a very little, and old log-cabin. A huge, long-snouted black hog lay outstretched in front of the door under the narrow portico, while two small children tumbled over one another and across his back.

"Is Mrs. Spriggle here?" asked the colonel.

Thereupon ensued a great commotion, and Mrs. Spriggle issued, smiling, from the doorway. "Why, it 's you, cunnle, sure enough! I 'm right down glad to see ye. Come right in an' rest."

"This is my niece, Mrs. Spriggle," said the colonel, "Miss Bettie Byrne."

"Ye don't say! Come right in, now, out of the sun, an' cool off."

They stooped to enter the low, narrow door-way, and found themselves in a tiny room, perhaps eight feet wide by twelve long. The only two chairs, little, old, hollow-seated things, were tendered the visitors. Mrs. Spriggle herself and a pretty young woman who had evidently been at work upon a blue calico dress, now thrown on the bed, seated themselves on a narrow bench. A girl of thirteen or so, with a sweet, pale face and large, soft brown eyes, sat on the bed. The children sidled in at the door-way, smiling in a friendly manner at Bettie, who, however, tried in vain to coax them nearer. "Are these little ones yours, Mrs. Spriggle?" she asked.

"One is, — the boy thar. The least one is this woman's. She 's Minty, my son Bud's wife."

Minty smiled, while she picked up her own baby, who, though not over-clean, was a fat, healthy little creature.

"My gal thar has been mighty sick," Mrs. Spriggle said. "This is the fust day she 's been up."

Upon Bettie's inquiring what had been the matter, the mother said, "Well, the doctor, he 'lowed it was cold. He 's conditioned her well all over, an' he likely knows; but it 'pears to me more like rheumatiz. She was that swelled up, — I declar 't was awful. Me an' Minty hed to be up nights with her; an' I tell ye we 've hed a mighty bad time, — we have so! Then last week my boy Thornton stepped on to a piece o' glass an' run it way up into his foot. Why, ye never did see sech a foot nowhar! It was powerful bad."

"Is it better now?" asked the colonel.

"Oh, yes, a heap better. I put on a buckeye poultice, an' that drawed out the inflammation."

"But the glass, — did it draw that out too?"

Mrs. Spriggle spread out her brown hands, and regarded them thoughtfully, as though to find the answer somehow written upon them. Then she looked up, and shook her head quickly.

"Well, I don't reckon it did," she said; "but him an' Bud has gone to do a job o' ditchin' to-day. Thornton can get along right well with a stick."

During the foregoing conversation Bettie had been using her eyes, and had discovered that the two bedsteads were actually made of fence rails nailed roughly together.

The beds must have been filled with something very lumpy, for the ancient patchwork quilts which covered them were quite unable to lie flat. They rose into hummocks and fell into valleys, according to the will of the substance beneath.

The pillows were out airing on the roof of the pig-pen; and each of the four pillow-cases was ornamented with a deep frill of cotton edging around the hem.

In one corner of the cabin stood a little table, and this too had fence-rail legs. What the top might be Bettie could not discover, as all the worldly goods of the Spriggle family covered it.

Four large, blue-edged plates, two or three cracked cups, a battered coffee-pot black with age, and a skillet comprised the list of cooking utensils and dishes.

Over the table was the one window the cabin possessed, — in size eighteen inches by ten, probably; and of course there was no attempt at glass. A sort of wall-pocket made of calico and a patch-work pin-cushion hung just beneath the window.

It was really quite touching, Bettie thought, to see these poor attempts at household art, and she asked the girl on the bed if she had made them.

The shy, pale face broke into a pleased smile, and her mother looked around at her with a very satisfied nod.

"Yes," she said, "sis made both them thar. She 's reel handy at her needle. You wouldn't think it, now, would you?"

"Why, yes, I should," Bettie replied. "She has hands just right for nice sewing."

Mrs. Spriggle looked down at her own.

"She 's never done no rough work, like I have," she said. "Sis ain't rugged like me. Now I never could a-bear sewin'. I 'd a heap ruther hoe corn. I would that!"

Bettie's eyes had begun to wander around the little room again, and had now rested on the open and smoke-begrimed fire-place. It held no grate, nor any arrangement for cooking. No doubt that was done out-of-doors; as if divining her visitor's thoughts Mrs. Spriggle said, "The chimbly smokes awful bad. Just see!"

Sure enough, the wall and the rafters over their heads — for there was nothing between them and the roof — were black with soot.

"I 'll have to pull that thar chimbly down, and build another afore winter," she continued. "I can't think how them Smitherses ever did live here, nohow!"

"Do you live here, too?" Bettie asked, turning to Minty, whose pleasant face attracted her very much.

"Oh, no. I live down in the second house from here, — that little new cabin."

"Oh, yes, I remember. That is a pretty place, and you seem to have a good garden."

"Yes, Minty has a right clean, new little place," put in her mother-in-law. "Now, I 'll tell ye what, cunnle, I 'd 'a' been down afore with them blackberries, but my gal 's been so sick I could n't leave her. Last Sunday" (and Bettie wondered how they knew when Sunday came) "me an' Minty went all over them mountains," and Mrs. Spriggle leaned toward the door-way, pointing to the hills that rose, steep and wild, almost from her very threshold. "We just climbed and climbed, and got all wore out huntin' huckleberries. An' I 'll tell ye what it is, there ain't one on the bushes, there just ain't. Ye can take my word for it! Minty an' me 's a-goin', soon as ever sis gets better, up to Long Bottom for blackberries. I 'lowed to take one bucket to your aunt," turning to Bettie, "an' one to the doctor for the medicine I 've had."

"But," said the colonel, "Long Bottom is at least five miles off."

"Yes, it 's a right smart piece; but there ain't none no nigher. We 'll pick 'em one day, an' tote 'em down to youuns the next day."

"But they will not keep, this hot weather," Bettie objected.

"Oh, yes," Minty interrupted eagerly; "he spreads 'em out at night out-o'-doors, an' they keeps right well. It 's different to their bein' left all night in a bucket, you know."

"I 'm a-goin' to pay off that three dollars, cunnle, — I am so," Mrs. Spriggle continued. "I 've got forty-five cents of chickens for the missis, but I 'lowed to keep 'em just a leetle longer. They ain't just big enough yet; and I 'll bring ye a dozen roastin' ears 'fore long. I reckon the missis likes roastin' ears!"

Bettie, remembering the sweet corn now so plentiful at Briarley, thought that Mrs. Spriggle's roasting ears would be rather superfluous; but the poor woman seemed so anxious to pay off her debts, and to have so very little to pay with, that she would not discourage her.

"Yes," she said, "my aunt is very fond of roasting ears, I know, and your corn looks tall and fine."

"Don't it, now? Do ye see any down on the river as tall as that?"

"No, I don't believe I do."

"Well, I reckoned not." And Mrs. Spriggle settled herself on her seat, as she spoke, with very pardonable pride.

The colonel rose now to go, but first asked if there were a spring near by. Bettie too had been getting very thirsty, but had been considering within herself that, if there were any water on the premises, it was probably frequented quite as often by the great hog in the doorway, and by the little red pig asleep under the table, as by their owners. So she had repressed her desires, and hoped to get a good drink from the brook by and by. She need not have been afraid however. A spring to every house would have been a most unheard-of thing in these parts, and Mrs. Spriggle replied, —

"No, we pack our water from Bob

Buster's spring. It 's quite a piece, but it 's a most a noble good spring."

"Don't you ever get lonely here?" Bettie said, as she turned to wish the sick girl good-by.

She had so far said nothing, and even now only shook her head, and smiled contentedly at the question.

"Lonely!" cried her mother. "We 've all the neighbors we wants. Why, there 's five families atween here an' the creek, countin' us. That 's a plenty, I 'm sure. Bob Buster's folks wanted us to go up Wet Branch with them; but law sakes, there ain't nobody up thar! It 's that lonesome an' wild ye would n't believe it."

Bettie could not easily imagine anything much wilder or more solitary than this place; but fortunately for the Spriggle family, it was evidently quite to their taste. Why, indeed, should they be discontented when they knew of nothing better?

"Now, come right soon again, do," chorused Mrs. Spriggle and Minty, coming out of the door after them. "Come again soon and spend the day. Good-by, good-by."

All the little family assembled in the low doorway to see their guests depart. So, accompanied by grunts and barks, and shouted farewells, Bettie and her uncle wended their circuitous way back through the tall corn, and climbed once more Mrs. Spriggle's "most a noble rail-fence."

The summer drew to a close. The autumn came and went without any signs of Mrs. Spriggle. One raw, dark afternoon in early December, word was brought to the mistress, as she was busy over her plants in the dining-room, that Mrs. Spriggle wished to see her.

"Bring her in here, Biddy," she said to the little servant maid who stood waiting for orders.

So presently Mrs. Spriggle herself was ushered in. This time she was attired in a dingy black calico, made with a deep flounce which trailed on the floor behind her. The sunbonnet, too, was of the same hue.

"Good evenin' missis! I reckon ye thought I was dead, or clared out, mebbe!"

"Why, yes," assented the mistress; "we have been wondering for a long time how you were getting along."

"Only tol'able; just tol'able," said Mrs. Spriggle, shaking her head mournfully, as she sank into a chair by the fire. "My gal 's mighty sick. I reckon she 's got the reel true consumption this time, sure."

"Oh, dear, not so bad as that, I hope. Tell me all about it."

"Well, she can't eat, an' she does cough awful, — she does so. Me an' Thornton has to be up an' down with her nights, an' the wust on it is, Bud an' Minty ' moved way off to the Upper Creek. He 's a-diggin' coal up thar. The folks up Dry Branch is mighty kind neighbors, but we 're in a tol'able bad fix; we are so." She drew a deep sigh, and lapsed into silence, gazing meanwhile dejectedly into the fire. "'Pears like I never should get that thar three dollars paid off no how," she said at last.

"Oh, you need n't worry over that," said the mistress. "You have all you can attend to now with your sick daughter. The colonel won't ask you for that. We will let it go."

"Well, you 're right down kind, ye an' the cunnle. I allus *did* say the cunnle was the kindest man hereabouts." Mrs. Spriggle brightened up for the moment, and then relapsed again into gloom and silence.

"I think you had better go into the kitchen now, and have some dinner," the mistress said, presently. "After that I will put up some things for your daughter."

The dinner disposed of, a big basket of provisions was prepared, and while it was being packed, Mrs. Spriggle, whose melancholy mood was by this time somewhat averted, said, "Sis was a-wishin' she was rich this mornin'. 'What fur, sis,' says I. 'Oh, maw,' says she, 'if I was rich, I 'd buy yards an' yards o' caliker to make patchwork with.' She 's that fond o' piecin' patchwork; it 's all she keers fur now," and the

mother took up the end of her shawl to wipe a tear away.

"Well, if that is all she wants to make her happy, it will be easy to gratify the child," exclaimed the mistress. "Wait a little, and I will find her some pieces." When she returned again, carrying a big roll of bright bits of calico, she noticed the unseemly length of her visitor's skirt, which dragged in front, as well as behind. "You should make your dress shorter, Mrs. Spriggle," she said. "How can you walk in such a long skirt?" Mrs. Spriggle turned her head over her shoulder, and regarded herself attentively from that point of view, but said nothing. "All the ladies are wearing very short skirts this winter," continued the mistress. "See mine! It does not touch anywhere."

Mrs. Spriggle put her hands on her knees, and bent down to peer at it from under her cavernous sun-bonnet. Then she straightened herself up, and walked very deliberately all around the mistress. "Well, now, that 's what I call pretty. I do so," she ejaculated, when her tour had come to an end. "So short skirts is the fashion, is they? Well, I allus *did* say ye dressed just the prettiest I ever see. But law sakes, I must be a-goin'! My gal 'll be mighty took with them pieces," and shouldering the basket, she departed for her long walk, in better spirits, it is to be hoped, than when she came.

During the following spring and summer Mrs. Spriggle paid occasional visits to Briarley, but since the middle of August nothing had been seen or heard of her, when one October day the colonel came in with the astounding news that Mrs. Spriggle's "gal" was married.

"Married!" cried his wife. "It can't be true! She 's a mere child."

"I think it is true. John Mitchell, who lives near them, was down this morning, so I asked him about the Spriggle family. He says she has married one of those good-for-nothing Gibsons from up Sugar-Camp Branch. There 's no telling what extraordinary thing these people will do next."

Not a week later Mrs. Spriggle presented herself again at Briarley. The black dress had suffered visibly from contact with muddy roads on the way. The black sun-bonnet was limper and rustier than ever. Their wearer dropped into a chair, and crossed her hands dejectedly on her knees.

"Reckon ye done heered 'bout my gal bein' married," she said, without raising her eyes from the floor.

"Yes. I was much surprised to hear it," the mistress replied. "She must be very young."

"Yes, she is tol'able young, is sis, — goin' on fifteen. But law, I was married at thirteen, — I was so!"

She looked up quickly, but catching an expression of disapproval on the mistress's face she cast her eyes again upon the floor.

"The wust on it is," continued she, "he ain't got a cent, nor he can't make one, nuther."

"Why did you let your daughter take him, then?"

"Well, he come a-dawdlin' round sis, an' he 'd allus a powder-horn a-hangin' on to him; so I just 'lowed he 'd a gun, and could keep sis in coons an' possums. She 's a master-hand at fresh meat, is my gal! He scraped up two dollars somewhar to get the license with an' to pay the preacher; but I don't reckon he 'll ever arn any more."

"Not earn any more!" cried the mistress incredulously. "What is the matter that he can't work and support your daughter properly?"

Mrs. Spriggle pushed back her bonnet and crossed her knees before she answered. Then she shook her head mournfully.

"I never found out," she said, "till they was done married, as how he 'd nary gun at all, — nothin' but a powder-horn. And," with a gesture of disgust, "he 's the powerfullest no-account critter ye ever did see."

"You must feel badly to let your daughter go away with such a man."

"Oh, law, she ain't gone! Did ye think he had ary house to put her in? Why, don't ye know? They 's a-livin' to home with me."

This amazing piece of intelligence nearly took away the mistress's breath. Before she could reply, Mrs. Spriggle continued, —

"What 's did 's did! 'T ain't no use fussin', I reckon."

"But how could you let her marry him without knowing more about him than you did?"

"Well, it 's flyin' in the face o' Providence not to take up with a husband when he comes along." She glanced up appealingly as she spoke. "Gals can't get a good husband every day, — they can't so!"

"But," said the mistress, "it seems he is not a good husband."

Mrs. Spriggle's face, which had brightened slightly, took on a gloomier hue, and she pulled the black bonnet down over it.

"That 's so," she assented, tearfully. "He 's wuss than nary husband. That 's so, I do say. But," as she rose to go, "mebbe he can ketch rabbits, if he knowed how to make a trap, now! I must be gettin' along. Mr. Mitchell, he 's a-goin' to give me a job o' fencin' this evenin'. Come up, now, do. I 'll be right down glad to see ye. But it 's a powerful rough holler, is Dry Branch, an' I don't reckon ye could ever get up thar, no how. Good mornin, ma'am."

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## THE NATIONAL BOARD OF HEALTH.

It is curious, as an element of the study of human nature, to consider the manner in which the newly constituted National Board of Health has been received by those who have most to do with the direction of public opinion concerning public affairs, — the reporters and the frequent or occasional correspondents of the newspapers. Several influences were brought to bear upon the constitution of the board which are fair subjects of criticism, and these have not failed to exert an important influence upon some features of its work and methods. But, unquestionably, the object was a laudable one, and those selected to secure it included some of the very best men in the country for the purpose.

On the whole, as the first step taken in an important new direction, we must regard the National Board of Health as a decided success, of no little present utility and of great future promise. Many a new venture, much less praiseworthy and of much less hopeful aspect, has been at once embraced by the daily press as a great public blessing; its defects have been overlooked, and only its virtues have been held up to the public gaze. Very unfortunately, the Board of Health has met with the opposite reception, — for what reason, it would be impossible to say without more knowledge of Washington journalism than I possess. Everything concerning it has had a bad taste in the reportorial mouth from the very outset. Emboldened by the tendency thus instituted, doctors and others who should know better have not been slow to pour forth voluminous condemnation regarding it. If one were compelled to guess at the cause of this opposition, it would, perhaps, be safest to go back to the tone of the discussion of the yellow-fever question since the epidemic of last year.

Public opinion at the North, where sanitary matters have received the most attention, naturally assumed at once that the reason why Southern cities had been so devastated by this plague was that they were not kept clean. This opinion is wide-spread; whether it is entirely well founded or not, I have no means of knowing. The immunity from the epidemic which New Orleans enjoyed during Gen-

eral Butler's military occupation is popularly supposed to have been due to the thoroughness with which he compelled the systematic cleansing of the city.

The Southern mind did not attach so much importance as we did, perhaps not so much as it should have done, to the matter of cleanliness and good drainage. Indeed, more than once it was reported by local committees that the worst infection often existed in the best drained parts of the town. To this suggestion I shall refer again.

The controlling opinion of the South, especially as represented at the meetings of the American Public Health Association and in Congress, held very strongly to the idea that the means by which yellow fever is to be prevented from devastating those cities again is the very palpable means of quarantine. The best knowledge on the subject seems to indicate that the disease never originates *de novo* in this country, but is always the result of importation from infected places. Consequently, the most obvious suggestion concerning it is to lay such an embargo upon its importation as shall furnish adequate security against it. One who has control of a powder magazine applies his chief energy and his greatest anxiety to the absolute exclusion of the least spark of fire. Southern people, knowing that they are subject, from whatever cause, to yellow-fever epidemics, naturally look first to the exclusion of the first spark of infection; and in so far they are wise. To regard quarantine as the one sure preventive, as they have done, seems short-sighted. In the case of the manufacturer of gunpowder, the storing of the explosive material is an absolute necessity. If it were possible for him to get rid of this element, the rest of his property would be entirely safe, in spite of the sparks.

Yellow fever used to prevail, sometimes very seriously, in Northern cities, and in seasons of no more severe heat than we have frequently had in recent years. Notwithstanding the well-regulated quarantine of New York, there are occasional importations of the infection; but at no time for years past, since the radical though still imperfect sanitary improvement of the metropolis, has any case served as the starting-point of a local epidemic.

Southern physicians and experts have much more knowledge than we have concerning this disease. At the same time it seems evident that, under the influence of panic and of a determination to protect their communities by isolation, they have failed to appreciate as we do the importance of municipal and domestic cleanliness.

It is perhaps this difference of opinion between Northern writers and those Southern members of Congress who directed the Board of Health and quarantine legislation which has caused the former to take the unfavorable view that it has of the board which that legislation created. Another difficulty is to be sought in the constitutional limitations under which the legal enactments were necessarily made. The act constituting the board, approved March 3d, is simple, direct, and effective. The quarantine act, approved June 2d, which prescribed the specific duties of the board with reference to yellow fever, is by no means so clear and positive. There is evident at every point a desire to avoid raising the question of the right of the general government to interfere in any respect with local authorities. In so far as the action of the National Board has been halting or ineffective in dealing with the present outbreak (and it is in this respect that it has been most severely criticised), there is reason for its caution and for the absence of positive action in the limited and qualified powers given to it by Congress.

In considering what the National Board of Health is and what it has done, these facts must not be lost sight of. We must regard it always with a view to the limitations by which it is restricted. Could the gentlemen constituting the board have prescribed their own authority, and done in all respects what might to them alone have seemed best, we should undoubtedly have had more prompt, efficient, and severe treatment of the question. As it is, it is fair only to consider

the manner in which they have exercised their very limited powers, and to estimate the wisdom of their course by the degree to which they are endeavoring to do the most they can with their restricted means.

So far as the constitution of the board is concerned, there is no doubt that any one of us would be able to select from among the sanitary experts of the country eleven men who would be, in our own opinion, better qualified for this special work. It is possible that some members of the board ought not to have been appointed. Be this as it may, all who are competent to judge recognize the fact that the leading spirits of the board are among the very best men in the country for the work in hand. They are fully qualified to apply existing knowledge to the delicate questions which they have to treat, and they realize (as, unfortunately, the public does not) how extremely limited the existing knowledge is, and how impossible it is for any man to say with certainty that such or such treatment is most advisable. The radical trouble with the whole question is that the public has expected too much, — as it always expects too much from experts. The action of the board is now measured solely by the single standard of its treatment of the yellow-fever question, which is the only one that engages the public mind. But concerning this, knowledge may be said hardly to exist. We know, of course, something of the disease, and something of the circumstances under which it becomes epidemic; and we know pretty surely that it never originates in this country. This is about all that we do know respecting it. With such a very feeble foundation to work upon, with virtually no precedents to follow, and with very restricted powers of action, the Board of Health cannot reasonably be expected to accomplish any great practical result. They have been active in making suggestions; and the individual interest of the members in the whole question has been lively and unceasing. That they have not applied themselves to experiments which they had no legal right to make, and which they had no reason to believe would be effective, should be regarded as commendable rather than reprehensible. A calm consideration of their powers and of the knowledge which alone could justify their action must lead to the conclusion that they have done quite as much as the existing circumstances would warrant.

The board consists of eleven members: seven civilian physicians, one medical officer of the marine hospital service, one army surgeon, one navy surgeon, and the solicitor general. In the constituting act, only three duties are prescribed for them: one, to obtain information upon all matters affecting the public health; another, to advise the several departments of the government, the executives of the several States, and the commissioners of the District of Columbia, on all questions submitted by them, and in their discretion "to give such advice as may tend to the preservation and improvement of the public health;" the third, to coöperate with a committee of the National Academy of Science, and to consult with sanitary organizations and leading sanitarians as to the recommendation of a plan for a permanent health organization, to be established by Congress at its next session. This is simple and straightforward, and there is no doubt that the work thus indicated will be satisfactorily carried out.

The quarantine act (June 2d) is much less explicit, so far as any decided action is concerned. Under it the board may request the president to detail medical officers to aid consuls in foreign ports from which the importation of infection is to be apprehended. They are to coöperate with state and municipal boards to prevent the introduction of infectious diseases from foreign ports, or into one State from another; but the means and the degree of the coöperation are neither specified nor authorized. If local provisions seem to the board to be insufficient, it is to report the fact to the president, who may order it to make rules and regulations that meet the requirements of the case. If the president approve these, the board is to promulgate

them, and they are to be enforced by state authorities. If they fail to enforce them, it is left with the president in his discretion to detail an officer or a suitable person to carry them out.

The board has only a similar authority concerning the rules and regulations to be observed by vessels coming from ports declared to be dangerously infected. It has authority (and this is important) to obtain from the consuls and medical officers detailed to assist them weekly reports of the sanitary condition of foreign ports and places from which danger is to be apprehended. It is also authorized to obtain, through all accessible sources, weekly reports concerning the health of towns and cities of the United States, and it is required to publish weekly reports, giving the information thus obtained "and other pertinent information received by the board;" also to "procure information relating to the climatic and other conditions affecting the public health." It has the further duty of formulating and supplying information and suggesting rules and regulations concerning vessels, railroad trains, and other means of interior communication.

All this, it will be seen, is vague and limited in regard to giving the board any absolute power to do any specific act or thing to accomplish an immediate sanitary result. So far as the treatment of the yellow-fever question is concerned, it is proper to repeat that the National Board of Health has done promptly and carefully what it seemed necessary or possible to do under its present circumstances. Not the least of the good, permanent results of its work is to be sought in its publications. In compliance with the law of June 2d, it publishes, for gratuitous circulation among those interested and influential in such matters, a weekly bulletin, containing a record of its action, and such information as from time to time it is able to gather from the various important sources within its reach. This bulletin, while it is by no means a newspaper, and while its more striking features have always been made public by the more prompt action of the daily press, constitutes an educational instrument of the greatest public value.

One of the circulars of the board recites the requirements of the constituting act, and indicates that in the performance of the duties therein specified it will furnish means and encouragement to leading physicians, sanitarians, and scientific men to prosecute scientific inquiries as to the various matters necessary for the protection of the public health. It will thus secure the performance of a most important work, for which no local organization and no private citizen would be likely to devote the necessary time and money. In its effort to obtain information upon matters affecting the public health, it will come in an authoritative way into familiar communication with the various local boards, with a view to the exchange of information and advice. This will lead to the formulating of methods, to the assimilation of systems, and to the improving of the processes of each organization by means of the experience of all, thus saving the present enormous waste of effort that is being expended by various local organizations in tentative work which others have already found to be unprofitable.

However valuable and important all of its other offices may be, we must surely look for the best result of its work in the last requirement of the constituting act. It is extremely important that there should be a permanent national organization, specially charged with the direction of sanitary matters. It is not less important that this organization should be constituted in accordance with the wisest possible discrimination and judgment. To determine what such a board may do and what it may not do, what means should be placed at its disposal and in what manner these means should be applied; to separate it from all party and sectional interests; to make it the most efficient agency for the obtaining of knowledge and for the effective distribution of this knowledge among the people, will be a very great step in advance. We may now hope that an efficient sanitary public authority may be established upon so firm a basis that

no man's private scheme and the indulgence of no man's whim may lead to its destruction. If we can secure for the whole country an educational influence as important as that of the State Board of Health of Massachusetts was to the people of that commonwealth, and if we can protect it from the shipwreck which has overtaken that board, we shall have accomplished an inestimable good. With this view we may well be content to regard all that the National Board of Health is now doing as purely tentative work, leading only to the exploration of a field which is henceforth to be cultivated in a systematic, wise, and effective manner. If we get no other result than the judicious application of present experience to the organization of future work, we shall have a result compared with which no possible action in connection with any epidemic is worth considering.

It would be beyond the purpose of this paper — a purpose of illustration only — to recite and comment upon the various acts and performances of the National Board. It will not be out of place, however, as an indication of its method and its temper, to quote from its circular of July 12th: —

"Whatever opinions may be held as to the causes of yellow fever and of the recent appearance of that disease in Tennessee and Mississippi, it is best to act as if it were a disease due to a specific particulate cause, which is capable of growth and reproduction, transportable, and may be destroyed by exposure to a temperature above 240° Fahrenheit, or by chemical disinfectants of sufficient strength if brought into immediate contact with it.

"It is also prudent to assume that the growth and reproduction of this cause is connected with the presence of filth, in the sanitary sense of that word, including decaying organic matters and defective ventilation, as well as of high temperature.

"The cases of yellow fever recently observed should be considered as due to causes surviving from last year's epidemic, and not to recent importation from other countries. It follows that there is a liability to the appearance of other cases in places visited by the epidemic of last year, and that there is danger of the spread of the disease to the North and the East. . . .

"The object of the present circular is to advise that all cities, towns, and villages be at once made clean, in a sanitary point of view. The first step toward securing this cleanliness is to obtain reliable information as to what parts of the place are clean, and what foul.

"The results of a careful sanitary inspection of almost any city or town will show the existence of collections of decaying and offensive matters previously unknown, and which every one will admit should be promptly removed and destroyed.

"Such inspections to be of value must be thorough, and made by persons competent to recognize foul soils, waters, and air, as well as the grosser and more palpable forms of nuisance. They should also be made by persons who will report fully and frankly the results of their observations, without reference to the wishes of persons or corporations. When the whereabouts and the extent of the evil are known, the remedy is usually almost self-evident."

The first paragraph of this quotation indicates (which is true) that it is not now positively known that the disease is due to "a specific particulate cause, which is capable of growth and reproduction." No sufficient scientific examination has ever been made to determine this question. He would be a rash man who should attempt to predict the time and manner of determining it. As a first step toward ascertaining it, the National Board has sent a committee of experts to Havana, with instructions to institute scientific investigation in this direction. This commission is composed of three physicians and a sanitary engineer. They are instructed to find out the actual sanitary condition of the principal ports of Cuba, how this can best be made satisfactory, and especially what can be done to prevent the infection of shipping by yellow fever; "to add to

our knowledge as to the pathology of yellow fever," and to study the question of endemicity. They will also endeavor to "find some means for recognizing the presence of the immediate cause of yellow fever other than the production of the disease in the human subject." The commission is well supplied with scientific apparatus, and it is expected to make a preliminary report at the end of three months, the hope being indulged that this may indicate the best direction for future inquiries.

It is already reported by Dr. Sternberg, of the commission, that a most valuable and convenient fluid for detecting the presence of bacteria is the liquor from the interior of the unripe cocoa-nut, whose properties, he believes, will make it of great value in such investigations. It is transparent as water, is confined in a germ-proof receptacle, and when exposed to air containing bacteria and other organisms it enables them to develop with astonishing rapidity. In an experiment reported, a portion of this fluid, exposed to the air, became milky within a few hours, and was loaded with bacteria, "and had upon its surface a pellicle containing the cells of some fungus." Another portion, in the same room, but protected by a suitable bell-glass, remained perfectly clear.

An examination of the six copies of the Bulletin thus far issued shows that the board has by no means been idle. It has published: (1.) Rules and regulations for securing the best sanitary condition of vessels, cargoes, passengers, and crews coming from infected foreign ports. (2.) Rules and regulations recommended for quarantined ports, with special reference to yellow fever. (3.) Rules and regulations concerning the sanitary condition of vessels, cargoes, passengers, and crews going from an infected port of the United States to another port in the United States. (4.) Rules and regulations for securing the best sanitary condition of railroads, station-houses, road-beds, and of cars, freights, passengers and employees coming from a point where yellow fever exists. (5.) Rules and regulations to be observed by the health authorities of a place free from infection having communication with an infected place. (6.) The course to be adopted in a place already infected with yellow fever.

All these rules and regulations are copious, specific, and in accordance with the best ascertained knowledge and best accepted theories of the subject.

There is also a weekly report of the mortality from specific diseases in foreign cities and in the chief cities of the United States; together with an amount of general information concerning sanitary matters which is of great, and much of it of permanent, value.

In the original draft of the constituting act it was proposed that $500,000 should be appropriated, to enable the National Board of Health to pay one half of the expenses of such state boards as might be organized in accordance with a plan approved by the National Board of Health. This would have been extremely effective in securing a uniformity of methods, and would have enabled local boards to perform much more efficient service than is now possible. It is unfortunate that this provision was stricken from the bill, and it is sincerely to be hoped that it will be included in the plan of a permanent national organization.

It is quite natural that the general public should now endeavor to measure the efficiency of the board solely with reference, not to its action, but to the result of its action, in the suppression of yellow fever. Of course it can never be known to what degree the board has been instrumental in preventing the greater severity and wider spread of the epidemic; but that "great big stupid," the public, is sure to adjust its estimate of processes by what it sees, or thinks it sees, of results; and, for the moment, the whole question of the National Board of Health is in its mind the question of yellow fever.

The fact is that, as compared with consumption, yellow fever is insignificant even in the years when it occurs, and that there are other diseases always prevalent throughout the country which are

far more important, when measured by their fatality alone, than is this conspicuous periodic scourge, — to say nothing of the enormous amount of costly and painful sickness which stops short of death. The *great* good that is to be accomplished by the future national health organization is not in freeing the country from yellow fever alone, but in working towards the abolishment of the whole range of preventable diseases, in preserving health as well as life, and in adding not only to the average of human longevity, but to the sum of human efficiency. If we realize the importance of this view of the case, we shall accept all honest present effort in the most friendly and favoring spirit, confident that the work now being done is only a first step towards the accomplishment of an ultimate public benefit, of which it would be rash now to estimate the extent.

I cannot close this paper without referring to the opinion so often expressed, and alluded to above, that in 1878 the worst infection often occurred in the "best drained" parts of the town. Possibly the requirements of good draining are not always properly understood. In the Bulletin of the National Board for August 16th, Dr. Palmer, sanitary inspector, reporting on the condition of Mobile, says: —

"During the dry seasons the sewers are never flooded, because the water supply is so limited, and hence they are never washed out unless the rain comes and deluges them. In the pits are emptied the refuse matter from night-vessels, and in many cases the kitchen refuse is also poured into these places. Of course, last year, when there were over two hundred cases of yellow fever here, all the deposits and vomit were emptied into these festering pits, and now, there is no doubt about it, things are very unsanitary here. When I have approached the authorities upon the subject, they have said that yellow fever will come whether you are clean or not."

If the "pits" received these matters, the sewers received them also. Sewers in the condition indicated as existing in Mobile — and if in this condition no amount of care and cost in construction would help them — would probably be more injurious than the pits, because more directly in communication with houses. Filth does less harm in street gutters than in foul sewers.

*George E. Waring, Jr.*

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## THREE INTERVIEWS WITH OLD JOHN BROWN.

Upon the 2d of July, 1856, Captain John Brown called on me at the Eastern House, in Lawrence, Kansas. He had left his company, twenty-two men, camped on the Wakerusa, a few miles from town. The free-state legislature was to assemble at noon, at Topeka, on the 4th. Franklin Pierce was then president, and the federal officials of the Territory, who all sympathized with the pro-slavery party, had determined that the legislature should not meet. There had been a lull in the winter, but with the spring hostilities set in. Finding the Missourians unable longer to cope with the free-state men, Buford and his men came from the far Southern States to reinforce them. Lawrence had been sacked and the Free State hotel and printing-houses bombarded and burned in May. From that time forward there had been a skirmish or a fight almost every day. Bands of armed men, of both parties, roamed over the country. At first the pro-slavery men had the best of it; but Captain Brown captured Pate at Black Jack, after a sharp struggle, and the enemy lost some of their artillery at Franklin, and as the tide was turning the other way the United States troops

came on the scene, for the alleged purpose of keeping the peace. Altogether it was neither a place nor a time for conservative men. The free-state governor and other officials were under guard at Lecompton, charged with treason. The pro-slavery party determined that the legislature under the Topeka constitution should not assemble. Their original purpose was to lead a Border Ruffian army to Topeka, to break it up; but the events of June rendered that a precarious enterprise. Topeka was seventy-five miles from the border. It would be difficult to get a large force up there, and as matters stood might be more difficult to get it back. Provisions and ammunition were stored at Topeka, and it was expected that a thousand armed free-state men would be there, if necessary, to defend the legislature. In this situation of affairs the programme was changed. A proclamation was issued, denouncing the legislature as a treasonable body, and commanding that it disperse. United States troops were sent to enforce this order. Colonel E. V. Sumner, with several hundred of the first cavalry and a battery, moved from Fort Leavenworth, and on the 3d of July camped close to the capitol on the southeast, while Colonel Philip St. George Cooke, with a still larger force, moved simultaneously from Fort Riley, and camped on the northwest of the town. The federal territorial officers, with marshals and deputy-marshals, clustered in the federal camp. From all directions companies of armed men were going to Topeka.

It was a part of this general plan that John Brown and his company were on their way from Ossawatomie to Topeka. He was not in the habit of subjecting himself to the orders of anybody. He intended to aid the general result, but to do it in his own way.

During the day he stayed with me in Lawrence I had my first good opportunity to judge the old man's character. I had seen him in his camp, had seen him in the field, and he was always an enigma, a strange compound of enthusiasm and cold, methodic stolidity, — a volcano beneath a mountain of snow. He told me of his experiences as a wool merchant and manufacturer in Ohio, and of his travels in Europe. I soon discovered that his tastes ran in a military rather than a commercial channel. He had visited many of the fortifications in Europe, and criticised them sharply, holding that the modern system of warfare did away with them, and that a well-armed, brave soldier was the best fortification. He criticised all the arms then in use, and showed me a fine specimen of repeating-rifle which had long-range sights, and, he said, would carry eight hundred yards; but, he added, the way to fight was to press to close quarters. He had a couple of small pamphlets or circulars; one he had had printed on the armies and military systems of Europe; the other was addressed to the soldiers of the armies of the United States, and was an odd mixture of advice as to discipline and soldierly habits, and wound up by advising them to desert whenever there was an attempt made to use them against a free government and human liberty. He looked upon passing political movements as mere preliminaries or adjuncts to more important events in the future. With him men were nothing, principles everything.

I had intended to drive from Lawrence to Topeka with a friend that day, but he urged me to wait until evening and go with him, and I was so interested in him that I did so. We rode down Massachusetts Street, followed by one of his men, a sort of orderly, if I may so designate him. We ascended Mount Oread, and proceeded to the point where the state university now stands, and there reined our horses and looked at the scene, while we waited for the company, which was now slowly winding towards the base of the hill, where the old California road ascended it. It was a glorious landscape. Lawrence lay to the northeast, at our feet. Kaw River, like a sheet of silver, could be seen here and there through breaks in the forest. Away to our right was the Wakerusa, winding and twisting to meet it. A few miles distant rose the double-peaked Blue

Mound. The streams and creeks were marked by feathery lines of trees, and away five or six miles before us, where the Kaw and Wakerusa met, there was an immense mass of timber veiling the meeting of the waters. The sun went down as we looked at it, and as I turned my eyes to his I saw he had drunk in the glorious beauty of the landscape.

"What a magnificent scene, captain!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he said, in his slow, dry way; "a great country for a free State."

The company had climbed the hill, riding by twos, and we rode towards them. There was no recognition. We silently took our places at the head of the little column; he gave the command to march, and we rode up the California road. Darkness set in long before we reached "Coon Point." While on the march the captain was reticent, and apologized to me for being so on the ground of discipline. The road runs, or ran, some four miles to the south of Lecompton, the pro-slavery capital, and as we neared that region he carefully examined his men, and all appeared to be more vigilant. It was late when we reached Big Springs, and there we left the road, going in a southwesterly direction for a mile, when we halted on a hill, and the horses were stripped of their saddles and other articles, and picketed out to graze. The grass was wet with dew. The men ate of what provision they had with them, and I received a portion from the captain. I was not at all hungry, and if I had been I doubt if I could have eaten it. It was dry beef, which was not so bad; but the bread had been made from corn bruised between stones, and then rolled in balls and cooked in the coal and ashes of the camp fire. These ashes served for saleratus. Captain Brown observed that I nibbled it very gingerly, and said, —

"I am afraid you will be hardly able to eat a soldier's harsh fare."

"I must be frank enough to say that I have doubts on that subject myself," I responded.

We placed our two saddles together, so that our heads lay only a few feet apart. He spread his blanket on the wet grass, and, when we lay together upon it, mine was spread over us. Previous to doing this he had stationed a couple of guards. It was past eleven o'clock, and we lay there until two in the morning, scarcely time enough for sleep; indeed, we slept none. He seemed to be as little disposed to sleep as I was, and we talked; or rather he did, for I said little more than enough to keep him going. I soon found that he was a very thorough astronomer, and he enlightened me on a good many matters in the starry firmament above us. He pointed out the different constellations and their movements. "Now," he said, "it is midnight," and he pointed to the finger marks of his great clock in the sky.

In his ordinary moods the man seemed so rigid, stern, and unimpressible when I first knew him that I never thought a poetic and impulsive nature lay behind that cold exterior. The whispering of the wind on the prairie was full of voices to him, and the stars as they shone in the firmament of God seemed to inspire him. "How admirable is the symmetry of the heavens; how grand and beautiful. Everything moves in sublime harmony in the government of God. Not so with us poor creatures. If one star is more brilliant than others, it is continually shooting in some erratic way into space."

He discussed and criticised both parties in Kansas. Of the pro-slavery men he spoke in bitterness. He said that slavery besotted everything, and made men more brutal and coarse. Nor did the free-state men escape his sharp censure. He said that we had many noble and true men, but that we had too many broken-down politicians from the older States. These men, he said, would rather pass resolutions than act, and they criticised all who did real work. A professional politician, he went on, you never could trust; for even if he had convictions, he was always ready to sacrifice his principles for his advantage.

One of the most interesting things in his conversation that night, and one that marked him as a theorist (and perhaps to some extent he might be styled a vis-

ionary), was his treatment of our forms of social and political life. He thought society ought to be organized on a less selfish basis; for while material interests gained something by the deification of pure selfishness, men and women lost much by it. He said that all great reforms, like the Christian religion, were based on broad, generous, self-sacrificing principles. He condemned the sale of land as a chattel, and thought that there was an infinite number of wrongs to right before society would be what it should be, but that in our country slavery was the "sum of all villainies," and its abolition the first essential work. If the American people did not take courage and end it speedily, human freedom and republican liberty would soon be empty names in these United States.

He ran on during these midnight hours in a conversation I can never forget. The dew lay cold and heavy on the grass and on the blanket above us. The stars grew sharper and clearer, and seemed to be looking down like watchers on that sleeping camp. My companion paused for a short time, and I thought he was going to sleep, when he said, —

"It is nearly two o'clock, and as it must be nine or ten miles to Topeka it is time we were marching," and he again drew my attention to his index marks in the sky. He rose and called his men. They responded with more alacrity than I expected. In less than ten minutes the company had saddled, packed, and mounted, and was again on the march.

He declined following the road any farther, but insisted on taking a straight course over the country, guided by the stars. It was in vain that I expostulated with him, and told him that three or four creeks were in the way, and that the country was rough and broken, and that it would be difficult to find our way in the dark. He was determined not to go by Tecumseh. We had, it is needless to say, a rough time of it that night, and day broke while we were floundering in the thickets of a creek bottom some miles from Topeka. As soon as daylight came and we could see our way, we rode more rapidly; but the sun had risen above the horizon before we rode down the slopes to Thung-gah-nung. Across the creek and nearly two miles to the right we saw the tents, and in the morning stillness could hear the bugles blow in Colonel Sumner's camp.

John Brown would not go into Topeka, but halted in the timber of the creek, sending one of his men with me, who was to be a messenger to bring him word when his company was needed. He had his horse picketed, and walked down by the side of my horse to the place where I crossed the creek. He sent messages to one or two of the gentlemen in town, and, as he wrung my hand at parting, urged that we should have the legislature meet, and resist all who should interfere with it, and fight, if necessary, even the United States troops.

The second interview occurred, I think, in February, 1857. It was a cold, snowy Sabbath morning, about eight o'clock, when a son of Mr. Whitman rode into Lawrence, and told me the "old man" was at his father's, and wanted to see me. He brought a led horse for me. It was a cold and disagreeable ride that morning, but as I had not heard of the whereabouts of Captain Brown for some time, I concluded to go.

When I reached Mr. Whitman's I found him, and with him Kagi and Whipple, or Stevens, and Cook; in fact, most of the men who were with him at Harper's Ferry. He took me to an apartment where we could be alone, and then he first inquired as to the condition of the free-state cause. He was very apprehensive that many of the free-state leaders would jeopardize the principles of the party in order to get power. He said whenever the free-state party gave itself over to selfish interests, its virtue and usefulness ended, and for good results it was far more desirable that it should be kept on the strain and suffer than make selfish compromises with the enemy. He asked earnestly many questions about the free-state leaders. One very good man he criticised for several things he had done, and in response to my assurances about him he used one of his striking comparisons. He took out a

large pocket compass, and unscrewing its brass lid laid it down on the table before me, and pointing at the needle fixed his eyes on me, while he said: —

"You see that needle; it wabbles about and is mighty unsteady, but *it wants to point to the north.* Is he like that needle?"

He told me that some friends in the East had raised for him and placed in his hands a very large sum of money, in all nearly five thousand dollars. He had picked his company, and would like a few more, if he could get the right kind of men. He had spent some time in Iowa and some on the Kansas border. He was drilling and educating his company, and training them to hardship and to be perfectly faithful and reliable. He desired, he said, to get my advice as to the best way of using his force and resources, so as to advance the great interests of freedom and humanity.

Long before that time I had understood John Brown well enough to know that there was little probability about our agreeing on that subject, or of his being governed by the advice of anybody. He urged me so strenuously, however, that for a short time I actually permitted myself to suppose that he might really take advice. I had just previously discovered the site and location for a town, where the city of Salina now stands, and as it was then fifty miles beyond the settlement I told him I would give him any interest I then had in the place, and advised him to go there with his company. Each of them, I said, could take claims on the rich farming lands adjacent; they could be the pioneer builders of the town, could invest their funds in a stock of goods and a mill, and drill, if he thought it best, an hour each morning, and maintain in everything perfect discipline, and be ready for any emergency.

Before I had concluded my rather practical and conservative advice, I could perceive that it did not at all harmonize with the views and purposes of Captain Brown, and I suspected that a location one hundred and eighty miles from the Missouri border was in his opinion rather remote from the scene of operations. He suggested that it was only fair, as Missouri had undertaken to make a slave State of Kansas and failed, that Kansas should make a free State of Missouri, and proceeded at length to show, in the most logical manner, that it was not for the interests of Kansas to have a powerful slave State so close to it, and that the process of putting an end to slavery there was exceedingly simple. He said that he intended to spend some time near Tabor, Iowa, where he expected to be joined by others, who would need discipline and organization; and that he expected also to visit Canada, with the view of studying personally its suitability for receiving and protecting negro emigration. And so we parted on that occasion.

I heard of the old man occasionally, sometimes in one place, sometimes in another. It was during the ensuing winter that he made one or two raids into the State of Missouri, generally, if not always, visiting those who had taken an active part in the Kansas outrages. He was on hand on the southeast border very soon after the Mer du Cygne massacre, no doubt to punish the perpetrators. Many persons will remember when he took from Missouri a large number of negroes, and led them through Kansas, Iowa, and other States and Territories to Canada. During that march several parties tried to catch old John Brown, but they invariably caught a Tartar. He passed through Kansas some miles to the south of Lawrence, and the night they camped at the nearest point Kagi and Stevens came up to town and gave me all the particulars of that adventure, which were in the New York Tribune at the time. They also brought from the old man the text of his celebrated "parallels" to show me.

The most important interview, the one that has peculiar historical significance, was the last I ever had with him. It occurred during the same year of the Harper's Ferry affair, although several months before. He had been absent from Kansas for some time. Now we could hear of him in New England, now

in Canada, now in Ohio or Pennsylvania. I had lost track of him, when one day Kagi came to my house in Lawrence, and told me that the old man had arrived and was at the Whitney House, and wished to see me. At first I refused to go, and sent him word by Kagi that as he never took my advice I did not see any use in giving him any. Kagi soon returned, and said that the old man must see me; he was going away, and might never see me again.

I found him in a small room at the Whitney House, then one of the Lawrence hotels, down towards the river. He had changed a little. There was in the expression of his face something even more dignified than usual; his eye was brighter, and the absorbing and consuming thoughts that were within him seemed to be growing out all over him. He evinced his customary caution by telling Kagi to go out and close the door, and watch on the outside, for fear that some one should come to listen. Then he began.

He sketched the history of American slavery from its beginnings in the colonies, and referred to the States that were able to shake it off. He recalled many circumstances that I had forgotten, or had never heard of. He said the founders of the republic were all opposed to slavery, and that the whole spirit and genius of the American constitution antagonized it, and contemplated its early overthrow. He said this remained the dominant sentiment for the first quarter of a century of the republic. Afterwards slavery became more profitable, and as it did the desire grew to extend and increase it. The condition of the enslaved negroes steadily became worse, and the despotic necessities of a more cruel system constantly pressed on the degraded slaves. Rights they at first possessed were taken from them. The little of domestic happiness and independence that had been left them was taken away. The slave-trade being ended, it was profitable to breed negroes for sale. Gradually the pecuniary interests that rested on slavery seized the power of the government. Public opinion opposed to slavery was placed under ban. The politicians of the South became slavery propagandists, and the politicians of the North trimmers. When the religious and moral sentiment of the country indicated a desire to check this alarming growth, a threat of secession was uttered, and appeals were made not to risk the perpetuation of this glorious republic by fanatical antislaveryism. Then began an era of political compromises, and men full of professions of love of country were willing, for peace, to sacrifice everything for which the republic was founded.

"And now," he went on, "we have reached a point where nothing but war can settle the question. Had they succeeded in Kansas, they would have gained a power that would have given them permanently the upper hand, and it would have been the death-knell of republicanism in America. They are checked, but not beaten. They never intend to relinquish the machinery of this government into the hands of the opponents of slavery. It has taken them more than half a century to get it, and they know its significance too well to give it up. If the republican party elects its president next year, there will be war. The moment they are unable to control they will go out, and as a rival nation along-side they will get the countenance and aid of the European nations, until American republicanism and freedom are overthrown."

I have endeavored to quote him, but it is quite impossible to quote such a conversation accurately. I well remember all its vital essentials and its outlines. He had been more observant than he had credit for being. The whole powers of his mind (and they were great) had been given to one subject. He told me that a war was at that very moment contemplated in the cabinet of President Buchanan; that for years the army had been carefully arranged, as far as it could be, on a basis of Southern power; that arms and the best of the troops were being concentrated, so as to be under control of its interests if there was danger of having to surrender the gov-

ernment; that the secretary of the navy was then sending our vessels away on long cruises, so that they would not be available, and that the treasury would be beggared before it got into Northern hands.

All this has a strangely prophetic look to me now; then it simply appeared incredible, or the dream and vagary of a man who had allowed one idea to carry him away. I told him he surely was mistaken, and had confounded everyday occurrences with treacherous designs.

"No," he said, and I remember this part distinctly, — "no, the war is not over. It is a treacherous lull before the storm. We are on the eve of one of the greatest wars in history, and I fear slavery will triumph, and there will be an end of all aspirations for human freedom. For my part, I drew my sword in Kansas when they attacked us, and I will never sheathe it until this war is over. Our best people do not understand the danger. They are besotted. They have compromised so long that they think principles of right and wrong have no more any power on this earth."

My impression then was that it was his purpose to carry on incursions on the borders of the free and slave States, and I said to him, —

"Let us suppose that all you say is true. If we keep companies on the one side, they will keep them on the other. Trouble will multiply; there will be collision, which will produce the very state of affairs you deprecate. That would lead to war, and to some extent we should be responsible for it. Better trust events. If there is virtue enough in this people to deserve a free government, they will maintain it."

"You forget the fearful wrongs that are carried on in the name of government and law."

"I do not forget them, — I regret them."

"I regret and will remedy them with all the power that God has given me."

He then went on to tell me of Spartacus and his servile war, and was evidently familiar with every step in the career of the great gladiator. I reminded him that Spartacus and Roman slaves were warlike people in the country from which they were taken, and were trained to arms in the arena, in which they slew or were slain, and that the movement was crushed when the Roman legions were concentrated against it. The negroes were a peaceful, domestic, inoffensive race. In all their sufferings they seemed to be incapable of resentment or reprisal.

"You have not studied them right," he said, "and you have not studied them long enough. Human nature is the same everywhere." He then went on in a very elaborate way to explain the mistakes of Spartacus, and tried to show me how he could easily have overthrown the Roman empire. The pith of it was that the leader of that servile insurrection, instead of wasting his time in Italy until his enemies could swoop on him, should have struck at Rome; or, if not strong enough for that, he should have escaped to the wild northern provinces, and there have organized an army to overthrow Rome.

I told him that I feared he would lead the young men with him into some desperate enterprise, where they would be imprisoned and disgraced.

He rose. "Well," he said, "I thought I could get you to understand this. I do not wonder at it. The world is very pleasant to you; but when your household gods are broken, as mine have been, you will see all this more clearly."

I rose, somewhat offended, and said, "Captain, if you thought this, why did you send for me?" and walked to the door.

He followed me, and laid his hand on my shoulder, and when I turned to him he took both my hands in his. I could see that tears stood on his hard, bronzed cheeks. "No," he said, "we must not part thus. I wanted to see you and tell you how it appeared to me. With the help of God, I will do what I believe to be best." He held my hands firmly in his stern, hard hands, leaned forward and kissed me on the cheek, and I never saw him again.

*W. A. Phillips.*

## THE CONDUCTOR AND ROSAMOND.

THE eleven o'clock train on the Towasset railway was just leaving the station at Bethel Plain. The conductor, Mr. George Washington Ingleside, before going through the train for the fares, was taking a parting glance at his handsome face in the little mirror that hung in the baggage car, when his attention was arrested by a wagon driving furiously down the street close by, and containing two or three people, who were standing up and shouting or waving their handkerchiefs. George stepped to the door of the baggage car to make sure that they were signaling the train, but before he could pull the bell-cord the wagon stopped suddenly, and three young people jumped out and ran for the track. George sprang out on the platform just in time to catch a frightened girl, who was clinging to the steps, while the young man who was with her had gained a firm footing.

"Where is the other?" he cried, in alarm. "I saw three of you."

"Oh, she is all right," panted the girl. "She jumped on the other car. Oh, dear! I thought I was killed."

"You deserved to be," said George, sternly, for he was thoroughly angry with them for giving him such a fright. "No person with a grain of sense would ever attempt what you did. It was a very foolhardy and improper thing to do. We never take on passengers while the train is moving."

He turned, as he spoke, to include the third member of the party, a young lady who came hurrying and breathless, with flushed, excited face and sparkling, triumphant eyes.

"But you don't put them off after they once get on, do you?" she asked, with a suggestion of defiance, and turning to her friends she congratulated them on their success. George was now more angry with her than he had been with the others, but somehow he did not venture to rebuke her as peremptorily as he had done her companions. He watched her closely, however, as he afterward went through the car, his attention being further attracted by the fact that he often caught her eye, and perceived she had not forgotten him. She was plainly dressed in a rough flannel suit, that could no more disguise the ladylike distinction of her figure than could her heavy walking boots conceal her pretty, slender feet. Her face, though plain, was picturesque and expressive, and her blue eyes were brilliant with triumph and careless defiance, as she sometimes met his glance. Mr. George Ingleside had a well-developed sense of his own personal dignity and importance, and the angry and uncomfortable feeling that this girl was rather amused than impressed by his displeasure remained with him even after she left the train, and until he had forgotten all about her.

A few weeks after, as he was one day standing in the car, talking with a friend, he became aware, through the mysterious sixth sense which apprises us of such matters, that some one behind him was regarding him with attention. He looked around involuntarily, and met the glance of a young lady who was sitting near and talking with two large boys, intent upon her story. The look he surprised convinced him that he was the subject of their conversation, and when he looked again her face, which seemed vaguely familiar, stirred some dormant and unpleasant memory. He glanced at her once or twice, trying to recollect if he had ever seen her, — when a suggestion of resentment in the expression of her eye gave him the clew, and brought vividly to mind the forgotten scene of a few weeks before, when he had ventured to rebuke her. He was surprised to find how strong was his feeling of repulsion and dislike, and was making up his mind not to show her, by so much as a look, that he remembered her, when his attention was absorbed by something else,

and he did not even notice when she left the car.

It was full three months after that he saw her again. She took the train, one morning, at Wareham, a little flag station that had just been established, five miles from Bethel Plain. She exchanged a few words with him as he received her fare and checked her trunk, but he could not detect the slightest indication, by word or glance, that she remembered him. They were detained for ten minutes at one of the stations, and soon after, as George was passing through the train, he heard a soft but distinct voice say, "Mr. Ingleside."

He turned quickly, and bent over the unknown young lady. She looked up at him with an earnest, appealing glance.

"I am going to New York," she said. "Am I likely to get the train at Newfield?"

He looked at his watch. The connection was a close one, they were ten minutes behind time; but he mentally resolved she should reach her train at all hazards, and assured her accordingly. She smiled at him brilliantly.

"Thank you," she said. Her words, though few, seemed charged with significance, her grateful earnestness had a peculiar charm, and though he turned at once and left her, the look in her eyes haunted him, and once or twice afterward, as he passed through the train, he stopped to reassure her, that he might again have the pleasure of receiving her graceful and eager thanks. She gave him her check before reaching Newfield, and he arranged with the baggage-master to carry her trunk across.

They were just in time. He sprang from the train before it ceased moving, and ran across to where the New York express was standing, the conductor just about to give the signal for starting.

"Wait a minute!" he cried. "I have a passenger for you."

He saw her leisurely crossing the depot as the baggage man ran over with her trunk, and when he had received the check he found her in the forward car, where he had told her to await him. She looked up at him with a tranquil smile, as if she had not felt the least anxiety; but the train was moving, and he could only drop the check in her hand and raise his cap as he turned away, without waiting to receive in words the grateful acknowledgment which her eyes expressed.

He sometimes thought of her after that, and wondered who she was. "She don't belong around here, that's certain," he thought. "Some New York girl who comes up here to visit, at Governor Ware's, perhaps, or with the Grants or Ashlands." George had a certain pride in knowing most of his passengers by sight, and it never occurred to him to wonder why he thought so much about this young lady. Perhaps it was the contrast between the gay defiance of her manner when first they met and the gentle, grateful deference she had shown when last he saw her; or perhaps it was the pleasant consciousness of having gracefully performed an act of kindness. George had seen a good deal of the world in a ten years' experience of railroad life, and though he had still a quick eye for a pretty face or a stylish figure, it was long since he had seen any woman whose face he remembered as he did hers. Sometimes he fancied he caught a glimpse of her in the crowd on a platform; once he was sure he saw her in a street car in New York, when a turn of the head or a change of position undeceived him.

The summer time had come again, and he had almost ceased to think of her, when one morning, as he sat in the baggage car reading a newspaper, enjoying a long interval between the stations, the speed of the train slackened, and looking out he saw they had been signaled at the little flag station of Wareham. He stepped out, and found awaiting them a picturesque and striking group, evidently young people of distinction and importance. The young ladies wore pretty mountain dresses; the young men had on sailor shirts or hunting jackets, and all the gay insignia whereby the city youth finds outward expression for the inward consciousness that he has gone into the country to rusticate. George

glanced eagerly over the group, and among them he recognized the well-known face. Her brilliant eyes met his with such an earnest, intent look that he felt sure she remembered him. He followed them into the car, and found her the centre of a gay and laughing group.

"Sit here by me, please, Miss Rosamond," pleaded one young man, pointing to a vacant seat.

"Rosamond!" mused George. "I've found out one of your names. Give me time, and I 'll get the other."

"Don't you do it, Rosamond," said a sarcastic voice. "He 'll make bad puns and love all the way to Bethel Plain."

George glanced at the speaker. She was a tall, handsome young lady, stylish and elegant to her finger tips, in spite of the mountain suit.

"What is the fare to Bethel Plain?" asked Rosamond, without looking at him.

"Fifty cents," he replied.

There was a general scream. "Fifty cents! Why, it is only five miles! How ridiculous! Yes, Miss Sallie, do let me pay for you. You know you want all your money to buy lemon drops and give to little ragamuffins."

George felt vaguely uncomfortable, standing in the midst of all that gay chatter. They ignored his presence so utterly, he was no restraint upon their careless talk; they gave him their fares as they would have put them in a box. Even Rosamond seemed unconscious of him; he had been mistaken in thinking she remembered him. He turned away, and went forward into the baggage car, where he found an old man who had also taken the train at Wareham.

"Who are your young friends?" he casually asked.

"City boarders!" was the reply, in a tone of intense scorn. "There 's a raft of 'em up to Wareham this summer. One of the Ware girls married a city chap, and they say she holds up her head with the best of 'em down to York. So now she comes up to her father's every summer; brings her horses and carriage and nigger servants, and cuts a great dash. And her husband's relations and grand friends come along, too; there 's a hull lot of 'em to the tavern, and a mess more to Squire Blake's. And such carryin's on! — singin' nights and gallopin' around all day, rigged up in short dresses and queer-lookin' coats, — you see 'em. They can't waste their good clothes on us country folks except Sundays, and then they fix up till they look worse than they do now, and come sailin' into church after meetin 's begun, to ''stonish the natives,' as they say. I guess they 'd be 'stonished if they knew what the natives thought about 'em."

George laughed, absently. He was recording the fares he had taken. Thirteen fares at fifty cents each made six dollars and a half; five dollars must be credited to the Towasset railway; one dollar and a half would swell the private fortune of Mr. George Ingleside.

It must not be supposed, from this fact, that George was absolutely destitute of conscience, or that he did not heed its voice. Like too many others, he had a conscience whose standard was not the immutable law of God, but the uncertain moral atmosphere of the world he lived in and the shifting opinions of the men who were his associates. His conscience would have rebuked him sharply had he failed of his duty to the railroad company in any other particular, but he hardly ever felt a twinge, even when he appropriated what he had almost come to consider a just proportion of the money paid him for fares. On this occasion his action was almost mechanical, for he was thinking about the gay party he had just left, and wondering if they would go back on the train at night.

He saw them frequently, after that. Sometimes they went to Bethel Plain, sometimes to other stations along the road, which abounded in beautiful natural scenery. He learned to know their faces well, and amused himself guessing at their relationships; the lunch baskets and umbrellas grew familiar; he noticed when they wore new hats or dresses. But Rosamond always met him with the indifferent and careless glance of a stranger; and though some of the young

men often came into the baggage car and exchanged a few words with him in a friendly yet superior manner, and one of the other young ladies would perhaps give him a smile or look of recognition, Rosamond never indicated in the slightest degree that she had ever seen him before, until one morning, as she handed him her fare, she looked up at him with a pleasant, mischievous smile, saying, —

"Mr. Ingleside, are you never going to reduce the fare to Bethel? We shall all be impoverished."

He was so completely taken by surprise that his wits forsook him, though not his self-possession, for he simply replied, "I 'm afraid not," and passed on. But words and ideas came to him as soon as he had left her, and with the feeling that if he did not improve the opportunity she had given him he might never have another he turned back, and, sitting down on the arm of the seat opposite her, he expressed his regret that the fares were so extortionate, and disclaimed all responsibility for them.

She smiled pleasantly. "Oh, no, I did n't suppose you were to blame; but it is a relief to grumble at somebody, and you are the only representative of the railway that we meet."

He went on with a few words of explanation. She replied in a friendly manner, as if she had known him for years. He enjoyed it thoroughly, especially as he saw some of her companions exchanging mischievous glances, and he was sorry when the conversation was ended by the train approaching the station. He felt that he had taken a decided step toward making her acquaintance, and expected to hold the advantage he had gained. But when he next saw her, she had evidently forgotten having spoken with him; her manner was as indifferent as ever, and he did not say a word.

September came, and the party at Wareham scattered. One by one they went off on the train, and returned no more. George wondered how many of them he should see again next summer, and imagined Rosamond in her New York home, absorbed in new amusements. He was therefore much surprised, one bright October morning, as they approached Wareham station, to perceive her standing on the platform with a distinguished-looking gentleman, whom he knew very well by sight, and with whom he had a slight personal acquaintance, — Governor Ware, of Wareham. She was bidding him an affectionate farewell, and after she had stepped on the car Mr. Ware turned to George, saying pleasantly, —

"Good-morning, Ingleside. Take good care of my daughter, will you? Put her off at Newfield, and give her a check for her trunk."

"Your daughter!" thought George. "What a goose I was not to guess it before! To be sure, she 's Rosamond Ware."

The thought was agreeable that she was not a remote possibility in New York, who might never come that way again, but that as she lived near at hand he must sometimes see her. And yet, in another way, she seemed further off than ever; for he felt, without actually thinking it, that the quiet, reserved dignity of these old country families is of all pride the most invincible. She was intent upon a book when he sought her, handed him her fare, saying simply, "To Newfield, please," and received the check with just "Thank you." He could think of no excuse for further conversation, and after she left, at Newfield, wondered if she would take his train on her return. He hardly thought of it again, however, until she went back, about a fortnight later. When about half-way to Wareham, George noticed that Miss Ware was holding her handkerchief to her face, and thought at first she was crying; but he afterward saw that it was stained with blood, as was also her face, her hair was in disorder, and she seemed in great distress. His kind heart was stirred with the impulse to help her, though he hesitated for fear of intrusion, until he could refrain no longer, and addressing her by name asked if he could help her. She raised her eyes, misty with tears of distress, and thanked him

eagerly, following him into the baggage car, where he brought a basin of water and placed it on a trunk, while she knelt before it and gladly washed her blood-stained face. He knew a few simple remedies for bleeding at the nose, and though he feared she might not like any further help from him, still she looked so grateful and friendly that at last he ventured to speak.

"Oh, yes," she said, frankly, "do anything you 've a mind to. I never can stop it myself."

So after joining her hands above her head and crowding up her nostril a piece he had torn from his handkerchief, he knelt down beside her, and gently clasped her soft throat, compressing the artery there. He did this with much trepidation, fearing she might shrink from his touch, or manifest some embarrassment; but if he had been her grandfather, she could not have taken it more coolly. The ludicrous aspect of the affair seemed especially to strike her, and she even ventured a joke upon the absurdity of the situation. George had never been so near her before, or seen her with her hat off; he noticed how prettily the hair grew about her forehead, and a little scar upon her temple. He never had thought about the color of her eyes, but it surprised him to see that they were a pale, clear blue, with a shading of darker color around the edge of the iris that gave them brilliancy and expression. He would have liked to kneel there indefinitely, but the train drew near a station, and he was obliged to leave her for a few moments. When he came back she was sitting on a trunk, looking pale and exhausted; after having established her in a comfortable arm-chair he instinctively withdrew.

Before they reached Wareham she seemed quite well again, and when she left the train her thanks, though not profuse, were unmistakably heartfelt and sincere.

That evening George had the toothache. He did not feel like sitting in the office of the hotel and talking about money and politics, as was his custom; so he had a fire made in his room, put on an old coat and a pair of slippers, tied up his face with a silk handkerchief, and, after taking a stiff dose of something hot, sat down before the fire to roast away his pain. His thoughts naturally went back over the events of the day, and lingered upon the episode of the afternoon. He recalled Miss Ware's pleasant, refined face, the frank simplicity of her manner, the genuine fun that could not be repressed. He was pleased with the tacit confidence she had shown in him, with her freedom from all embarrassment.

"There 's where she showed her breeding," he thought, as he imagined how some girls would have giggled and blushed, and made themselves deliciously uncomfortable. "It 's a real pleasure to look straight into such clear, honest eyes."

*Honest!* He sprang to his feet, and paced the room, for suddenly, sharp, piercing as a sword thrust, there came to him the stinging sense of how this girl would have shrunk from him if she had known him as he was,—how those eyes would have blazed with indignant scorn if she had known it was a dishonest hand that touched her. For a moment he measured himself by what he felt to be her standard, and saw himself as she would look upon him. Old memories, old thoughts and principles, came trooping back to him, and he saw from what he had fallen. He thought of his mother, and the prayers she taught him; he remembered learning the ten commandments, and that "Thou shalt not steal" had been one of his favorites, it was so short and easy. He felt again the public opinion of the country village where he was brought up, the severe, old-fashioned notions of right and duty, having the Bible as an authoritative standard. How long it was since he had left all this behind him! He was but a boy in his teens when he was thrown upon the world to make his future, and found his ideas so strait-laced and antiquated that he made all haste to be rid of them. A position which he secured upon one of the great railroad thoroughfares brought him into an atmosphere very different

from that of his country home, and in the whirl and hurry of that exciting life no wonder his opinions were jostled out of him. He saw men respected and admired for the great fortunes they had got by doubtful means, stealing called misappropriation or hypothecating, cheating styled irregularity, and successful roguery deemed smartness. Getting money, by fair means or otherwise, seemed the great aim of life to many of the men by whom he was surrounded, and he had been unfortunate in some of his associates. The handsome, clever boy, with his bright, winning manner, attracted the attention of men much older than himself, who flattered and caressed him, while they undermined his integrity by sneering at his opinions and teaching him their own. He had a facile nature, that yielded readily to the influence of those around him; and it was perhaps by reason of this ready sensibility that he felt so keenly the lofty purity and innocence of the high-souled woman into whose eyes he had looked that afternoon. But such bitter self-reproach and condemnation were torment to George, whose own self-respect was almost as essential to his happiness as was the esteem of others, and he shook off these thoughts that pressed upon him, as a dog shakes off the rain.

"I declare," said he, aloud, throwing himself into his chair, "I feel like the bad little boy in a Sunday-school book. It must be the toothache, or something else, has gone to my head. A pretty figure I'd cut, with all Miss Rosamond Ware's high-toned notions! Such lofty ideas are very beautiful, and I would n't think much of a woman without them; but a man of the world, like myself, might as well put on a white muslin dress and pink ribbons. I've got to take the world as I find it, and do the best I can, and trust to luck for the rest. As long as I'm careful and cover up my tracks, I guess I'll pass muster with most of them." He mixed another tumbler of something hot, and, picking up one of Ouida's novels, read himself into a calm and peaceful frame of mind again before he slept the sleep of the just.

When the morrow came, his world looked bright and fair again. His self-esteem had come to him; he laughed at the emotion of the night before, and even confided to the baggage-master that he "had a confounded toothache last night, and the worst fit of the blues you ever saw."

He had made such an advance in his acquaintance with Miss Ware that he expected a friendly and familiar greeting next time he saw her. But weeks passed by, and even months, before she took the train again, one morning in December. Their former meeting seemed then so remote and half forgotten that George decided to wait and see if she chose to meet him with the friendly manner of their parting before he ventured to do the same. He caught her eye as he came along the car to meet her, but her glance was cold and indifferent, with no sign of recognition except that it was instantly withdrawn. She did not even look at him when he stood beside her, but her companion, a lady whose style and elegance led him to guess that she was the "Ware girl who married a city chap," paid the fares for both and received the checks he brought them. He felt a little indignant and affronted that Miss Ware should not recognize him, but his self-esteem made haste to assure him that he had received no real slight. Because he had rendered her a little service and she had been grateful, it was no reason why months after she should meet him as a friend, when he was socially a stranger. With such thoughts his pride was comforted, especially as he became convinced that she had been talking about him. Miss Ware did not look at him, but her friend regarded him with more than ordinary interest and curiosity. After they left the train at Newfield, he went and sat down in the seat they had occupied, and his feet striking something on the floor he stooped and picked up a little black note-book which one of them had dropped. He opened it, with eager curiosity. On the fly-leaf was written the name of Rosamond Ware, and underneath, as a sort of motto, the verse,

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." He frowned slightly, in grave disapprobation.

"Religious!" he thought. "I would n't have guessed it; she looks too jolly."

He turned the leaves with growing interest. There was a little of everything in the book. Miss Ware seemed to be in the habit of writing down there whatever came into her head, — quotations, verses that pleased her, and some that were evidently original, with bits of humorous parodies containing personal allusions for the benefit of her friends, who sometimes added their versions or comments. He saw evidence that she was highly educated, and of considerable native cleverness and ability. On one page were equivalent idioms in four or five languages; on another the following fable: —

"A Prudent Worm, whose Maiden Aunt had long enjoined the duty of Early Rising, awoke one morning before Dawn, to begin his Daily Task upon the Finest Cabbage in the Garden. A belated Owl, who was hurrying home from his Night's Work, espied the Worm in the Fading Darkness, and, remarking that he had no Idea Worms rose so Early, swallowed him with Avidity.

"Moral: Virtue sometimes o'erleaps itself and comes down on the Other Side. Moral Reflection: It 's a Poor Proverb that works both Ways."

Beneath this was written in a boyish hand, "By R. Ware. Fable Editor, N. Y. World."

George laughed heartily. "She 's a smart one," he mused. "That 's better than half the fables in the World."

At last he came to a page on which was a curious and elaborately interwoven monogram. It had been made in pencil, and then nearly rubbed out, and covered with hasty scrawls. Under it was written, "Du bist so nah' und doch so fern." George could not translate the motto, but he studied the monogram with an eager, though faint suspicion. With his pencil he traced again the lines that had been erased, and proved pretty clearly to his own satisfaction that the letters were "G. W. I.," the initials of his own name. He was now burning with curiosity to know the meaning of what was written below; but suddenly he perceived that the train had stopped and the passengers were moving. He sprang to his feet and hurried out, but in his next interval of leisure he copied the inscription and took it to a friend.

"Here, Will," said he, "you understand French. Tell me what that means."

"That ain't French!" cried his friend, with the scorn of superior knowledge. "It 's German. It means, 'Thou art so near and yet so far.'"

"Thanks!" said George, hurrying away delighted. The meaning of the phrase confirmed his suspicion. It was certainly appropriate. Circumstances had often thrown them near together, and yet they were held far apart by pride, dignity, and social laws. George rather made up his mind that if she felt a special interest in him, as he was now almost sure, it was his place to break down these intangible barriers, and meet her as a friend. He studied the little note-book with increasing interest, as it revealed to him more of Miss Ware's character, and when, a few days later, he received a note from her, making inquiries about it and inclosing stamps for its return to her if it had been found, he shook his head.

"No you don't, Miss Ware. I 'm going to have this little keepsake of you, if you won't speak to me." So he wrote a reply, gravely expressing his regret that he had been unable to find it, and put her stamps away to return them to her when he should next see her, thinking that would be an easy mode of opening the friendly conversation which he anticipated. He put her letter in his pocket with quite a sentimental feeling of tenderness, and at night, when he looked for it to read it again, was provoked and disgusted to find he had inadvertently torn it up to light a cigar.

A day or two after, he was again examining the note-book, and as he lingered at a page covered with the addresses of her friends, street numbers in New York and Philadelphia, or the names of bank-

ers in Europe, his attention was arrested by this one: "I. G. W. Care Lombard and Odin, Geneva, or Poste Restante, Stuttgart."

"I. G. W.," — those were the letters of the curious monogram. Some friend, lover perhaps, near to her heart by ties of love or kindred, far away in a foreign land. His mistake flashed upon him as irresistibly ludicrous, and he threw back his head and laughed aloud.

"Oh, you conceited ass," he cried, "to think Miss Ware had written your monogram with a sentimental motto in her note-book! And you were going to take pity on the poor girl, and break down the barrier! Oh, George, your imagination is running away with you."

He really wanted to tell somebody about it, for it seemed too good a joke to keep. His view of the matter changed radically, and he was now repelled by the idea of trying to scrape acquaintance with a lady who probably felt herself above him, and he dismissed the matter from his mind. But when, a few weeks later, Miss Ware took the train at Newfield, on her return, he remembered her stamps in his pocket, and found a convenient opportunity to return them to her, saying gravely,—

"I am very sorry I could not find your book. I have inquired of every one I thought likely to know anything about it, and looked through all the coaches that might have been on the train that day."

"Oh, I am sorry to have given you so much trouble," she said. She had on her dignity now, that quiet reserve that held him softly at a distance; but it carried with it such grace and gentleness that he was not sure but he liked it better than her friendliness and fun. He quietly disclaimed her gratitude, and then sat sorting his tickets, wishing he could think of something further to say. He became aware that she was scrutinizing him closely; he could feel, without seeing it, her keen and searching gaze. But it gave him no uneasiness; he knew he was handsome and well dressed, and he had no objection to Miss Ware looking at him just as long as she chose. His conscience pricked him a little for having lied to her so calmly; perhaps she valued her book highly. Never mind, he could suddenly discover it and send it to her yet; he did not care much to keep it. And then, by some association of ideas, he remembered his mental experience that night he had the toothache, the sudden awakening of his conscience. He recalled his analogy about the white muslin and pink ribbons; he had been much pleased with it at the time, and had felt it quite convincing; but now it dawned upon him, in a vague, half-expressed fashion, that his snowy linen and faultless attire were in their way as nice and dainty as any feminine adornments, and that he did not deem extreme personal purity and neatness of the outer man inconsistent with his position and business, or with his character as a man of the world. Was there honestly any reason why the hidden man of the heart could not be equally spotless and pure? There awoke within him a strange and irresistible longing for his lost moral excellence and goodness, a loathing of the foul stain upon his character, which all at once seemed intolerably hideous and dark. He rose hastily and walked away, fearing to betray his emotion. What was it about this girl that awoke such thoughts within him? Was it her influence, or something else, that had raised this storm of feeling? He had a decided and uneasy conviction that he was going to have trouble with his well-behaved conscience. Why could he not take things easy, as he had always done? He had thought this thing all over and settled it to his satisfaction, and now why could n't it stay settled? Such mental experience as this, to say the least, was very disagreeable.

Another good influence came into his life that winter, when an older brother, who had been several years in California, returned to New England, having accepted a position on the Towasset railway. They would keep house at Towasset, so that George could come and live with them. Mrs. Allen Ingleside took a great fancy to her handsome,

agreeable brother-in-law. She was a bright, cheerful, good little woman; rather too good for comfort, George feared, when one evening, early in their acquaintance, she invited him to go to prayer-meeting with her, as if she expected him to jump at the chance. George found some polite and excellent reason for declining, but did not feel quite even with her until he invited her to go out driving with him on Sunday afternoon. But he enjoyed, on the whole, the new experience. It was a good thing for this homeless man, who had lived in hotels for years, to know the wholesome restraint of a Christian household and the love of a little child. The moral superiority of his brother's family was not so oppressive as it might have been, if he had not felt himself to be their superior in more important respects. Lucy Ingleside was a pretty nice little sister, — he would not think of being ashamed of her anywhere; but her grammar was sometimes defective, she ate with her knife and said "sir" to him, deferred to him in all matters of taste and etiquette, and had the most profound and openly avowed admiration of his polished address and graceful manners.

George's new friends and interests absorbed his mind so that he seldom thought of Rosamond Ware, and she did not take the train again that winter, though he noticed her once or twice at the station, when she had driven over with some friend. But when midsummer came, her New York friends came with it. They were eager as before for picnics and excursions, and he began to see her often. She grew very friendly in her manner, and greeted him with a smile and pleasant good morning; and though she sometimes just paid her fare and said no more, still George noticed she almost always detained him for a few words. They often left things on the train, that he must look up; sometimes she had a handful of letters, and asked him to post them; she sent by him for a mileage ticket, and that involved two or three interviews; or perhaps the whole party wanted excursion tickets to some point on the line, and she seemed to be the leader, and arranged the business. There was no other passenger on the train who so often needed to speak with him, and he sometimes suspected that she sought a pretext for conversation; and yet her reason was always such a good one that it hardly seemed possible. She occasionally added some general remark, to which George responded in the same tone, but he never felt himself upon any secure footing of acquaintance. He never presumed upon the opportunities she gave him, nor made any advance toward her; for it pleased him better to watch her afar off, as it were, and yet be near her and talk with her, and a definite acquaintance would in some way have robbed the affair of half its attraction. He liked to be reminded of the German motto in the note-book.

But vague and indefinite as was his interest in Miss Ware, her moral influence over him was ever growing stronger. He felt, or fancied he did, a purity and nobility of character that put him constantly to shame. If George had lost his integrity in spite of good influences he would not have remained so sensitive to them, but he had for years been surrounded by men many of whom had a moral standard even lower than his own. But now his conscience had been once thoroughly awakened, and it had never slept so soundly since; his life in his brother's family had been a daily rebuke to him, and when he came again to meet this girl whose touch had first roused his better nature he found himself tormented with a constant inward struggle. He felt ashamed to receive the tacit confidence she showed in him, to meet the clear, direct gaze of her truthful eyes, and then go away and "manipulate" his returns, or "hypothecate" the fares she paid him. He could no longer shake off these thoughts as lightly as he had done at first; if he succeeded in banishing them during his active business hours, they returned upon him as soon as he was alone; he would awake in the night to a horror of darkness and shame. He was angry with himself, because he could no longer regard the matter as he had done; angry with Miss Ware, when

he dimly recognized her influence; restless, impatient, and unhappy.

One evening the party from Wareham took the train at Newfield on their way home. George was surprised not to find Miss Ware among them when he took their fares, as he fancied he had seen her. Just before they reached the station, he stepped out on the last platform to alight, and there she sat upon the steps of the car, with a young man whose conspicuous society-pin proclaimed to the world that he was a freshman at Yale. They rose as he came out, and Miss Ware at once pulled out her ticket; but her companion laid his hand upon her arm.

"Stop, Miss Rosamond," he said, "we 've got to the station."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Why, don't you see?" he went on, unheeding the severe, indignant gaze, which George noted distinctly, "It 's Mr. Conductor's business to take our fare, and he has n't done it, and now he can't help himself. We 've got to the station. All he can do is to stop the train and put us off, and that 's just what we want."

He looked up at George for admiring recognition of his smartness.

"Pay your fare, Al James, or I shall pay it for you," said Rosamond, sternly. "I don't want Mr. Conductor to think I go traveling around the country with a thief and a swindler."

"Why, that 's all right," said Al, looking rather shamefaced, and pulling out his money. "The railroad swindles us all the time, taking such big fares, and it 's only fair to get a little of it back again."

"I call it stealing," said Rosamond, shortly, as she stepped off the car, "and I 'm sorry your ideas of right and wrong are so hazy."

George felt uncomfortable at the time, and that night, when he found himself alone with his conscience, the words thief and swindler rang unpleasantly in his ears. If Miss Ware regarded that little evasion as such a serious matter, what would she think of him? She would call him a thief and swindler in sober earnest. He was guilty of stealing, — of crime which, if known, would make him an object of horror and loathing to all pure and good people, such as Rosamond Ware or his sister Lucy. It gave him no relief just now to think of others no better than himself; that there were other swindlers who were respected and esteemed; that nobody would ever discover it; and that he had the confidence and regard of all who knew him. The last thought had more of sting than comfort. Thief and swindler! The stain upon him, though hidden from the eyes of men, was no less black and horrible, a secret plague spot.

"Oh, Lord, I can't stand this!" he muttered, as he tossed restlessly about. "I 'll swear off for a month, at least, and see how it seems to be honest. Let me see; it 's now the 3d of August. From now till the 3d of September, I won't take a cent of money that don't honestly belong to me, and after that we 'll see; so now be satisfied, and let me alone." Having thrown this sop to his conscience, he resolutely banished the matter from his mind, and was soon asleep.

He awoke the next morning with a vague sense of pleasure, and had hardly time to wonder what it meant, when he recalled his resolution of the night before, and was delighted to find how light-hearted and happy it made him to feel like an honest man. "I shall be confoundedly hard up," he thought; "and there 's those debts I meant to pay. But never mind, I 'll get along somehow for a month, and be able to look Miss Ware in the face, or anybody else, without being ashamed of myself."

He looked out for her with interest after that, almost as if he expected her to know the change in him. He had an opera-glass that one of them had left in the car; he meant to give it to Miss Ware, and next time he saw her he took it from his pocket, saying, "Did you leave an opera-glass on the train, a few days ago?"

"Oh, did you find one?" said she, gladly. "I did n't lose it myself, but one of my friends has been mourning

the loss of hers. Yes, thank you, this is it," as he gave it to her. "She will be so much obliged."

George bowed, and passed on. Half a dozen words from Rosamond Ware said more than an hour's talk from some women. When she left the train her eyes again said, Thank you, as she gave him a grateful smile. When he went back into the baggage car he sat down beside his brother, who was on the train that day.

"Who was that young lady you helped off just now?" said Allen Ingleside.

"I helped off half a dozen," said George.

"She 's in love with you."

"Did she tell you so?" George answered, carelessly, trying not to look delighted.

"Yes, she did, by the way she looked at you, as you walked down the platform."

"Is that the way Lucy looks at you?" laughed George.

"No," retorted his brother. "Lucy can't; she has n't got eyes like this one. Why don't you go for her, George? She 's a mighty nice-looking girl, somehow, and if she 's soft on you it 's too good a chance to lose."

"Yes, why don't I?" said he, sarcastically. "She 's Governor Ware's daughter."

"Well, I don't care," said Allen, recovering at once from the announcement. "Ware is n't rich, for all he holds his head so high; and I suppose she 's a woman, with eyes in her head, if she is Governor Ware's daughter. You 're a mighty nice-looking fellow. I suppose you know it. You 've got the look of a gentleman, besides. I bet this girl would jump at you. I like her looks. I 've noticed her before, and the way she looked at you."

"Oh, she 's not the kind I 'd want to marry," said George, impatiently; "she 's too high toned. I 'd have to stand on moral tiptoes all the time to associate with her."

"I don't know much about moral tiptoes," said Allen Ingleside, "but I do know it 's not a bad idea for a man to have a wife that 's a little better than he is. I know I 've been through temptations when the thought of Lucy and little Lu has been a mighty good thing for me; and I don't believe there 's many men but what are better off for some safeguard."

George turned away. He did not want to marry Rosamond Ware, but he did not care to talk about it in that way; perhaps because it made him realize what a wild impossibility such a thing would be. His brother's words, however, had made an impression upon him, and he began to wonder if Miss Ware were indeed particularly attracted toward him. He had noticed that keen, intent look she often gave him, and it was odd, too, how she always had to speak to him about something. But next time she went up on the cars she had three young men with her, bright, fine-looking fellows, all admiration and devotion, and George did not feel so sure about it. But he was not afraid of her attendants, and, purposely misunderstanding her, punched twenty miles from her ticket instead of five, which involved an explanation.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he said. "I thought you said to Colesville. However, I will remember that I owe you fifteen miles, and make it right next trip you make."

She assented, and George passed on, feeling that he had not gained much, after all. But as he turned and came back, she looked up at him as if to speak, and he paused and sat down in the seat behind her.

"Mr. Ingleside," she said, "won't you give me three tickets from Wareham to Bethel Plain for that fifteen miles? — those little stop-over tickets, I mean. I 'll use them myself, but I might want to take the other trains."

He shook his head. "I 'd gladly oblige you, Miss Ware, but I 'm afraid I can't do that. I 'll remember it, though."

"But then," she said, looking mischievous, "you might die, you know, and then I 'd lose my fares."

"Oh, no, I shan't die," he said, lightly. "I 'm too wicked for that." And then, with a sudden impulse, he added, "Besides, if I should die, you would n't want to go on the train any more."

The smile died out of her eyes. "I might have to, if I did n't want to," she said, indifferently, as if she did not realize the significance of his words; and then she turned directly around, and began talking with her companions. The young man who sat beside her looked up at him with a supercilious air of surprise, but although George returned the look with interest, he did not mind it half so much as he did that slow, deliberate turning of Miss Ware's head. There was something very expressive about it, as there was about everything she did. He felt that she was displeased and disgusted with him, that he had sunk in her opinion, and he fancied her manner was more distant when he met her afterward.

Meantime the month was slipping away, and he had no definite idea what he should do at the end of it. Deep in his mind, not yet acknowledged to himself, was the secret conviction that the vow he had taken would not be renewed; that one month of honest dealing was all the concession he could afford to his scruples. But he did not think of the matter much, feeling that he should have a struggle with himself any way at the end of the month, and there was no use anticipating it. But he confessed to himself that he had not been so happy for years as these last few weeks had made him.

The first of September was close at hand, when one day, at evening, the party from Wareham were going home on the train. George found Miss Ware at the end of the last car, sitting out on the steps with the young man they called Al James; and after taking their fares he went back into the car and sat down in the seat at the end, though with no intention of listening. George was a thief, but he was no eavesdropper. One must draw a line somewhere. He drew it there. But the window was open; the voices outside were clear and penetrating, and raised above the ordinary tone. George's hearing was acute, and the first words so arrested his attention that he listened in spite of himself.

"Oh, Miss Rosamond," said Al James, "I hear your pet conductor is up to some little dodges."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Miss Ware. There was an indignant ring in her voice.

"Sereno Trask was telling me about it," he replied. "His father 's a director, and he 's loafin' round on the engines half the time. He said one of the freight conductors told him that Ingleside gobbled the fares. He said he 'd been suspected for some time, but the superintendent was a great friend of his, and would n't listen to anything. But finally they stirred up the president, and last Monday they began watching him; had detectives or experts go on the train, perhaps. I don't know about that, exactly, but they were going to spot him. Sereno said it was a great secret, of course; but he" —

"It 's a lie," said Miss Ware, warmly, — "a cruel, wicked lie! Don't you ever repeat it again."

"Why, how do you know?" cried her companion, in surprise. "What do you pick up cudgels for the fellow so for? You don't know anything about him."

"Mr. Ingleside is my friend," she said, with spirit. "I would vouch for his integrity anywhere, or trust him with anything. Besides, he has been good to me. I have been indebted to him for a great many little acts of courtesy and kindness, and I think it is a pity if I could not defend him when I hear him stabbed like that. Such a mean, cowardly slander! It is cruel as murder, and a great deal meaner. A man's character is more precious than life, and yet a boy like you can hint it away in that style, and your victim never know it. Do you tell Sereno Trask never to repeat that story again, and to go and learn the ninth commandment."

George sat within, feeling that a crisis had come upon him. The question

that had been latent in his mind for weeks now came forward and demanded an immediate answer, and he recognized that the decision made would be final. Nothing in the future would ever arouse him more thoroughly than this girl's words had done. His fright at her companion's disclosure and his gratitude for his narrow escape from detection were powerful motives, but his strongest emotion was that awakened by this genuine expression of confidence and trust from the lips of Rosamond Ware. All that was good and noble within him awoke, and cried out in answer. He hesitated, balanced; a wave of feeling swept over him, and he yielded.

"I will," he said, solemnly. With a feeling akin to that which prompts men to take an oath upon a sacred book, he took from his pocket the little black note-book; but upon the brink of decisive action a sudden sense of his own weakness overwhelmed him. The memory of his past sin taunted him. If he took this vow, could he ever keep it? This exalted mood would pass away, as other moods had done, and in the common, daily life to come the old influences would overpower him; his resolution would not stand the test of years. He paused, appalled by the consciousness of his own moral decay. He turned the cover of the book, and the motto on the fly-leaf stared him in the face: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." It seemed a glorious and inspiring answer to these sickening doubts, and the heart of this prayerless man laid hold upon it, and went forth in a strong and speechless cry for some divine, immortal strength, beyond his own, to supplement his human will. He raised his right hand, and laid it on the little book with a feeling of deep solemnity.

"I swear that I will never again take to myself one cent of money, or anything else, that does not honestly belong to me; and may the God my mother worshiped help me to keep this vow, for I can never keep it of myself." He softly repeated these words, and then rose to his feet with a sense of freedom and relief, like one who, having long been stifled in an unwholesome atmosphere, draws a deep, free breath of pure air again. He looked out; they were approaching the station. He walked to the forward end of the car, alighted while they were yet in motion, and turned to meet Miss Ware. Her eyes were still bright, and her face aglow with indignation and excitement, and as he held up his hand to assist her she laid her own in it, and gave him a hearty hand clasp of friendship, for the first time in her life.

The solemnity of that hour remained with George Ingleside for days, and when the exaltation of his mood passed away his abiding purpose was unchanged. His repentance, for the time at least, was honest and sincere, and he immediately began laying aside money to accumulate until he should have a sum sufficient to pay back to the railroad company all he had taken from them dishonestly. Miss Ware's friends were scattering from Wareham, and he knew she had gone herself, though he had not seen her. Mr. Ware had made complaint at the office that the train had run by a signal, and in the investigation which followed stated that upon the occasion referred to he had gone to take the train with his two daughters, who were compelled to make their journey by another route. George was deeply chagrined that his train should have been so negligent; he generally had an eye out when they passed Wareham, and he purposed to make Miss Ware the handsomest apology in his power the next time he saw her.

About two weeks later she took the train on her return, and George was impressed, as he had never been before, by the elegance and beauty of her figure. Her traveling dress had heretofore been severely plain and unbecoming, as was also the mountain dress she wore on their excursions; and she had seemed curiously indifferent to all the little arts of dress whereby most women strive to look their prettiest. She had, nevertheless, been always lady-like and attractive, but there was now about her that inde-

scribable, impressive something we call "style," which is to some men — and George was one of them — more effective than beauty; and by the skillful arrangement of color and outline she had made herself pretty and bewitching, and almost beautiful. She seemed alive, intense, full of some suppressed excitement. He knew her keen glance was upon him, as he was busy taking the fares, before he reached her. It confused him, and he deferred his apology for the present. Not long after, as he was passing through the car, she detained him, and asked if, by and by, when it was convenient, she might have a few minutes' talk with him. George was delighted with the proposition, but assented with outward composure, and in his next interval of leisure he sought her. She indicated that he should take the seat beside her, and spoke of the incident of a fortnight before, when his train had passed the signal, thinking he ought to know of it. He then made the apology he had intended, and after receiving it most graciously she quietly turned the conversation to other things, and George found himself talking gayly with her upon general principles. He was sorry when his duties compelled him to leave her; but after he had been through the train again, a bright idea struck him.

"Why not try it again?" he thought. "She seemed to enjoy it; but if she don't like it this time, I 'll soon find it out." So he went back, and sat down beside her again. She looked up with a pleasant smile of welcome; nothing could be more affable and friendly than her manner. Her conversation was piquant, stimulating, suggestive, throwing new, vivid light on old, thought-worn topics. It seemed to George that he had never before talked with any one so agreeable, though he did afterward remember that it was himself, and not she, who did most of the talking. She drew him out upon subjects where he was well informed and intelligent; he felt he was appearing at his best, and was surprised at his own eloquence, while she listened with graceful, eager attention. The shadows of evening gathered, the brakeman lighted the lamps, the people were gradually leaving the train, there was no one near them, they two were alone together in the dim light. George was not at all romantic, but the situation and surroundings did heighten his enjoyment. He left Miss Ware with reluctance when the train drew near a station; he came back eagerly when his duties were over, to catch the frank welcome of her eyes. He noticed that she never alluded to their previous acquaintance. He would have liked to recall their first meeting, or some subsequent incident, but she delicately controlled the conversation, and he was not able to do it.

Just before they reached Wareham there was an unexpected detention: a rock had fallen on the track from an overhanging hill-side, and it was nearly an hour before they could remove it and go on. George thought of Miss Ware as soon as the train started, and, remembering that the Wareham stage would have left some time before, he hurried to her as soon as he could, and asked if the detention would occasion her any trouble.

"Oh, yes!" she cried. "I was intending to go up in the stage. But then," she added, "it is no matter. I can easily walk up."

"If you will allow me," said he, eagerly, "I will put my train in the care of the baggage-master, and go up with you. I can get back in time to go over to Towasset on the next train."

"Oh, no," she said, decidedly. "I could not think of giving you so much trouble."

George was stung by her refusal. He had made the offer upon a sudden impulse, without stopping for reflection, and now he thought Miss Ware deemed it presumption. He had never meant to give her an opportunity to snub him; he did not think he deserved it now.

"Very well, suit yourself," he said, and left her. But his pride then took a sudden turn. "I will go," he resolved. "It is n't safe for her to walk up alone, and my offer was perfectly proper, and

she had no business to refuse it. I won't be put down so!"

He gave the necessary directions to the baggage-master, and left the train at Wareham. When it had moved off without him, he turned and confronted Miss Ware, throwing the light of his lantern in her face. Her eyes were dark and misty with tears of distress; she advanced a step, and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Oh, Mr. Ingleside," she said, "I shall be grateful and glad beyond measure for your protection and escort. I did n't dare to give you so much trouble, but I wanted you to come with me, awfully."

Ah, how his wounded pride and vanity were healed! He turned away to conceal his delight, and put her trunk, with his lantern, in the little depot, while she arranged her dress for walking. They were ready in a moment, and as they started she put her hand within his arm. George will not soon forget that walk. Miss Ware had such a quick and spirited step that the mere exercise was pleasure; she seemed so gay and bright and full of life; and when they passed through dark and gloomy woods, where the moonlight could not penetrate, she turned and thanked him again gratefully, and wondered what she should have done, in that awful place, if it had not been for his kindness. There came over him a keen sense of how much he owed this girl, how strong had been her power over him for good; of the disgrace and exposure from which her words had saved him; and he longed to express his gratitude. It would be impossible to tell her the whole black story, but it seemed as if he could not help acknowledging in some way how much she had done for him. But when, at last, they parted in the village street of Wareham, and after a few sincere and hearty words of gratitude she laid her hand in his, to say good-by, he held it tight for an instant, dumb with strong emotion, and simply said good-night, and turned away.

"I 'm glad I did n't, on the whole," he muttered as he walked rapidly back to the station. "I should n't have said what I meant to, and likely as not she 'd have thought I was making love to her, and murdered me with rage. I believe I never came so near being spoony on her as I was to-night. How pretty and bright she looked in the moonlight!" As he went back over the ground, he reviewed the conversation they had together, recalling all her gayety and brightness. He was just in time for the night train, and as he passed through the car, looking for a seat, his brother Allen sprang up to meet him, with an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, George, my boy, where did you come from? Did your train run off and leave you?"

"No," replied George. "I stopped over a train, on some business."

"Odd I did n't see you before," said Allen. "I 've got a piece of news for you. You 've got a chance now to work off your California fever."

George took a seat beside him, and listened with interest while his brother read him a letter he had just received from a friend in San Francisco, making them both a most advantageous offer to go into business there.

"I suppose I need n't ask whether you 'll go," said Allen Ingleside, when he had finished the letter. "Lucy is perfectly wild. She has longed to go back ever since we came East, but it 's better luck than she expected to be able to take you with us."

George could not help catching his brother's excitement. The opening was a fine one; he had long been anxious to go West; there was no reason why he should not accept immediately. His mind was at once absorbed by the plans and prospects involved in the sudden change, and among other thoughts was one of gratitude that his repentance had come in time for him to leave the old life, as well as begin the new, an honest man.

The days that followed were busy and exciting. His resignation was handed in at once, to take effect as soon as they were ready to leave; his own arrangements were soon made; and he only

awaited the departure of his brother's family. He often thought of Rosamond Ware, and hoped he might see her once again before he left, though at that season of the year the chance was a slight one.

When the last day came, a general interest was manifest among the passengers, and a group of friends surrounded him, as he stood in the baggage car.

"Well, George," said one, "sorry to hear you 're going to leave. What 's that for? Tired of your place?"

"Oh, no," he answered. "I like the railroad very much, and the people along the line; but my brother and I have had a very good offer out in California, and he is anxious to return. He came from there a year ago, you know, and Mrs. Ingleside belongs there, and wants to go back to her friends; so we have decided to start. Yes, this is my last run on the train."

He stepped to the door; they were approaching Wareham, and it was his last chance. His face grew bright, for there, upon the platform, stood the picturesque little figure, waving the signal flag. How lucky he was! He did not step off the train to meet her, preferring to wait until he saw her in the car. He intended to stop and speak with her a few moments, tell her he was going away, and say good-by; it was surely appropriate, after the pleasant talk they had had together. As he started, his brother, who had been amusing himself with his little girl, called out after him, "Here, George! Going in the other car? Take Lucy back to her mother, will you?"

George could not very well refuse. He took the child, muttering grimly, "I 'll bet she 'll think it 's mine."

As he passed Miss Ware his emotion unsettled him.

"God bless her," he said to himself. "If I can't tell her how much I owe her and what she has been to me, I won't say anything. If I once began, I could n't stop myself." So when he returned, he simply said good morning, and passed on with an unspoken good-by. When they stopped at Bethel Plain he hastened to the end of the car, where Miss Ware was ready to alight. As she came down the steps her face showed some strong emotion; her eyes were dark with unshed tears, her lip quivered, and the hand she laid in his trembled unmistakably. A confused rush of thought overcame him. She must have heard! Every one on the train was talking of him. Was it possible she cared? He started a few steps after her. She was just meeting a gay party of friends; her face was bright with welcome; he heard her merry voice. He laughed a little at himself as he turned away.

He has never seen her since. Out in California they call him a promising and prosperous business man. The vow he took has not yet been broken; he has thus far been worthy of the respect and esteem he has everywhere received. Sometimes, when he remembers the past, it seems that he would give years of life if he could look back upon a stainless record of unshaken integrity, and his growing horror of his old sin is a hopeful indication of future rectitude. His busy, active life leaves little room for dreams and fancies, but his air castles, when he has any, are always in New England. He turns first to the marriages and deaths in the Bethel Courier, which follows him across a continent, and in the inner breast pocket of his coat, where his strong heart beats against it, there is still a little black note-book, worn with frequent handling, and bearing on the fly-leaf the name of Rosamond Ware.

*Katharine Carrington.*

## THE GREATEST NOVELIST'S WORK FOR FREEDOM.

"To have made known to contemporaries and to posterity what serfdom means is the position of Ivan Turgenef in history." Such are the words of Julian Schmidt, a German critic of the highest authority. They sound strangely in our ears, for, much as we have had of literary discussion of his works, we are so remote from the current life of Russia that we have heard little of the man himself, of his inheritance of liberal principles, or of the early and signal success of his patriotic services.

Few men have been born to such traditions of devoted self-sacrifice to the cause of human freedom. His two uncles, Alexander and Nicholas, were conspicuous figures in the court of Alexander I. The elder was the first competent student of the original archives of Russian history, and upon his researches is based all subsequent work. The friend of every great liberal of his time, his personal frankness and rectitude nevertheless saved him from the suspicion and distrust of Nicholas. The younger seems the most innocent of the many innocent who were swept into darkness and exile by that wild whirl of rash and mistaken heroism, the revolt of the guards in December, 1825. His brilliant powers, his intellectual training, a remarkable exception in that day, promised a distinguished career. Yet only his fortunate absence from the country at the moment of the insurrection saved his life. But though the remainder of it was spent under kinder skies than Siberia's, it was none the less an exile's. "Yet," wrote the staunch old man, after twenty years of hopeless waiting for justice, "if it were to do over again, I believe I should choose the same part." That part had been from first to last an unwavering, outspoken protest against the evils of serfdom. It had brought upon him such dislike that it was easy for his enemies to convince Nicholas that his ready support of the various plans for educational and social improvement, fostered by the liberal tendencies of Alexander I. prior to 1820, had been only a cover for treason. These schemes had indeed brought him into alliance with the generous but over-eager spirits whose ill-balanced fervor drew such ruin upon the hopes of the liberals in Russia at the accession of Nicholas; yet so great was the confidence placed in him that only a few months before Alexander had summoned him home to assume heavy responsibility. "Only Turgenef can replace Speranski." Yet the utmost mercy that Nicholas could be induced to show was to relieve the death penalty of its shameful accompaniments, even though his long previous absence from the country must have exonerated him from any share in the murderous designs which alone could justify such severity. The third brother, the father of Ivan Sergyeivitch died broken-hearted by this cruel fate.

For long years the name of Nicholas Turgenef was among those repeated with mute prayer and blessing in the dead silence which Nicholas enforced in regard to "the men of December." The tragedy came upon Russian society like the thunder-bolt that breaks before the storm, and under the dark cloud which brooded over Russia the halo which surrounded the memory of its victims was the one faint light across the shadows. For three and thirty years the exile lasted. Then he was included in the general amnesty of 1858; but Alexander II. added to it an especial invitation to St. Petersburg. And there — the man of the hour; the man on whose shoulders his own mantle had fallen; the man who had fought and won the battle against serfdom — was his own nephew, the son of his dead brother Serge. Among the *pia desideria* which had cheered the exile's lonely hours had been the prayer that some poet's imagination might be kindled by the wrongs of the serfs. "Are not the miseries of slavery enough to stir an in-

spired heart?" Ere the day of his freedom the prayer had been answered in the Notes of a Sportsman, an appeal of imperative pathos, which had reached even the steps of the throne.[1]

Too young for more than a dim memory of that fatal December, Ivan grew up on his mother's estate in Osël. Like the gentle-born Russian boys of his time, he learned French and German in early childhood, but, happier than too many of them, he learned besides, from the old peasants about him, the rich folk-lore of his own people. The earlier pages of the story of Pounine and Babourine are pictures from his own life. Of his position and his convictions at the end of his university career he says in his Recollections: [2] "In the autumn of 1838 I set out to study at Berlin. I was just nineteen; upon this journey I had long reflected. I was convinced that in Russia it was possible only to pursue certain preordained studies, but that the fountain-head of real knowledge was to be found abroad. I very clearly perceived all the disadvantages of such a separation from my native land, of such a violent breaking of all the cords and ties binding me to that life in which I had grown up; but there was nothing else to be done. That life, that circle, and especially that little ring, if I may so express it, to which I belonged, — a little ring of masters and serfs, — could not detain me. On the contrary, almost all that I saw around me awoke in me feelings of restlessness, of dissatisfaction, of aversion even. I could not long waver. I must either compel myself silently to follow the beaten track on the common road, or I must turn at once, must break away once and for all, even risking the loss of much that was near and dear to my heart. So I did. I laid my head beneath the 'German Ocean' which should purify me and give me the new birth; and when I rose at last from its waves I suddenly found myself, through and through, an 'Occidental,' and I have always remained one. It does not enter my head to condemn those of my contemporaries who, in other less denying ways, sought the freedom, the knowledge, for which I strove. I wish only to say that I saw no other path before me. I could not breathe the same air; I could not stand side by side with that which I hated; for this, truly, there was wanting in me the requisite endurance, the force of character. It was indispensably necessary for me to remove myself from my foe, in order that from my very remoteness I might attack him with more power. In my eyes this foe had a definite shape, bore a well-known name: this foe was — serfdom. Under this name I gathered and concentrated everything against which I resolved to fight to the end, with which I swore never to make peace. It was my oath of Hannibal. I not only made it; I went to the West solely that I might the better fulfill it. And I do not think that my stay in the West robbed me of a single sympathy with Russian life, a single conception of its peculiarities and needs. The Notes of a Sportsman, those in their time novel, and in their consequences far-reaching, studies, were written by me abroad; some of them in heavy moments of doubt of this: Was it for me to return to my native land or not?"

But 1838 was far enough from the Notes. It needed years of waiting for the moment to strike the blow so fatal to his enemy. In 1841, he returned to Russia; for a year he served in the ministry for foreign affairs, and in 1846 went again to Germany.

His first attempts in writing were poetry. One of the earliest (1841), The Old Landlord, is much the same theme as Tennyson's Northern Farmer. The principal work of the kind (1843) is a narrative poem entitled Parasha, from

[1] The book has been long out of print in English, fortunately, for it was made from a French translation by Charrière, which the author pronounced "une véritable mystification littéraire. C'est à ne pas s'y reconnaître." Generally, of all the books, the German Mittau edition, with the author's own revision, gives the best translation.

[2] The translations aim only at exact literalness, especially in preserving the figurative use of the Russian words. For these brief passages a close reproduction, not so desirable in a long work, may give a freshness and truth to the original, and compensate for any oddity or stiffness.

the name of the heroine. Pushkine was the model then for Russia, as Goethe had been in Germany, and the poem, if not an imitation, was certainly inspired by his Eugene Oneguine. It had its success, and drew forth marked approval from Byelinski, who held at that day in Russia a position as authoritative as Sainte-Beuve's in France; but apparently Turgenef himself recognized that this was not the true path for his genius. He ceased to write, and long after expressed himself thus emphatically: "I feel a positive, almost a physical, antipathy for my verses. I not only have not a single copy of my poems, but I would pay dearly in order that not one of them should be left in the world."

He had written a few short stories, little known in English, but nothing yet in his career augured his future fame. Of the moment of his second departure for the West he wrote, "I had soon satisfied myself that there was no use in going farther in that direction, and I felt a strong inclination altogether to abandon literature; but in reply to a request of Panaef, who had not enough to fill up the department of Miscellany for the first number of the Contemporary, I sent him the sketch entitled Khor and Kalinitch. The words 'From the notebook of a sportsman' were added by Panaef himself, for the purpose of attracting the reader's attention. The success of this sketch impelled me to write others; and I returned to literature." Such was the beginning of the famous Notes of a Sportsman.

The sketches now number something over thirty, most of them having been printed prior to 1852, but a few of them appeared later; notably, Pounine and Babourine, which was finished after the emancipation. The author worked with the simplest materials. No artist was ever more sparing of the colors on his palette. He concerned himself little with mere outward surrounding, or with physical suffering. It was the withering blight, the wasting canker, which was consuming master as well as servant, which grieved his heart. Faithfully and patiently he sketched his *genre* pictures, simple as idyls, but true with a truth that bit into the memory. His keen discrimination, his cool reticence, might almost argue his heart untouched. He had found only an artistic opportunity, a fine scene for a dramatist. But a moment more, and one sees that, though the voice, the pen, be steady, the lip quivers, the blood boils. Making all due allowance for the need of caution in order to escape the censure, this fine reserve, this calm poise, are only the expression of the man's own nature. Turgenef is the pure artist. There could be no stronger proof that the purer and more perfect the art, the greater its power, than the marvelous success of this book, which one would have said beforehand it would be impossible for a Russian to write, and more than impossible to print in Moscow itself, and spread without disguise throughout Russia.

The simple materials are drawn from the every-day experience of the quiet routine of country life. The *mise en scène* is the wide plain of the steppe, the deep recess of the forest, the dusty road of the village. Against these are thrown in clear-cut relief the dark, dull figures of that wasted, monotonous existence. For drama we have only the chance adventures of an enthusiastic sportsman; a morning breakfast with a neighbor; a narrow escape from drowning in a lonely pond; a moment's chat with the Moujik by the road-side; a singing match in a way-side inn; a sudden death by a blow from a falling tree; the conversation overheard in the steward's office on the estate of an idle and selfish mistress; the murmured whispers of a heart-broken woman over a midnight fire in the open yard of the mill; or the shepherd boys telling stories of nixies and goblins in their solitary bivouac on the distant meadow.

This absence of all passion, of all special pleading, not only heightened the artistic value of the book, but it happily prevented the interference of the censor, and the whole series was complete and presented to the public in book form before any suspicion of the

force of its cumulative effect had been awakened. Then all at once the startling faithfulness of the picture was recognized. The resolute champion of freedom had struck his blow at the one vulnerable point. Not the wrongs, the outrages upon the serfs, could have stirred the mass of the land owners, but the baneful influence of serfdom upon themselves roused the selfish instinct of self-preservation.

A people which has suffered such benumbing, such deadening, of its nature can never redeem itself. Neither reform nor revolution from within is possible; help could come only through arbitrary power from above. Yet the history of the emancipation shows that not even absolute will could have brought it about without the yielding of the land owners, in their dread of sinking deeper and deeper into the hopeless slough. To show the danger, to waken the dread, was the office of the book, the loyal service of Turgenef for his country.

Did he himself realize what he was doing? The artist and the moralist are so completely one that he seems almost to have borne his witness unconsciously, as a noble man's duty for the right is sometimes performed by his mere presence alone. It was to cost him dear. Reproach and calumny were ready enough. Much of it seized upon the alleged fact that while arraigning his countrymen he had himself been supported by the serf labor on his hereditary estate.

To a letter asking for the truth he sent the following answer: —

"I reply frankly to your frank question. My father died the 30th of October, 1834. I was then only sixteen. The hatred of selfdom even then lived in me; it, among others, was the reason why I, growing up among beating and torture, never soiled my hands by a single blow. But to the Notes of a Sportsman was a long way then. I was simply a boy, almost a child. Besides, my father was a poor man; he left only one hundred and thirty souls,[1] of little worth and bringing no income, and there were three brothers of us. The property of my father was united with the property of my mother, who alone gave us, and sometimes took from us, the means of livelihood. But it never entered her head or ours that this trifling property (I speak of my father's) was not hers. I passed three years abroad, never received from it one kopeck, and all the same never thought of asking for my inheritance; furthermore, that inheritance, after counting out what belonged to my mother as the widow, and what went to the share of my brothers, would have amounted to little more than nothing.

"When my dear mother died, in 1850, I immediately set free all the house-servants. The peasants desiring it I let go for the *obrok*.[2] In every possible way I worked for the success of the general emancipation. For redemption everywhere I gave up the fifth part, and on the chief estate took nothing whatever for the land of the manor itself, which was worth a considerable sum. Another in my place might have done more, and more quickly; but I promised to tell the truth, and I speak it as it is. It is nothing to boast of; but dishonor, I think, it cannot bring me."

However bitter might have been the resentment of those whom the book had not convinced, it was not easy to visit it upon the author himself; for, as already stated, it had passed the censor unsuspected, as it appeared in monthly parts, and it was impossible to revoke that judgment. But an opportunity occurred before long to manifest the hatred which he had awakened against himself.

On the moment of receiving the news of the death of Gogol, in February, 1852, Turgenef wrote a brief notice for one of the St. Petersburg papers. It was but a word of keen personal sorrow, of bitter regret for the loss to Russia, — such a word as a man speaks beside an open grave. Its publication was refused by the censor at St. Petersburg, but later,

[1] The usual term for serfs, as "hands" was for slaves in the South.

[2] Permission to the serfs to work for themselves on payment of a certain sum. In the hands of a humane master, it was practical freedom.

on submission to the Moscow authorities, appeared in the Gazette of that city. The 16th of April following, Turgenef was placed under arrest in St. Petersburg for a month, and then ordered to banishment upon his own estate in Osël. Common report abroad has charged the whole thing upon Nicholas himself, the Gogol article being a mere pretext, but the Notes the real offense. Turgenef's own words, however, are quite to the contrary. Apparently, the jealousy between rival officials added to mistrust of Turgenef led to actual falsehood. "I have not the slightest intention of accusing the then existing government. . . . It would have been impossible for the government to have suspected a trusted official of so high rank [Moussine-Pushkine] of such distortion of the truth. But all is for the best. My being under arrest and then in the country had without doubt its use for me: it brought me close to certain sides of Russian life, which in the ordinary course of things would surely have escaped my attention."

The exile lasted three years. "Every six weeks a policeman appeared for an inspection, showing as his warrant a dirty bit of paper, and asking what he should do. 'Do your duty,' replied Turgenef, wrapping a five-rouble note in the warrant; whereupon the policeman, with a profound bow, withdrew." His release came just before the death of Nicholas, it is said, through the efforts of the heir apparent himself, upon whom the Notes had made a deep impression, — how deep let the story of the emancipation tell.

Turgenef soon went to Germany again, where much of his life has since been spent. In the ten years between 1852 and 1862 appeared the novels, now so well known in all modern languages, Rudine, On the Eve, A Nest of Noblemen, etc. They placed him confessedly at the head of the realistic school. With less of detail, with less of picturesque setting, than the French work of the same school, the very simplicity makes their truth more vivid. Zola's canvas is crowded with figures, and glows with the richest tints. Against the dim, gray distance in Turgenef's picture are grouped two or three forms clad in sober hue; but the cunning hand of the artist throws over them a gleam of magic light, which makes them live and breathe, and love and hate, before our very eyes. From one point of view the novels are the intensest dramas of human passion, in which the old tragedy of hope, of despair, of love, of death, is played amid the shifting circumstances of every-day life; from another they are all the *cultur-romanen*, which portray the intellectual and moral aspects of society. From either point of view their highest merit comes from that clairvoyance of genius which sees in and through the traits the conditions which are most Russian, the larger outlines, the broader movement, which make all primarily human and universal.

This is continually more apparent in the later works which his countrymen call "the immortal trilogy," Fathers and Sons, Smoke, Virgin Soil. To the first it would be hard to find a parallel in any work of fiction, for the storm of mingled applause and denunciation with which it was received. It had its immediate inspiration in the days just following the emancipation; but its main situation, the bringing face to face the old and young, the elder generation and the new, had been one of the earliest to attract Turgenef's thought. His second venture in literature, in 1845, was a poem entitled A Conversation. It was, like Parasha, of the romantic school, and with that has long since disappeared, but Byelinski has left this record of it: "It is a conversation between an old hermit who on the brink of the grave still lives upon the recollection of his past life, so fully, so heartily lived, and a young man who everywhere and in everything has tried life, and nowhere and in nothing finds it not embittered, not made wretched, by some undefined feeling of inward emptiness, of secret dissatisfaction with himself and with life. Every one who lives, and consequently feels himself seized by the malady of our time, an apathy of feeling and of will, with a consuming activity of thought, —

every one with deep attention will read the beautiful, poetical Conversation of Mr. Turgenef, and, reading it deeply, deeply will reflect."

The theme may be traced in one shape and another through all his work, shifting in place and in character as the times about him changed, till in Fathers and Sons Bazaroff, the young man, is no longer a dreamer, but a doer. No vague *Weltschmerz* saddens him, but the sharp pain of real, present evil goads him into violent protest. The story is too familiar to need sketching here. The young man returns home from the university convinced of the futility of all the old humanities, scorning all the old traditions, from the little uses so dear to his homely mother's heart to the faiths which had made the creed of a gentleman in his father's youth. Denying, protesting the nothingness of all formulæ, of all conventions, refusing to believe in human loves and sympathies, he is still by the masterly reserve of the author not made a fanatic. He laughs at the old codes of honor, but accepts a challenge, and fights the duel as composedly, as gayly, as the finest gentleman. He scouts love, but he lays at the feet of Madame Odintsof as eager and intense a love as ever man offered woman. He would mock at generosity and self-denial, but he is quick to help the humble country doctor in the mean hovel of the peasant, and falls a victim to his service. He dies bravely, with all his proud hopes still beckoning him on, like a gallant soldier, plague-stricken, dying helpless in sight of the foe, while the trumpet sounds the charge to battle.

Such is the man of whom his friend Arcadi speaks in affectionate veneration as a nihilist, and to whom Paul Kirsanoff applies the word as a witty *sobriquet*. What likeness in him to the red-handed agitator of to-day? It is not the first time in history that a party name has traveled far from its original use. Bazaroff permits the name, but he is not a nihilist so truly as a realist. It is not for the nothing that he strives, but for the real. Rid yourselves of empty abstractions, of futile forms, to make room to see things as they really are. Tear away conventional rules so as to penetrate to actual laws. The work he means to do is straightforward enough. Better roads, increase of trade, trustworthy savings-banks, honest administration, free and convenient justice, — these are the objects he will strive for.

Turgenef wrote some years after: "Not in the sense of reproach, not for the purpose of insult, was this word used by me, but as the exact and fitting expression of a dawning historical fact." The original of Bazaroff was a young provincial physician who died in 1860. "In this remarkable man were incarnate before my own eyes the scarcely formed, still fermenting elements of what afterwards received the name of nihilism. The word nihilist employed by me was then made use of by many who were waiting an excuse, a pretext, to hinder a movement stirring in Russian society. It was perverted into an instrument of denunciation, of irrevocable condemnation, almost into a brand of shame."

He adds this anecdote: "Quite soon after the book came out, I returned to St. Petersburg, the very day of the famous burning of the Apraxine palace. The word nihilist had already been taken up by a thousand voices, and the first salutation from the first acquaintance meeting me on the Nevski was, 'See what your nihilists are doing. They are burning St. Petersburg.'"

Meanwhile a violent war was waged over the book. One set of the elders thought themselves ridiculed, and one party of the young liberals felt themselves caricatured and slandered. The author says, "I felt a coldness amounting to displeasure in many persons near to me and sympathizing with me." One angry man wrote, "In derision and contempt we burn your photographic pictures." On the other side writes one, "You would think that every modern radical could see only with delighted satisfaction the typical portrait of himself and his party presented in so noble a figure as Bazaroff." "Neither Fathers nor Sons is the true title of your

book," said a clever woman to Turgenef, "and you yourself are a nihilist."

For some time the book unquestionably lessened his popularity. But the reaction in his favor came at last from a strange enough source. Other writers took up the same theme, even one so famous as Pizemski; but the young radicals of their pages were molded of far coarser clay than Bazaroff. The defenders of such books would insist that the figures were faithful copies, that the models themselves had changed; but the majority of young Russia went back to its allegiance to Turgenef, and accepted Bazaroff. A Russian critic writes, "Our so-called 'liberals' esteem Turgenef as one of the first in Russian literature to present in strong relief and in effective outlines the types of the protesting minority. The conservatives value Turgenef for his unequaled style, his strongly elaborated art, and for some of his latest works, the meaning of which has been interpreted by them in a sense entirely contrary to the intention of the author."

The epithet nihilist had, however, begun a career quite independent of its origin. Perverted at first, as Turgenef said, into a term of reproach, it was applied to the liberals generally; but it passed more and more to the left of the party, till we see it appropriated by a radicalism so extreme that in comparison with it all we are accustomed to call by the name would seem conservative to the last degree. The successive steps can be traced in literature as well as in politics. Virgin Soil shows us directly Turgenef's view of it after the lapse of eight years. Bazaroff is of 1860; Nejdanoff and Solomine of 1868.

The difference between those to whom it is applied in contempt by the personages of the story and those of whom Turgenef uses it is remarkable. Marianne expresses her sense of Madame Sipiaguine's aversion: "In her eyes I am a nihilist." Kallomeïtsef, "the veritable Petersburger of high fashion," thinks the same of Nejdanoff, — "an atheist and a nihilist," — and "launches one common philippic against Jacobins abroad, nihilists and socialists at home." He announces Solomine to Madame Sipiaguine. "One nihilist has come into your house, and now he brings in another. And the last is worse than the first." But the man whom Turgenef calls a nihilist is the vain and ignorant Golouchkine. "He had finished by becoming a nihilist." His coarse vulgarity shows not one redeeming trait, and in the hour of danger he meanly saves himself by the "sincere repentance" of unstinted bribery.

It is no part of our present purpose to trace the word beyond the pages of Turgenef, but so much that is written about Russia is based on the inference, all despotism is bad, therefore all resistance to it is good, that a word of warning against mistaken sympathy, mistaken admiration, may not be untimely. We have shown to what nihilism had sunk in eight years. Five years later, Leroy Beaulieu, long a close student of Russia, wrote, "As philosophy it is already out of fashion. It is a depraved childishness, which pushes up even amidst pretensions to maturity. Without study, without research, without method of any kind, all its originality is in its crudity." He quotes a definition of it by an adept. To English eyes it needs the decent veil of a foreign tongue. "Prenez la terre et le ciel, prenez la vie et la mort, l'âme et Dieu, et crachez dessus — voilà le nihilisme." At present a new access of enthusiasm and, it must be admitted, a terribly stern repression have given fresh consequence to the name and the men. Yet said a young Russian just now, who would glory in claiming to be in our sense a radical of radicals, "I do not see how any civilized being could call himself a Russian nihilist."

Two facts, not novel, but seldom recognized outside the few students of Russian affairs, ought to be considered in all our judgments of the nihilistic movement. They not only exaggerate its importance in all the accounts we receive, but they do actually help to give greater force to it in itself. The first is the interest of the secret police in maintaining its own value to the government.

But for such disturbances its office would soon be a sinecure, and too many are concerned in it to allow themselves to be discarded. Hence they undoubtedly make the most of any suspicion of conspiracy or treason. The second is the fact that the Russian official world is by no means a unit. Each section or each clique and its leaders have their own panacea for quieting the empire. Neither will see any success in the attempts to carry out other plans than their own, nor will they give hearty support to any scheme but their own. Beyond this there is reason to suspect that encouragement has been given to discontent and turbulence by a political party, to serve its own ends.

No one claims or admits that the nihilists have accomplished anything. The harm they do to Russia is negative, in preventing real improvement, in diverting from true service so many to waste their young strength on idle dreams. To call the evil of nihilism a consuming malady is to give it undue dignity; "a nervous convulsion" is the aptest phrase yet applied to it.

Turgenef himself is proof that a career of the highest usefulness is open to a patriot even in Russia. Over and over again he has pointed out most clearly where the great work now lies. Look through his books with this thought in view, and see how one after another of his personages set themselves to do it. Babourine, Sanine, Arcadi, Kirsanoff, Litvinoff, Solomine, devote themselves to the same patient, humble work, the education and improvement of the peasantry. Men of real life are doing it to-day quietly, scatteredly, but it will tell; and then what contrast to the brutality and uselessness of the arson and assassination of nihilism!

The fame of Turgenef to-day rests on a twofold basis. Abroad he is held "as without an equal in his own art among the living."[1] At home the honor paid him for his patriotic service heightens and sometimes surpasses his fame as the great poet (*Dichter*) of Russia. Rarely has such service been so detached from politics as his. Said one of the speakers at a dinner given in his honor last spring in St. Petersburg, "You have never been a politician. Your ambition was other, — it was higher. Your name is not in the list of those which are nailed to a staff and carried as a flag, or thundered as the war cry of bitter party strife." It will not do to infer any of his views from his works except when he speaks *in propria persona*. Hence he is quoted for the most absurd and contradictory statements. But his characters feel and act independently of his personal bias. They are true to their own position and principle, not his. He says himself, "I am a radical, incorrigible Occidental, and I never have and I never shall conceal it. Yet I, without regard to this, with special satisfaction brought out in the character of Panshine [in a Nest of Noblemen] all the comic and absurd side of Occidentalism; I made the Slavophile Lavretzki 'beat him at all points.' Why did I do this, — I, who count the Slavophile's doctrine false and fruitless? Because *in the given case, in just such a manner, in my opinion*, the life presented itself; and above all I wished to be faithful and true. Sketching the figure of Bazaroff I excluded from the circle of his sympathies all art, not out of unworthy desire to slander the young generation, but simply as the result of my observation of my acquaintance, Dr. D., and persons like him. 'This life *so* presented itself' experience again said to me, — mistakenly it may be, but, I insist, conscientiously; it was not for me nicely to alter anything, and I was obliged just *so* to draw his figure. My personal predilections signify almost nothing; but certainly many of my readers will be surprised if I tell them that, with the exception of the views of Bazaroff on art, I share almost all his convictions. But they assure me that I am on the side of the 'Fathers,' — I, who in the figure of Paul Kirsanoff have even sinned against the rules of art, and have pressed, pushed, into caricature his imperfections, have made him ridiculous!"

[1] He was made a D. C. L. at Oxford this year, to his own great gratification.

Parties change in a quarter of a century, and we cannot expect to find the men of progress now in line with "the men of the forties;" but the differences of that time still underlie all later ones. To understand them is the first step in approaching Russian questions with intelligence. The Slavophile is not to be confounded with the Panslavist, though they are of one kin. He regards with jealousy and hatred everything not Russian. To his eyes Western Europe is worn out and corrupt, like the Rome of the decadence. The fresh Slavic races, like the Northern barbarians, are to reinvigorate with their new blood effete Europe. Every advocate of Western culture is evil in his eyes, — Peter the Great first and worst of all. His opponent is the Occidental, the Westerner (literally from *zapadeet* to fall to, *zapad* the Occident). He is not of the frivolous crowd of *depaysés* at Baden, whom Turgenef mortally offended by the delicate satire of Smoke, but an earnest worker. Turgenef's portrait of Byelinski, the literary leader of the party in the forties, is not only a sketch of a typical *Zapadnik*, but his own picture. For Byelinski read Turgenef, and it is the man himself.

"He was an 'Occidental' not only in that he recognized the excellence of Western science, Western art, Western social order, but in that he was thoroughly convinced of the necessity of the adoption by Russia of everything worked out by the West, for the development of her own power, her own importance. He believed that there is for us no other deliverance than to grow in the path pointed out to us by Peter the Great, at whom the Slavophiles were then hurling their choicest thunder-bolts. To accept the results of Western life, to compare them with our own, adapting them to the special needs of race, history, climate, and besides to study them freely, critically, — here was the way by which we might at last attain self-dependence. . . . Byelinski was wholly a Russian, and, more, a patriot. The greatness of Russia, her glory, woke in his heart deep, strong echoes. Yes, Byelinski loved Russia; but he as fervently loved light and freedom. To unite in one these interests, the highest of all for him, to this was given every thought of his work; for this he strove. . . . He was grateful to the memory of Peter the Great, and recognized him as our deliverer, believing it certain that even before the time of Alexis Michaelovitch he found in our old society and civilization undoubted signs of dissolution; and hence he could not believe in the regular and normal development of our organism, like that which has taken place in the West. The work of Peter the Great was, it is true, violent, — a *coup d'état;* but only through a whole series of such acts of violence coming from above were we thrust firmly into the family of European nations. The indispensable need of like reforms has not ceased to this very day. . . . What place we have already taken in that family, history shows. But this is certain: that we have gone up to this time, and must hereafter go (to which Messrs. the Slavophiles will surely not agree), in other paths than the more or less organically developed nations of the West.

"But that the Occidental convictions of Byelinski never by a hair's-breadth lessened in him his appreciation, his sense of everything Russian, never changed the Russian current which throbbed through his whole being, all his articles prove. Yes, he felt the Russian bent as no one else."

Byelinski died young, in 1848, his friends consoling themselves for the bitter loss with the poor comfort that, had he lived, only a sadder fate awaited a fearless, eager spirit like his in the Russia of that day. Turgenef has lived to a happier time. His visit to Russia last winter was one continuous triumph. At his arrival "all Moscow rose to its feet." The story of his banishment or proscription was pure fiction. He is himself the authority for the explanation of "the official suggestions" so many times insisted on by the telegraph. They meant no doubt of him, no unjust or unfriendly suspicion of his motives. They were but kindly hints, generous warnings, that in the disturbed state of affairs the malcontents might make a

base and fatal use of the enthusiasm of his young friends. The visit closed with every mark of honor. At parting, friends and strangers vied with one another in the affectionate veneration, as one speaker said, "which a free people pays to the greatest of its citizens, to the dearest of its sons." It was understood that considerations of health might make this the last of his annual returns to Russia, that this visit might be final. The men who sat round him at the farewell dinner in St. Petersburg listened, sorrowing most of all lest they should see his face no more, as he, calling himself "a man of the past, an old man," pledged the young, the future. No gap now separates old Russia and young. "One effort, one hope, one ideal, not remote and shadowy, but definite and real, is common to both. . . . In vain they begin to point us to a few criminal outbreaks. These occurrences are deeply painful, but to see in them the expression of convictions existing in the majority of our youth would be an injustice, not only cruel, but criminal. The ruling powers that direct and ought to direct in the destinies of our fatherland can estimate more quickly and more exactly than we ourselves all the significance, all the meaning, of the present — I speak frankly — historical moment. On them, on those powers, it depends that all the sons of our great family shall unite in one effectual unanimous service for Russia, — that Russia as history has made her, as the past has made her, to which the future ought rightly and peacefully to join."

*Clara Barnes Martin.*

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## REMINISCENCES OF GEORGE GROTE.

It was on the 7th of December, 1843, that I first met with George Grote, who, shaking off for the first time in thirty years the trammels of a banking house, had come to pass the winter in Italy. He was not yet known as a great historian, but as a strenuous advocate of parliamentary reform on the floor of St. Stephen's, and a student who might one day tread boldly in the footprints of Niebuhr. He came well provided with letters, and among them were two to me, one from an English and one from an American friend. The American friend was Charles Sumner, whose memory is associated with the best and brightest days of my Roman life. The Englishman was a member of the English bar, a man of fine literary and artistic tastes, who worked hard in term time, but gave his vacation to statues and paintings.

I held at that time the office of United States consul, and the day on which Grote presented his letters was my reception day, or rather my reception evening, and I sent him a card. Evening came: the rooms were filling fast; the broken ice of the first half hour was well-nigh melted; acquaintances were gathering in groups, and strangers casting about them for a face that they might have seen before, when Grote was announced.

I can see him now, — a man somewhat above the common height, with the air and bearing of one accustomed to act and be acted upon by his fellow-men, and mind written all over his spacious brow. You felt at once that you were in the presence of a remarkable man. For an hour or two my duties as host left me no time for real conversation, though I took advantage of a few moments of freedom to introduce him to the sculptor Crawford. At last the evening began to wear away; guest after guest made his parting salutation, and by midnight I was alone with my new friend.

At first he turned to the clock with a look that seemed to say, "I am keeping you from your rest," but upon my assur-

ance that I habitually kept late hours, he laid aside his hat and sat down to talk.

He had come to Rome as a scholar for scholarly recreation; to breathe the pure air of ancient art, and to see with his own eyes what hitherto he had seen only with the eyes of others. With all the fundamental questions of Grecian and Roman archæology he was perfectly familiar, and plunged into them with the ardor of one who had theories and convictions of his own. The Rome of that day, like the Rome of our own, was divided into two schools, the Roman and the German; both equally zealous, equally persistent, and in all except questions of pure topography equally learned. In one respect, however, the Roman archæologist had the advantage of his competitor: he was born and grew up in the midst of the monuments he was to interpret. In this as in some other things of a similar nature the influence of birth was acknowledged. The purest modern Latinity is to be found in the Latin writings of Italians. Grote was keenly alive upon all these subjects. It was a curious and suggestive step from the Reform Bill to the ruins of Rome.

Morning had encroached deeply upon the still hours of middle night before we parted. But we did not part without planning an archæological walk for the next day, and I was still at the breakfast table when his servant came with a basket for the books I had promised to lend him. I still remember as if it were but yesterday the smile of gratification with which Grote fastened upon a copy of Tacitus, the quarto Elzevir, cum Notis Variorum, and asked if he might keep it during his stay.

"I am not particularly alive to such associations," said he, "but I must read Tacitus in Rome."

I have cherished the rare little volume ever since as Grote's copy; but he hardly seemed to need the printed work, his tenacious memory had so grasped it with its hooks of steel. It would not be enough to say that he was fond of quotation, but that he quoted because he could not help it.

One day, as we were passing under the arch of Gallieno, I pointed out to him the site of the original Potter's Field of old Rome. His popular sympathies were immediately awakened, and, turning to me, he repeated with an under-tone of deep commiseration the touching lines of Horace: Hic misero plebi stabat commune sepulchrum.

The foundations of his scholarship had been laid at the Charter House, and with that English accuracy of detail which in the eyes of a thoroughly trained Etonian makes a false quantity the one unpardonable sin. He caught me in one, one unlucky afternoon, and, though he tried hard to forget and to forgive it, I could not help feeling ever after that I had sunk a degree in his scale. Porta Ratu'mena I should have said; Porta Ratume'na I did say, and that under the walls of Rome, and with one of the finest scholars of the age to witness my discomfiture. I once asked Thorwaldsen how a false proportion affected him. "Like a discord in music," was the instant reply.

The winter of 1843 was a brilliant season for our little circle in Rome. There from time to time was the great Dane, who lived long years of teeming invention in the land of his adoption, and returned before his locks had fallen, or his eye had lost its lustre, to die in the land of his birth. There was Crawford, with the light from Thorwaldsen's mantle upon his path, full of glorious promises and glowing hopes. There was Cole, with his tender heart and fervid imagination. And there, on the border land betwixt history and art, stood Grote, revolving in his capacious mind the marvelous tale of Grecian civilization. And now they are all gone, leaving their footprints deeply set in the soil which they tilled so faithfully for the coming ages. One laid him down in the calm evening of his days in the midst of the creations of his own wonderful genius; one fought the battle of life with a firm front and unconquerable will, and was stricken down while his victory was still unenjoyed; one sleeps at the foot of his beloved Catskill; and one in the midst of England's greatest and best under the

vaulted roof of Westminster Abbey. "Requiescant in pace."

I have often regretted that, though I passed a month in daily intercourse with Grote, I kept no record of his conversation; and I have regretted it all the more from the impression it made upon me at the time. He was not like Johnson, an overwhelming talker, nor like Macaulay, an eloquent talker, much less like Sydney Smith, a scintillating and brilliant talker; but he was an earnest and truth-loving talker, who made social intercourse a means of testing and elucidating his subject. We were talking one evening about Roman dwellings. This naturally brought up the vexed question of *domus* and *insula*. I had studied it with no little care, and fancied myself at home in it. Grote had taken a different view of the subject, and as he went on calmly but distinctly adducing his authorities and interpreting his texts, I felt my ground gradually sinking under me, till I had hardly an inch of it left me to stand upon. I could only wonder at my own audacity in trying to hold it. For him it was evidently not a conversational triumph, but a careful review of a subject on which his opinion — always the result of careful thought and extensive reading — had been already formed. He talked like the friend of Ricardo and the two Mills. And this was the distinctive characteristic of his conversation: he sought truth everywhere, and seemed to feel that he had no time to talk for victory. He could take up a theory and lay it down again as facts demanded. In historical questions especially, he held all trifling with truth to act like a malignant pustule, poisoning and corrupting the whole system.

His manner corresponded with his matter, — calm, firm, and earnest; and though a frequent speaker in the House of Commons, he never put on the tone of a declaimer at the dinner table or an evening circle. His words were well chosen, neither elaborately Saxon, nor fastidiously Latin, but coming freely at his bidding from either source. The structure of his sentences was simple and direct, rising at times to eloquence under the inspiration of his deep convictions, but leaving something, perhaps, to desire in harmony and variety. He would seem, indeed, to have contented himself with a secondary place among pictorial historians, if he could but make for himself a sure place among the philosophers who have written history.

We took long walks in the pleasant winter afternoons, and more than once gave ourselves up to the inspiration of the gorgeous sunsets of San Pietro in Montorio, where you stand with Rome and her Tiber at your feet, and with a sweep of the eye embrace Soracte naked and bare on the northern horizon, and the rugged mountains of Sabina, and the soft outline of the Alban Mount, and, solemnly brooding over all, sweet memories of Horace and Cicero. But our longest walk was round the walls. We took our time for it, often pausing to dwell upon some historical association, or call each other's attention to some new feature of the landscape; Rome's blue sky over our heads, and under our feet the catacombs. And there, as we walked slowly along, sometimes in glowing interchange of thought, sometimes in silent meditation, he yielded himself to the influences of the spot, and told me the story of his life, — told me at how early an age he had conceived the idea of a book which should interpret the marvels of Greek civilization; and how diligently he had worked upon it in hours stolen from uncongenial pursuits and painful conflicts of duties; and how, having brought it down to Pisistratus, public cares, the banking house, and Parliament had pressed upon him so urgently that, yielding the past to the present, he laid Greece aside for Great Britain, the reform of Solon for the reform of English representation.

And now, after anxious, exciting years of uncongenial labor, the presence of these classic scenes awoke a longing for the sweet companionship of books and the hopes which had cheered his early manhood. He had stood on the floor of the House of Commons as the representative of one of the greatest constituencies

of England; had always raised his voice for progress and freedom; had borne his part in stormy debates and laborious investigations; had learned how men and parties are formed and governed, — how difficult the progress of truth, and how deep set the roots of error. He had brought a new interpreter to the elucidation of ancient history, by whose aid dark places became clear and crooked ways were made straight. He was passing from the hustings to the Pnyx, from Leadenhall Street to the Parthenon; from the damps and fogs of London to the skies which look down so lovingly upon the seat of ancient art. He was but just touching the prime of life. How many years of happy labor lay before him!

Among Grote's tastes was a fondness for music, which he carried so far as to make some progress on the violoncello; often accompanying his mother on it, much to the enjoyment of a part, at least, of the family circle. Another early taste, not persevered in, was a fondness for making verses. That it ever went further than it often goes with boys and young men of warm feelings and some imagination we have no means of deciding. But no good prose writer ever yet wrote verse without feeling the influence of it in the rhythm of his prose. I was not with him long enough to do more than get a general idea of his reading. Next to history social science was his favorite pursuit. The personal influence of Ricardo led him to political economy, and he almost permitted himself to become a disciple of Bentham. But the writer to whom he bowed in reverent admiration was Aristotle. Arnold used to say that he never wanted a son of his to go to a university where they did not study Aristotle's ethics.

But nothing contributed more to Grote's enjoyment of his month in Rome than the coming into direct contact with a party of young Italians, who used to meet every week at my house to discuss questions of Roman history. We were but seven when we first came together, and all but myself Italians, strongly marked with the peculiar traits of Italian character. Three of them were from the east of the Apeninnes; three were native Romans. As time passed on we began to bring visitors to our meeting, and gradually opened the door to representatives of England, France, and Germany. Among the English was Sir Frederic Adams, who had fixed upon Rome for the closing years of his honorable and active career. Among the Germans, Abeken, Braun, Reumont the historian of Tuscany, and Zumpt, each with some pet theory of his own, and with learning gathered from the widest fields of art and science and literature to enforce it. Many Italians came also, two of whom did us, as we felt, great honor by their coming: the Marquis Massimo d'Azeglio, the painter, novelist, and statesman, and the poet Giuseppe Giusti. We gave D'Azeglio a dinner in a pleasant vineyard on the north bank of the Tiber, that bank on which the conspiracy of Catiline received its fatal blow, and Constantine saw his vision. Yet it was less of these that we thought than of a day that was dawning in the eastern horizon, faint as yet and feeble, but which, as we looked out upon it through the vine leaves, still bade us hope; and in these hopes Grote, fresh from the battle-field, fully shared.

The following letter, with its interesting references to literary and political events, will fitly close these reminiscences: —

LONDON, 4 ECCLESTON STREET,
BELGRAVE SQUARE, *November* 13, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR: — I take the opportunity of Colonel Moor going to Rome, first, to express my hope that you are well and have passed an agreeable summer; next, to send you a book recently published here, which I think will interest you. It is entitled The Lays of Ancient Rome, and is the production of a person highly distinguished both in literature and politics, Mr. T. B. Macaulay. It consists of four ballads, of no ordinary merit, composed upon the subject of certain points in early Roman history, with respect to which he adopts Niebuhr's general views. The two first lays upon Horatius and the Battle of Regil-

lus appear to me singularly beautiful. Altogether the book has had great success here, and recollecting as I do the many interesting discussions on the subject of the early Roman history to which I have been a party in your library, with Dr. Pantaleone and Signor Gennarelli, I thought that these ballads would be gratifying both to you and them, and that you might perhaps not otherwise see them.

Mrs. Grote has been tolerably well during this summer; suffering still under her cruel nervous headaches, but during the intervals active and enterprising as usual. I have been also very well, and am working continuously at my history of Greece, which, however, I find very long, though a very interesting task. I propose to leave business now as early as I can, probably at Christmas, and I shall then devote myself more exclusively to the performance of my historical duty. The attachment which I feel to the labor does not by any means flag. In regard to present politics, there is nothing to divert my attention, no great question stirring, no hopes for any speedy advance in the great interests of the people, and I feel constant satisfaction in being exempt from the obligation of meddling with fruitless party quarrels.

I have not seen Parks since his return from Rome. He has only just reached London, so that I have not yet heard the last news respecting you and Dr. Pantaleone. It will give me great pleasure to receive a copy of Gennarelli's Dissertation, if it is printed. I have not forgotten either his facts or his reasonings respecting the Italian as *grave*, and a recent work, called Metrologie, by Professor Boeckh, of Berlin, which I have read within the last two months, caused me to think of them yet more fully. It is a very learned work, written by the most illustrious philologer in Europe; it enters in the most elaborate manner into the weights, measures, and moneys of the ancient world, Greek and Oriental, but it takes no notice of the new and interesting facts brought to light by Marchi and Sessieri respecting the Latin copper money. Boeckh seems very unwilling to admit indigenous Etruscan civilization; he is inclined constantly to make them borrowers from the Greeks.

Mrs. Grote and I have labored as well as we can to procure for L—— some opportunity of exercising his pen upon Neapolitan subjects in an English periodical; I am sorry to say we have been hitherto unsuccessful. The number of poor literary men here competitors for the pay of periodical publications is frightfully great, and literary duty adapted to a foreigner is very difficult to procure.

Lord Ashburton's treaty between England and the United States this summer has given universal satisfaction here, except to Lord Palmerston and to his newspaper organs. The chances of collision between the two nations are now, I trust, reduced to a minimum.

Mrs. Grote desires her best regards. Trusting soon to hear from you, I remain, my dear sir, yours sincerely,

GEORGE GROTE.

Remember me also cordially to Pantaleone and Gennarelli.

*George Washington Greene.*

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## ENGLISH MANNERS.

WHEN I took my passage for Liverpool I naturally inquired what kind of man he was in whose charge and under whose command I was to be for some ten days upon the ocean. I was told that he was an excellent seaman and a good shipmaster, but that he was unsociable and surly, in fact positively disagreeable, had English manners, and was in brief a perfect John Bull. I took all this

with some grains of allowance, and was content to be in the hands of a good seaman and commander. For as to unsociability on the part of a man who had upon his mind the responsibility for a great steamship and her cargo, and a thousand or twelve hundred souls upon the storm-vexed, fog-shrouded Atlantic, I could not only make allowance for it, but respect it, having some knowledge, although at second hand, of the way in which "the captain" is often pestered by the he and she gadflies among his passengers. And therefore, although the sea was calm and the skies were bright, and we went smoothly and swiftly on under steam and sails, I did not for several days speak to any officer of the vessel, except the purser and the surgeon. When I passed the captain I merely bowed silently in acknowledgment of his position, and of mine as his subordinate and dependent. I should have been better pleased if he had made some acknowledgment, however slight, of my salute, of which he took not the least notice. But even this indifference, although it was quite new to me, even in the commander of a man-of-war, I should have passed by without setting it down against him, had it not been that I observed that he made himself deferentially agreeable to a passenger who was connected in some manner with the British embassy, and who seemed to have no superior claim to exceptional attention. Other passengers complained outright of the surly indifference of his manner even to ladies; and one of the latter, a very gracious and agreeable woman, of such social position that she could have safely snubbed the whole British embassy, and of such spirit that upon good occasion she would have done so, told me that he had replied to a civil and simple question of hers so rudely that she did not mean to pass over the offense unnoticed.

One day, as we were just passing out of the Gulf Stream, I saw him standing near me, and stepping up to him and raising my hat I said, "I beg pardon for interrupting you, captain [he was doing nothing], but will you be kind enough to tell me how wide the Gulf Stream is where we cross it?" He replied very curtly and gruffly, "Indeed, I don't know. It 's a matter I 've never thought about, — don't know anything at all about it." The manner was more than the words. It was not insulting; I could not complain of it; but it was insolent, and insolent in a way which showed that the speaker was an ill-conditioned person who did not know how to behave himself. And if the reply was true, it was amazing. For the Gulf Stream is a very important fact in navigation; and here was an accomplished seaman who for years had been crossing it twenty times and more in a year, and yet he had, as he said, not even thought how many miles of it he had to pass over. If what he said was true, it was an astonishing exposition of Philistinism, or something worse. For as to the information for which I asked, I soon got at that easily by an examination of a chart and a brief and simple calculation. The reply was, however, probably a simple exposition of personal character. But the feeling aroused among the passengers by our commander's behavior (although most of them were his countrymen) was such that there was some talk of sending to the owners a formal complaint against it; and although this project was abandoned, the lady whom I have mentioned did not forget her determination.

She got up one of those little entertainments by which the tedium of a voyage is not unfrequently relieved, making herself hostess, and providing a little supper. To this she invited every passenger with whom she or any one of her party had exchanged a word, and by special note every officer of the ship, except the captain, who was pointedly omitted. The slight was extreme, and I am not prepared to say that it was quite defensible, for, whatever his manners, he was the commanding officer of the vessel; but it was generally regarded as fully justified by his conduct, and as permissible on the part of a woman. His captainship, surly sea-dog as he was, felt the cut very deeply, and was furious; and in the midst of our little festival, at which

all the officers not on duty were present, he sent in orders for them to appear on deck. Of course they were obliged to go; but none the less the lady had accomplished her purpose.

Some years before my voyage to England, I had an experience of this sort of English manners, the story of which is not here inappropriate, and may be instructive. I knew and was on the pleasantest terms with an English gentleman of a very different sort from Captain ——, a man whom I had respected, liked, and even admired. He was a man of intelligence, of wide information, and of remarkably good-breeding, — a man distinguished in person and in manner. When he applied to me to perform a certain responsible duty for him during his absence, I was pleased at such a mark of his confidence, and I accepted his proposal. While he was away a gentleman connected with him in business thought that he had reason to be dissatisfied with some of my arrangements, and on my declining to admit any interference with my discharge of the duties which I had undertaken, he took the responsibility of breaking the agreement, to which, for peace' sake, I assented, on the understanding that my rights in the matter were to be held in abeyance until the return of my friend from England. When he did return we met in the pleasantest way; and after waiting until he was well settled again I brought the matter to his attention briefly by letter, and asked his decision. To my surprise, and I may almost say to my grief, I received a very curt reply, in which he said that he did not propose to trouble himself at all about the past. The purpose of his response was so plain, and its utter lack of consideration was so manifest and so insufferable, that in sorrow and without a disrespectful word I wrote to him that our acquaintance must cease immediately.

I determined, of course, that the matter should not drop there; but on looking for the letters in which his proposals were made and the terms of our agreement settled, I could not find them. They were carefully preserved, but had been mislaid, and many months passed before they were discovered. During this time his partner became convinced that, however correct his judgment might have been, I was right in the position which I had taken; and in a courteous note he inclosed me a check for his half of what was due to me under the agreement. This check I returned to him, telling him, with thanks, that the question on my part was not one of money.

When I found the letters I wrote to my former friend, bringing the matter again to his attention, and asking his consideration of it. He took no notice of my letter. I then brought a suit against him, which he defended. I was very sorry for the whole affair, and just before the trial was coming on I went to a common acquaintance, and, showing him the whole matter, said, "This case ought not to be tried. I don't want —— to pay me a dollar. Go to him from me and say so, and see if you can't induce him to behave differently." He agreed with me, and did what I asked. But his intercession was in vain; Sir John Bull refused to hear a word about the matter. The trial came on; and after the evidence was all in my counsel offered to submit the case to the jury without argument, but the other side refused. The judge charged briefly, and the jury, after a minute's consultation without leaving their seats, gave a verdict in my favor for the full amount claimed, to which the judge added the largest permissible "allowance." And thus ended the only suit in which I, although bred to the bar, and the loser of not a little much-needed money, was ever plaintiff. If my former friend had treated me with the consideration which one man — I shall not say one gentleman — owes to another; if he had merely said to me, even at the last moment, "My position in this matter is such that I cannot without great inconvenience interfere in anything that passed during my absence; I am sorry that it is so," that would have been an end of the affair. His arrogance and his ignorance of me except as a man of letters led him to take a position which proved untenable and costly. By many

persons, perhaps by most persons who were not born and bred in England, his conduct will be regarded as thoroughly English, and as a typical example of English manners.

To a certain extent it was typical of English manners, but only of one narrow strongly marked phase of them; and although I had had other opportunities, in some of which I was, but in others of which I was not, directly interested, of observing similar conduct on the part of Englishmen, I had refused to accept these as evidence against a whole people, and a people in whom, apart from all considerations of kindred, which to me were great and abiding, I felt an interest which I had felt in no other. It will be seen, however, that when I stepped from the deck of my steamer upon soil which my forefather had left two hundred and fifty years before, I did so with sufficient reason for some prejudice against the manners of my British kinsmen.

I found, however, good reason to be glad that my experience of certain individuals had not led me into a foregone conclusion against a nation. Those who have read what I have written heretofore about England will not be surprised at my saying now that I found the manners of the people there in most respects pleasing and admirable. And by manners I mean not merely the attitude and the action and the speech which appear upon the mere surface of social intercourse, but the motive feeling which underlies this surface, and which influences the actual conduct, as well as the bearing of man toward man. Moreover, the distinction between manners and manner must be constantly kept in mind.

It is a trite remark that the English manner lacks warmth and grace. Indeed, as a people, the English have no manner. I would not say, as Malvolio says of Viola in her page's dress, that their manner is "a very ill manner." There is simply the absence of pleasing outward demonstration, a reserve so absolute and yet so unconscious (unconscious, perhaps, through long habit and continued practice) that it seems to be indifference. But even to this judgment there must be made many exceptions, — exceptions so numerous that sometimes it seems as if, like the exceptions to the conjugation of French verbs, they almost invalidate the rule. Certainly, I have never seen, nor could I desire to see, more show of heartiness and warmth than I have met in Englishmen. And even as to polish of manner I could hardly deny that the finest examples of it that I have met with were afforded by Englishmen, although these were few in number. It would seem as if the hard, tough material had, like some agates, under its natural rough coating the possibility of a smoothness and transparency of surface which shows all the beauty of the structure beneath, and which yet will turn an edge of hardest steel. You cannot polish soft things so. On the other hand it is not often that you find that union of simplicity and courtesy, that lack of self-assertion and that thoughtfulness for others' feelings, which was not uncommon among New England folk of the best breeding in the last generation (for, alas, we have lost it, rubbed rudely down as it has been by the rush of railway trains, and war, and the flood of wealth and emigration), and which seemed to be the outward manifestation of a gentle, kindly, fine-fibred nature.[1] But of well-purposed good-breeding, accompanied by a manifest consciousness of superior position and of its duties, it is hard to imagine finer examples than may be found among the higher classes in England.

English people impress you first of all by a sense of the genuineness of their actions and of their speech. Warm or cold they may be, gracious or ungracious, arrogant or considerate, but you feel that they are real. Englishmen adulterate their goods, but not their conduct. If

[1] To most of my readers I need hardly say that in my parenthetical censure I am not one of Horace's praisers of the manners of their own times. But all they whose social experience began like mine in railway times, and who yet had youthful glimpses of the fading charm of old New England manners among those whose sons have since gone West or South, will agree with me in my admiring and reverential memories.

an Englishman makes you welcome, you feel at home; and you know that, within reason, and often out of reason, he will look after your comfort, — that for your well-being while you are under his roof he considers himself responsible. And yet he does not thrust himself upon you, and you may do almost what you choose, and go almost whither you will. If he wants you to come to him, he will take more trouble to bring you than you will to go, and yet make no fuss about it any more than he does about the sun's rising, without which he would be in darkness. If he meets you and gives you two fingers, it means only two fingers; if his whole hand grasps yours, you have his hand, and you have it most warmly at your parting. His speech is like his action. His social word is his social bond; you may trust him for all that it promises, and commonly for more. If you do not understand him well, you may suppose at first that he is indifferent and careless, until something is done for you, or suggested to you, that shows you that his friend and his friend's welfare has been upon his mind.

There are, indeed, people in English society, and not a few of them, to whom social intercourse is a matter of calculation, a means to an end. But such people are in all societies, and of them in particular I do not speak. It seems to me that there are comparatively fewer of such people in England than there are elsewhere; and indeed it is better for society that there should be fewer, for they do this business rather awkwardly. Social finesse is not the forte of the English people, although it is the foible of some Englishwomen. Society as an art comes naturally to all French people, whatever their condition of life, and, as I believe from what I have heard, to the Viennese; but the art of society does not flourish in England. English efforts in that way are stiff and heavy, and remind one of those of the German who practiced jumping over chairs that he might learn to be lively. One does sometimes wish that there was a little less stiffness in the social joints of England; but after all, in the long run suppleness is a poor substitute for solid strength. In the society of Englishmen you at least feel safe. It is remarkable, in connection with this view of our subject, that although the English manner in real life is quiet and undemonstrative almost to affectation, English acting is rude and extravagant; and that, on the other hand, while the French manner in daily intercourse is nervous and demonstrative, French acting is distinguished by delicacy, calm, and reserve. Each seems to seek upon the stage the complement of its daily acted life, as people whose existence is one of commonplace drudgery and of pinching poverty like to read descriptions of romantic adventure and of the splendor and magnificence attainable by the lavish use of fabulous wealth.

The god of English social life next in dignity to mammon is propriety. Now propriety rightly worshiped is a very good god; his very rites are sweetness, order, decency, and in their practice they involve that consideration for others which is the highest form of morality, and even of piety. But the British Philistine (and all England is more or less given over to Philistinism, which invades the very social regions in which it is most dreaded and decried) makes propriety a Moloch, before whom he prostrates himself, and before whom he often makes his very children sacrifice some of the beauty of their youthful lives. The highest social aim, the greatest social law, to this sort of Englishman is to do the correct thing. Having attained this, he feels that he has absolved himself of every social duty, and clothed his soul in panoply of proof. Whether the correct thing be really the right thing he does not know, does not seek to know. That so it has been and that so it is are for him both logic and religion. In his mouth the greatest reproach is "unprecedented;" the mere statement of the fact that an act has not been done before, that a word has not been spoken before, being to him its condemnation. Wherefore he lives his life surrounded by dead, shriveled forms, eyeless, brainless, bloodless, whose only voice is from the grave of a dead past.

If he breaks away from this oppression, he is likely to run into extremes which violate all decency, all decorum, all propriety. Freed from his accustomed restraint, he is apt to add a grossness to vice which makes it more hideous, if not more harmful.

This general consideration of our subject, however, is likely to be of less interest and perhaps of less real instructiveness than some report of particular external manners among Englishmen. In this respect I was impressed at once, even before I had left the steamer, with the good behavior of the English people, from the lowest to the highest. I found them to be kindly, respectful, considerate, showing, with rare exceptions, that union of deference to others and self-respect which I have spoken of before. The custom-house officers, with three of whom I was brought into contact before I went on shore, seemed to me to have in perfection the manners fit for their position. They were quiet, civil, pleasant, considerate, and firm. They seemed to wish to do their duty as agreeably as possible, and they did not even give me a chance to offer a "tip." Such was their manner in general; but having reason to suspect one passenger, they searched one of his trunks thoroughly, and then, finding that he had several hundreds more of cigars than they thought a private gentleman should carry, they "went through" him without pity, yet with politeness. Just so pleasant and so worthy of respect I found the London policemen, whose quiet, good-natured ways, unpretending civility, and unofficious readiness brought me to look upon them as friends. Wherever and whenever I saw them in my wanderings over the great city, it was with pleasure and with personal interest. Their honest, cheery English faces and their English speech were grateful to me; and the more so because of their unlikeness to Misther John Kelly's constituents who, excepting those big, good-natured dandies, the Broadway squad, fill the ranks of the New York force.

I had been in England more than a month, going about everywhere in city and in country alone, and doing this, it should be remembered, as an Englishman, for I found it always assumed as a matter of course that I was English born and bred, and there was no occasion that I should wear a ticket on my hat telling that I was a Yankee, — for some weeks, then, I went about thus before I had one uncivil or even one unpleasant word spoken to me; and when the word came it was from a 'bus conductor, and I was really in fault. Wishing to go to Hyde Park near Prince's Gate, I hailed a 'bus that was driving rapidly through Regent Street with "Hyde Park" upon its panels. Just as I was mounting to the top it occurred to me to ask the conductor if he passed Prince's Gate. "No, I don't," he replied, somewhat snappishly, "and a gentleman like you hought to know there 's two sides to 'Yde Park, an' that they 're a mile apart." I did know that as well as he did, and therefore asked my question. What I had not learned was how to distinguish the 'buses that ran on one side from those that ran on the other. I remembered that I had stopped him for nothing in full career, and when he was perhaps behind time, and I thought his fretfulness very excusable. Now this piece of mild incivility was not only my first but my only experience of the kind in England, where I found among those whose business it was to serve me not only general civility and a deferential demeanor, but a cheerfulness of manner and a pleasant alacrity to which an American is unaccustomed.

Not in omnibuses nor in any other public vehicles are you subjected to the incivility of being summoned to pay your fare as soon as you enter. There is no thumping upon windows or jangling of bells to call your attention to this duty. You pay just as you go out; or after a reasonable time a conductor comes and civilly takes your money. Nor does he then turn a crank and clang a great gong, or touch a spring and kling a little one, to announce to the world that you have paid and that he has received your twopence or threepence. The standing passenger rubbing against your knees and treading upon your toes is not the

only familiar annoyance from which you will find yourself freed. Do not the companies lose some fares by this simple method of procedure? Perhaps they do. But the saving of money to the proprietors is not regarded as the one great object to be attained. The convenience and comfort of the passenger is the first consideration, and for that he pays. But to put him to inconvenience, or to subject him to unpleasantness, that he may thereby correct the consequences of the possible dishonesty of the company's servants, after the New York fashion, is an imposition unthought of. Englishmen would not submit to it for a day.

It is pleasant, too, to be able to make a purchase at a shop and to pay for it on the spot to the person who sells it to you, and to go away, if you choose to do so, immediately. The system of checks by which, if you take a glass of soda-water or buy a paper of pins, you receive an order to pay five cents at some desk more or less remote is unknown in England. So is the waiting for some trifle until a salesman makes three entries, and a cash boy makes as many, and a cashier as many, and your tiny parcel is wrapped up at the proper counter and "entered" there and numbered and what not, and then brought solemnly to you. At the very eating-houses you pay the waiter who serves you, and he, if necessary, makes change for you out of his own pocket. For his general civility I will answer freely, but for his cleanliness I can say little. He is even in the morning discovered in a dress-coat and an untidy, dingy white tie, which makes him look as if he had been up all night. In his hand he carries a napkin, which even early in the day is so limp and smutched and unctuous that you dread lest he should wipe your plate or your knife and fork with it. He is very attentive, however, and at breakfast bustles about to find you a newspaper before he takes your order. And in so trifling a matter as a newspaper your minutest comfort is looked after. I remarked that in the coffee-rooms of hotels and in good restaurants the newspapers had a little triangular piece cut diagonally off the top of the middle fold; by this the annoying little wrinkle which otherwise is apt to form there and to prevent the paper from opening and shutting easily is avoided. The papers on the news-stands, too, are cut open. And all this is done not by a folding-machine or a cutting-machine at the newspaper offices, but personally by the people who serve you, and who do all that they can do to please you. The fashion recently adopted here of folding newspapers by machinery, as they are printed, in such a way that the reader is obliged to unfold and then refold them, is an example of a system of life and of manners the exact reverse of that which is practiced in England. But what matter to what inconvenience the American newspaper publisher puts the public, if by so doing he can save ten cents on a thousand copies! Does not the public in America exist for the benefit of railway companies and other corporations, of machine politicians, and of publishers of newspapers? Verily for little else.

One trait of English manners was first brought to my attention at the Birmingham Musical Festival. As we went out after the morning performance, we found at each door a nicely-dressed and pleasant-looking young woman holding in her hand a plate such as those in which collections of money are taken up in churches. This was to receive gifts for some favorite charitable institution of the town, and as we passed the girls they rattled the money in their plates to attract attention. It was a new way to me of asking and receiving alms; but what I chiefly remarked was that these young ladies for every addition made to the money in their plates said pointedly, "Thank you." Afterwards in London, on a certain saint's day, I found girls ensconced in chairs, and if it rained with umbrellas spread, in very public places, having plates before them to receive the alms of wayfarers for certain public charities; and these also, I observed, for every gift said, "Thank you." There is always in England some one to say personally "Thank you" for

a benefit conferred; and this is the more easily and constantly done because there is in general a more direct personal contact than there is among us between all persons concerned in charitable works, whether as principals or as intermediaries. Not only, however, in return for alms, but for favor shown in any way, in making a purchase, or even in giving an order, this acknowledgment is made. It seemed to me that "Thank you" must be heard a thousand times a day in England for once that it is heard in America. I was thanked for my very cab-toll every time I crossed Waterloo bridge.

Notwithstanding this trait of civility and considerateness in English manners, and notwithstanding the genuineness and, beneath its artificial surface, the heartiness of the English character, it has without doubt its repellent side. Englishmen themselves will hardly deny that too many of them are arrogant, insolent, and overbearing. And yet, as I write this, I am almost ashamed to do so, remembering what I never can forget, and would grieve and shame to forget, the kindness, the gentleness, the sweetness of nature, the almost tender thoughtfulness for others, that I have seen in so many Englishmen, not only in England, but here before I ever met them on their native soil. It has been my good fortune to render some of them some very trifling services, and these were not only accepted in a way that enhanced greatly the pleasure of rendering them, but were ever afterward remembered and acknowledged in a way so frank and simple and charming that I was both delighted and ashamed at such a recognition. I therefore do protest with all my heart against the Duke of Green Erin as a type of his race, or (although I have known no dukes) as a fair representative of his rank. And yet, without doubt, he is a very possible Englishman, and a possible duke. His insolence does not pertain to his rank; it may be found in all ranks; but of course a duke who is by nature insolent may and will insult with greater freedom and impunity than is possible to a person of inferior position. Indeed, this trait of English manners manifests itself most readily and strongly in persons of rank and in authority. That it should do so is only to be expected. Such persons have more temptations than others have, as well as better opportunities, for the exhibition of an overbearing nature. This disregard of others does by no means always accompany a coarse and brutal organization. My captain was a coarse man; but my English friend who compelled me to bring him to book was one of the most refined and courteous of gentlemen. He merely took advantage of his position to rid himself of some trouble by setting quietly aside a man of whom he in fact knew very little. Perhaps this is not really an English trait. Not improbably there are just such men in France, in Germany, or in Japan. From what we know of Prince Bismarck, I am inclined to think that under like circumstances he would behave much in the same way. Mr. Trollope has admirably illustrated this unpleasant side of English character in the Duke of Omnium and the Marquis of Brotherton. It is not that these men were bad, but that they were deliberately insolent in their manner, so that in the case of the marquis we are all inclined to cheer when Dean Lovelace flings him into the grate.

The influence of aristocracy and of the constant pressure upward of the inferior ranks is the cause of much of the forbidding manner of English gentlemen. They show this manner more among themselves than they do to others. The Marquis of Brotherton, because he was marquis and the head of his family, was insolent to his younger brother. And for this same reason Englishmen are suspicious of each other when they are not in the same rank of life. The meeting of two Englishmen who are strangers, knowing little or nothing of each other, and who have occasion to make acquaintance, — the doubt, the coldness, the holding out of hesitating hands, — is not a cheering sight. But if they find each other "all right," they will in a few days be mutually us-

ing their surnames without the Mr., or their titles without the "handle," and their intercourse will be much more hearty and informal than if they were Americans under the same circumstances.

The daily intercourse of families and friends in England is hearty and warm, although not effusive. They are not ready to give the hand to strangers; but very commonly all of a family, including the guests, shake hands on parting for the night; and on meeting in the morning the same greeting is hardly less common. It was charming to see two middle-aged men, who lived in the same house, meet in the breakfast room, and, shaking hands warmly, say, "Good-morning, brother." When I saw all this and was admitted to be a part of it, I wondered where the English coldness was of which we hear so much.

Salutation is so common even between passing strangers, except of course in towns, that I was reminded of the manners of New England in my early boyhood. Men on leaving a railway car, either first class or second class, will say "Good morning" or "Good evening" although they have exchanged hardly a word with you on the route, — which, however, is rare; and this habit, which has come down from stage-coach times, and has been preserved on the railway by the small carriages, is one of the reliefs and pleasures of that unnatural mode of travel. The porter or guard who puts you into your carriage and hands you your bag, hurried, yet finds time to say, "Good morning, sir." If you are walking on a country road, those whom you meet salute you. The country folk, old and young, male and female, do so always. In Essex the rustic boys have a pretty way of waving their hands in the air by way of salutation as you pass. To see a knot of little fellows execute this flourish is very charming.

One day, as I was walking in Sussex through a beautiful lane sunk deep between its green sides, where wild flowers grew at the feet of hollies with polished leaves and of other little trees that stood so thick that they reduced noonday to twilight, I met a woman of the lower class, almost of the lowest. She was very handsome, in the prime of life, with a grand figure, and dark, bright, melancholy eyes. She looked more like a Roman than like an English woman; and I do believe that her dark, noble face had come straight down to her from some Roman soldier, perhaps in Cæsar's legions. She had a child in her arms, and another walked by her side, holding her hand. As I passed her she paused in her walk, and courtesying, said, "Good morning, sir;" and her sweet voice was English, although her face was not. I returned her salutation, and walked on, asking myself, Why should this woman, who never saw me before, stop and courtesy to me because I am a "gentleman"? For unmistakably there was deference in her salutation, and a recognition of the difference of our conditions. I was ashamed that I had not stopped and given her something that might have added a little to her comfort. Perhaps she expected the gentleman to do so. But she was too noble in mien and carriage, she impressed me too much, for me to offer her a trifling alms, lowly as her condition was. I turned my head, and if I had found that she was looking after me I should have gone back to give her more, perhaps, than I could afford. But I saw only her back, as she walked erectly and slowly on, with a grace which her burden and her condition could not repress, and which her poor garments rather revealed; and at a turn in the lane she disappeared into its cool, clear twilight, and I only wished her health and happiness.

I have heretofore remarked that the dress of English gentlemen is very plain and simple. For although Macaulay bought many embroidered waistcoats, in which he arrayed himself with great delight, this personal trait must be regarded as one of the eccentricities of genius. In its simplicity the Englishman's dress is not unlike that of gentlemen of corresponding condition in this country, but in his manner of wearing it there is a difference. Tidiness seems to be the most important point of dress in the eyes

of a well-cared-for Englishman. Everything about him is snug. He is like a horse well groomed and harnessed. His morning coat, be it frock or "cutaway," is never flying loose, but is buttoned closely. This tidiness and completeness of apparel is a sort of religion. I remember being in a railway carriage with a young man who was very correct at all points. The day, which had opened gloomily, had suddenly cleared and become very warm. He was dressed in a heavy brown tweed suit, and every button of his coat was sent well home into its proper button-hole. Another gentleman and myself relieved ourselves by unbuttoning our coats, and I, as there was no lady there, opened my waistcoat; for the air was damp as well as warm, and we were sweltering. But he would plainly have endured martyrdom rather than be guilty of such looseness, and he sat impassible, bolt upright and tightly buttoned. He suffered and was strong. I wished that he had been less true to his religion.

The Englishman comes down in the morning completely dressed in this tight, tidy way. He does not even indulge himself in the great luxury of easy life, a slippered breakfast, but comes wearing, in addition to his buttoned coat, strong, brightly-polished shoes. While I was in England I did not see one gentleman in slippers outside of his bedroom. This strait-lacedness has its merits. English gentlemen at all times, unless they are recognized slovens, look trim, well set up, presentable, and ready for service, whether business or pleasure. Nor do gentlemen in England of good position look as if their clothes were all bought, ready-made, at one "establishment," and as if they had slept in them the night before in a "palace-car." The same praise cannot be given to Englishwomen, who, although they dress elaborately for the evening, go about in the morning, too many of them, with hair and dress the reverse of snug and tidy.

Dinner is the great fact of English daily life. "Dine with me" is the Englishman's first request, if he likes you, or if he wishes to show you any attention. A letter of introduction is honored by an invitation to dinner, and that given nothing more is regarded as necessary; anything else depends on kindness and personal liking. To some Americans this dining, which is always formal, becomes oppressive. A Yankee friend of mine, a man of intelligence and charming manners, who looks much more like the commonly entertained idea of a handsome Englishman than most of the Englishmen I met, went to England well provided with letters, and was soon so wearied with these inevitable invitations to formal dinners that he stopped the presentation of his credentials, and kept himself to himself. "I was bored to death," he said to me, "with the constant recurrence of the regular routine, and the dull succession of eating and drinking in full dress. I did n't want their dinners; I wanted to see *them* at their houses, in an easy, informal way. As I could n't do that, I cut the matter short, and depended upon my own resources." As for myself, having taken no letters, I escaped these obligation dinners from strangers; and in the half dozen dinner parties at which I was present, I was more fortunate than he. Yet I saw enough of the heavy formality of these entertainments to be in some sympathy with him.

Dinner talking is a much more formidable affair in England than it is with us. It is an "institution." Men prepare themselves for it as they do to make a speech. Host and hostess even arrange what subjects shall be started to bring out certain guests; and the table is hushed while this or that clever man discourses, in sentences sometimes rather too carefully constructed, upon a subject which is as slyly but as deliberately dragged before him as a cork and string before a kitten, and which he jumps at much as his feline prototype does at the mimic mouse. There is something of this kind with us among dinner givers of the more cultivated sort, but nothing to be compared with the formidable colloquies of the formal English dinner. There is found, moreover, the dinner soliloquist, whom I cannot but regard

as a dreadful form of the social bore. I remember one such man at a dinner party of some twenty people. He began to talk after he had spooned his soup for a moment or two, and as he talked very pleasantly his sonorous voice, going forth to the whole table, was a welcome help over the threshold of our entertainment. But he went on, until his talk became a discourse. At each fall of his voice I supposed that he would stop; but he managed to link one sentence upon another until he bound us all up in an endless chain of words. Although not aged, he was too old a man to snub, and also too good natured and too well informed. And he was tyrannical in asserting himself; the sonority of his voice and the weight of his manner bore down all opposition and thrust aside all auxiliaries. There was no conversation possible except little fragmentary tête-à-têtes with one's next neighbor. Straight through dinner and through dessert did that dreadful man hold forth. How he managed to eat, how to breathe, was a mystery. When the ladies had retired, he resumed his seat with a sentence beginning with an 'and,' that connected it with what he was saying when our hostess rose; and he ceased not to pour down his flood of words upon us until we found refuge in the drawing-room. Such men are tolerated in England, perhaps, because they are useful in the performance of that most tedious and oppressive of all social solemnities, a formal dinner party. I was about to say that such talkers would not be tolerated here; but do we not listen to after-dinner speeches? What, then, is the limit of our endurance?

Dinner, even daily family dinner, is such a religious rite in England that above a certain condition of life a special dress for it is absolutely required. Full evening dress at dinner is in England the mark of gentry. I once made a mistake in this respect. Being invited to a country house, some thirty miles from London, where I had time to stay but one day, and being a traveler, I thought that I might venture to go with only a small hand bag, and to appear at dinner in a dark frock and white waistcoat. But I found that I might better have brought my portmanteau, my dressing-case, and my valet, if I had had one. It would be impossible for me to say how I knew this, but I felt it in a way that could not be mistaken. The very flames of the wax candles in the great silver candelabra seemed to look askance at me, as I dared to sit there in my plebeian costume. The feeling amused me; for I have little real respect for mere social conventionalities, least of all for those which concern dress. That a gentleman should be scrupulously nice in his person at all times, and that it is well for him to dress becomingly and appropriately, need not be said; but that he, as well as the butler and the waiters, should put on such a queer garment as a black swallow-tailed dress-coat and a white neck-tie, and that a lady should make herself uncomfortable by her full dress (for, ladies, it does make you uncomfortable; you know it does), because they are going to eat and drink together, as they eat and drink every day, is not with me an article of saving faith. Such is the social righteousness of these English people that it was edifying to an unregenerate creature like me to see them at any time violate any one of their unwritten commandments; and I took great comfort, one day, at seeing a belated honorable (that is, the son of a peer) come hastily in and sit down to dinner, like a profane mortal, in his tweed cut-away coat.

I also could not avoid observing that men who were very scrupulous about evening dress were less fastidious upon other points of manners which could hardly be called conventional. I have seen a peer, who would almost as soon dine in his shirt and trousers as in a morning coat, sit after dinner in the drawing-room talking with a lady, and, taking his foot upon his knee to nurse, gradually run his hand half-way up his trousers that he might scratch his leg; and his was not a solitary instance of performances somewhat of this kind. To me, a "salvage man" as I am, born and bred in the wilderness of New York, and wont to roam with untutored mind

from my native haunts over the waste places of New England, there did nevertheless seem to be some incongruity in the code of manners which prescribed swallow-tails, but permitted scratching, and which required buttoned coats and laced-up boots at breakfast tables at which there were no napkins.

Once more I must leave a subject but half exhausted.

*Richard Grant White.*

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## THE MAN WHO WAS TO HAVE ASSASSINATED NAPOLEON.

A FEW years ago a commonplace attempt at burglary in the house of a certain Marquise d'Orvault led to the arrest of a young workman named Schumacher, and his trial. French justice seems to take pleasure in all kinds of discursive inquiries, leading often to very curious discoveries and very unexpected results. It was proved upon this trial that the prisoner was own brother to the marquise, who had been well known in early life as Madame de la Bruyère, a bright star in the *demi - monde*. Her title, however, was not assumed, but had been lawfully obtained by marriage with a very old gentleman in 1856, in consideration of an annuity which he enjoyed for about ten years, without holding, or ever having held, to the personage who bore his name any other relations whatever.

It came out, also, on the trial, that Marquis d'Orvault was the hereditary title of a man better known as De Maubreuil, an adventurer who figured constantly before the public during the latter years of the First Empire and in the Restoration. He was the man compromised by the loss of the Queen of Westphalia's diamonds; the man who boxed the ears of Talleyrand in public, and who, above all, was chief agent in the supposed attempt to assassinate Napoleon and the King of Rome, — a crime of which the emperor bitterly accused the Bourbons and the allied sovereigns in his will at St. Helena. That such an atrocity was really contemplated by the government of the Restoration is an item of modern historical belief, and it may be curious to see how far it is confirmed by official documents.

De Maubreuil was really born of a high family in Brittany, and inherited his title of Marquis d'Orvault about the same time that Napoleon became emperor. The persistent attempts of the imperial parvenu to form an aristocracy and to attract into his court all men who bore distinguished names brought D'Orvault into notice as a man of rank and fashion. In 1806 he became a member of the imperial household, and received a military commission.

In 1808, when he was twenty-seven, he was sent on an important secret mission to Napoleon's troublesome and foolish brother, King Jerome, who took him into his confidence and good graces. They, however, became rivals in love, and D'Orvault, after two years' residence at the court of Westphalia, betook himself to Spain, where, as captain of a regiment of German horse, he won the cross of the Legion of Honor.

After this success he began to tire of war, and sought an opportunity to recruit his fortunes. He had excellent appointments as commissary and paymaster, and, in spite of a large deficit in his accounts, stood so well with the emperor that he was promised the very lucrative and responsible post of commissary - general for the army in Germany.

This promise was withdrawn, however, through the influence of a high functionary in the war office, and De Maubreuil became a bitter enemy to Napoleon and the administration. Mis-

fortunes were fast crowding round the imperial throne. De Maubreuil appeared to take delight in the reverses of the grand army, and in the downfall of his former master. During the occupation of Paris he was always to be seen doing the honors of the public sights to English and Prussian officers. It is said that he one day rode along the boulevards in full evening dress, with his cross of the Legion of Honor tied to his horse's tail.

Such anti-Napoleonic demonstrations attracted the notice of the temporary government that was paving the way for the Restoration. De Maubreuil was officially sent by Talleyrand's chief secretary, Laborde, to have a secret interview with the Emperor Alexander at his head-quarters at the Hôtel St. Florentin.

There can be no doubt that the Russian emperor gave him a commission; the question is, What was it? The official orders he received are silent on the nature of his secret service, but it is surely incredible that it should have been what he affirmed, — an order to assassinate Napoleon on his way to Elba. Such an atrocity was contrary to the whole character of Louis XVIII., and is still more incredible when we call to mind the disposition of Alexander, and the sentiments of admiration and regard he always entertained for Napoleon.

The minister of police, Count d'Anglès; the minister of war, General Dupont; the officer who regulated the official disposition of post-horses, Bourrienne; the Russian minister, Baron Sackem; and the Prussian minister, Baron de Brockenhausen, all gave him documents describing his mission as a secret one, and ordering all persons under their influence or authority to coöperate with him.

Can we believe that the Emperor Alexander, and King Frederic William, Talleyrand, Dupont, an old officer of the empire (though an unsuccessful soldier), but above all Bourrienne, who was for years Napoleon's private secretary, would have given their open sanction to such treachery and such a crime? Yet De Maubreuil always declared that this was his commission, and that he accepted it only in order to become the protector of him whom he was pledged to destroy.

He at least made use of the means placed at his disposal to seize the trunks and valuables of the Queen of Westphalia. Some persons have thought this was his only mission, but subsequent events seem to prove that the Emperor Alexander could not have been aware that this was a duty with which he had been charged. At any rate, when the baggage he had seized was sent to Paris, it was found, on being opened by the authorities, by no means to correspond with Queen Catherine's inventory. De Maubreuil, with his accustomed effrontery, attributed the deficiency to two of his enemies.

The Queen of Westphalia, one of the loveliest princesses of that day, did not give up her claims to her property. Her representatives at Paris began an action against De Maubreuil; and the Emperor of Russia, on whose safe conduct she was traveling, made himself a party to the suit, and was very angry at her molestation.

The court before which De Maubreuil was arraigned declared itself incompetent, and he was ordered to be tried by a court-martial. At length, through his friends' influence, March 18, 1815, De Maubreuil was set at liberty. It was high time, for two days later Napoleon entered the Tuileries. On the 28th De Maubreuil was re-arrested at St. Germain by the agents of the emperor. On the 30th he was brought before another court-martial. This court, however, declared itself incompetent, to the great indignation of Napoleon, who immediately ordered him to be re-indicted in the criminal court for an attempt at assassination. Before his trial could come on, De Maubreuil, by the aid of a young officer of the king's musketeers, made his escape from prison.

He reached Ghent, where King Louis XVIII. refused to see him. At Liège he broke his leg, and feigned to commit suicide. Finally he escaped from Antwerp, where he was detained pris-

oner for some reason, and reached Paris almost as soon as the court after the battle of Waterloo.

Two years later he was again arrested in the matter of the Queen of Westphalia's jewelry; but the same officer of musketeers who had aided his escape from the power of Napoleon made so eloquent an appeal to the Chambers on his behalf, dwelling especially on the fact that twenty-two members of his family had suffered death for their loyalty, that the worst part of the charge was dropped, and De Maubreuil was arraigned only for breach of trust. He made his escape to England before trial; but was condemned by default to five years' imprisonment, ten years' suspension from civil rights, and five hundred francs' fine, for having, under pretext of a secret mission, taken possession of and lost gold and diamonds belonging to the Queen of Westphalia, to the amount of almost two hundred and eighty-four thousand francs. A few days after, divers employed to search the Seine found the lost property, carefully sealed and boxed up, at the bottom of the river. It had evidently not been under water any length of time.

De Maubreuil, meantime, established himself in London, where he wrote a memorial to be presented to the European Congress then sitting at Aix-la-Chapelle. There are no copies of this document in existence, for it was afterwards suppressed with extraordinary care. It was called "A Petition addressed to the Congress at Aix-la-Chapelle, by Marie Armand de Guerry de Maubreuil, Marquis d'Orvault, concerning the order to assassinate Napoleon and his son, given by Russia, Prussia, and the Bourbons." The sensation this document caused among the representatives of the Holy Alliance sitting at Aix-la-Chapelle may be imagined. The English representative recommended the powers implicated to bring him to trial. "I'd have given him two millions to hold his tongue!" Nesselrode is reported to have said. "My master," said the Prussian ambassador, "would have had him shot!"

Four years passed after De Maubreuil's sentence had expired, when, on the evening of January 21, 1827, Paris was astir with a story that that morning, when the court and royal family were celebrating in the Cathedral of St. Denis the anniversary of the death of Louis XVI., De Maubreuil, who had been forgotten by the world for at least ten years, had slapped Talleyrand, Prince de Benvenuto, publicly in the face after the conclusion of the ceremonies. Men said the ex-Bishop of Autun had had an admirable opportunity afforded him to act upon his own saying, that "A statesman who receives a kick in the back ought never to show the indignity in his face." His cheek grew a little red from the slight blow, but otherwise he maintained his self-possession.

De Maubreuil, who was arrested on the spot, was greatly satisfied with his achievement, and sent his own statement the next morning to the public papers. "I struck him," he said, "to force him to give me explanations he refuses me, and to avenge the honor of my family, which he has impugned. In the proceedings that I hope may follow this assault, I trust France will decide between him who planned and ordered the assassination of Napoleon and his son and him who took it upon himself not to execute an order which would have been the most infamous violation of a treaty known among civilized mankind."

On his trial, De Maubreuil's defense was very nearly as follows: "The prosecutor for the crown has told you I am a man fallen from the rank to which his birth and education gave him claim. Why am I fallen? Because it pleased Talleyrand to send for me on the evening of April 2, 1814. He told me that I had deserved the confidence of the government of the Restoration. He threw his glamour over me for a moment. I was ambitious then. He promised me a dukedom, a pension of one hundred thousand francs, and the rank of lieutenant-general. I fell into his snare. I accepted his infamous commission. Every one concerned knew the secret

service I was to execute. I was to kill Napoleon and his son. The order was explicit. I engaged to undertake it. Then it was I fell. Let Anglès, the most bitter of my foes, appear and contradict me! I could lead him to the very sofa upon which he sat when he gave me my instructions."

In spite of his defense, which was earnest as well as eloquent, De Maubreuil was condemned to five years' imprisonment and ten years' surveillance. On hearing his sentence he bowed to his judges, and said calmly, "It is what I expected."

Other indictments against him were quashed, and this was the last time he appeared before any legal tribunal. At the end of his five years' imprisonment (most of which he passed in a *maison de santé*), De Maubreuil went to Brittany. In 1843 he came back to Paris, and lived there on some small remains of his once ample fortune. After the establishment of the Second Empire he received a small pension from the secret-service fund. He was constantly to be found at the Café de la Régence, the great resort of chess-players, and at another literary institution. He is said to have dropped his title, to have been bland and gallant to the fair sex, but to have had always the air of a broken and unhappy man.

One morning in 1856, when he was nearly eighty, he left off coming to the Régence to play chess, and never returned to his old haunts any more. That day the public papers announced his marriage. The use he had made of his old title was most discreditable. He had bartered it away for an annuity, and he lived ten years comfortably upon his bargain. He married Mademoiselle Schumacher, *alias* Madame de la Bruyère, who settled a certain sum on him for life, on condition that she might call herself the Marquise d'Orvault.

From that day forward the husband she had purchased never crossed the threshold of her splendid apartment in the Rue Royale. He lodged in small rooms, up several flights of stairs, in another part of Paris, and rarely went from home. He was comfortably lodged, fed, clothed, and waited on. He died when nearly ninety, about twenty years ago. He had a splendid funeral, with all his honors as a marquis.

The invitations enumerated his titles, and were sent "*de la part de la Marquise d'Orvault, sa veuve.*"

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## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

SINCE reading the statement of your contributor regarding her opportunities for classical study at Cambridge, England, which appeared in the Contributors' Club of The Atlantic for last November, I have been strongly advised to prepare a similar account of my own experience in Leipzig, Germany. I undertake the task merely in order to furnish some slight criterion in regard to the possibilities for study here open to the girl graduates of our American colleges, who desire to supplement their collegiate course by studying for a time under the more detailed and *specialistic* methods which belong to the Old World. When we consider how large a per cent. of our American young men who come abroad for purposes of study choose Germany, and above all Leipzig, as the scene of their efforts, it becomes at once an important question how far the opportunities and privileges which they enjoy are also available for women. As I think an almost universal ignorance prevails on this point, I will give a few facts from my own experience.

I came to Leipzig last January, just

eight months ago, with the intention of availing myself, as far as possible, of the courses on philology at the university, but with no idea how far this might be practicable, as I had heard very contradictory reports. I had sent to America for testimonials from the university from which I graduated. To my surprise, however, I found that these were not required, but that my *passport* would suffice. This is also the case with the *men* from foreign countries who simply attend the lectures here, as many of them do, without taking any degree. The vital difference between the position of a young woman and a young man in the university is, first, no woman can be a matriculated student; and, second, no woman can take a degree. The matriculation consists in paying a certain fee and receiving a student's card, which entitles the holder to exemption from civil authority; so that in case he gets into trouble he is amenable only to the laws of the university. A few minor privileges, such as the purchase of theatre and concert tickets at a reduction, are also dependent upon this student's card. In other words, every man connected with the university is acknowledged as a component element of the same, while the women are admitted as a favor, under the category of spectators. It is true that they pay the same lecture fees as the men; but this is quite just, as they have precisely the same opportunities of profiting by the lectures as any other students.

I neglected to mention that I was obliged to call on each of the professors whose lectures I wished to attend, in order to procure their signatures to a printed permission furnished me by the *Richter*. During the time I have been here, I have heard lectures by six different professors, none of whom hesitated to sign the paper I presented, and who (with one exception) received me not only with civility, but with the most cordial politeness.

I have met but one other lady at any of the lecture courses I have attended, but there are, as nearly as I can learn, eight of us, all together, in the different departments of the university: one is studying medicine, one philosophy, two natural science, three history, combined with philology, literature, or some kindred topic, and one philology. This excessively small minority out of a number of three thousand students can be explained only by the ignorance which exists in regard to the opportunities offered to women students here.

From my fellow-students of the other sex I have met with perfect civility, although I have been brought very little into contact with them. Of course it is a great loss to the young women to have none of the free social life of the university, as embodied in its various "Kneips" and literary "Vereins," where, indeed, the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" are generously combined with the less ethereal delights of beer and tobacco. I am glad to say that one of the best societies in the university, the Philosophischer Verein, has now one honorary member in the person of a German lady who has studied philosophy here for several years. During the last semester I attended one meeting of this Verein, at which fourteen ladies were present as spectators, in order to hear this same lady read a paper on The Woman Question in Modern Philosophy, which was followed by an interesting discussion, in which she took part. As the number of women students increases (and I feel sure it soon must), of course the lack of social advantages in connection with university study will vanish.

I have heard lectures on the following subjects: Greek Grammar, Latin Grammar, Sanskrit Grammar, Comparative Grammar of the Indo-Germanic Languages, Comparative Syntax of the Greek and Latin Languages, and The History of the Greek Tragedy, as well as interpretation from the texts of Greek and Latin authors. I have also belonged to translation classes in Sanskrit, in which, being the only lady, I had an opportunity to test whether my position as student was practically the same as that of the gentlemen; for the Sanskrit is always translated in turn by the students. There has never been any differ-

ence made between me and the others by either of the two professors to whom I have recited.

Every matriculated student is presented with a small printed book, which he fills out with a list of his courses of lectures, and which is receipted by the *quæstor* on payment of the requisite lecture fees; this book is also, at the end of each semester, handed in to the professors, who by their signatures accredit the presence of the student at their several lectures. As the lady students are not matriculated, it is naturally unparliamentary that they should be presented with such a book at the expense of the university; yet it is certainly fair that they should have some receipt for the money they have paid, as well as some documentary recognition of their presence at the lectures. So the following expedient has been adopted: the quæstor gives each young woman a blank leaf from one of the printed books, to serve as a model for ruling, etc.; then the student in question has the privilege of *making* a similar book for herself, which is duly receipted by the quæstor and signed by the professors, the only thing which it lacks being the official university seal adorned with a piece of green and white cord!

The use of the university library, which gives out its books in generous number and for a generous time, is freely accorded to the women students, although there is some incomprehensible "red tape" which at present throws difficulties in the way of their visiting the *Akademische Lesehalle*, a reading-room where the most important newspapers and periodicals (The Atlantic among them) are always on file. The very fact that this unreasonable distinction is made shows that the whole matter rests on no secure or firmly established basis, and it would be no unwarranted flight of imagination to anticipate an authorized recognition of women as students in the near future. The fact that a degree in law has already been conferred on a woman, and that certain of the professors in the philosophical faculty are understood to be in favor of the same innovation, lends a still greater probability to this view. I believe recognition to be only an affair of time.

The difference between the opportunities accorded to women students in Cambridge, England, and in Leipzig is a striking one; and it seems to me there are advantages on both sides. My friend writes from England: "To the intercollegiate lectures [that is, the really valuable working lectures], with one or two exceptions, women are not yet admitted." But the women students there can take the same tripos examinations as the men, after fitting for them by private coaching. To be sure, they receive no degree, but if the examination is creditably passed, it amounts to the same thing. In Leipzig, on the contrary, women are excluded at the outset from the chance of trying for the doctor's degree, with the "dissertation" and examinations it involves; yet the doors of all the lecture-rooms are thrown freely open to them, and, save that they lack the stimulus and the shaping influence upon their course which the aim of working for a degree cannot fail to carry with it, they have precisely the same opportunities for study as the men. I say *all* the lectures are open to women, because, although the permission is supposed to depend on the pleasure of the individual professors, I do not think this permission would ever be denied to a proper applicant. In Berlin, on the other hand, the conservatism is still so strong that no women are admitted to the regular university lectures. The same is true of Göttingen; but I recently learned, to my surprise, that this celebrated university is willing to confer the doctor degree upon women, and has actually done so in a few instances, although not admitting them to the lectures. This is going a step farther than England.

I have emphasized the *accessibility* of the Leipzig University, without dwelling upon the advantages it offers to the would-be student, since these are too universally recognized to require especial mention. The mere *name* of Professor Curtius, for example, is of itself a

guaranty to the philological student that he or she will find it worth while to turn his or her steps Leipzig-wards, even if having no suspicion beforehand of the clear and interesting manner in which the lectures of this celebrated scholar are delivered; and the other departments are represented by hardly less famous and excellent professors.

Owing to the large number of students attending the lectures, the fees, payable at the beginning of each semester, are exceedingly small, and the expenses of living in Leipzig are very inconsiderable in comparison with those in other cities of its size. This fact, together with the fame of the university and the excellent musical advantages afforded by the *Gewandhaus* and Conservatory, explains the enormous influx of foreigners, as well as Germans. It would perhaps be harder to say why it is that few remain for any length of time without forming a real attachment for the old town, in spite of its flatness, smokiness, and general dinginess of exterior. This is perhaps chiefly due to a sort of mental stimulus, which inevitably results from the presence, in one small city, of some three thousand individuals, with the most diverse aims, tastes, and capacities, it is true, but who nevertheless are all striving toward the common goal of a higher culture. It seems to me that it is this intellectual atmosphere, more than anything else, which endears Leipzig to the student world.

— Some of your contributors, in discussing "poor Rosamond" and her "heart troubles," take rather too serious a view of the matter, if they infer that she loved the conductor. An imaginative woman's fancies may be stirred by every passing breath of inclination, or whirled about by strong emotion, while her heart remains as unmoved as the heart of an oak whose leaves are quivering, or whose branches are tossing in the wind. Unimaginative people cannot appreciate how there may be so many of the outward symptoms without the inward fact of love, and all dreamers are not introspective enough to analyze their own sensations; but Rosamond seems to have had a clear and level head, that watched her exuberant imagination as a skillful rider watches a spirited horse, and when she declares that her "heart has nothing to do with it," and that she "does n't love him any more than she loves the man in the moon," she is probably right. That she took no pains to ascertain his matrimonial status, or the health of his rich maiden aunts, proves how purely ideal was he for whom she cared.

To arraign American society because it admits of such an episode seems to me absurd. The close surveillance of other countries cannot chain a woman's fancy, which is sometimes stimulated rather than repressed by the meagreness of opportunity. Since the days when

> "The curse is come upon me, cried
> The Lady of Shalott,"

a glimpse of a man's face in a mirror may be enough. It was by Rosamond's isolation and loneliness that she fell into the snare, and by a course of "society, dressing, dancing, and admiration" that she escaped. Shall we not rather commend the social training which enabled her, while passing through such a powerful inward experience, to keep so strictly within the limits of outward propriety? It is not probable that the "gentleman and man of honor," to whose extraordinary forbearance, in the opinion of one critic, she owes her "only salvation" (from what?), had the least notion of the quality or degree of interest that was hidden behind the reserve of her exterior. If he had made any definite advance toward a more familiar tone with her, or by some trivial word or look revealed his true character (for we have seen only her ideal of him), the chances are ten to one that the charm would have been broken, and the affair would have ended long before.

The story illustrates the transmuting power of the imagination, — how it can blow a great, glittering bubble of fancy from a small drop of the soap-suds of fact, and how suddenly the bubble may collapse when pricked by a sharp reality. Rosamond's illusion was quickly and naturally dispelled when its exciting

cause was once removed, and there was no longer any future to anticipate about which she might weave her dreams. There were a few brief pangs, of shame and disappointment rather than of grief, and all was over. Pity for her broken heart is surely misplaced.

I have no desire, however, to excuse or extenuate her conduct. Her *alter ego* was undoubtedly right, or would have been, if allowed to finish. A well-conducted person in her circumstances would have studied German, read essays, faced the stifling oppression of a grim New England winter with a heroism of which lonely New England girls are capable, and resolutely denied herself the luxury of entering the bright world of fancy and the sweet indulgence of her dreams. But he who regards her as an extraordinary or exceptional instance cannot have been a close observer of women, otherwise he would know that there are many who go quite as far as she did in mental experience, and are not half so careful to avoid overt acts of flirtation, or so anxious to justify themselves to their own pride and conscience. Besides, had she been that well-conducted person, should we have cared to hear her story?

— Being in great want of consolation, I took up a novel which promised well, as it was by the author of Mr. Smith and Pauline.[1] It was no disappointment; the greater part of the book is as pleasant as possible, and it leaves the reader in a good humor. Again, as in Mr. Smith, there are three young and pretty sisters, but a very different trio from the doubtful Tolletons. They live in a delightful English home, where rank, fortune, intelligence, and every other good gift have been bestowed in exactly the right proportions to produce that golden mean, that happy balance, wherein England's strength still lies, amidst the rush of multitudes to extremes and excesses by which she sometimes seems in danger of upsetting. These three nice girls — for so they all are, and one is a darling — have a father and mother, Sir John and Lady Manners, an excellent country gentleman and British matron of the best type; there are two sons, — the elder in the army, the other at Oxford. They are none of them scheming or snobbish, unless the son and heir has just a smirch, just a streak, of the latter vice, to make the picture faithful; for could there be a family of seven in England without one snob? There are neighbors, from the earl and countess, the great folk of the country-side, to little Mr. and Mrs. Martin, who are amiably tolerated on that outer edge the discomforts and dangers of which as a social foot-hold have been capitally described by Mrs. Walford in her other stories. A great merit in the book is that although the characters are perfectly natural, none of them are disagreeable to the reader. Unpleasant and provoking to each other they needs must be now and then, as Mrs. Walford deals with the real world; but we enter into the feelings of both elderly gentlemen, whose grievances against each other are explained by two younger people: "'He said papa walked him off his legs, showing him otters' lairs, pheasant covers, and partridge-runs.' 'Papa said he was half killed by hunting up Roman camps, Druidical temples, and Saxon remains.' Both laughed, and no more was said." They do not irritate or bore *us*, however. We do not dislike even the obnoxious woman in the book, underbred and manœuvring though she be. We understand why her relations by marriage gnash their teeth at her sometimes, but she only amuses us; she is a good woman at bottom, and all her little games turn out well for everybody. The hero is not as well drawn as the other characters; but what woman's hero ever is? We can see, however, what he was meant to be. The heroine is thoroughly real and winning, the pet of the family, and to a certain point a spoiled child, but a great contrast to the spoiled children who have infested a certain class of English and American novels for some years past, — as dreadful to encounter in print as their living prototypes are in a drawing-room. The personages are all good, wholesome people, each — except the solemn hero

[1] *Leisure Hour Series. Cousins.* By L. B. Walford. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1879.

— with an absurdity or two which make them all the better company, and the action moves along in a clear, crisp, healthy atmosphere. But does it move? That is hardly the word, unless we mean a brisk rotary motion; the book certainly does not march. There is the minimum of incident: frequent drives over the same roads with the same ponies, dinner-parties at country neighbors, a charity concert, a county ball, — these are the casters on which the story smoothly rolls; afternoon tea plays a prominent part; it is served rather too often. Yet we are exceedingly well entertained by the conversations, the by-play, the exhibitions of individuality. The most ordinary occasions are enlivened by touches such as describe young Mr. and Mrs. Martin's first dinner party: —

"Everything within and without the small domain of Oakbank was in apple-pie order by eight o'clock. . . . Husband and wife, equally up to concert-pitch in their own persons, stood on each side of the drawing-room fire: she in pink, with braided hair; he, shaven, brushed, starched, and stiff in the highest of collars. It needed but to pour eau-de-Cologne on his pocket-handkerchief, and finish could go no farther."

There is too much detail; there are too many passages like the following: "It must not be supposed that during the week no communication had been held with Wancote. The ladies from Lutteridge had driven over there twice. . . . Then Jane and her mother had called once at the manor, and Agatha had walked over herself the day before the concert." None of these comings and goings are of the slightest consequence, and, with a great deal more of the same sort, are entirely unnecessary. This circumstantial recital produces a dizzy-like fidelity and sequence, but it is the quality which stamps talkers as prosy. Nevertheless, it carries the story on prosperously for two thirds of the book with some pretty, tacit love-making, until we are beginning to think it is time for the wedding, when a dreadful complication arises from the unlikely, yet not new, blunder of the hero's confidences being mistaken for a declaration, and his finding himself accepted by the wrong lady. His Quixotism will not permit him to extricate himself from this entanglement, although it continues at the cost of as much anguish to his own sweetheart as to himself; and they drag on through misery and misunderstanding, until one grows weary of their woes. It takes a railway accident of the first magnitude, with the sacrifice of one of the nicest characters in the story, to set things right. The catastrophe is very well told; that and the chapter on an otter hunt are exciting and full of spirit. But what a dire expedient for getting out of a difficulty! Killing for mere convenience has become too common in English novels. It is a capital crime against the laws of taste and probability. I read a book of Miss Bremer's thirty years ago, of which I have forgotten the name, story, and everything except a paragraph in the opening chapter. It is a sequel to a previous novel; she reintroduces the leading characters, but wishes to clear the stage of supernumeraries, so she says, "And where are the gentle Adelaide, the tender Otto, the practical Bertha, the gallant Axel, the honest Eric? All dead, — dead of the cholera." This is admirable, a real stroke of talent. But the sudden death of Jem Manners is altogether out of tune with the story; it is a huge discord which spoils the simple harmony of the rest and jars on our ears to the very end. Indeed, such a tragedy is so out of keeping and proportion with the cheerful tale that I could not believe it to be a *bona fide* one, and was expecting poor Jem to come to life long after he was buried. If anybody was to be smashed, it should have been one of the principals, and this good fellow ought not to be the victim of the hero's shilly-shallying, or the author's inability to construct a plot. But even then we have not had the last of them. The false position is prolonged, until readers are fain to adopt the motto of the thirty-sixth chapter, "Patience needed," through the last hundred pages, the only possible excuse for such long-windedness being a painful

necessity of providing a given number of sheets. Why do Mrs. Walford's natural and pleasant personages take no hold of our hearts? Our eyes do not moisten with their griefs, nor our spirits rise at their good fortune; we see and hear them as clearly as if they were alive, yet they fade from the memory into the limbo of forgotten faces and things.

— "As to jokes on biblical subjects, she had been used to them from childhood, as is the case with most children of clergymen. Our jestings, if we jest at all, are apt to spring from familiar earth." Our old deacon (who, whatever other qualities he lacked, richly fulfilled the Apostles' object in the creation of the diaconate in this particular, that he "served tables," from the parsonage out through the ramifications of a large parish, with seasonable entertainment; his sayings and doings furnishing piquant sauce for many years in that region) was wont to pray unctuously, "O Lord, bless our lay brethren and our lay sisters."

Now it is to the "lay brethren and lay sisters" to whom these presents come that I beg earnestly to commend the above passage from Irene the Missionary, and let clergymen, no less than their children, have the benefit of the saving clause. It cannot be denied that the tribe of Levi sometimes handle the shew-bread with an impunity which is amazing to the profane looker-on in Jerusalem. "Mr. —— talks to God just as if he was his cousin" is a well-worn epigram, applicable to a thousand and one more clergymen than the great original; and if they do these things in the pulpit on a Sunday, what won't they do on week-days in parsonage studies and clerical clubs and vacations?

The habit, good or evil, is insidious, and grows by what it feeds on, till many a devout priest would be overwhelmed with shame by the disclosure of the impression he has produced upon the "world's people" in this particular. A newly-fledged divine, anxious to be all things to all men (we will hope entirely from a Pauline motive), had painstakingly covered his cloth during a sojourn at a fashionable watering-place. He was astounded to learn, after a fortnight's dashing career, that he had been all the time recognized by the amused party whom he had specially courted.

"But *you* did n't think of my being a clergyman, I am sure," said the chagrined sheep, still clinging pitifully to a rag of his borrowed wolf-skin as he addressed the favorite belle.

"I?" quoth this *dame sans merci*, with a flash of her white teeth and deadly eyes, — "I? Oh, bless you! Yes, I knew it from the first. Why, you told so many blasphemous stories, you know."

And many a far better man than her victim, and many a one whose shoe-latchet you and I, my "lay" friend, are not worthy to loose, would stand aghast, nay, grovel in unrespitable despair, were he once confronted with the popular conception of his devoutness which has been produced by his unconscious indulgence of a native wit or drollery, which simply (as the author of Irene significantly notes) has sported itself among the nearest and most familiar objects. Whether it may be worth while for clergymen to restrain this inclination, at least within the bounds indicated by the utterance of an honored old minister to an honored young one, who, during the intermission of "revival" meetings in which they were both zealously engaged, was telling him a good story on the street corner, when some one came within hearing, "Sh! — sh! there 's a fool coming!" — it is for them, and not for the fools, to decide.

But it is true — perhaps "pity 't is, 't is true," still it is absolutely true — that there is more danger of misconception, and therefore of mortal injury, through this professional freedom of speech now than formerly.

One of Auerbach's Black Forest sages says: "In those days, when people's piety was in their hearts and not on their tongues, they could crack a dozen jokes, and yet their hearts remain the same. Nowadays they are afraid of the snuffers coming very near the candle, for they know it will take very little to put it out, and they must trim it all the time

to keep it alive. I used to play jigs on the organ whenever I had a mind to!"

Religious newspapers are perhaps even proner than clergymen and their children to biblical and sacred official jokes.

Years ago, when a certain excellent journal of this class had considerately labeled the halves of its double sheet "Religious" and "Secular" respectively, the results were discussed before a sharp gentlewoman who was among its oldest subscribers and warmest partisans. She finally silenced all cavilers by declaring, "That 's all nonsense! *I* never make a mistake and read the secular side on Sunday. You can always tell the religious side *if you want to*," — the boldest held his breath for the test; "*the receipts for cooking are always on the religious half.*" In these days one might almost distinguish the religious newspaper from its secular contemporary by the lavish supply and pungent quality of the humorous columns of the former, which are apparently its *sine qua non*.

The craving for amusement is natural and innocent. Further than this, we believe that amusement, more often than not, is a means of grace; but it is something loftier than a mere question of taste what shall be the catering for this wholesome hunger.

When a religious weekly of noble birth and majestic proportions and commanding influence prints, apropos of the ceremony of early communion in a ritualistic church, a derisive paragraph, printing it with a misquotation from the Biglow Papers,

> "An' you 've gut to git up airly
> Ef you want to take in God,"

really the laborious pun does not seem quite witty enough to justify the sacrilege, even in the eyes of the lowest of churchmen or the loosest of dissenters. It is at best a dangerous precedent for them who live by the altar to jest at the sacraments thereof, however maladministered in their view.

And when the same prince of newspapers carried up and down through Christendom the story (which I can hardly believe would have passed muster in the "audience fit" of the most driveling circus clown) of a dying man whose death throes were broken in upon by the frugal wife's entreaties to die if he must, but not tear the sheets in the process, surely the very god of flies must have been invoked in the sanctum whence issued such defilement on that publication day.

And since death is not sacred, of course marriage, although hedged with divinity in Bibles, prayer-books, official documents and utterances, is at the mercy of the *ex cathedra* jester. When a religious journal in one column deprecates the increasing rottenness of the marriage tie, and in the next collates sundry Joe Millerisms (I beg his pardon) in regard to matrimony, divorce, and widowhood, it looks a trifle queer to the lay observer.

Permit me in this connection to call attention to the indisputable fact that widows are the *bonne bouche* of the pious joker no less than of the profane. I once heard a clergyman, deservedly distinguished for many gifts and many gains, deliver a popular lecture in his own church, into which he introduced a fling at this pariah caste so broad and brutal that a little child who had accompanied her widowed mother to the house of God that night cried out, as they went their desolate way together, "Oh, mamma, I wish it was n't wicked to hate that minister!"

Now, admitting that widowhood is in itself the supreme joke of human existence, and that its hourly-increasing hosts are, without exception, fair game for sportsmen at large, would it not be decorous for the clergy and religious press to maintain at worst *neutrality* in regard to a subject which their *vade mecum* treats with signal sympathy and even reverence? None who have not searched the Scriptures from the widow's stand-point can even approximately estimate the multitude and exquisite honor and tenderness of the allusions whereby the Bible distinguishes this class above all the bereaved.

The modern enthusiasm of humanity (Joe Miller is its prophet) has changed

all this, and made it impossible that any widow can be so sheltered from its bitter blasts as not to have occasion to wish the suttee were not a charitable institution of India and the past alone. But it still remains a question whether the Christian ministry and the religious press (while assuming to themselves preëminent consecration and jealousy of service to Him who is not ashamed to write himself the judge of the widow, and to make consideration toward her and hers the first half of the very substance of "pure and undefiled religion," as defined in the Book which they accept as infallible) can afford, even on the low ground of policy, to aid in the propagation of this new gospel.

— The prevalence of novels is the chief literary characteristic of this century, and everything belonging to novel-making takes on value not intrinsic to the pursuit, but proportionate to the influence of which novels are the source. Whether fiction is an art or not, works of fiction have a scientific interest, as indications of the level of popular taste and of the mental capacity of the minority who cater for it. The picture of contemporary men and manners, if at all correctly given, adds some value to a novel, though the indefinite multiplication and repetition of such pictures both wearies and confuses the critic. As to the art side of the matter, it is still an open question whether skillful and minute copying of living models, or the bold combination and handling of imaginary but probable circumstances, and the creation of characters whose consistency with themselves is well kept up throughout the story, is the higher form of fiction. At present the art aspect is perhaps the one most lost sight of, and though it blends necessarily with the workmanship of the best writers, it is confessedly a secondary matter. Roughly speaking, people read novels to be amused and pass time pleasantly, and novelists write them to make money, and if possible a name. One may venture to affirm that no one deliberately reads a novel for the purpose of learning anything, although several novelists write for the (secondary) purpose of teaching something. Writers who have a conscience and theories resort to the only means of fixing the attention of a heedless public, and now and then some good is done in this way, generally, however, by the simple exposition of facts rather than by elaborate moral explanations or dissertations, which the reader irreverently skips as "preaching." The most practical objection to the majority of novels is their uselessness. The mass of them seldom pay their authors or their publishers, and, considering that money is the chief object of both, this failure may be set down as unbalanced by any advantages. On the other hand, they waste the time of their readers. If there is any interest in a story, it loses by being spun out through chapter after chapter of conventional "padding." Half or a third of the book would hold the facts, and the reader would be glad of the improvement. Novels have usually the fault common to sermons: the writer misses the right moment for finishing his effort. Against the moral uselessness of fiction it is not worth while to speak here; but that in our days of hurry and excitement such unproductive time-spending should go uncriticised seems strange.

— The time is Saturday afternoon. At four o'clock the house in which I live is to be sold at auction. The hindrances of the week have prevented the writing of my Sunday sermon, though it is pretty well thought out. There is no such thing as writing while the auction is in progress, and you have the prospect of a change of landlords, and are thinking of the possibility of buying the house yourself. But the auction passed without any bidders except the owners, and the crowd having dispersed from the front steps I went into my study, — which happens to be in the front parlor, just on the street and next to the front door, — at five o'clock, to begin my sermon, all aglow with the right inspiration for it, and feeling that I could advance a good way into it before tea time. The paper was counted out, the sketch or brief was duly examined, and I had gone over

a page, when the children were ready to go out with the baby and must pass out at the front door. The writing of a sentence was not possible till they had gone up the street. I sat down to my table, when the door-bell rang. The servant was away, and I went to the door to find a peddler. I seated myself again with the determination to put my whole strength into the sermon, and had just begun to write, when one of the children came back, and had to ring the bell for some one to open the door. I felt as if I could box the boy's ears, but did n't. His wants were attended to, and I sat down again, feeling somewhat disturbed. Looking at my watch, I found that it was half past five. Well, there was a clean half hour before tea would be announced, and I began again with a good heart. I had scarcely dipped my pen in the ink, when a hand-organ appeared before the window, and the grinder began with great vigor to pour out his tunes in our populous neighborhood. One of my boys came bouncing into the house for money. I went to the door, and told the organ-man that he would find more children further up the street and had better move on, — which he did, but only to the next door. At any rate, he was out of my jurisdiction, and I was in for his music, whether I wanted it or not. For the next fifteen minutes, you can imagine my position. I sat at the table resolved not to let the organ trouble me; but I was too nervous for that. Then I determined to write anyhow; but just as I got a sentence under way, and thought the organ-man had finished his concert, he would strike into a new tune, which distracted me again. There was nothing to do but submit; and there I sat, pen in hand, with a frowning countenance, trying to submit, and feeling all the while as if I would like to smash that hand-organ and give my unconscious tormentor a hoist into the upper air. I could not write a word, and never realized before how many tunes and parts of tunes one of those abominable machines has at its command. It seemed as if he tuned up at every house, until the music grew fainter and fainter, and finally ceased, to my great relief. But no sooner had this nuisance ended than the door-bell rang. I rushed out to find it was the newsboy with the Transcript. I had hardly seated myself for work when the bell rang again, and the postman handed me a circular. It was now almost six o'clock, and in a few moments the supper bell rang, — and my poor sermon was nearly as far along as if I had not begun it at all. Never did more interruptions crowd themselves into an hour, and never was an hour more important to me. I do not care to tell how or when that sermon was finished. There was an hour's work on it which was never done, and so far as the writing of it goes it is not finished yet. I got a lesson on the control of temper which it is important for every one to learn, and if I have sketched the interruptions more calmly than I bore them I have simply shown that I am human, like other men. A city minister's life, often day after day, is spent in just such fruitless endeavors to do his work, and finally his only relief in doing his work is in not doing it.

— I was much interested in the article in the September number on Songs and Eccentricities of Birds, which, barring a mistake or two, was of exceptional excellence. On page 351 the writer says, "The robin is exclusively insectivorous; for the fruit he consumes is his *dessert*, not his subsistence, and he swallows no kinds of seeds. . . . Hence, robins are never seen in large or compact flocks. Seldom is a gunner able to shoot more than one or two of them at once, so scattered are the members of their small assemblages." In the South, where I was "raised," the robins are found during winter in very large numbers, whither they go, I suppose, to evade the cold of the North. I have been in the habit of shooting them, as, when properly cooked, they are very palatable. My acquaintance with robins is therefore quite extensive. Instead of being "exclusively insectivorous," they absolutely devour the *china berries*, with which the trees are loaded, and as a frequent result become so "intoxicated" that the boys run them down and catch

them. The berry after it has been frozen is full of juice, which the birds first largely extract, and then swallow the berry itself. On these china-trees I have found them by the hundred, and have killed as many as half a dozen at a single shot. On very cold days, late in the afternoon, I have often found them so stupidly drunk from overfeeding on these berries that they have submitted to be stoned to death without any effort to escape.

— Granting that the function of art is not to teach morality, it certainly is equally true that novelists ought not to hold up for admiration anything in the conduct of their characters which tends to the lowering of the higher standards of human action. They may paint human frailty provided they do not miss-call it strength, or weak-minded folly so long as they do not label it admirable virtue. This general reflection has been suggested by the reading of certain books in which a particular form of self-sacrifice is made to appear a virtue. Self-sacrifice in itself considered is doubtless a beautiful thing, but does it follow that it is in all cases a right thing? Does it not depend upon what we sacrifice? Of course, most story writers are not greatly concerned with the ethical question; their object is to make an effective story, and a heroine who marries some one she does not care for in order to promote his happiness poses as a deeply interesting martyr. Some authors, however, really appear to think this sort of thing praiseworthy, and the more they are in earnest with their doctrine the worse their influence is upon young readers without any settled convictions of their own about the matter. It certainly was a temptation to the authoress of Mirage to marry her heroine in the end to anybody rather than leave her to pine indefinitely for the ineffectual gentleman who could n't make up his mind to seek her for a wife. What I object to is that the writer apparently approves of Constance sacrificing herself to make young Stuart blessed. I take this story as an instance, because in it the matter is not extenuated in any way. Why in the world should that good-natured, well-conducted, but utterly dull and commonplace young man be gratified at the cost of a sweet girl degrading herself to a loveless marriage? She could never have given him more than a moderate liking, mixed with pity for his want of soul; to live with him must have been to be oppressed with an intolerable burden of daily tediousness, — and why should she have borne it? A similar case is that of Georgy Sandon, in the pathetic story of A Lost Love, who losing the man she loves marries Stephen Anstruther, to please him, and takes no pleasure in life herself ever after. The dilemma in these cases seems so evident: either the man has no heart to speak of, and in that case the heroine need not concern herself about his peace; or he has a heart, in which case she wrongs him by not giving him one in return. I think that nowhere but in books exist the men and women who are satisfied with less than a full return of affection, and the truest lover is the quickest to detect the absence or the loss of what he seeks of his love's object. To marry a man to make him happy is a better motive than marrying him for money, position, or a home, but novelists have no right to teach that it is a good and sufficient motive.

— Like the author of Waverley, Daudet began his career as a poet. One day the Empress Eugénie chanced to alight on a volume of his lyrics, and yielding to a charm which precluded indifference she turned to the Duke de Morny, and said, "Who is this Daudet?" Such inquiry from royal lips was a mandate agreeable to obey. Morny, after a successful investigation, summoned the poet to his presence. Daudet, like a true son of Apollo, stood before him in wretched plight, a fitting object for patronage, "Will you be my secretary?" asked the duke of the poet. Daudet was proud. He passed his fingers through his long hair, and replied, "Duke, I am a legitimist." "Bah!" answered Morny, "so is the empress. Cut your hair, M. Daudet." By some potent persuasion, the man of state vanquished the scruples of the high-spirited poet, and from that time Daudet became

an actor in the brilliant society which he so well describes in his Nabob, the greatest of modern French novels. As a poet he belongs to the realistic school, of which Coppée is the pioneer. Here is one of his poems, roughly rendered: —

THE PLUMS.

Would you know how for a plum,
For a plum we loved so well ?
I will tell you softly, come,
How it all befell.
Love, that sleepy urchin, on
Ever shyly creepeth he,
As brunette or blonde must own, —
Yes, for plums loved we !

Uncle had an orchard broad,
I a cousin, — ah, so fair !
Uncle had an orchard broad ;
And we loved ere well aware.
Little birds came there to board,
Spring supplied their table rare :
Uncle had an orchard broad,
I a cousin, passing fair.

Now, one morn, with Mariette,
To the orchard sauntered we ;
Bonny, fresh, and dainty, set
Forth together in our glee.
Hummed a tender ariette
Locusts and the cricket free ;
On that morn with Mariette,
To the orchard sauntered we.

From the branches overhead
Birdies sang in every key ;
All the notes alternate shed,
From A to F, from G to B ;
Meadows fair, with flow'rets spread,
Flow'rets white, for festal glee.
From the branches overhead,
Birdies sang in every key.

Dainty cap, that made her fair, —
But she recked not that it did, —
Wore my cousin debonair ;
And she stirred, and moved, and slid,
Like a shuttlecock in air
From the battledore once rid.
Dainty cap, that made her fair,
Wore my coz, nor recked it did.

When the orchard reached at last,
Cousin mine the plums did spy,
Oh, she did with longing vast,
Greedy, wish to eat them, fie !
Low the bough, and as she passed
Plucked and ate, as they were nigh :
For the orchard reached at last,
Cousin mine the plums did spy.

One she plucked, and she did bite ;
Giving me, she said, " Here, take."
My poor heart ! I held it tight,
With such beating did it shake.
Little biting teeth, that right
On the edge a lace did make,
Deep into the plum did bite.
Giving me, she bid me, " Take "

That was all, — but what need more ?
Many things that fruit could tell ;
Would that I had known before
What I at last do know so well !
And I bit — can you deplore ? —
Where those rosy lips just fell,
That was all, — but what need more ?
Many things that fruit can tell.

Ladies, yes, and that is how
For a plum we loved so well.
Do not you mistake me now :
Should you let your fancy dwell
On surmises vain, I trow,
Little care I what I tell.
Ladies, yes, and that is how
For a plum we loved so well.

— In the Contributors' Club for June the following lines are quoted as evidence that Shakespeare, as early as 1607, " outlined " the fact of the circulation of the blood, concerning which Harvey " first gave public authoritative utterance of his views in 1620 : "

> " You are my true and honorable wife,
> As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
> That visit my sad heart."
> (Julius Cæsar, Act ii., Scene 1.)

But far from outlining this great discovery, there is nothing in this passage, nor in any of the writings of Shakespeare, bearing upon the circulation of the blood, which is in advance of the teachings of Hippocrates or Galen, and much less abreast with the theories of Servetus and Cesalpino, which approached quite near to Harvey's discovery, and whose views were published before the existence of the plays of the great dramatist. Without quoting from the writings of the above-named authors in proof of this assertion, it will suffice to give an extract in point from an acknowledged authority, Dr. J. C. Bucknill, who in his learned work on the Medical Knowledge of Shakespeare says in regard to the lines in question, " There are several passages in the plays in which the presence of blood in the heart is quite as distinctly referred to as in this speech of Brutus; but the passages quoted in these pages from Love's Labor Lost and from the Second Part of Henry IV. distinctly prove that Shakespeare entertained the Galenical doctrine, universally prevalent before Harvey's discovery, — that although the right side of the heart was visited by the

blood, the function of the heart and its proper vessels, the arteries, was the distribution of the vital spirits, or, as Biron calls them, 'the nimble spirits in the arteries.' Shakespeare believed, indeed, in the flow of the blood, 'the rivers of blood,' which went 'even to the court, the heart;' but he considered that it was the liver, and not the heart, which was the cause of the flow. There is not, in my opinion, in Shakespeare a trace of any knowledge of the circulation of the blood. Surely, the temple of his fame needs not be enriched by the spoils of any other reputation!"

It may be well to add, in this connection, that the passage from Julius Cæsar under consideration was about thirty-five years ago made the subject of a paper by Mr. Thomas Nimmo, in which he took the position that it indicated that Shakespeare may have become acquainted with the true theory of the circulation of the blood through Harvey himself, and before the latter had made known his views to the world. This theory, ingeniously as it was presented by its author, was shown to be utterly untenable by Mr. T. J. Pettigrew, who made it clear that the opinions held in the time of Shakespeare in reference to the distribution of the blood "were sufficient to account for the allusions made by our great bard;" moreover, that there was no evidence that Shakespeare knew Harvey, and, if he did, that the latter at the date of Julius Cæsar, "entertained any particular views upon the nature of the circulation." Both of these contributions may be found in the second volume of the Shakespeare Society's Papers.

— Why is it that color is so rigorously excluded from good sculpture? Mr. Grant Allen endeavors to answer this question in his recent Physiological Æsthetics. He thinks that "the optical consciousness cannot readily be divided," and that it attends either to form or to hue, rarely and imperfectly to both together. Natural objects which most strike us in respect to form are less noticeable for beauty of color, and *vice versa*. Ferns, for instance, "the leaves whose form gives us the greatest pleasure, have no brilliant flowers to withdraw our notice from their delicate contour and symmetrical arrangement." This explanation seems to me very imperfect. Ferns have no flowers, it is true, but they have an exquisite green color, which, instead of detracting our attention from the delicate outlines of the leaves, adds to our admiration of them. Maiden-hair, the most exquisitely shaped of all ferns, is also by its tint, marginal fruit-dots, and ebony stalk rendered the most beautiful of all ferns in color. And almost any flower picked in field, garden, or forest will, by its union of perfect form with perfect coloring, refute Mr. Allen's argument. Another explanation of the incompatibility of sculpture and color is offered by Schopenhauer. Something must be left to the imagination in sculpture as in literature. Wax figures fail herein; hence they are not works of art. This theory seems much more plausible and satisfactory, but it scarcely covers the whole ground. Perhaps the principal reason why we dislike a colored (especially a flesh-colored) statue is that for a second we are apt to mistake it for a real person; and then, on suddenly discovering the absence of vital expression in eyes and features, the idea of death is unconsciously suggested. The shock thus given to our feelings neutralizes the æsthetic emotion.

— The autumn tints and the refrain of the pensive postal card admonish me that the season of charity fairs is coming. Each fair will have its little daily newspaper, edited and printed on the premises, and all men and women who earn their bread and butter by scribbling will be asked to write something for that paper, — not for pay, but as a contribution to the good cause. Nothing can more strikingly illustrate the careless esteem, if not the contempt, in which the literary trade is held than the fact that the invention of that impudent idea astonished nobody, and the added fact that it did not hide itself and die, but continues to live and flourish to this day. My reputation as a writer is neither first rate nor fifth rate, but lies between,

somewhere; I am not known to all people, but am known to many. There are ten-dollar men, and there are hundred-dollar men; I am a twenty-five dollar man, — that describes it. Such articles of mine as are accepted are paid for at an average of twenty-five dollars apiece. I make about a hundred dollars a month, and it is sufficient; it supports my small family, and we even save a trifle for a rainy day, by judicious scrimping. As often as ten times every fall and winter I am asked to contribute gratis articles for concealment in charity-fair journals. Thus I am asked to give, not simply a fifth of my surplus to charity, — for that would neither help the charity mightily, nor hurt me seriously, — but a fifth of my actual living. The merchant, with a clear income of ten thousand dollars a year, can contribute a two-hundredth part of it to his local charity fair, and his fifty dollars will cause him to be praised and blessed. A gratis bit of literature from me would represent an entire fourth of my year's profits, but I should by no means be glorified accordingly, if I were weak enough to contribute it. The merchant could give five fifty-dollar contributions, and not miss it; five from me would leave me in debt. I am not aware that any but writers are asked to give from their stock in trade. The charity-fair people would not think of asking Mr. Vanderbilt to give them a railroad; they would not think of asking the Cunarders to give them a ship; but they have no delicacy about asking me to give a sketch, — whereas those other parties could easier spare a railroad or a ship than I could spare the twenty-five dollars' worth of bread and butter which my sketch represents. If the reader is a charity-fair person, he is receiving a new light at this moment: it never occurred to him before that a mere piece of manuscript was actual money in disguise; it never occurred to him that in asking a twenty-five-dollar author to contribute an article he was asking him to give a sum atrociously out of proportion to his means. In my opinion, the professional scribe who gives an article to a charity-fair journal is a goose. For one or two reasons: one is because he is contributing from a hundred to a thousand times more (according to his means) than anybody else ever confers on those objects; another is that he has no right to rob his family in such an extravagant way; and a third because sending his article to a charity-fair journal is barring it against adding to his reputation, — for that sort of journal is only a literary hearse. He would do much better to contribute twenty-five dollars in money, and sell his stuff to a magazine; it would be seen, then, and run a chance of advancing him in the public estimation. I always answer charity-journal requests according to my purse and my sympathies. Sometimes I send twenty-five cents, at times even a dollar, when I am strongly stirred; but I reserve my manuscript for the living press. To borrow poor Sancho's words, "I may not be a genius, but I trust in God I am not an ass."

— What is most people's idea of a hero? I found not long since, in a newspaper paragraph, the answers written by the Prince and Princess of Wales in a certain book to some ten or a dozen questions, such as, What is your favorite amusement, author, and so on. The answers, by the way, though probably not always expressive of genuine opinions, were rather interesting indices of character, as when the princess humorously makes known her "ambition" to be "non-interference in other people's business." The favorite heroes designated by the prince and princess were Nelson and Marlborough. We will charitably suppose that the princess wrote unthinkingly. Marlborough a hero! If he is one, then there have been a great many more heroes in the world than I had supposed. If we could read more of the "confessions" contained in that book at Belvoir Castle, I wonder if we should not find that the majority of heroes chosen were famous warriors by land or sea. I should like to know how many Americans would select the name of Washington. There is so little to captivate the imagination in the serene equipoise of fine faculties that characterizes him that I fear a good many

youthful Americans look on Washington with dutiful respect rather than very enthusiastic admiration. Perhaps that story of the hatchet has done harm to the father of our country with the lighter-minded of its sons and daughters.

Are hero and great man simply synonymous terms? I think they are so taken in loose general usage, and Carlyle so uses them throughout his Heroes in History. With considerable respect for Mr. Carlyle, I have very little for his book. Although the hero includes the great man, not every great man is a hero, and to speak of the hero as poet to my thinking is to talk nonsense. If the hero is the able man, "the man who *can*," we may just as well talk of the hero as business man, and take any large and eminently successful dealer in dry goods for a hero. Shakespeare was not a hero at all, in the sense I understand the word; Dante was a great poet and something of a hero too, not on account of the greatness of his poetry but of his willingness to suffer for his political convictions. If we are right in saying that it is only certain kinds of great men who are heroes, the question remains, What kinds? If greatness of intellect alone does not make the hero and we must exclude Shakespeare and Goethe, nor necessarily greatness in action, such as Cæsar or Napoleon displayed, what is it that constitutes the true hero? Is it not the nearest we can come to defining him to say that he is the man of great soul, one who for some worthy cause either acts or suffers greatly? The idea of disinterested devotion must enter, it seems to me, into our conception of a hero; and my own leaning is always to the heroes of endurance, for it is so much easier to act, to direct a battle, to lead a charge, even to ride slowly down the valley of death with the light brigade, than to live year after year in poverty and exile, as men have done for the sake of an idea. It would be well if some one would ransack history and give us an account of its heroes of the true sort; to learn what they have done and suffered for truth might be an inspiration for us pettier mortals of to-day.

— Once, after reading the chapter on proverbs and maxims in Sir Arthur Helps' delightful Friends in Council, one of the company said to me, "Could you make a maxim?"

"Certainly," I replied. "Here is one: The art of letting others alone is — But just there the maxim stopped as short as My Grandfather's Clock. It seemed a simple thing when I started it, never doubting that the end of the proverb would roll off from my tongue as easily as the beginning had done. But I then realized the difficulty of compressing into one crisp, terse sentence all I had thought about this much neglected art of letting others alone.

It seemed that a maxim which would at once find a responsive chord in every human breast would almost make itself. But it did not. We passed the poor unfinished proverb around amongst our friendst, yet no one was able to formulate in one telling sentence, the whole idea.

We now submit it to the Contributors' Club, hoping to receive it again in so perfect a form as to convince us that the making of maxims is not a lost art.

— The right reverend and most admirable bishop, whose story of her who was only "'Piscopal pious" appeared in the August number of this magazine, is herewith meekly tendered his revenge and a new dinner story, true to the letter.

A gay young girl was recently invited by friends to spend a few days at their summer cottage, which happened to be contiguous to a much-thronged Methodist camp-ground. A "revival" was in progress, and one day the visitor strayed into the charmed circle, and sat through the service demurely. The most fervid of the several expositors caught sight of the stranger, and fancied that he saw conviction and possible trophies of his power in her downcast face, and accordingly, passing by the ranks of trembling weepers, he demanded of the stranger in the approved formula of his school, "My dear young friend, have you *got religion?*" To which his hopeful auditor made instant response, "Oh, no indeed, thank you. I 'm a Presbyterian."

## RECENT LITERATURE.

The little terra-cotta figures, first found by Bœotian peasants in a series of tombs in the valley of the Asopus in 1872, though evidently inspired by the highest traditions of art, are yet separated from our common sympathies by no veil of Greek idealism, and seem to offer new opportunities for the discovery of the conditions under which the heroic and religious sculpture of the Greeks, which has been the guide and inspiration of modern art, became possible. This art, manifested as it has been hitherto in hieratic symbols and in highly poetic conventions of form and attitude, together with the contemporaneous literature which has come down to us, has been insufficient to open to our view the common life of the Greeks. But if the astonishingly modern aspect of these little models do not furnish us with direct evidence to this end, it certainly gives us new and important links, which the archæologists are not slow to avail themselves of with much ingenuity of speculation. Now that, through the munificence of Mr. T. G. Appleton, the Boston Museum of Art possesses, in common with the museums of Paris, London, and Berlin, examples of some of the best of these interesting statuettes, these speculations have become a natural part of our own intellectual occupation. The first serious result of this new acquisition is a little anonymous volume on the Tanagra Figurines,[1] published by Houghton, Osgood & Co. This noticeable production gives us an entertaining summary of these discoveries, illustrated by a dozen or more photographic reproductions, together with the historical investigations based upon them by Leake, Otto Rayet, Heuzey, P. d'Orcet, Reinhardt, Kekule, and other scholars. These investigations seem to have established the fact that in the manufacture of the figures certain accepted types of form have been preserved by the use of molds, and that the artistic instinct of the potters conferred a character of individuality upon each figure as it came from the mold by skillful manipulations in the moist clay. As the figures invariably bear marks of color, the method of enameling them over or under glaze, the significance of the distribution of tints thus bestowed upon the flesh and garments, the variations in surface treatment in order to indicate the quality of the texture, the fashion of these garments and the curious analogies between them and the modern costumes in the neighborhood, — all these points are noted in this little treatise with sufficient industry of research. But the author's especial contribution to the literature of the subject is confined to speculations as to the object and meaning of these beautiful compositions. They are always joyous in expression, and he hazards the conjecture, with scarcely sufficient internal evidence, however, that they form characters "in some dramatic combination, either as actors or as spectators, in a joyful celebration." Assuming that the date of the jubilee of Dædala in Bœotia, commemorating the fable of the reconciliation of Hebe and Zeus, in which images in the character of brides were carried in procession as symbols of peace and good-will among gods and men, was contemporaneous with this new development of the ceramic art, the writer suggests that these figurines represent Bœotian peasants, in garb of ceremony or in dramatic disguises, taking part in this pageant as actors or spectators. Such figures, it is thought, might appropriately be placed in the tomb with the body of the departed as tokens of appeasement and intercession. These conjectures may be accepted by scholars for what they are worth; but the real significance of the figures, from the point of view of art, is the evidence they offer that the Greek ideal of motionless beauty and perfection, upon which have been based all the modern academic theories of sculpture since the time of Winckelmann, is but one manifestation of this marvelous art, and that the animation and interest of daily life were by no means excluded from the themes appropriate to expression in either the plastic or the pictorial art of the period. This is an undeniable and essential fact, and a most valuable practical inference for modern art, compared to which these historical conjectures are of but small importance until they shall have found a much more solid basis than hitherto.

No artist can look upon these figures without feeling that they are the natural result of high artistic traditions, so firmly estab-

[1] *Tanagra Figurines.* Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

lished and so widely disseminated that even in the handiwork of the common artisans of the period the ideal standard of excellence suffered no essential detriment. In the same manner the Japanese workman of the present day instinctively preserves certain inherited conventional types of expression and composition, which give a character of art even to the commonest things. Possibly, as a thing of beauty is a joy forever, the pleasure of easily reproducing in plastic forms the attitudes and accidents of daily life is sufficient to account for the existence of these Greek figurines. It is an instinct of mankind to do often what one can readily do well, and, moreover, it is impossible to conceive of an art able to accomplish the friezes of the Parthenon which is not constantly exercised and nurtured upon less heroic themes, even such as form the subjects of these curious Tanagra potteries.

— The great period of the reviews established at the beginning of this century nas been closed, and it is quite possible to write the history of them, — a history which involves the rise and fall of parties; for the reviews were organs of parties, and literature and politics were very closely mingled. Macvey Napier was Jeffrey's successor in the editorship of the Edinburgh Review, and held sway from 1829 till his death in 1847. His son has now published a selection of Napier's correspondence,[1] including also his previous connection with the Encyclopædia Britannica, the seventh edition of which he edited. It is a pity that the book could not have really contained the correspondence; very few letters of Napier's are given, and these are often teasing references to what he had written which make one curious to know just what cunning sentences he pronounced upon his restive team of contributors. Enough is given to insinuate a very agreeable impression of the editor, who suffered from ill health, but never, apparently, from ill humor, and displayed an alertness and tact which enabled him to pilot the review through the troubled waters. To continue the figure, Brougham appears in the part of a wrecker dodging about the shore with false lights. One may dismiss all concern for the political trials of the review, and amuse himself with the personal characteristics of the regular contributors. It is entertaining to find editorial tribulations in those historic days.

[1] *Selection from the Correspondence of the Late Macvey Napier, Esq.* Edited by his son, MACVEY NAPIER. London: Macmillan & Co. 1879.

"It seems to me," solemnly writes Senior to Napier, "on the question of length, that if your contributors write for the higher purposes, that is, utility or fame, you necessarily will have long articles; for even the longest articles, which I believe that Macaulay's and mine are, are short for the matters treated of." Alas, the evolution of magazine writers has not yet produced the contributor who is satisfied with a very few pages! Napier had other trials more peculiarly his own. Brougham and John Allen stood on either side of him, whispering, "Short 's the friend, not Codlin," or the reverse; and whatever the review said, there were sure to spring up angry contributors to expostulate with the unfortunate editor. Brougham was indeed the most trying friend. He was really magnificent in his assumption of control, and everybody got behind Napier and said, "Don't you be afraid, and don't give in to Brougham." The editor certainly did manage his troublesome contributor with great skill, and succeeded in retaining him, but keeping him within bounds, while he kept his other contributors in good humor. Macaulay, who appears in very good light, treating his own papers with unaffected modesty, fairly gave way once in his indignation against Brougham. "His language," he says, "translated into plain English, is this: 'I must write about this French Revolution, and I will write about it. If you have told Macaulay to do it, you may tell him to let it alone. If he has written an article, he may throw it behind the grate. He would not himself have the assurance to compare his own claims with mine. I am a man who acts a prominent part in the world; he is nobody. If he must be reviewing, there is my speech about the West Indies. Set him to write a puff on that. What have people like him to do, except to eulogize people like me?'" Napier succeeded in pacifying Macaulay, who in another passage cleverly hits off Brougham's character with an epigram: "I have not the chancellor's encyclopædic mind. He is indeed a kind of semi-Solomon. He half knows everything, from the cedar to the hyssop." Brougham, on his side, delivers himself of Macaulay: "Macaulay's [Sir William Temple] is an excellent paper, only he *does* take a terrible space to turn in. Good God! what an awful man he would have been in Nisi Prius! He can say nothing under ten pages. He takes as long to delineate three characters of little

importance as I have to sketch ten, the greatest in the whole world. I really wish you could give him a hint; and as it is the only, or almost the only, thing he wants (*some* bread to *all his sack* is another and sad want), he may well bear a hint." The new contributors walk delicately before the editor. Their courtesy and self-abasement are delicious. Godwin writes tremblingly in his old age, squeezing in among some fine sentences the elaborate request: "It would also be some gratification to me to be informed what would be the amount of remuneration I might expect for any contribution." Thackeray has a rather mincing step, and, in brief, every one who has a weak side seems to turn it before this somewhat veiled majesty. It is amusing to hear Carlyle declare with suitable italics: "At all events, one can and should ever *speak quietly;* loud, hysterical vehemence, foaming and hissing, least of all beseems him that is convinced, and not only *supposes,* but *knows.*"

It would be easy to pick out a great many amusing sentences from this entertaining book. In the secrecy of editorial correspondence, the contributors are all Truthful Jameses, and indulge in plain speaking with serene disregard of their own ears. It cannot be said that the correspondence throws much light upon the time, but it illustrates very well what is already known. We confess to finding most gratification in the picture which appears, when all minor lines have been effaced in the memory, of an autocratic editor who was more feared than a cabinet minister, and exercised a degree of jurisdiction over his contributors which would make some writers of the present day demand a bill of rights.

— Messrs. Sumner Whitney & Co. have been publishing in San Francisco a series of volumes called Legal Recreations, of which Mr. Rogers's two books[1] constitute a part. The purpose is to present legal doctrines in an entertaining form, for the instruction at once and the amusement of that *profanum vulgus* which knows no more of the great science of the law than may have been gathered as the long-remembered fruit of some bitter or costly experience. Modern scholars are of opinion that Mother Goose can be made more serviceable than the grammar of Andrews and Stoddard in familiarizing the youthful student with the tongue of ancient Rome. Perhaps it is equally reasonable to suppose, as some of the reviewers of these books in the legal journals have ventured to state, that more doctrines will rest in the memory of him who reads them than would survive the perusal of more scientific tomes. However this may be, it is certain that persons less grimly in earnest than the professional toiler may glean much wisdom in these pages in very easy fashion. The wit will not strike critically-minded people as being so good as the writer apparently thinks it, and some of his best stories have certainly been in public life too long to retain the freshness of youth; yet they are good, and one may still greet them with a kindly smile, for old acquaintance' sake, if for nothing else. No small labor has evidently been put into the preparation, and the pages are thickly studded with the citations of cases and authorities, to which the general reader will frequently turn to learn what tribunal has pronounced some unexpected or unreasonable ruling. Altogether the books appear to be sufficiently useful and agreeable to give them a good degree of popularity.

The earlier one — The Law of the Road — is the better of the two, and one finds in it a good deal of information which justifies the publishers in describing it as "a useful and entertaining story for travelers." For example, it is hardly possible to learn without some astonishment, to use no more condemnatory phrase, that if a person is killed by a railway accident, under circumstances which render the corporation liable to respond in damages to the family of the deceased, the jury should deduct from the damages which they would otherwise award the amount of any insurance policy against accidents which the deceased may have had, and also such further amount as they may think fit in respect of life insurance. It has even been said that if the interest accruing at the customary rate upon the sum coming to the widow by virtue of the insurance policy would exceed the income usually earned by the deceased in his life-time, it would be proper for the railway corporation to show that the widow had suffered

[1] *The Law of the Road; or, Wrongs and Rights of a Traveler.* By R. Vashon Rogers, Jr., Barrister at Law of Osgoode Hall. San Francisco: Sumner Whitney & Co. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

*The Law of Hotel Life; or, The Wrongs and Rights of Host and Guest.* By R. Vashon Rogers, Jr., of Osgoode Hall, Barrister-at-Law. San Francisco: Sumner Whitney & Co. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879

no pecuniary damage by her husband's decease, and the jury should award only nominal damages.

On the other hand it is interesting to know that if a person insures his life for a thousand dollars, and then sustains an injury, as by the loss of a leg or an arm, the railroad company will not be allowed to argue that the injured person's whole life is worth, at his own estimate, only one thousand dollars, and that therefore only a proportionate part of that sum can be recovered by a sort of rule-of-three process: for example, as a leg is to a man's whole life, so is the amount recoverable to one thousand dollars.

A dreadful tale is told of feminine vengeance. A conductor seated himself beside a lady passenger, and after some advances, comparatively harmless, though certainly in excess of the civilities usually expected from conductors, actually went so far as to throw his arms around the lady's neck and kiss her some five or six times, in spite of her indignant efforts to escape. In a suit against him for assault she recovered twenty-five dollars; but not sated therewith, she sued the railway corporation, and actually recovered from it no less a sum than one thousand dollars!

— Mr. Morley's monograph on Burke[1] is without doubt the best volume of the excellent series of the English Men of Letters, now appearing under his editorial supervision, and a book which no one should overlook. Not those alone "who have to run as they read" will find their profit in the study of this essay; indeed, so thoughtful and pregnant a book demands the reader's most careful attention. There is no obscurity in it; Mr. Morley's style is perfectly lucid, but one seldom comes across a writer who so packs his pages with the results of profound thought.

One is pretty safe in saying that Burke is a man more talked about than read; but it will be strange if this account of him and his work in the world does not serve to recall to the partly forgotten statesman some of the attention which he deserves. Mr. Morley gives us the facts of Burke's life, and he expounds, arranges, and discusses with remarkable intelligence his statesmanship and his political feeling. He shows the marked contrast between the first and second parts of Burke's life, between the period of his wise treatment of English politics and that of his eloquent denunciation of the French Revolution. And in considering Burke's relation to English politics nothing could be better than Mr. Morley's full, liberal, and sympathetic exposition. He shows us Burke as he was, not merely a wise politician, though that implies a good deal, but a profound thinker concerning questions of state-craft. Indeed, he may be called with justice one of the greatest of political philosophers; and Mr. Morley never fails to speak of Burke as a man of this kind.

When we come to the discussion of Burke's views concerning the French Revolution, we hear a different story. The impression left upon the reader is that Mr. Morley thinks that Burke was almost insane during this part of his life, and that his opposition to the course of the French was but the raving of a man who had lost his head from terror. Yet when we consider how Burke's prognostications were afterwards verified by facts, and how the men he blamed committed the very errors he foretold, one should certainly have only greater, not less, respect for Burke's foresight. It is hardly necessary to regret that he who was a hard-headed, experienced statesman, not a young, enthusiastic poet, did not share the "fine illusion" of Coleridge and Wordsworth. What may be becoming to a poet would but ill suit a political leader. To be sure, we who have the first French Revolution behind us can take a cool and tolerably impartial view of it, and we may see, what Mr. Morley points out, that Burke felt more regret for the royal family than sympathy for the sufferings of the people in general; yet this hardly justifies Mr. Morley in his almost abusive treatment of Burke's position in regard to the Revolution.

But even this inexactness, if it deserves the name, does not seriously injure what is a delightful and instructive book. There is enough that is good, and good in a rare way, to make up for what some, at least, will look upon as an excess of partisanship

Burke's eloquence is pointed out with sufficient care, but, properly enough, that has little prominence given it in comparison with what it was that Burke knew how to say so well. For, by itself, eloquence is a trifling matter, like a good voice; it is but an accessory in the utterance of words of wisdom.

Whoever studies politics will find his profit in this volume; and if, as Mr. Morley suggests, Burke "will be more frequently and

[1] *English Men of Letters. Burke.* By JOHN MORLEY. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879.

more seriously referred to within the next twenty years than he has been within the whole of the last eighty," it will be to Mr. Morley that much of the credit will be due.

— Mr. Emery's Elements of Harmony[1] is a valuable addition to a class of literature which does not yet boast much that is thoroughly excellent. It is a text-book, adapted to the use of beginners in the theoretical study of music under the guidance of a competent teacher. In his theory of harmony Mr. Emery has avowedly followed the system of Professor Ernst Friedrich Richter, — a system to the fundamental principles of which much exception may be taken. Still Richter's system, as set forth in his Lehrbuch der Harmonie, is now almost universally accepted in Northern Germany and America as a standard, and has certainly been productive of many admirable practical results. The involved obscurity of Richter's style and the many perplexingly unpractical features of his text-books (faults which translations have not been successful in remedying) have long been the bane of teachers and the despair of students. Mr. Emery's little book, which is remarkable for its clearness and methodical arrangement, is thus calculated to supply a very crying want. The rules of composition are set forth clearly, succinctly, and intelligibly, and the book is full of suggestions, of great value to both teacher and pupil, as the result of the author's long experience in teaching harmony.

— The Duc de Broglie has put his enforced leisure to good use. No one who has watched his career will be likely to deny that he is more familiar with the last century than with the present one, and he has in these two good-sized volumes[2] written a valuable chapter on a part of European history during the reign of Louis XV., for which all students of that period cannot fail to be grateful. The material for it he found in two ways. Part of it was lying among the forgotten papers of an ancestor of his, the Comte de Broglie, who is the main figure of this history, and another part among the state archives. From these two sources he has produced his interesting sketch.

What with diplomatists like Bismarck, who always tell the truth, and newspapers that print every back-stairs whisper, diplomacy will soon, possibly, disappear from the face of the earth. Certainly, so long as ministers govern the action of monarchs, there is but little likelihood of the repetition of such complicated incidents as are narrated here. Powers behind the throne sink into insignificance by the side of the power on the throne here made plain, and wheels within wheels alone express the complications this author untwines. Louis XV., not being satisfied with the ordinary routine of the accredited agents who were sent to neighboring states, took into his confidence another man, this Comte de Broglie, and sent him as a private spy, unknown to his ministers as well as to any one else, to carry on his intrigues at the direction of the crown alone. While in 1752 the count was accredited ambassador at the court of Augustus III., he was in reality secretly commissioned to support the personal views of the French king concerning Poland, and to prepare the way for the future candidature of the Prince de Conti. The count was not backward in accepting this onerous task, and he seems to have conducted his business with considerable intelligence; but circumstances soon altered the conditions of European policy. The Treaty of Neutrality, signed in January, 1756, between Frederick II. and England altered the face of things entirely. The relations of Prussia and Austria to France changed at once, and the new deal threatened the upsetting of all the count's previous plans. Prussia no longer stood in the way of England, and Frederick's sudden attack on Austria brought matters to a crisis.

As to the intentions of Louis XV. with regard to Poland, it is only too clear that they were of the vagrant sort. He never seriously intended giving Poland a king, and he was very indifferent to the French party in that country. He was playing at diplomacy, and there is something melancholy in the sight of a man like the Comte de Broglie who consents to play so petty a part in so empty a game. The king was not only no statesman, he was also indifferent to those who had spent their lives in serving him, and he seems to have had no notion of the value of the count.

That this ingenious plan of double-dealing brought some of the conspirators into trouble will surprise no one. The Comte

[1] *Elements of Harmony.* By Stephen A Emery. Boston: Arthur P. Schmidt. 1879.

[2] *The King's Secret.* Being the Secret Correspondence of Louis XV. with his Diplomatic Agents from 1752 to 1774. By the Duc de Broglie. In two volumes. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter and Galpin.

de Broglie made the mistake, of a sort that diplomatists should never commit, of intrusting the secret to the notorious Chevalier d'Eon, an adventurer of the worst kind. There were other wheels, too, within the most hidden wheels, as, for example, when Fabvier and Dumouriez tried to change the alliances of their country to suit their own tastes. Their arrest almost placed this correspondence in the hands of the Duc d'Aiguillon, but the king, so to speak, packed the commission who were to investigate the matter, and thereby prevented disclosure; but the Comte de Broglie was suspected of having exceeded his powers, and he had long to suffer for it.

On the whole, there is no need of untangling all the snarls of the diplomacy of that period to get a very complete impression of its unsatisfactoriness. The incompetent king, his able but somewhat unscrupulous secret correspondent, the Comte de Broglie, and a number of outsiders, who were either misusing for extortion their knowledge of the correspondence, or coming dangerously near ruining the whole plan, — all these motley characters make this bit of history interesting, although its importance is not so obvious. That the book shows any great advantages in old-fashioned diplomacy cannot be affirmed, and if the methods of modern times are different they cannot well be worse than those they have superseded.

It only remains to be said that the book is written with great skill, that the Comte de Broglie is clearly set before the reader, and that he is a noteworthy figure. He is perhaps represented as somewhat more flawless than exactness will warrant, but that is a very venial error. Certainly the decay of the French monarchy has one more illustration here.

The translation is excellently done, being both smooth and exact.

### French and German.

M. Zola is an industrious writer. He has promised us twelve more volumes of the Rougon-Macquart series, and meanwhile he is publishing a number of articles on various literary and artistic matters of contemporary interest. In doing this, he is following in the footsteps of most French novelists; for they always find it incumbent on them, after they have won more or less fame by original work, to give evidence of their general ability by criticising their fellow-workers, both writers and painters.

The most striking thing about this volume is its title, — Mes Haines,[1] — and the most characteristic part of it is the preface, in which M. Zola sounds the praise of hatred as the controlling element in literary judgment. When he comes down to his work, he is comparatively free from hatred. He has his opinions, like any one else, but he states them without dogmatism, and they are not noticeable in themselves or in the way they are expressed. It would be harsh to call the book dull, but it is certainly lacking in novelty, although not every one would agree with the critic's tempered denunciation of the novels of Erckmann-Chatrian. Yet even this criticism of books which bear no possible resemblance to M. Zola's own is discriminating and void of violence. He gives Erckmann-Chatrian credit for their power of drawing nature and of describing incidents in a life-like way; what he condemns is the doll-like character of the people who are represented, and the fact that the love-making is drawn with a trembling hand. Perhaps there are some who would not be offended if Zola's hand were to tremble a little when he is describing love-making.

The account of Taine, which is in fact an account of his character, is worth reading; yet the volume itself, which is made up of articles written a dozen or fourteen years ago, has no real excuse for being. No one would have thought it worth while to preserve all this time the papers in which the notices first appeared; and there could hardly be a loud call for this new edition. The essays are no more than fair handiwork. Yet the preface sounds a note of warning, as if the reader were going to find something very terrible in the body of the book. Here is an extract from it, which may serve to show how little of a realist Zola is at heart: —

"Hate is holy. It is the wrath of strong and mighty hearts, the combative disdain of those who are offended by mediocrity and stupidity. To hate is to love; it is feeling one's soul warm and generous; it is living comfortably on contempt of shameful and stupid things.

"Hate encourages, hate does justice, hate ennobles.

"I have felt younger and bolder after

[1] *Mes Haines.* Causeries Littéraires et Artistiques. Nouvelle édition. Par Emile Zola. Paris: Charpentier. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1879.

each one of my revolts against the platitudes of my time. I have made hate and pride my two hostesses; I have taken pleasure in isolating myself, and, in my isolation, in hating all that offended justice and truth. If I am good for anything to-day, it is because I am alone and I hate."

Victor Hugo, if he had not formed the habit of loving almost everybody but the Germans, might have written this passage.

After this Zola goes on to mention those whom he hates: "I hate people who are mere impotent ciphers. They have burned my blood and broken my nerves. I know nothing more irritating than those brutes who dance on their two feet like geese, with round eyes and gaping mouth. I have not been able to take two steps in life without running across three fools, and that is why I am sad. . . . As for madmen, we can do something with them. Madmen think; they all have some overwrought idea which has broken the mainspring of their intelligence; they are sick of mind and heart, — poor souls, full of life and force. I am willing to listen to them, for I am always hoping that through the chaos of their thoughts will shine some supreme truth. But, in Heaven's name, let all the fools and mediocrities and impotent ones and *crétins* be killed," etc. "I hate them."

"The fools who are afraid to look forward look backward. They make the present according to the rules of the past, and they want the future to model itself on bygone days. . . . They have found a relative truth which they take for absolute truth. Do not create, — imitate! And that is why I hate those who are stupidly grave and those who are stupidly merry, the artists and critics who stupidly wish to make yesterday's truth the truth of to-day. They do not understand that we are advancing and that the landscape is changing.

"I hate *them*.

"And now you know what are my loves, — the fair loves of my youth."

This preface is dated Paris, 1866, and one cannot help wondering at the self-satisfaction of a man who can consent to republish such wild talk as that thirteen years after he first wrote it.

The before-breakfast grumbling of a hungry dyspeptic over any domestic infelicity — say, a smoky chimney — at once becomes classical eloquence by the side of this exhibition of bad temper. There are, of course, plenty of fools in the world, and the number has not sen-ibly diminished in the last thirteen years; but is that the way the wise man speaks of them? M. Zola is right in disliking bad writers, creators, or critics, but why foam at the mouth in this way? That a man who is capable of such exaggeration, who sees everything so distorted, should set up for a realist is certainly surprising.

M. Edmond de Goncourt's Les Frères Zemganno[1] is a book that deserves discussion when one is talking about Zola. M. de Goncourt has got himself talked about as a writer of what are called realistic novels, and in his preface he gives expression to some of his opinions concerning them. The gist of what he has to say is this: that this sort of literature will not be really successful until writers pay as much attention to the educated and refined world as they now do to what is repulsive. "Realism," he says, "to employ a stupid word, has not for its sole mission the description of what is low, revolting, and unsavory; it came into the world to define in artistic writing what is lofty, attractive, agreeable, and to represent more or less distinctly refined beings and costly things. But this it has to do by means of persistent, rigorous, unconventional work, such as of late years has been given to ugly things."

He then apologizes for not following the better path, and explains that the depraved people are more easily put on paper than are the complicated representations of Parisian civilization. Moreover, the furniture of the vicious pauper can be seen at a glance, while much time has to be spent in studying richly furnished parlors. This is not all the truth. It may be easier to describe a workman's lodging in such a way as shall satisfy one who lives in a parlor than it is to give the same reader a similar account of the splendor he is accustomed to; for in one case inexactness would pass unnoticed, and this it could not do in the other. Perhaps a Parisian *ouvrier* would find, even in M. Zola's work, flaws that no other critic would ever detect. Yet no one can fail to notice that M. de Goncourt, by this defection, gives up a good part of the point at issue between M. Zola and those he hates. Where would be the charm in Zola's writing if he were to let alone what M. de Goncourt calls *ce qui pue?* To the great novelist of the empire this would seem like shameful Philistinism. Yet since there are

[1] *Les Frères Zemganno.* Par Edmond de Goncourt. Paris: Charpentier. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1879.

some things that are not loathsome in the world, they too must have their day.

The main trouble with all this theorizing is that these men find it necessary to enlist in a little army, as it were, and to form a set of rules before they go to work. This way of doing things, which reminds the observer of the way new constitutions are formed in Paris on the occasion of a revolution simultaneously with the destruction of the street pavements, marred the work of the Romantic school forty years ago. All who belonged to it were as vain of the new name, Romantic, as is a recruit of his new uniform. For years English novelists have been writing stories after the realistic method, without knowing it and without issuing proclamations. In Zola's eyes their work would probably count for nothing.

The worst thing about these intelligent prefaces is that they form the most interesting part of the books. They are like overtures to unwritten operas. M. de Goncourt's novel has a certain temperate interest, but hardly more than that. There are about fifty pages of description of people and their surroundings that most readers will find tiresome, for the author's art inspires no greater interest in the company of the circus than one of mature years feels for the genuine article. It is impossible not to remember how different is Théophile Gautier's Le Capitaine Fracasse. But when one has made his way through the very exact inventory and census, one finds a pleasing account of the affection between two gymnasts, the heroes of the book. While most of the volume is devoted to the frame-work, there is much that is touching in the love of the two brothers, especially when one recalls the love between the author and his dead brother and fellow-worker, Jules de Goncourt.

One amusing thing in the story is the account of an eccentric American woman, "La Tompkins." She is enormously rich, an amateur performer on the trapeze, and more of a caricature than one finds even in a comic paper. It is not lofty art that has to go to such lengths in inventing impossibilities. Still, this is not the first time that this author's intention has been better than his execution. His theories are always interesting, and he is painstaking; but the diviner spark is generally lacking, clever as the author often is.

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## EDUCATION.

In 1611, Thomas Sutton, a gentleman of England, died, and left an estate to charitable purposes, including the foundation of the famous Charterhouse. There was some dispute as to the will, and Francis Bacon took occasion to address the king a letter of advice respecting the proposed disposition of the property, as in case the will was set aside the king would be heir. In that letter occurs a passage which has a singular force here and now, where conditions exist not unlike those indicated by Bacon. "Concerning the advancement of learning," he writes, "I do subscribe to the opinion of one of the wisest and greatest men of your kingdom: That for grammar schools there are already too many, and therefore no providence to add where there is excess. For the great number of schools which are in your Highness' realm doth cause a want, and doth cause likewise an overflow, both of them inconvenient, and one of them dangerous. For by means thereof they find want, in the country and towns, both of servants for husbandry and apprentices for trade; and, on the other side, there being more scholars bred than the state can prefer and employ, and the active part of that life not bearing a proportion to the preparative, it must needs fall out that many persons will be bred unfit for other vocations, and unprofitable for that in which they are brought up; which fills the realm full of indigent, idle, and wanton people, which are but *materia rerum novarum.*"

We are discovering something of the same want and overflow now, especially in our cities. We need not even change Bacon's terms, though the words themselves have a little different meaning. Now, as then, there are too many grammar schools, or, what is more to the purpose, the grammar schools teach too much grammar. Bacon complains that in his day the schools caused a

want of farmers and mechanics, and an overflow of clerkly people. Precisely this complaint must be made at present. The tendency of our highly organized public-school system is to discourage manual labor, and to multiply enormously the number of those who seek to maintain themselves by the pen or by trade. The course of instruction is almost exclusively intellectual in its scope, the time occupied covers years when the training for mechanical pursuits naturally begins, and the apparent prospect of a higher social pursuit leads to an aversion from the humbler occupation. The result is that the mechanical arts suffer an indignity, and boys who might have been fitted for good workmen become indifferent book-keepers, clerks, and salesmen.

Now a state rests for prosperity not upon its clerks, but upon its workmen ; it is the men who handle tools that contribute to its wealth and may be trusted for its defense, and it is of the first importance that this class should be trained not only in the arts, but in intelligence and character. But the divorce of manual and mental education in our public schools tends to perpetuate the separation out of school. If there is intelligence in the workman and a capacity to improve his art, these are not the distinguished results of the training which the public schools give; that training steadily withdraws the young from mechanical and agricultural pursuits, and crowds them into occupations already overstocked, which depend for their prosperity indeed upon the development of the arts. When a time of depression or disorder comes, great numbers are cast out of employment, with no resources of industry, and the state becomes full of "indigent, idle, and wanton people."

Moreover, the public-school system not being found favorable to the mechanic arts, what great educational force remains? The apprentice system has nearly disappeared. It has declined contemporaneously with the rise and encouragement of a compulsory public-school system, and the two facts are related more closely than by the accident of time. It is true that we must look for the chief cause of this decline to the introduction of steam power, which has led to the formation of associated industries, and the breaking up of labor into fragments. The rapid changes in society also have made the old relation of master and apprentice unlikely; but neither the introduction of machinery nor the multiplication of grades between the contractor and the workman has lessened the necessity for skilled labor, or rendered the trained workman a superfluous member of a great state. On the contrary, since the natural forces which conspire to sustain the arts have temporarily given way to a new discovery, it becomes more necessary to organize in their defense; but the chief organization upon which the state relies is found insufficient, if not positively antagonistic.

The economic considerations which would persuade us to introduce into the public-school system a recognition of manual training are reënforced by the discovery of a yet higher argument in the very nature of education itself. It is not to be wondered at that our school system should have grown into a purely intellectual order. In its beginning there was no assumption of an entire control of the child. So much time was given to school as could be spared from the farm and shop. There still existed a well-recognized tradition of mechanical knowledge, and the school was looked upon as supplying those rudiments which could best be acquired there. Gradually, as cities grew, increasing thus the class of children who had no other employment, school came to be the chief occupation of the young. Then the discharge upon our shores of an illiterate foreign population excited alarm lest ignorance should get in the majority, and we made haste to compel the children of this class into the public schools. The attention of the community becoming more concentrated on this important institution of the state, the existing apparatus for instruction was improved and refined: the school-book industry was developed, and normal schools established for the better education of teachers who were to stand behind these school-books. The pride of the state, the enthusiasm of teachers, the natural quickness of children at leisure, these have all helped to swell the tide of the public-school system, and to carry it on in the direction of its first setting.

Now that all this has been done and the elementary truths of society begin to assert themselves, we shall discover that in neglecting the education of the hand we have not only weakened the power of the state, but have stimulated an unbalanced education of the person. A training which ignores the hand is not the training which either nature or history will approve. That member is something more than a symbol of industry. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," "Establish

Thou the work of our hands," are not phrases ingeniously contrived to translate into the vernacular the intellectual exercises of clerks and commercial travelers; they point to an elemental condition of human well-being. Nor is this training of the hand to be obtained by means of gymnastic swinging of dumb-bells. The training of the hand means the power to use a tool; the training of the eye is the power to see perfect work; the training of the mind is the power to conceive and execute that work.

The curing of the defect in society and the restoration of education to a sound and healthful condition are to be sought in a reformation of that system which we justly regard as the very engine of the state's prosperity. Nor are signs lacking that the public mind is turning in that direction. The introduction of drawing into the curriculum is one sign, and it is curious to observe how the double argument, drawn from economy and from the philosophy of education, has been used in support of this measure. The introduction of sewing for girls is even more significant. Here the argument has been drawn chiefly from the economic side, and the facts which gave the argument its force were unassailable; but no one who appreciates the full meaning of education can help seeing how valuable an element was introduced into the education of girls in Boston when sewing was made a regular part of public-school training.

This study of sewing forces upon one the question of the manual education of boys. The question is precisely the same, only its solution is more complicated. To the girl is given one tool, and the perfect mastery of that carries with it a training in thoroughness, order, concentration, precision, and self-respect; the practice, moreover, is easily associated with a daily need, and the charm of useful production is attendant on the study. But there is no one tool which can be affirmed of the boy, and this is sometimes taken as an excuse for not teaching him the use of any. Yet the variety of tools which a boy may use only suggests practical difficulties; it does not declare these difficulties insurmountable, nor in any way weaken the force of the educational argument. The difficulties indeed are such as yield readily to an intelligent will. Half of the question is answered when one considers that the primary object of manual education in the public schools is not to make boys carpenters, ship-builders, masons, or followers of any other craft, but to instruct them in the meaning of their hands and of the tools which those hands may grasp. Hence the shops which may be attached to public schools will be shops of instruction, not of construction, and the training will be in the grammar of the arts, not in the indefinite number of forms which the arts assume.

The various schools of technology which exist do not meet the general need which we have described. Their business is to train masters and professional mechanics; they do not make mechanics any more than colleges make book-keepers. A graduate of a college may find himself finally in the position of an ordinary clerk, and never rise above it; and so a graduate of the technological school may prove at last only a journeyman; but neither college nor school exists for these ends. Nor can the want be supplied by benevolent or evening schools. These are but make-shifts. They could become important only as they drew life out of the public schools. No; the remedy lies in such a readjustment of the public-school system in our cities as shall make it include formal, progressive instruction in the manual arts. If it be said that the state or the city has no function to educate children for specific trades, but only to give them a common-school education, as that term is now understood, it can be answered, first, that the present system does almost inevitably educate children for the desk and the counter, with a reversion in many cases of the almshouse or the police-station; and, second, that there is nothing in the present reach of common-school education which need compel us to glorify it as the final and perfect force for developing the human character. In truth, we might better ask humbly why the present system has failed than boast of its success. Nor should we be far wrong if we were to assert that in making common such an education as we have outlined we are likely to produce citizens who in peace would be more valuable, working in shops, and not waiting behind counters, and whose training would make them better soldiers in war. The drill of school-boys with the saw, the plane, the axe, and the file would make them stronger defenders of the state than if they had known only the manual exercise of the school-room, or even had been formed into battalions of miniature soldiers.

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO.'S

LITERARY BULLETIN

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., Publishers, Winthrop Square, BOSTON.

*** *The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address in the United States, on receipt of the price by the Publishers, MESSRS. HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., Winthrop Square, Boston. Prices are given on page 16.*

**The Bodley Books** have become a kind of Holiday Classic. People hail with delight books about which there is no question, which they can put into the hands of children with perfect assurance that only salutary influences will accompany them. When to this assurance is added the satisfaction of giving them books so delightful and pleasantly instructive as these, Christmas is hardly less welcome to parents than to children. The *Literary World*, apropos of the new volume, says:

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The Hartford *Courant* remarks:—

A new Bodley book needs no commendation, and the "The Bodleys Afoot" will go alone. Mr. Horace E. Scudder, who prepares these fascinating volumes, has the secret of interesting children while instructing them, and there are no books we more gladly see in children's hands than his. This new one is as quaintly covered and as attractive to the eye as its predecessors.

Pleasant stories, attractive poems, and abundance of charming pictures make "The Bodley Family," "The Bodleys Telling Stories," "The Bodleys on Wheels," and "The Bodleys Afoot," four as good and every way satisfactory gift-books for young people as can well be imagined.

**The Illustrated "Scarlet Letter"** which appeared two years ago was one of the most remarkable products of American art, interpreting one of the masterpieces of American literature. Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote's designs were wonderful in their portrayal of the characters and scenes in Hawthorne's marvelous tale. In illustration of the same great romance Mr. Darley has drawn a series of compositions in outline, similar to those made by him years since for Judd's "Margaret," which have been justly celebrated. These "outlines" represent very graphically the leading characters and dramatic situations of the story, and are not merely striking illustrations, but eminently artistic and possessing great attractions independently of their connection with "The Scarlet Letter." They form a large quarto.

which will be one of the most notable gift-books and art-volumes of the present season.

**Portrait of Dr. Holmes.** — A fine life-size portrait of Oliver Wendell Holmes has been prepared for readers of the *Atlantic*. It is by Mr. J. E. Baker, who made the *Atlantic* portraits of Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, and Lowell; and is uniform in size and excellence with these. Mr. Whittier says of it: —

I welcome to my study the fine portrait of our well-beloved and honored friend, Dr. Holmes. It seems to me a very successful representation of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table;" and his friends, who are everybody, will be glad to obtain it.

Prof. C. E. Norton, of Cambridge, says: —

It has caught the expression of that perennial youth which is as characteristic of his face as of his spirit.

Mr. C. P. Cranch, the poet and artist, remarks: —

The likeness is strong and the expression excellent. One can feel the poet and the wit in the lines about the strong clear eye and the sensitive mouth.

Mr. J. T. Trowbridge writes: —

I am charmed with your portrait of "The Autocrat." It is the first worthy representation of this brilliant and admirable genius that I have ever seen.

This portrait, like the others, is only for subscribers to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and is furnished to them at the nominal price of one dollar.

**The Favorite Editions** of Emerson and Hawthorne have attracted much praise by the tasteful simplicity and quiet beauty of their style. Indeed, in their way, they are very nearly models of book-making. The clear type, the careful printing, the delicately tinted and highly calendered paper, and the firm but elegant binding, make them peculiarly attractive to lovers of handsome books. When, as in this case, to the beauty of the books are added so much wealth of thought and such exquisite charms of style, the fascinations of such volumes as these are well-nigh irresistible. They may well be noted for Holiday uses.

**The Little Classics**, in their new edition of eight volumes, make as pretty a set of books as can be found. And the contents are no less attractive than the books themselves; for they contain probably the best collection ever made of short stories, sketches, and poems. American, English, French, and German writers are represented, and there is hardly a first-class short story which is not included in this series.

**Augustus Hoppin's Sketches,** "Ups and Downs on Land and Water," and "Crossing the Atlantic," which depicted with marvelous truth and humor the experiences, observations, and travel companions of a voyage to Europe and a tour on the Continent, have been reproduced in a smaller form and at a corresponding reduction in price. There is a deal of wholesome merriment in them, and though they are peculiarly entertaining to persons who have crossed the ocean, one need not have had this experience to enjoy their varied fun.

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**"An Earnest Trifler"** is a novel far above the average in literary value and in attractiveness as a story. It is in so high a degree sensible, and brilliant, and entertaining, that a remarkable popularity is predicted for it. The *Philadelphia Bulletin* says: —

The story is told with exquisite elegance, and every sentence has a point, either of wit or wisdom. . . . . If the book is not by Mr. Howells, it is still the best American novel that has appeared since the "Lady of the Aroostook."

**Miss Phelps's New Book,** "Sealed Orders," proves, as was to be expected, one of the marked books of the year. As the *Literary World* says: —

The power in these pages is unmistakable. . . . . Her forms are never conventional, and there is a perpetual freshness and a striking variety in her way of introducing scene and subject. Her style is full of womanly touches, and vibrates with deeper and stronger emotions than that of almost any other American author.

**Miss Nora Perry's New Book,** "Her Lover's Friend and Other Poems," is a very handsome volume, which book-fanciers will admire; and the poems are of a kind which attracts people who do not care for poetry in general. They are first of all lyrical; they sing themselves; they read so easily and airily that the motion charms readers, who wish that all poetry were as readable and interesting. The combination of charming poems in a tasteful volume ought to be recognized as a significant Holiday suggestion.

**Miss Jewett's "Old Friends and New"** charms all readers. The Boston *Advertiser* says: —

Miss Jewett's "Deephaven" obtained for her prompt recognition as a literary artist. Whatever has come from her pen since has confirmed the judgment of her powers which that story elicited. She has a remarkable talent for delineating typical

characters clearly and attractively, and for describing sea-coast scenery. The aspects of our common New England life reveal to her secrets of beauty and worth which she develops with sure and delicate touches.

The *Christian at Work* remarks: —

The stories are fresh, healthful, restful. Miss Jewett has a sense of the humorous, and a graphic manner of writing which makes the little volume a delightful book every way, — an excellent companion for any day in the year.

The Boston *Gazette* emphasizes the natural and graceful simplicity of the book, and adds: —

After the lurid affectations found in too many of the modern novels, these charmingly pure and homelike little stories are a real refreshment.

**"The Pilgrim's Progress"** has just appeared in an excellent popular edition, printed from new plates, and containing Archdeacon Allen's Memoir of Bunyan, with twenty illustrations; Macaulay's striking essay on Bunyan, and forty woodcuts illustrating this sacred classic. A Holiday edition has also been prepared, containing all that is embraced in the popular edition, together with a fine steel portrait of Bunyan, and eight colored plates. This edition is printed on fine paper, and is a very desirable edition of "Pilgrim's Progress," and an attractive gift-book.

**"Breathings of the Better Life,"** of which a new edition has recently appeared, in the popular "Little Classic" style, is a book that commends itself to all persons of thoughtful minds. It embraces sentences and paragraphs from the great religious thinkers of all ages, and groups them in natural order so that their truth and lifting sentiment are cumulative; and writers of all times and creeds thus unite in contributing their finest thoughts to the ennobling and enriching of mankind.

**Mrs. Piatt's "Dramatic Persons and Moods"** will gratify the circle which has found her previous volumes unusually endowed with some of the rarest qualities of poetry. It is thoughtful, inquiring, deeply interested in the mysteries that enfold human life and the past and the future, and withal keenly sensitive to beauty in nature and evincing remarkable command of poetic utterance. Lovers of poetry with a significance beyond lyrical charm will appreciate Mrs. Piatt's book.

**"The Army of Virginia."** — Under this title General George H. Gordon has written a full history of Pope's famous campaign, over which there has been so much and so bitter controversy. General Gordon writes from intimate personal knowledge, and from minute investigation, and it is believed that his book gives not only the most complete but the most accurate account yet given of that ill-fated campaign. Five maps accompany the volume, and aid in giving readers a clear and comprehensive idea of the various movements, situations, and possibilities of the campaign in which so much interest centred in 1862, and on which there has been so much discussion since.

**"Selections from the Koran"** is the title of a new and very interesting volume in the Philosophical Library. The selections were made by Edward William Lane, an eminent Arabic scholar, who omitted many passages not of special interest and other passages that would repel readers, and included all that would serve to give an adequate idea of what is best in the sacred book of the Mohammedans. This edition has been revised and enlarged, and contains an introduction by Mr. Stanley Lane Poole.

**Bret Harte's New Book** contains little absolutely new material, but good short stories are never old. "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "Tennessee's Partner," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," and others that might be named, have by no means lost their wonderful charm. The new volume has several stories in the same general vein, and renews the admiration which Mr. Harte's previous books have produced for his remarkable genius as a writer of short stories.

**George Ticknor's Life and Letters,** by common consent of European and American critics one of the most engaging of modern biographies, is now published in two duodecimo volumes, for $4.00. These contain the two portraits and the view of Mr. Ticknor's library, given in the original edition. The London *Examiner* said of the biography: —

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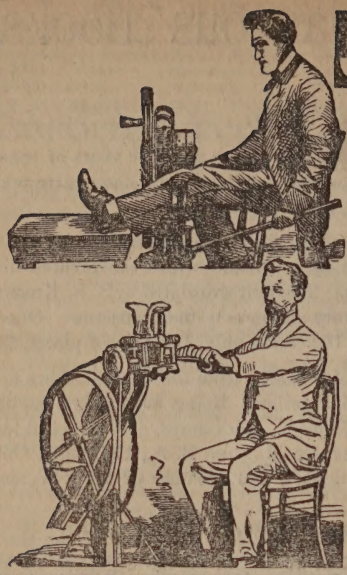

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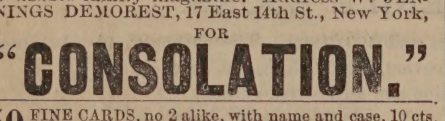


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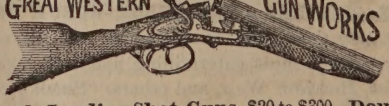


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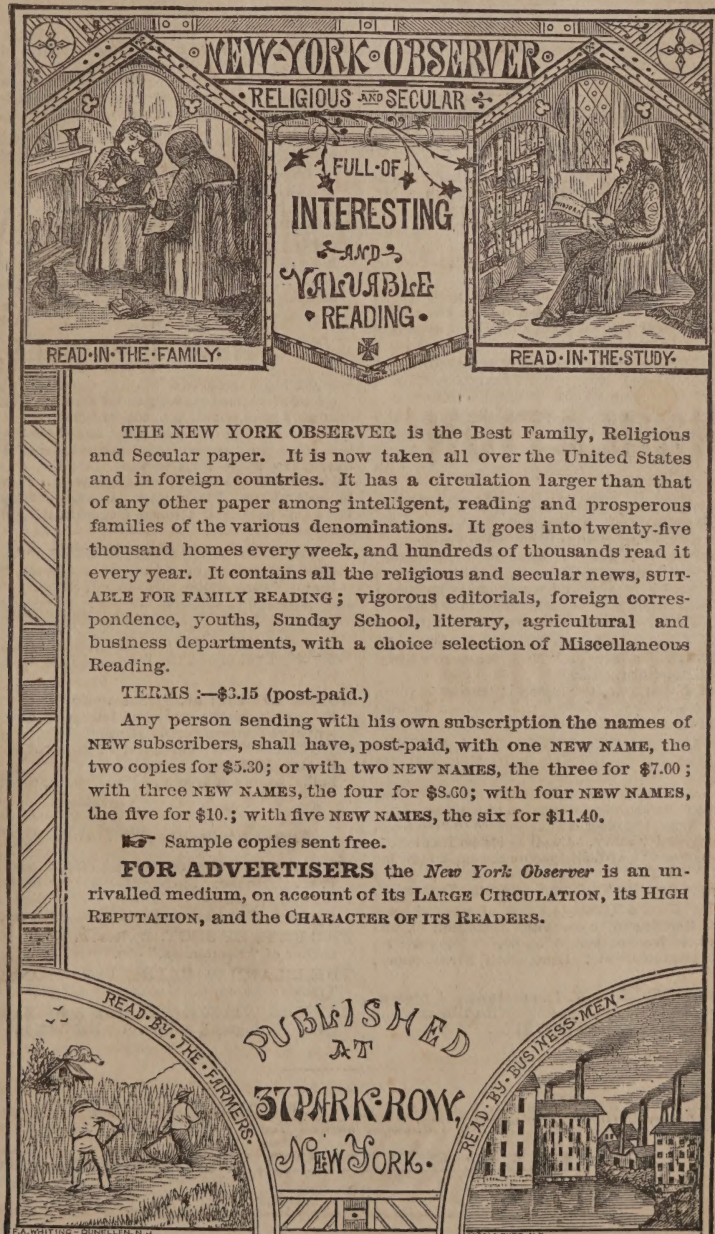


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